

"THE GREEN HORNET"

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Lawrence Gordon Productions

Second draft 11/3/95

THE GREEN HORNET

FADE IN:

EXT. METRO-CITY - NIGHT

A full moon backlights the awesome wonder of Metro City's skyline. From anywhere in the city you can see the clock at the top of Micro-Swift Tower. It reads 11 PM.

Rain falls down to the streets below, down to an abandoned building on the crummy side of town. Heavily armed GANGSTERS stand guard at all the entrances.

On a rain slicked ledge five stories up, a figure is crawling. He is a REPORTER, inching his way to a window, shafts of yellow light poke from a rotten curtain.

From inside, VOICES can be heard, indistinct. The reporter pulls out a tape recorder with a SUCTION CUP mic and sticks the mic to the window. He listens in on headphones.

VOICE INSIDE (O.S.)
...that's the way things have
been done until now. But
things change, friends...

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Pull back from the suction cup mic on the window. There's a group of MEN around a table in heated debate. We don't get a good look at any of them. We continue to pull back to the far side of the room.

Standing guard is a BEARDED MAN in an out-of-fashion suit. On a table next to him is a 6" tripod with a jade pendant dangling from the center. The pendant has a magical GLYPH OF WARDING carved onto it. The pendant begins to twitch, then to circle.

The Bearded Man watches carefully, expressionless. His name is PROFESSOR KILHAM, and if there's a poster boy for evil wizard types, he might be it. The pendant slowly points to the window. Professor Kilham heads for the door.

INT. ADJOINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Professor pulls out a BAMBOO INK PEN. He writes with the pen on his palm. In RED INK he draws a CHINESE CHARACTER. He opens the window and peers out.

EXT. THE LEDGE - NIGHT

The Reporter listens intently.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

Pssst.

The Reporter cranes his neck, swallows at the sight of Kilham.

REPORTER

Uh...I, I told my editor about this meeting.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

Then I guess we'll have to deal with him separately. See you in the obituaries.

The Professor thrusts his palm forward.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

Push.

Suddenly, from the Professor's palm, an UNSEEN FORCE shoots forward, striking the Reporter in the chest. The Force pushes the Reporter clear off the ledge, spiraling him down down down...

Prof. Kilham calmly wipes the ink from his palm with a hanky, watching the body drop to...

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

A BODY hits the ground. Not the Reporter, but a very drunk BRITT REID, extremely well dressed MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY. He has stumbled climbing from a taxi in front of a fancy steakhouse.

Flashbulbs POP as Britt thrashes around on the ground. A DOORMAN helps him to his feet.

DOORMAN

Let me help you, Mr. Reid.

Britt straightens himself up, smiling at the crowd of PAPARAZZI who photograph him from behind velvet ropes.

PAPARAZZI

Britt Reid! Britt Reid, look over here. Right here, Britt!

The Camera stedicams after him as Britt plows through the front doors.

INT. PORTLY GENTLEMAN STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

The Camera follows Britt as he lurches through the lobby. Britt takes his overcoat off and tosses it aside. A COAT CHECKER catches it just in time.

A MAITRE D' smiles from his podium.

MAITRE D'

Ahh! Mr. Reid, your father is
awaiting you for some time
now...

Britt continues on, ignoring him. PATRONS react to Britt. More than a few HIGH SOCIETY WIVES give him knowing smiles, while an equal number of HUSBANDS mutter and curse.

DRUNK PATRON

Britt, haven't seen you by the
gun club in days!

Britt ambles on, working the room. A wink here, a finger snap there. This guy knows EVERYBODY. A WAITER brings a Martini on a silver tray.

WAITER

Here you are, Mr. Reid.

Britt grabs the martini on the go, continues to a corner booth where we find Britt's FATHER. DAN REID is the publisher and crusading editor of the DAILY SENTINEL newspaper. Dan shakes his head. He's already finished his dinner.

DAN REID

How nice of you to join me.
You're late, I've already
eaten.

BRITT REID

I tried, you know I did. I'm
not quite as bad as you think.
Did you ever hear about Winston
Churchill's son? The offspring
of great men never wind up
towing the line.

DAN REID

Of course. Look at Joe
Kennedy's kid. That aside, I
asked you to meet me tonight on
a very important matter. I
think it's about time--

Britt grabs the Waiter by the arm as he passes.

BRITT REID

When I say "dry", I want you to
merely whisper the word
"vermouth" over the gin, not
lash it about like holy water
at an exorcism.

The Waiter scurries off to comply. Dan tries again.

DAN REID

I've got an opening in the
Metro section, I'd like to put
you on the Crime-Watch team.
It'll require a little more
leg-work than you're used to,
it's bare bones investigative
journalism. It's just what you
need.

BRITT REID

But people enjoy my society
column. It's witty. Gala
dinners and gallery openings,
that's my forté.

DAN REID

I think it's time you took on
something a little meatier.
You can make a difference in
this town, son. That's the
power of the press.

A DAILY SENTINEL NEWSPAPER is slapped down onto the table.
Britt looks up and sees a middle aged MAN in a tux scowling
at him.

SCOWLING MAN

Britt Reid. I'm H. Martin
Twillows. I want to talk to
you about this morning's
column.

BRITT REID

What of it?

Britt picks up the paper, examines his column: "ON THE
ROCKS WITH BRITT REID". There is a cartoon of Britt in a
top-hat with tipsy bubbles coming out of his head. The
byline reads "Eat, Eat, Dãmned Wife".

BRITT REID

And the problem is?

The Scowling Man snatches the paper and reads aloud.

SCOWLING MAN

"...the evening was utterly dreary except for the altogether droll sight of the hostess, Mrs. H. Martin Twillows, who looked for all the world like a potato with mange..."

BRITT REID

Good God! Was that in my column?!

SCOWLING MAN

Indeed!

