

Generic Radio Workshop Script Library ([BACK](#))**Series: Green Hornet****Show: The Corpse That Wasn't There****Date: Apr 18 1943**

by Fran Striker
 (Originally broadcast April 18, 1943)

Script transcribed courtesy of Arizona TheatreWorks

CAST

Announcer Man/Ernest Kegler.....bad Peter Lorre voice, like he's always scared
 Miss Case (Casey to her friends).....Reid's Secretary
 Ed Lowry.....reporter for the DS
 Green Hornet/Britt Reid.....Daring publisher of the DS
 Kato.....Reid's Filipino valet
 Police Sgt.....all business, probably a little Irish
 Sinister Voice/Bolton.....Main bad guy
 Manheim.....German accent, henchman

ANNOUNCER: The Green Hornet!

F/X: Hornet BUZZ

ANNOUNCER: He hunts the biggest of all game - public enemies that try
 to destroy our America.

MUSIC (Flight of the Bumblebee) UP and UNDER

ANNOUNCER: With his faithful valet, Kato, Britt Reid, daring young
 publisher, matches wits with racketeers and saboteurs.
 Risking his life that criminals and enemy spies will feel
 the weight of the law by the sting of the Green Hornet.

F/X: Black Beauty RACES OFF

ANNOUNCER: Ride with Britt Reid in the thrilling adventure, "The Corpse
 That Wasn't There." The Green Hornet strikes again!

F/X: Hornet BUZZ -

MUSIC UP then FADE under announcer.

ANNOUNCER: Miss Case and Ed Lowry were returning to the Daily Sentinel
 after lunch. The streets were crowded and as they took their
 last corner, a man hurrying from the opposite direction ran
 into them.

ALL THREE: Oh. Ah.

MAN: Excuse me I'm in a hurry.

LOWRY: Hey, why don't you watch where you're goin' you... I tell you Casey, sometimes I think they need traffic lights on the sidewalk, too. You okay?

CASE: Yes. Except for my handbag.

LOWRY: Um. Oh, wait, here it is on the sidewalk. Hey, this yours too?

CASE: What?

LOWRY: This letter.

CASE: No, it's not mine. It...it's already been mailed hasn't it?

LOWRY: Yeah. Mailed and unsealed. Hum.

CASE: Uh-uh, Lowry, never mined your reporter instincts. It's not right to look at other people's mail.

LOWRY: Nuts, I wasn't going to open it. Well, what do we do with it? Throw it away?

CASE: It may be important.

LOWRY: Hum. "Mr. Ernest Kegler." It's probably the joker who bumped into you. Well, why should we bother with it?

CASE: Give it to me, Lowry. I'll call him up from the office. Gosh, look at the time, we'd better hurry.

MUSIC UP

F/X: TYPEWRITER blazing in B/G

REID: Hello, Miss Case.

CASE: Oh, good afternoon, Mr. Reid.

REID: Anything important?

CASE: No, it's been pretty quiet all morning. Here's your mail.

REID: Oh, thanks. Well, that's...wait, this one, this isn't mine, Miss Case.

CASE: Oh, yes, that's letter that someone dropped on the street. I've been trying to reach him by phone. Do you mind if I try now?

REID: Oh, no, go right ahead. I'll glance at my letters.

F/X: PHONE DIALS

CASE: Hello, switchboard? Yes, this is Lenore, Helen, will you try that number again? It's.... yes, that's right.

REID: Here's a letter from Clicker Bennett. She's a Second Officer in the WACS, now.

CASE: Uh-huh, in North Africa.

REID: Well, have that posted on a bulletin for her, huh?

CASE: Yes, sir. (back to phone) Yes, Helen...Oh. Well, okay thanks. Maybe he does work in a factory or someplace. No, no, I won't bother. Goodbye.

F/X: PHONE HANG UP

CASE: Well, still no answer.

REID: Why not just put it in an envelope and send it to him?

CASE: I guess that's the easiest thing.

REID: Hey, wait a minute. Is this the address?

CASE: Yes.

REID: (chuckling) It right on my way home. I'll tell you what Miss Case, (moving from mic) I'll drop it off there my self - how's that?

F/X: CAR driving off, the coming to STOP

KATO: There's house. I come back in one moment.