BRITT REID

Well that was anyone's mistake. All apologies. I believe I meant to say "pumpkin with mange".

The Scowling Man's face turns red. He stalks off.

DAN REID

Britt, apologize to that man!

BRITT REID

What for?! I'm an American citizen. The sanctity of my byline is protected by one of the first three amendments.

DAN REID

Is this ever going to change? Another retraction, another libel suit. Can't you take anything seriously? You're heir to the throne when I retire, that's a heavy responsibility.

Dan snatches up the copy of the Daily Sentinel, points to the logo on the front page.

DAN REID

"To Protect The Weak From Those That Would Do Them Harm". That is why I founded this paper. And that's what you must do. You're a Reid, that means something. And it always has.

Britt just shrugs. Dan throws down his napkin, gets up.

DAN REID

Well that's fine. You just continue on, I'll keep printing retractions. You know I can't say no to you. Every family needs it's buffoon. It's just too bad you're my only son.

Dan walks out. Britt stares pensively at the front page.

EXT. VALET STATION - NIGHT

There's a deck of cards and \$40 on a little table. A group of VALETS are gathered to watch a card trick. A MEAN VALET pulls a card from the deck.

A Man in a boxy tux sits across from him. He's Asian-American, powerfully built, very handsome. His name is KATO.

KATO

Alright, now: if I find your card, I win.

The Mean Valet shows his card to the Crowd: The ACE OF DIAMONDS. He puts it in the deck.

Kato shuffles the cards expertly, like a card shark. He pulls a card out and FLIPS IT into the air. It spins out, around the Crowd, then circles back like a boomerang.

Kato holds it up with confidence: the EIGHT OF CLUBS. The Valets all laugh at him.

KATO

Of course not. Because your card is right... Here!

He pulls a card from his tuxedo jacket: the JACK OF SPADES. All the Valets laugh, Kato looks baffled.

The Mean Valet takes a swig from his bottle of soda, then GAGS as he sees

THE ACE OF DIAMONDS

inside the bottle. Not folded or bent, perfectly straight. Like a ship in a bottle. Impossible.

MEAN VALET

How did you...?

KATO

Evening, ladies.

Kato picks up the money, walks away from the dumbstruck Valets.

A LIMOUSINE waits for Kato at the curb. Kato looks at it proudly. He pulls out a CHAUFFEUR'S CAP and puts it on. Before he can pocket the cash, a THUG grabs it from his hand. Kato and the Thug know each other. His name is CARLOS.

CARLOS

Kato, looking sharp. Boys,
don't he look good?

Two other Thugs nod in agreement.

KATO

Carlos, it's not the 31st yet,
I still got another day.

CARLOS

That's right you do. The 31st
is right. Tomorrow your loan
becomes due and payable. And I
want cash, not the car.

One of the Thugs, BUCK, kicks out a headlight from the limo. Kato winces.

EXT. PORTLY GENTLEMAN - NIGHT

Britt wanders out the door, fists jammed into pockets. He spots Kato's Limo across the street and heads over.

EXT. VALET STATION - NIGHT

Kato inspects the damage to the limo as Buck grins.

BUCK

Just a reminder, dummy. You
rustle up some cashish, there,
Wang. Otherwise I'm gonn--

Kato ELBOWS Buck in the nose, lightening quick.

BUCK

Oww! He hit me!

KATO

(indignant)
I did not!

Britt wanders up, stands patiently by the back door.

BUCK
How come I'm bleedin' then?

KATO
He's a baby, I didn't even touch him.

BRITT REID
Hey, driver. Does the door fly open automatically or are you going to open it for me?

KATO
If you apes will excuse me, I've got customers waiting.

Buck slaps the hat off Kato's head. Carlos grabs Kato by the collar, shaking him. Kato takes it.

CARLOS
The sixty grand comes tomorrow, funny boy, or you'll be bouncing your grandkids on two broken knees...

Britt reacts on instinct: he sees a three-on-one situation. He flies into action, no questions asked. He hits Carlos in the back with two rapid kidney punches. Carlos drops.

KATO
Wait! Don't--

Britt tears into the other Thugs, Kato stares in horror. In short order Britt pounds the daylights out of Buck and his crony. Britt's a fearless fighter, and a damn good boxer.

KATO
Hey, Mister, cool down.

BRITT REID
Thank me later, sport. I need a ride in that limo of yours.

Carlos pops up, waving a broken bottle.

CARLOS
Rough guy, huh? Let's see how cute you are with a face full of glass.

KATO
He's not with me...

CARLOS

Shut your ass! Got guys
sneaking up my backside.
C'mon, country club, here it
comes!

As Carlos lunges forward, Kato broadsides him with a
blazing combo. Feet and fists to the face, and then a
swipe with the leg, knocking Carlos flat on his back.

Behind them, Buck gets to his feet. Britt takes Buck and
mashes his head into the limo door, denting it. Britt and
Kato look at each other.

KATO

You shouldn't have done that.

BRITT REID

(downplaying his own
bravery)

I know what you're gonna say.
Don't worry about it, you'd
probably have done the same for
me. Buncha punks.

Kato rolls his eyes. Britt sucks on his own finger.

BRITT REID

I think I broke my booger
finger. What's your name,
buddy?

KATO

Kato.

BRITT REID

Kato, I take full financial
responsibility for the car I
dented. You let me know who
the owner is, and I'll cut him
a check.

KATO

That's my car.

BRITT REID

Well then, seeing that I just
saved your butt, I guess we're
even. Now how about that ride
home?

Britt stands patiently by the back door. Kato smiles
thinly and opens the door for him.

INT. KATO'S LIMO, MOVING - NIGHT

Britt is sprawled out on the back seat, drunk.

KATO
Which way now? Hey, yo!

BRITT REID
Next left... house at the end
of the street... blue
mailbox... can't miss it.