F/X: CAR DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS on sidewalk up to house.

F/X: FAST FOOTSTEPS back to car.

KATO: (excited) Mr. Britt!

REID: Well, that didn't take you long, you...Kato, you've still got the letter.

KATO: Mr. Britt, please. I see something through window. You come look.

REID: What's that?

KATO: Please. You come with me.

REID: All right.

F/X: TWO sets of FOOTSTEPS

KATO: Look there. You see?

REID: Well, I'll be. Kato, try the door.

F/X: DOOR KNOB RATTLES

KATO: It's unlocked, Mr. Britt.

REID: Come on. Watch out.

F/X: DOOR OPENS

REID: Easy now.

KATO: What you think Mr. Britt?

REID: Oh, it's obvious. All we needed was one look. Where's the phone?

KATO: On table.

F/X: FOOTSTEPS to phone. PHONE DIALS then RATTLE RECEIVER

KATO: What the matter?

REID: I don't get a dial tone, Kato.

F/X: More RATTLES the HANGUP

REID: Hum. That's odd. (pause) Hum, I thought so. Kato, this telephone wire's been cut.

KATO: Oh, that very bad.

REID: I'll get to the nearest phone and call the police. You stay here, Kato.

MUSIC UP

KATO: Oh, this very sad. Too bad for him. Yes.

F/X: DOOR OPENS

KATO: Oh, that Mr. Britt (pause) Hello? (pause) Mr. Britt?

F/X: FOOTSTEPS

KATO: (calling) Mr. Britt?

SINISTER VOICE: Get him!

F/X: BLACKJACK on Kato's head

SINISTER VOICE: Now, get busy.

MUSIC UP

F/X: VOICES in B/G

REID: Kato? Kato, you're all right.

KATO: (coming to) Oh.

REID: Come on, you're all right.

KATO: (groggy) Oh.

REID: That's it. Come on now.

KATO: (shaking it off) Oh. Mr. Britt! What happened?

REID: That's what I want to know. We found you in the hall when we got here. You've got a bump on the top of your head like an egg. Look's like a blackjack. Who was it?

KATO: I don't know.

REID: What happened?

KATO: I wait in room like you say. Then I hear door close. I think it you. I call and come out...(hearing voices in other room) Mr. Britt! I hear voices!

REID: Hum?

KATO: Voices, back in room. Who are they?

REID: Just the police, Kato. They're checking on the body. Forget it. Now, come on, you came out this door...and then what?

KATO: Somebody close by me say, "Get him!" I try to see who it is, but something hit me on head. That's all. That's all...except...where is letter?

REID: The letter we came here to deliver? Well, you had it.

KATO: I have it no more. Letter's gone.

REID: So that's what they wanted.

SGT: Say, Mr. Reid? Mr. Reid.

REID: Yes, what is it, Officer?

SGT: Hey, what kind of a joke is this?

KATO: Joke?

REID: Murder's no joke.

SGT: Sure, that's what I mean. What was the idea calling up the police and having all this....

KEGLER: Here, here what do mean...what is going, what are you people doing in my house? What are those cars outside the door?

REID: Who are you?

KEGLER: Who am I? Who am I? I...I live here. My name is Ernest Kegler. What does this mean? I come home...

REID: Now just a moment, Mr. Kegler. My name is Reid, I'm publisher of the Daily Sentinel. Tell me, what's a dead man doing in your living room?

KEGLER: What kind of privacy can a pers...What's that? A dead ...man in ...my living room?

REID: Yes. Murdered.

KEGLER: Murdered? But I....

SGT: Now hold on. Wait a minute. One thing at a time. One thing at a time. Mr. Reid, if you're playing a joke you're carrying it too far.

REID: What are you talking about?

SGT: I'll tell you what I'm talking about! Take a look in that room. There's no murdered man. There's nobody at all.

MUSIC UP

REID: That's right Miss Case. I hadn't noticed myself. When I got back there, Kato was lying in the hall. I didn't go into the living room at all. The police went went in.

CASE: It's the strangest thing I ever heard of Mr. Reid.

REID: The body was gone. No trace of it. If it hadn't been for the broken telephone wire I might have believed it was a dream.