EXT. REID MANSION - NIGHT

There is indeed a BLUE MAILBOX, but our focus is drawn to the rather gargantuan Mansion it's in front of. Reid Mansion makes Kane's Xanadu look like a Motel 6 in Juarez.

Kato props Britt at the door frame, rings the bell. A HOUSEKEEPER in a bathrobe takes Britt in. Business as usual around the Reid household.

KATO
I took good care of him. Hey,
I know that guy right? That's
the millionaire drunk, right?

The door closes in Kato's face.

EXT. GUTTERMAN APARTMENT - NIGHT

The "m-a-n" letters in the neon "Guttermen" sign flash on and off. Kato, looking out of place in his tux, steps over drunks and past prostitutes to his flophouse apartment.

INT. GUTTERMAN HALLWAY - NIGHT

A GUY IN BOXER SHORTS and A DERBY wanders the halls.

KATO
Evening, Governor.

On the door of Kato's room a sign says "Magic Limo H.Q.". Kato gets to his door to find it PADLOCKED. A small note says "Deadbeat!"

INT. KATO'S LIMO - MORNING

Kato snoozes in the back of his Limo. The sound of a passing Street Sweeper wakes him up. He rubs his eyes,

rolls down the back window: all clear. He pulls a POCKET KNIFE from his jacket and hops out.

EXT. REID MANSION - MORNING (LATER)

Britt rushes out the door, an ice-pack on his head. He gets to his car, only to find the front tire slashed flat.

KATO (O.S.)
Car trouble?

Parked just outside the gates is Kato's limo, Kato leaning on the fender.

KATO
I've got a nice warm limo ready to roll.

BRITT REID
(sarcastic)
What a delightful stroke of luck. You owe me a new tire.

Kato holds the limo door open.

KATO
I insist.

Britt gives a nasty look, but heads for the limo anyway.

INT. KATO'S LIMO, MOVING - DAY

Britt rides grumpily in the back. Kato starts bullshitting. He's an expert.

KATO
About last night, I wanted to thank you. If you hadn't come along, those street toughs woulda killed me dead. That's a fact.

BRITT REID
Think nothing of it. Is there anything to drink back here?

KATO
There's stuff in the side bar. Don't spill on the velour.

Britt looks for a belt, but all Kato stocks is soda pop.

BRITT REID
(sarcastic)
Perfect. Sodey pop.

KATO

Isn't it a little early in the day for the stiff stuff?

BRITT REID

You get along with your father, driver?

KATO

Kato. Yeah, so-so I guess.

BRITT REID

Today I'm going to crawl into my father's office on my belly and admit that... he's right. Being a gadabout and slack jawed raconteur is not as fulfilling as I thought it would be. It's time for the prodigal son to buck up and do something with his life.

KATO

See that's the thing. You have done something. You saved my life. And in my culture that's a big deal.

BRITT REID

Where you from?

KATO

(lying)

Uh, I'm Chinese. Born and raised.

BRITT REID

Taiwan or from the Mainland?

KATO

The uh... main part of... Hong Kong. Anyhow, according to ancient custom if you save my life, then I am bound to stay by your side as your personal guardian until I return the gesture.

BRITT REID

Yeah? What happens if you never save my life?

KATO

(stumped)

The custom never specified.

BRITT REID
No offense, but I don't
particularly want you following
me around for the next sixty
years.

EXT. DAILY SENTINEL TOWER - DAY

Kato opens the door for Britt.

KATO
Let's say two years then. I
could move into your place,
you've got plenty of room, keep
an eye on you for a couple
years. That would probably
appease the Gods.

BRITT REID
Tell you what. Buy me a nice
bottle of champagne, like a
Veuve Cliquot, and leave it at
the front gate. We'll call it
square.

Britt glances at his watch, but he's not wearing one. He
looks up to the sky.

P.O.V. MICRO-SWIFT TOWER - DAY

The clock at the top of the tower reads high noon.

BACK TO SCENE

He's late again. Britt smacks his forehead and trots up to
the office.

KATO
Hey! This limo ride wasn't
free, you know! I'm running a
business here!

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Britt rides alone with a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in a business
suit. He sizes her up, the total playboy.

BRITT REID
I don't mean to be rude, but
would you mind not staring at
me?

Instead of a smile, he gets a sneer.

INT. DAILY SENTINEL LOBBY - DAY

The Beautiful Woman comes out of the elevator.

BRITT REID

The coldest elevator on the planet, that's what that is.

As Britt emerges from the elevator, he is met by his assistant LENORE CASE. Lenore is totally devoted to Britt, in fact she's secretly in love with him. She hands him his coffee.

LENORE CASE

Good afternoon Mr. Reid, great to see you in the office on a Friday. I must say, I was surprised when you called.

They walk down the corridor. The place is unusually quiet. Britt looks around quizzically.

LENORE CASE

We don't really have anything on the slate for you today, but if you like you can help me sort through the party invitations and figure out your calendar.

BRITT REID

Lenore, it's awfully quiet, isn't it? I'm used to more hustle and bustle.

LENORE CASE

Oh? I hadn't noticed. By the way, Miss Sparkle from the Boom Boom Room called to say thank you for the chocolate roses. And the new Mayor's Inaugural Ball is being held at Midnight the day he takes office. Won't that be rifty...?

Lenore doesn't notice, but Britt has faded back. He turns off and heads into the Newsroom.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

The reporter's newsroom is usually buzzing with activity. Today the REPORTERS are gathered quietly around the desk of veteran news hawk MIKE AXFORD.

Britt walks up. The Reporters disrespect him for what he is: the boss's spoiled son.

BRITT REID

Everyone's so quiet. Slow news day? What say we get out there and dig up a few stories then?

There is scornful muttering from the Reporters. "Lot you care". Except for Mike Axford.

BRITT REID

I'm sorry, is... is something wrong?

MIKE AXFORD

It's nothing, kid, don't worry about it.

SCORNFUL REPORTER

(muttering)

Hey, loved your piece on the Garlic Festival.

There is snickering. Britt gets uneasy.

BRITT REID

Well, I'll just, uh, be in my office.

Britt walks sheepishly away. Axford gives the Scornful Reporter a look.

SCORNFUL REPORTER

Hey, I'm not gonna kiss his ass.

INT. DAILY SENTINEL LOBBY - DAY

Britt rejoins Lenore.

BRITT REID

What was that about?

LENORE CASE

They're just jealous, you know that.

Axford comes into the hallway.

MIKE AXFORD

Hey, Britt, sorry about the boys. We had a rough one last night.

LENORE CASE

(aside)

Ixnay on the bad news in front of Britt.

BRITT REID

Wh-what's happened? Tell me.

LENORE CASE

(reluctantly)

One of our reporters was killed last night while researching a story.

BRITT REID

Oh my God, I feel like such an idiot. How? Why?

MIKE AXFORD

Nobody knows why, but he apparently stepped off a very tall building down in Iron-Gate. He was a good writer, it looks like somebody wanted to shut him up.

LENORE CASE

But that's not for you to worry about. Now, about those party invites: there's one from the Tea House, and those are always a hoot--

BRITT REID

(determined)

I've got to talk to him. I can help him with this.

Britt heads off for his father's office. Lenore reacts with shock.

LENORE CASE

Britt! Britt, now's not the time. Britt, your coffee...!

But he's gone. Lenore gives Axford a death-stare.

INT. DAN REID'S OFFICE - DAY

Dan Reid, the Sentinel's Publisher, sits behind a very busy desk. He's a very wealthy man who still likes to get his hands dirty. He's talking to someone off camera.

DAN REID

I assure you, I'll be happy to share whatever information we have with the D.A. Scanlon knows that. I want to find my reporters' killer more than you do.

Britt comes in without knocking.

BRITT REID

I just heard. It's an outrage. We have got to do something. Sorry to interrupt, but we have got to do something.

He gets no response. Dan stares at him. Across from Dan is the Woman from the elevator.

MADELINE VENDOR, stunningly beautiful Assistant D.A. She examines Britt like a bug under glass.

Britt clears his throat.

DAN REID

Britt, this is Madeline Vendor, assistant District Attorney. Miss Vendor, my son, Britt.

MADELINE VENDOR

Mr. Reid.

DAN REID

She's here to find out what story Mario was working on, see if there's any clues. As I was saying, he left no notes behind, and he wasn't on assignment. He must have just stumbled across something.

BRITT REID

I want you to know I'll do whatever I can. I thought about a lot of things last night... I want to take the Crime Watch job, like you said. I want to help with the investigation.

MADELINE VENDOR
Unfortunately, that's not the only reason I'm here. The D.A.'s office is considering criminal charges against you.

DAN REID
What?!

BRITT REID
Me? What did I do?

MADELINE VENDOR
One of your philanthropic activities was to open a "Britt Reid Teen Oasis" youth center, was it not?

BRITT REID
Oh yes. I believe strongly in helping the community. For the good feelings it gives me as well as the tax savings.

MADELINE VENDOR
I see. I take it then that you're unaware of the center's day to day business?

BRITT REID
Well,... of course I'm concerned... about the kids.

MADELINE VENDOR
Your mismanaged little tax shelter has become a hot-bed of criminal activity of late. Is it true you built a target shooting range and martial arts studio into the Oasis?

DAN REID
My God, Britt! How could you?

BRITT REID
If I remember right, the kids requested it. Healthy sportsmanship builds character. I was on the skeet shooting and boxing squads at Yale. We took the League two years running.

MADELINE VENDOR
You don't seem to be grasping the seriousness of the situation. Your "Teen Oasis"

has been used as a meeting and training ground for an inner city gang. "Double M" Miller, your reformed gangster turned youth counselor, is apparently not so reformed. His gang is one of the worst in the city.

BRITT REID

Certainly you can't hold me responsible...

MADELINE VENDOR

But we must, Mr. Reid. Your name is on every permit and register, and you have been reaping the tax benefits.

BRITT REID

(solemnly)

I hereby declare the Teen Oasis closed. Those ruffians can find someone else's good graces to leech off of. And I'll file charges against this Mr. Miller.

MADELINE VENDOR

I'll take that under consideration. Our investigation has been under way for some time, and you are criminally libel. If we can make a case against you, we will.

(to Dan)

D.A. Scanlon will be awaiting you.

DAN REID

I'll be over as soon as I can.

Madeline heads out. Dan gathers his papers together without looking at Britt. He walks with a PRONOUNCED LIMP.

BRITT REID

Oh come on. You're so quick to accuse. I was taken in. It could have happened to you just as easily.

DAN REID

No, it couldn't have, Britt. I back up everything I do.

BRITT REID

Well thank you very much. I'll go quietly off to jail so as not to embarrass any of your high flying friends. It must be a real pain in the pipe being saddled with a degenerate son like me, right?

DAN REID

A "pain in the pipe"? It's not that what you did is morally inexcusable, not that I've spent a lifetime crusading against injustice from the parapets of this newspaper?! How could you contribute, even unwittingly, to the violence that's tearing this city apart?

BRITT REID

What do you expect me to do, dad...

Dan holds up a Daily Sentinel.

DAN REID

We're at war with evil here, Britt, and you don't seem to care. That's what the Reid family has done for generations. I've fought crime my whole life, the only way I could...

(rubs his bum leg)
...with a pen. I always hoped you'd do the same. But I was wrong, and now you're on your own.

Dan keeps his back to him. It's painful for both. Britt angrily storms out. After he's gone, Dan gives a heavy sigh.

EXT. DAILY SENTINEL TOWER - DAY

Kato stands in front of the building. An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN walks by wearing a Cubs hat.