CASE: Then Kato and you both had the same dream.

(THEY LAUGH)

CASE: What are the police going to do, take you to the psychiatrist?

(THEY LAUGH)

REID: Not quite. After all they realize I wouldn't phone about nothing. they've decided that Kato and I walked in on a practical joke.

CASE: Someone was just playing dead?

REID: That's it.

CASE: And got up and beat it after Kato left the room, I suppose. And what about using the blackjack on Kato? Was that to make the joke more practical?

REID: Well, they haven't figured that one out yet.

CASE: Oh, good grief. All this because you delivered a lost letter.

REID: Oh, that reminds me - the letter was gone, too. Kato had it then when he...

F/X: DOOR OPENS

LOWRY: Hello, boss. Hi. Casey.

CASE: Hello, Lowry.

REID: Well, Lowry?

LOWRY: I drew a blank, boss.

REID: You stayed with the police didn't you?

LOWRY: Sure. And like you said I hung right on their shoulders while they checked up on this Ernest Kegler guy. The one who owned the house.

REID: It's on the level? It is his house?

LOWRY: He's on the level all the way. His name is Ernest Kegler, he does own the house, and he's even got fingerprint proof of identification.

CASE: Fingerprints, Mr. Reid, a criminal record!

LOWRY: Nuts, Casey, don't jump the gun. This guy works in a war plant. That's how he had fingerprints.

CASE: Oh.

REID: "Simon Pure," huh?

LOWRY: As the driven snow. (LAUGHS) I don't know boss, maybe you and Kato walked in on a fraternity initiation.

REID: Seems so. (pause) Somehow I was sure that when the police investigated Ernest Kegler they'd run into something. Lowry, you saw Kegler?

LOWRY: Yeah.

REID: Did he look like the man that bumped into Miss Case on the street?

LOWRY: (thinking about it) I don't know. I didn't get a close look that time. I asked Kegler about a letter and he said, yes he'd lost one, but it wasn't important.

REID: Well, looks like the end of what might have been a good story for the Sentinel. I'll see you later Miss Case.

CASE: But Mr. Reid, you just arrived.

REID: And now I'm leaving. I'll tell you something else. Kegler and the man I saw lying on the floor looked almost like twins. Good-bye.

LOWRY: Holy mackerel. Say, Casey? Maybe the boss is crazy!

F/X: MUSIC UP

KATO: Mr. Britt, I think about it all day. If it were not for bump on my head, I would not be sure.

REID: You and I are the only one's who are positive, Kato. And with that letter missing...

KATO: Yes?

REID: ...there's something strange going on, I'm sure of it.

KATO: Yes, sir.

REID: We've been wrong before. We may be wrong again. But at least we're going to find out.

KATO: Hum?

REID: There's no use sitting around talking about it. Maybe we can use the role of the Green Hornet. Get the mask and the gas gun. We're taking the Black Beauty! MUSIC UP

ANNOUNCER: A few seconds later, stepping through a secret panel in the rear of a closet in his bedroom, Britt Reid and Kato went along a narrow passage built within the wall of the apartment house itself. This passage lead to an adjoining building which fronted on a dark side street. Though supposedly abandoned, this building served as the hiding place for the sleek super-powered Black Beauty -- streamlined car of the Green Hornet.

F/X: TWO sets of FOOTSTEPS. TWO CAR DOORS CLOSE

ANNOUNCER: Britt Reid pressed a button, the great car roared into life. A section of the wall in front raised automatically then dropped into place as the gleaming Black Beauty sped into darkness.

F/X: CAR SPEEDING AWAY

KATO: Where we go, Mr. Britt?

HORNET: Same place, Kato. Kegler's home.

F/X: MORE CAR

MUSIC UP

F/X: CAR COMES TO STOP

KATO: Where is this?

HORNET: Kegler's house is down at the far end of the block. We can leave the Black Beauty here in the alley.

F/X: CAR DOORS CLOSE

F/X: FOOTSTEPS

HORNET: Here's the street. It's good and dark we won't be...Kato? Did you see that?

KATO: Yes sir. Somebody go in Kegler's front door

HORNET: It looked like Lowry. I might have known. Lowry's a swell reporter. He always keeps digging. KATO: But in this case, that not so good for us, no?

HORNET: Ah, it might turn out all right, Kato. In fact, it might be very helpful. Come on, we'll get into that house quietly. We'll be there when Lowry leaves. We might get something.

MUSIC UP

LOWRY: No, there isn't anything special I wanted to see you about, Mr. Kegler. But I just can't help feeling that the boss did run into something. He's a levelheaded guy.

KEGLER: Yes I understand. I read the Sentinel myself. A good newspaper.

LOWRY: He just stopped off to do you a favor and return that letter.

KEGLER: Huh?

LOWRY: The one you dropped when we bumped, remember?

KEGLER: Oh, yes, but it wasn't important. Please, why don't you forget the whole thing?

LOWRY: (Lauhing) Oh, you know us reporters.

KEGLER: Maybe there was somebody here, I don't know. Maybe it was a practical joke. But whatever it was or wasn't it's over and done with.

LOWRY: Okay, okay. Say, you've got your letter haven't you?

KEGLER: No, I haven't

LOWRY: Oh, yes, yes, that's right. Well, good night

(THEY START TO FADE OFF MIC)

KEGLER: Here, I'll show you to the door.

LOWRY: Oh, you don't have to do that.

KEGLER: The door squeaks sometimes.

LOWRY: Oh, I see.

HORNET: Go to the door, Kato.

KATO: Yes, sir. We learn nothing yet.

HORNET: Kato, back behind the drapes!

F/X: FOOTSTEPS then PHONE DIALING

KEGLER: Hello? Kegler talking. A reporter was here. I'm worried. But I...(pause) All right, if you say so. (pause) Yes? Yes, I understand. Yes. Nothing to worry about. (pause) The what? All right, I'll destroy the letter at once. Goodbye.

F/X: PHONE HANGS UP

HORNET: Okay, Kegler, hand over that letter.

KEGLER: What?!

KATO: Look out! He has gun!

F/X: GUNSHOT

MUSIC UP

ANNOUNCER: In a house in the suburbs on the other side of the city from Kegler's home, a man named Bolton hung up the phone and crossed to another room.

F/X: PHONE HANGS UP

F/X: FOOTSTEPS

MANHEIM: Who vas zat on zu phone, Bolton?

BOLTON: It was Kegler.

MANHEIM: Oh?

BOLTON: Yeah. Reporter from the Sentinel was nosin' around again. I told him to ferget it, nothin's gonna go wrong.

MANHEIM: He's nervous, huh?

BOLTON: Well, you can't blame him, it was pretty close.

MANHEIM: Yes. (chuckles) It's a lucky sing zat fella ve slugged had zu letter. I lifted it right from his hand.

BOLTON: Yeah, I told Kegler to burn it. We read it already.

MANHEIM: Yes. Say, ve got to do somesing about..you know...zat man.

BOLTON: Sure, sure.

MANHEIM: Maybe zu river...

BOLTON: Oh, shut up, will ya. I'm thinkin.' (pause)

F/X: FOOTSTEPS

MANHEIM: Vhere now?

BOLTON: I want to double check. I'm gonna call Kegler and make sure he burned that letter.

F/X: PHONE DIALING

BOLTON: It's been five minutes, he's had plenty of time.

MANHEIM: Zat letter vould mean our finish if it got in the wrong hanz.

BOLTON: Yeah. (pause) Huh. Funny. No answer. I wonder what happened?

MUSIC UP

MANHEIM: Still no answer?

BOLTON: Yeah, still no answer. How many times is that?

MANHEIM: I don't know. Ten, maybe.

BOLTON: It's been almost an hour.

MANHEIM: Maybe he vent out.

BOLTON: Sure he went out! But why? It's almost midnight. He said nothin' to me on the phone about...

F/X: DOOR BUZZER

MANHEIM: Hey!

BOLTON: Yeah, come on.

F/X: FOOTSTEPS to DOOR. DOOR OPENS

BOLTON: Hello. So, you came here.

KEGLER: Y?yes.

BOLTON: So where ya been? I been callin' ya?

KEGLER: I?I didn't burn the letter, Bolton, and there's somebody who knows about it.

MANHEIM: Now, vat's eating you?