KATO

Go Cubs! Hey, I'm from Chicago too.

She gives him a curt smile and keeps going. Then Kato sees Britt walking out of the building, dejected. Kato follows him across the street to the limo.

KATO
So, how'd it go?

BRITT REID
Don't you have a home?

KATO
Come on, let me move in. I'll be your butler.

BRITT REID
I have a butler. I have a house-boy, a pool-boy, six gardeners, and a kitchen staff.

Kato holds open the door for Britt.

KATO
(cocks an ear)
I can hear my ancestors crying from the...uh ... land of spirits.

Britt gets in the driver's seat instead.

KATO
If you say no it's like you're damning my soul to someplace very bad.

Britt pulls from the curb.

KATO
Go ahead, take it! We'll talk numbers later!

Kato watches him go, then is distracted by a hubbub across the street.

Dan Reid comes down the steps of the Sentinel building with his ENTOURAGE.

Then things happen very fast: Three MEN and two WOMEN in business suits spring to action and attack Dan Reid's entourage. These are five very deadly MERCENARIES. Kato watches amazed as...

A BUSINESS WOMAN tries to fend off blows with a briefcase. A FEMALE MERCENARY jabs the heel of her shoe through the case.

A BODYGUARD reaches for a gun. A MERCENARY pulls out fountain pen and flings it into the Bodyguard's wrist

The second FEMALE MERCENARY kicks a REPORTER back thru the revolving doors, sending people flying.

Two other MERCENARIES beat on another BODYGUARD with their heavy briefcases, swinging them like nunchaku.

Before Kato can think of intervening, the MERCS have beaten everyone down, leaving Dan Reid standing startled in their midst.

Professor Kilham, in an ill-fitting business suit, steps from behind a pillar, faces Dan Reid.

DAN REID

What the hell is going on here?!

PROFESSOR KILHAM

Stop the presses. I have a late-breaking story.

Kilham pulls out his BAMBOO INK PEN and writes a CHINESE CHARACTER on a pad of rough paper in red ink. He tears the sheet of paper off and tosses it at Dan.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

Fireball.

The paper races at Dan, glowing, then BURSTS into a MAGICAL FIREBALL.

DAN REID

What the--

The fireball hits Dan Reid.

HIS FLAMING BRIEFCASE

tumbles down the stairs.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

And the other one, the son?

Kato's eyes go wide, he stares off down the block.

KATO'S P.O.V. - CITY STREETS - DAY

His limo is idling at the curb on the next block. Britt is buying a hot pretzel from a vendor.

A MERC clips a BRICK OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES to the bumper as the Limo pulls away.

INT. KATO'S LIMO - MOVING - DAY

Britt toddles along, oblivious, a big smear of mustard on his chin.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Kato sprints down the sidewalk. He jumps up, runs across the roof of a parked car and LEAPS onto the roof of a car SPEEDING THROUGH TRAFFIC!

Kato surfs the car with supreme agility. As his lane slows down, he LEAPS to a car in the next, HOPPING from car to car as they barrel down the road at 30 mph.

Professor Kilham sees Kato in pursuit.

PROFESSOR KILHAM
Who is he? You, stop him!
Make sure Britt Reid dies!

The Mercs nod in unison and sprint to a waiting Van.

KATO

Is getting closer. He's close to jumping on the Limo, when suddenly, the car he's on makes a left turn!

The Limo continues on, out of sight.

Kato runs back, against traffic, leaping from car to car until he's back at the intersection. One more leap and he's back in the chase. And he makes it, but he's on the roof of the van full of Mercs.

The Mercs SLAM ON THE BRAKES and Kato flips 30' through the air, launched like a rocket by the stopping van.

Kato slams onto the hood of the Limo. Britt stops, opens the door.

BRITT REID
Are you mad?! What are you
trying to do?

KATO
It's a bomb, *quick!

Kato grabs Britt and dives for cover. The bomb EXPLODES, demolishing the Limo and Kato's livelihood with it.

Britt and Kato look at the flaming wreck, then at each other.

The Van screeches to a halt. The doors fly open and the Mercs jump out.

The Mercs pull out weapons in synch. Since they're disguised as business people, all their weapons are tools of the trade. Two pull out cellular phone SWITCHBLADES, two twirl BRIEFCASES, and one fans out a fistful of RAZOR EDGED CREDIT CARDS.

KATO
Britt, they mean business.

BRITT REID
I should say so.

The Mercs charge forward. Britt and Kato bolt for higher ground.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Britt and Kato race towards a scaffolded construction site, the Mercs in hot pursuit.

BRITT REID
Stick close, we stand a better chance together!

Britt ducks under a beam, sprints into the building. Kato catches the beam square on the chest, gets dumped on his ass. He scrambles up, runs another direction as the Mercs close in.

The Three Male Mercs follow Britt, the Two Female Mercs pursue Kato.

INT. BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION - DAY

Britt comes to a stop in the building. Construction materials and equipment surround him.

BRITT REID
Follow me!

He looks around: NO KATO. Instead the Three Mercs surround him.

BRITT REID
Gentlemen, I suggest you back away while you still have teeth to brush.

The two Briefcases come at him. He dodges one, lands a punch, gets a briefcase slammed into his back. Britt spins, punches the other guy and WHAM another briefcase in

his back. It's like this with Britt and Kato: they take ONE punch for every TWO they dish out.

Britt throws a volley of fists, manages to knock both Briefcases back. Then credit cards come flying at him.

The credit cards SLASH through his suit as Britt dodges them.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Kato stands his ground under the scaffolding, the Female Mercs come at him, wielding switchblade cellulators.

Kato, who's too much of a gentleman to punch their lights out, just ducks the blades.

KATO

Ladies, please. Don't make me use the rough stuff.

He's timid, not wanting to hurt them, but they are putting the hurt on him. Another cut slashes his leg.