BOLTON: Come in here. It's dark out there, come on in.

KEGLER: Yes.

BOLTON: All right, now let's have it. Now what happened to the letter and what do you mean somebody knows about it?

HORNET: I can tell you, Bolton!

BOLTON: You're masked!

MANHEIM: The Green Hornet!

F/X: SHORT STRUGGLE and GUN DROPS to floor

HORNET: Leave it there! Reach for that gun and I pull this trigger.

BOLTON: Hey, what's this all about? Kegler, you pullin' a fast one?

HORNET: Don't blame him he shot at me. Just his tough luck that he missed, that's all. Now, how much is this letter worth, Bolton?

BOLTON: Nothin,' why?

HORNET: And what happened to the man that was killed in Kegler's house?

MANHEIM: What about the man?

BOLTON: Button your lip, Manheim!

HORNET: Don't kid me, Bolton. You covered up pretty fast, but I've got ways of finding things out. (pause) Who was the dead man?

BOLTON: You off the beam.

HORNET: Was he somebody who knew your set up? Or maybe this Kegler's a fake. Maybe the dead man was the real Kegler.

BOLTON: You're pretty smart aren't cha?

HORNET: The police might think so.

BOLTON: Don't give me that. You're the Hornet, you wouldn't go to the police.

HORNET: If I can't get it from you maybe I can get it from your stooge here. Come on, Kegler.

KEGLER: But I don't...

HORNET: Come on. We'll let Bolton think about it.

BOLTON: Stay here, Kegler.

HORNET: He's coming with me!

BOLTON: No he's not! I don't think you can handle him the right way. Now me and Manheim can do that - Now get that gun!

F/X: THEY STRUGGLE

(DIALOG OVER LAPS)

MANHEIM: Stand to one side I can't shoot!

HORNET: You won't get a chance!

BOLTON: Get him, Manheim!

F/X: GAS GUN SPRAY

MANHEIM: G?g?gas.

F/X: BODIES SLUMP TO FLOOR

KEGLER: That gun...it didn't make a sound.

HORNET: Okay, Kegler, come along.

F/X: FOOTSTEPS and DOOR OPENS

HORNET: And close your mouth - you look like a fish. F/X: NIGHT SOUNDS followed by CODE WHISTLE

HORNET: (sotto voce) Hold it! What's back there.

KEGLER: A garage.

HORNET: All right. You go first. We'll take the driveway.

F/X: FOOTSTEPS on driveway.

KATO: (whispering) Hello.

REID: Right here.

KATO: I find out something...

HORNET: Just a moment. (pause) Kegler?

KEGLER: Y-yes?

HORNET: Walk up to the garage. Stand there with your back to us. And remember, you make a perfect target against that white background. So don't try anything. (whispering to KATO) Well, what is it?

KATO: Mr. Britt, I look in garage...

HORNET: Well?

KATO: I look in the back. There's a big heavy trunk. You were right, Mr. Britt.

HORNET: I was, huh? Fine, fine, that's all I want to know. Now, we'll leave a note for Bolton and Manheim. We'll see that Kegler gets back to his home and keeps his mouth shut until tomorrow night.

MUSIC UP

BOLTON: Manheim. Manheim, wake up. Come on, snap out of it.

F/X: SLAPS to the FACE

BOLTON: Come on, come on.

MANHEIM: (groggy) Huh? Where's my gun? Where's my gun? (pause) Oh, it you. Is he gone?

BOLTON: Yeah. Him and Kegler both. I found this.

F/X: LETTER RUSTLE

MANHEIM: It's got zu Hornet's seal on it.

BOLTON: That's right.

MANHEIM: (reading) "I'll give you von more chance to talk money."

Don't try anysing till I call. You will be vatched."

BOLTON: I guess he means business.

MANHEIM: Yes. Vat about the garage?

BOLTON: Uh, we better do like he says, Manheim. We just sit tight and wait.

MUSIC UP

F/X: PHONE RINGS

KEGLER: Hello? (pause) Yes, this is Kegler. (pause) No, no I'm sorry, I won't be to work today. Goodbye.