The Mercs step back, posing dramatically with the knives. Time to stop pussyfooting.

They come and Kato is ready. He grabs a knife arm and punches it, jarring the knife loose. He repeats this for the other Merc, until both knives lay in the dirt.

They advance and Kato somersaults towards them, hops up and PUNCHES them both square in the BREASTS. They both drop like sacks of potatoes.

He takes the two switchblades and tosses them into a cement mixer. The Mercs get up, rubbing their breasts in pain.

KATO

I didn't wanna have to do that,
but you chicks brought that on
yourselves.

The women sneer and come at him kicking. A spiked heel hits Kato in the shoulder and BLOOD oozes from the wound.

INT. BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION - DAY

Britt snatches up a claw hammer. The next briefcase that comes at him, he punctures with the claw, snagging it. He and the Merc tug over it.

Britt yanks the briefcase towards him in time to block another VOLLEY OF DEADLY CREDIT CARDS. With his free hand

he punches his opponent, then KICKS him in the nose. One down.

The other Merc comes swinging his attaché case wildly over his head. WHACK! it gets snagged on a spike sticking from a beam above. The Merc looks up nervously, tries jostling the case loose. No use. He pulls himself off the ground, shaking the case violently.

Britt slides a sawhorse underneath him. The briefcase comes unstuck, the Merc drops down, SMASHING his crotch on the sawhorse.

Britt moves in, pounds his face, then kicks the legs of the sawhorse out. The Merc slams into a pile of bricks.

A credit card slashes across his temple. The Third Merc has a credit card between each of his fingers. Britt opens up a briefcase and charges forward, using it as a shield.

The credit cards fly, sticking harmlessly into the case. The Merc, out of cards, breaks right. Britt blocks his path. He breaks left, Britt blocks him again, backing him into a corner with face punches.

They face off. CLASSIC KUNG-FU MOVIE PAUSE. The Merc puts a finger to his own nose, it comes back BLOODY. His eyes go mean. Britt puts thumb to lip, it comes back covered in MUSTARD (from the pretzel). He rubs the rest off with the back of his hand.

The Merc grabs up a shovel and brandishes it. Britt grabs the closest thing he can find. There's a TAR KETTLE filled with bubbly hot tar. Britt grabs the HOT MOP and swings it like a mace.

SPLAT! The mop STICKS to the back of the Mercs' head and hair. He flees, screaming. The other Two Mercs make a run for it as well. Britt lets them go.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

The metal spiked heels come at Kato, stabbing at him with vicious kicks. Kato ducks and dodges behind the maze of scaffolding. The deadly heels trail SPARKS as they glance across the metal poles.

Kato notices a TROUGH OF WET CEMENT.

He makes a sideways leap, landing behind the trough. The Female Mercs leap after him, landing square in the cement.

They try to pull their feet out, but they are stuck fast. Kato jumps up, grabs a crossbar, and swings, KICKING the Female Mercs clear of the cement.

They land, BAREFOOT, on their backs. Kato leaps to the offensive.

The Female Mercs take two steps forward. Kato snatches up a BOX OF NAILS. The Mercs look at each other, at their bare feet, then come forward anyway.

Kato flings a fistful of nails to the ground. The Mercs alternate between throwing punches and avoiding nails, hopping from foot to foot.

Kato toys with them. He lands a punch, then moves to clear ground, taunting them. When the Mercs follow, he dumps more nails, throws a punch, repeats the cycle.

Then the Three Mercs are seen FLEEING in the background, dripping tar. These Two women lose heart. They HISS at Kato and make dramatic hand gestures. Then they run, hobbling, across the gravel construction site.

Britt comes panting out of the building, his suit shredded.

BRITT REID

You okay?

KATO

Yeah. Listen, back there...at the paper... this bearded man made a fireball appear out of thin air! He threw it at some poor guy... he cut him down...

EXT. DAILY SENTINEL - DAY

Britt rushes to the scene. We don't see the remains, but from the look on Britt's face, it's horrible.

BRITT REID

Oh no... NOOOOO!

Mike Axford holds Britt back. Kato, meanwhile, makes a discovery.

Blowing with the trash is the charred remains of a sheet of rough textured paper, the one Professor Kilham threw at Dan Reid. It has a Chinese character written upon it in red ink. Kato pockets it carefully as the sirens approach.

Camera pulls back, up above the scene of terror and destruction.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

Dark clouds, a gathering storm. A LARGE CROWD has gathered at the cemetery for the funeral of Dan Reid. The MEDIA are being kept at a distance. For now, we see the action from a NEWSCAMERA as it photographs the event.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 ...today Metro-City mourns the loss of Dan Reid, crusading editor of the Daily Sentinel and prominent local philanthropist.

We pan past Kato and Britt, looking solemn and determined.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 There's Britt Reid, only son and apparent heir to the Daily Sentinel news empire looking very very sad, as you might expect. Perhaps the loneliest playboy in Metro-City.

The Camera pans over the CROWD of mourners.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 The most prominent citizens in Metro-City are here. There's DSTV anchorman Charles Warthen, there's Norvid Mince, CEO of Micro-Swift computer systems...

We see NORVID MINCE, he's 40, an ultra-wealthy computer mogul, somewhat nerdy by nature. The Camera pans on, picking up District Attorney SCANLON, 50's.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 And District Attorney Scanlon, stepping forward to eulogize his friend...

CUT TO:

The scene. Britt looking down at the casket. His friend Kato looking at him with concern.

D.A. SCANLON
 ... "To Protect The Weak From Those That Would Do Them Harm", that's what Danny dedicated his life to and, ultimately, that's what cost him his life. Drawing from some unknown reserve of strength, he was the

man who stood up for what was
right and decent in this world.
And he'll be missed.

The words weigh heavy on him as Britt stares quietly down.
The Camera singles out Norvid Mince as he gives Britt a
sidelong glance.

INT. KILHAM'S MEDITATION ROOM - NIGHT

A shirtless Kilham sweats on his knees, incense smoke
filling the dark room. He's hunched over a small pile of
BONES, holding a CRYSTAL in each hand over them. The Bones
begin to twitch, moving on their own. Kilham strains with
the effort. The Bones begin swirling, floating in the air.

Then the door opens and Norvid Mince walks in. The spell
is broken, the bones fall lifeless to the floor.

NORVID MINCE

Well, they just planted Danny-
boy. What a show. The Reid
kid even squirted a few onto
the box. What are you doing,
making voodoo dolls?

Kilham conceals his anger.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

Meditating. What about the
son? What do you want me to
do?

NORVID MINCE

He's a schnook. Leave him.
Now that the newspaper's quiet,
it's time to step things up.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

My powers are limited. Like a
handgun, not a nuclear bomb.

NORVID MINCE

I know I know, it scares the
shit out of people just the
same. Look, get back to your
smoke and chicken bones. The
boys in the lab are working
double shifts on that micro-
crystal you asked for. They
say it'll stand half a gig of
volts before it melts. That'll
boost your potency, eh?

PROFESSOR KILHAM

Yes, considerably so.

NORVID MINCE

Good. It's an interesting fusion of technology and hocus pocus. I hope it works. Meanwhile I need you on the streets getting the gangbangers on the program, chop chop, know what I mean?

PROFESSOR KILHAM

As you wish.

Norvid Mince walks out whistling "Start Me Up" to himself. Kilham shakes his head and returns to his magic Bones.

INT. DAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

Britt stares out the window. Rain courses down the glass in sheets.

All across the walls are Journalism prizes, photos of Dan Reid with political figures, awards from charitable causes. Dan Reid was a man who cared, who made a difference.

Britt circles the desk and finally sits in his father's chair. He looks at a PHOTO of himself and Dan. It's a YOUNG BRITT, full of potential. He shows the photo to Kato.

BRITT REID

I thought he'd always be there to protect me, you know? I expected to get another decade or two out of the drunken playboy routine.

Britt turns the photo away from him. He wipes tears from his eyes.

KATO

If it means anything, thanks for paying off my Limo with those loan sharks. That was a generous thing you did. Saved my life again.

BRITT REID

It's just money.

Kato fingers a statue on the desk. It's an old west sculpture, a MASKED DESPERADO ON HORSEBACK.

KATO

Maybe, but it kept the desperadoes off my back.

Kato pats the statue. Britt stares at it. Then he sees something.

A KEY

hanging around the horse's neck. Britt touches the key curiously.

BRITT REID

What's this?

A HIDDEN LOCK

on a door, behind an old Indian Blanket.

KATO

Here it is.

BRITT REID

Look at that. I never noticed this door before.

He throws back the blanket and tries the key in the lock. 'CLICK', the door swings open.

INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

It's a trophy room, a museum of the Reid family history.

The first thing they see is a mannequin wearing a hauntingly familiar outfit: A pearl handled revolver, a bandoleer of silver bullets, a light blue jacket.

KATO

What the heck?...

Britt reads a tag next to the mannequin.

BRITT REID

This belonged to my great great granduncle.

KATO

Wow. Your great great granduncle was a hustler?

BRITT REID

No! Don't you know what this is?

Kato looks puzzled. Britt pulls him back into the office.

INT. DAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

Britt pulls Kato out, points to the statue on the desk.

LIGHTNING CRASHES

filling the room with light. That's no "Masked Desperado" on horseback.

That's the goddamn LONE RANGER.

BRITT REID

My great great granduncle was a vigilante, a Masked Lawman...

INT. SECRET ROOM, LATER - NIGHT

They are inspecting the goods in the secret room, reading old papers.

KATO

It seems that in each succeeding generation of the Reid family someone took up the mask. In the 1930's your grandfather policed the underworld for ten years.

He shows a b/w photo of a man in a 40's style crime fighter outfit. The costume is poorly stitched, baggy, rather patriotic. Britt shows Kato some clippings.

BRITT REID

My father tried a go at it in the late 50's. He got shot on his first sortie. Paralyzed his left leg. So he became a newspaperman and fought crime in his own way. I never knew...

KATO

Here look at this.

Kato holds up an old SILVER STAR. It's an old West Lawman star, with writing on it.

BRITT REID

"To Protect The Weak From Those That Would Do Them Harm". That's on the front page of every issue of the Daily Sentinel. This is the Reid

family legacy. This is my destiny.

INT. REID MANSION ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Britt strides the halls of the house, feeling his newfound purpose.

BRITT REID

This is what my father meant about making a difference. He meant mentally and physically. To fight for good, but outside the law. Meet the criminals on their terms. That's why he always had me involved with boxing, race car driving, electronics. This is what he was grooming me for. I've had a lifetime of training and didn't even know it.

KATO

So what are you gonna do?

BRITT REID

I'm gonna find my father's killer. I need you to watch my back, Kato. I'm gonna dig some dirt.

EXT. PATRICK HOOLIGAN'S PUB - NIGHT

The sign for the pub features it's famous namesake, looking tough as hell. It's appropriate. This waterfront dive is about as tough as they get. Kato and Britt pause at the door.

KATO

Are you sure? This place looks kinda rough.

BRITT REID

If you want to find scumbags, you go to where scumbags go. Just let me do the talking.

INT. HOOLIGAN'S - NIGHT

The clientele is the roughest, orneriest bunch of unemployed sailors, bikers, and stevedores you're likely to meet. The door swings open and Britt steps in, looking dangerously out of place.

He strides to the bar, eyeballing the crowd. He goes largely unnoticed.

The BARTENDER hammers a roll of quarters on his register. Britt leans on the bar, Kato sidles up to the next stool.

BRITT REID
Brew Meister!

The Bartender walks down, examines Britt with a sneer.