F/X: PHONE HANGS UP

MUSIC UP

F/X: CITY ROOM SOUNDS

LOWRY: City Room, Ed Lowry talkin.' What's that? What! Yeah, what about Kegler? Huh? Say who is this? I said who is.... ahhh.

CASE: What is it, Lowry?

LOWRY: Some guy said if I wanted a story I should go see Kegler again.

CASE: Again?

LOWRY: Yeah. Tonight around midnight. And I don't even know who called!

MUSIC UP

HORNET: (on phone) Hello? Is that you, Bolton? I saw you last night, remember? (pause) That's right. (pause) Sure stick around. I'll see you again. (pause) Say around nine or nine thirty? And no tricks this time!

F/X: PHONE HANGS UP

MUSIC UP

MANHEIM: I've been vatching from zu vindows. I haven't seen a sing.

BOLTON: Eh, he'll be around - he said so.

MANHEIM: Vat are you going to do?

BOLTON: I don't know. I'll get the money for him...

MANHEIM: He's pretty tough.

BOLTON: Yeah, we'll see what happens

MANHEIM: I vish vee'd taken care of zat... you know...in zu trunk in zu garage.

BOLTON: And have the Hornet find out!

MANHEIM: Maybe he already knows.

BOLTON: Maybe. But I'll tell you one thing we gotta do...

MANHEIM: You mean Kegler?

BOLTON: Yeah. He's scared silly. He's already talked to the Hornet. How much we don't know. But he might talk to the police if the pressure gets strong enough. We gotta take care of him.

MANHEIM: Kill him, huh?

BOLTON: Yeah, we gotta do it soon. We can't go...

F/X: DOOR BUZZER

MANHEIM: That's the back door! The Hornet?

BOLTON: Yeah, who else.

F/X: FOOTSTEPS under next three lines

BOLTON: Keep you're gun outta sight, Manheim.

MANHEIM: Don't worry. I don't take chances wis zat fella.

MANHEIM: Vat are you vaiting for? Open zu Door.

BOLTON: Look at the glass, Manheim.

MANHEIM: It's a shadow.

BOLTON: No. Looks as if he's leanin' right against...

MANHEIM: You can't tell, it's zat glass you can't see through.

BOLTON: There's somethin' peculiar. Ah, well.

F/X: DOOR OPENS and BODY FALLS to floor

MANHEIM: Look out! Bolton, it's the body from the trunk in the garage propped up against the door!

BOLTON: Well, who put it there! How did ...

HORNET: I did, Bolton!

MANHEIM: The Hornet!

BOLTON: You know about it!

HORNET: I want to know a lot more. (pause) This man's dressed something like Kegler. He looks like Kegler. (pause) Who was he? What was his name?

BOLTON: Forget it Hornet, this doesn't concern you.

HORNET: When I'm mixed up in something I want to know all about it. Now come on, who was he?

BOLTON: He's...Kegler

HORNET: Kegler! Oh, I get it - you mean the real Kegler?

BOLTON: Yeah.

HORNET: Your friend, who calls himself Ernest Kegler?

BOLTON: He's...

HORNET: Never mind, I can figure it. He took this man's place didn't he? Took over his home. This man was kept a prisoner in his own house, isn't that right?

BOLTON: Yeah, that's it.

HORNET: And when that, eh, that newspaper publisher told the police he found a dead man there, this was the man he saw.

BOLTON: Yeah, that was while we were out of the house getting' the car. And when we got back we slugged the man we found there and

HORNET: ...took the body out fast. What was the reason for all that, Bolton?

BOLTON: I wanted our man to get a job in a war plant. And by using this one's references he got a good job.

HORNET: Preparing for sabotage, eh?

BOLTON: Oh, somethin' like that.

HORNET: Something went wrong and you had to kill him.

BOLTON: A letter came with a code message. Somehow the real Kegler got hold of it. He got out of the house and was on his way to the police. He saw us trailin' him and got scared. He dropped the letter.

MANHEIM: Ve caught up vis him a couple of blocks furzer on and took him back to zu house.

HORNET: So that's why the letter was important?

BOLTON: Yeah. Look Hornet, there's two things we gotta do - we need that letter and we gotta take care of this body.

HORNET: It'll cost you Money.

BOLTON: Here, here, here's plenty. Well, I'll give ya...

HORNET: I'll take it all! Thanks. What about your partner?

BOLTON: Kegler?

HORNET: Okay, we'll call him that for convenience. He's nervous you might spill everything.

MANHEIM: Certainly! Vee got to get rid of him...

BOLTON: Shut up, Manheim! I was, ah, workin' on that, Hornet. (pause) I, ah, haven't got any ideas.

HORNET: I have an idea, Bolton. I might as well earn this money, it's a good idea. (pause) How about making it look like murder and suicide?

BOLTON: Murder?

HORNET: Yes, with your friend there's the murderer who commits suicide. I'll explain it later.

BOLTON: When?

HORNET: When we get to Kegler's house, of course. Now suppose you take this man over there in your car. And no tricks! I'll be driving right behind you.

MUSIC UP

F/X: BLACK BEAUTY on the move

KATO: We close now Mr. Britt.

HORNET: Yes, they're turning the corner. No, don't follow them. Turn here in the alley, they'll stop at the house alright.

F/X: CAR TO A STOP

HORNET: Now come on, we'll go into that house the back way. And be very careful, Lowry ought to prowling around nearby.

MUSIC UP

CASE: Lowry, isn't that Kegler's house?

LOWRY: Yeah, Casey. It's too early for me to make my call. It's,

oh...

CASE: Look! There are two men going toward to front door. They're carrying another man.

LOWRY: Eh, I say that guy's either had one drink too many or...Holy Mackerel! Wait here, Casey!

CASE: Lowry, where you going?

LOWRY: I'll be right back! I'm gonna look in a window!

MUSIC UP & OUT

LOWRY: Casey, Casey! CASE: What is it? What'd you see?

LOWRY: They're inside now. Tat man they were carrying was dead. He's on the living room floor. And the Hornet's there too!

CASE: Good grief!

LOWRY: I'll keep watching. You get to a phone and get the cops here as fast as you can!

MUSIC UP

KEGLER: I don't understand. I don't understand why you brought him back here. I don't see why...

HORNET: Okay, Kegler, I'll clear it up for you. Manheim, give me your gun. Wipe the prints off first.

MANHEIM: Here you are.

HORNET: Thanks. Kegler, this is the gun Manhein used to kill that man. Now the idea is to use this gun on you then leave it in your hands.

KEGLER: No!

HORNET: Yes! It'll appear that you murdered that man and now that you've committed suicide.

KEGLER: No, no! Bolton don't let him...

BOLTON: Shut up Kegler! that's' the way we want it. That makes us safe, get it. Then the Hornet gives us that letter, we burn it...

F/X: POLICE WHISTLES and COPS VOICES

BOLTON: Hey, what's that?

MANHEIM: Police cars, they're outside!

BOLTON: Police! Hornet, Hornet hurry up! Shoot him! Shoot him!

HORNET: I will, Bolton, but not with your gun - with mine!

F/X: GAS GUN SOUND

KEGELR: (gasping) I...I... F/X: BODY FALLS to floor

BOLTON: Hey, what goods that? That's just gas, he'll wake up...

HORNET: Yes, Bolton, he'll wake up and talk to the police and you'll go to jail!

MANHEIM: Bolton, we've been fooled! Get him! Get him!

HORNET: You're too late!

F/X: GAS GUN SOUND

MANHEIM: (gasping) I ... can't ... breathe...

BOLTON: (choking and gasping) Ah ... ah...

F/X: BODIES HIT FLOOR

KATO: Hurry, Mr. Britt, police!

HORNET: Yes, Kato, out the back way! Remind me to send this money to the USO!

MUSIC UP

F/X: COPS VOICES - Excited

SGT: Break the door down!

F/X: COPS BREAKING DOOR DOWN --audible

SGT: In here, this room. Well, I'll be. Are they all dead?

LOWRY: No. No, just one of them. I saw the whole thing from the window, Sarge. And unless I'm nuts, you'll have a spy story that'll hit the headlines!

SGT: That's fine. But what happened to the Green Hornet!

MUSIC UP

NEWSBOY: Extree! Extree! Mystery murder spy tells all! Read all about it! Green Hornet still at Large! Extree! Extree!

MUSIC UP TO MAIN THEME through announcer

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