BARTENDER
Do I know you?

BRITT REID
I'm looking for information.
Somebody who might know a
little something about a
murdered reporter.

The Bartender takes a step back in shock.

BRITT REID
(threatening)
So, you do know something!
Listen up, Fatso, I'm on to you
and all your sick friends. I
want answers, or people are
gonna start getting hurt.

BARTENDER
You sonuvabitch! I do know
you! Hey, boys, it's the drunk
from the newspaper! You gonna
do a column on this dump?

BRITT REID
You're mistaken. I'm not who
you think I am...

BARFLY
I'll buy him one!

BARTENDER
Yeah, what's that you drink?
You always write about it, a
"Martoonny"?

BARFLIES
"Martoonny!"

BARTENDER
Two Martoonny's comin' up! Say,
Mr. Reid, you might wanna
mention we got three kinds of
Bud on tap.

Britt and Kato take the drinks, they head to a quiet corner amid shouts of "Martoonny", and "On The Rocks!"

Britt slumps, humiliated, against the wall, slurping his martini.

BRITT REID

So much for that. How do I
glide through the underworld
when I'm as inconspicuous as
JFK Jr?

Kato glances around. He spots something OFF CAMERA that gives him an idea.

KATO

There's an old Chinese folk
tale my grandmother taught me.
You wanna hear it?

BRITT REID

There's no dragons in it, is
there? I hate that stuff.

KATO

Open your mind, you'll like
this...

As Kato speaks, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

ANIMATED SEQUENCE

The story is played out in full-screen animation as Kato and Britt talk...

KATO (V.O.)

...Back in the old world,
before there were humans, all
the animals lived in a garden.
One day a demon came to the
garden and started tearing the
place apart.

A Chinese style demon runs rampant.

KATO (V.O.)

All the animals were afraid.
The mighty elephant, the deadly
tiger, even the hawk wouldn't
stand up to the demon.

BRITT REID (V.O.)

How about the bear? Was there
a bear?

We see a panda bear shivering with fright.

KATO (V.O.)

No, not the bear either. "Is there no one to oppose me?", shouted the Demon, and none of the animals made a peep. But then the air was filled with a buzzing sound. And the demon felt a sharp pain in it's side, and another in it's neck.

The Demon thrashes around, clutching itself all over.

KATO (V.O.)

Again and again the demon shrieked with pain at it's invisible attacker until he ran from the garden shouting "I must leave, for the protector of this garden is too powerful for me!".

BRITT REID (V.O.)

Yes? Yes? Go on, who was it?

The animals all gather around to see who has saved them. There in the air buzzes a SINGLE GREEN HORNET.

KATO (V.O.)

It was a single Green Hornet. The animals proclaimed the Green Hornet the protector of the garden. And since that day he's watched over the Earth, ready to drive the Demons back into darkness.

END ANIMATED SEQUENCE ON IMAGE OF HORNET

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOOLIGAN'S - NIGHT

Britt let's it sink in. He peers out the window at the thundering skies. Rain begins pelting the glass. LIGHTENING crackles and THUNDER roars as Britt faces his true destiny.

BRITT REID

(with confidence)

The Green Hornet. I'll be that Green Hornet, and protect the weak from those that would do them harm.

KATO

You know, I recently retired
from the limousine business.

BRITT REID

Yeah, sorry about that. It
seems as if you've been caught
up in this web of intrigue.

(thinks)

I could use a crime-fighting
partner. I can't offer you
much, but this is a chance to
do some good, somehow.

KATO

Can I live at your place?

BRITT REID

Yeah, sure. Well, what do you
say? We partners?

KATO

You're up two to zip in the
save-your-life competition.
I'm with you, Green Hornet.

They shake on it and head out. The Camera pans over to a
beer ad on the wall: "GREEN HORNET ALE - Get Stung!".
There's a cartoon Hornet on the logo, and it's exactly like
the one from the animated fairy tale.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REID POLO STABLES - DAY

Kato pulls Britt's car into the horse stable. Britt flags
him in.

BRITT REID

Hold it!

Britt closes the garage door. Kato flips through the
owner's manual.

KATO

Fay-chung bitchin'! Every body
panel is reinforced titanium,
every window is blast proof.
This beast is solid as a tank.

BRITT REID

Just like a tank, except no
offensive weaponry. Yet.

Britt sparks an acetylene torch, lowers welding goggles.

THEME MUSIC PLAYS: The Flight of the Bumblebee (except modified and cool, like the "Peter Gunn Theme").

MUSICAL MONTAGE:

As Britt tinkers away, the mechanically inept Kato assists him.

They tear out the dash, mount a joystick and LCD targeting monitor.

Britt wires rocket launchers into the fenders.

Britt wires a ten CD changer into the trunk.

Kato nails a sign over the car in the stable: "BLACK BEAUTY"

INT. DAN'S STUDY - DAY

MUSICAL MONTAGE CONTINUES:

The study has been turned into a strategy room. A large map of Metro-City dominates the wall.

Britt tests out his gadgets: his pen that fires it's ballpoint like a dart, the necktie that squirts mace when you pinch the knot.

Kato is baffled by the silly gadgets.

KATO

Where'd you get this stuff?

BRITT REID

"Jane's Weapons" quarterly catalogue. From the "Mossad" collection.

CUT TO:

Kato draws a Chinese Character on his palm with a bamboo ink pen (just like Kilham). He aims his palm at a lamp.

KATO

Push.

The lamp twitches, then slides weakly, about 6 inches.

BRITT REID

What are you doing?

KATO

Practicing my spellcasting.
We've got to fight magic with

magic. The Bearded Man, the one who murdered your father, he's a high-level Mage.

BRITT REID

(sarcastic)

The "ancient arts" right? Spooky. You've been watching too much "X-Files".

KATO

How little you know, white man. My Uncle was very into it. He showed me a thing or two when I was a kid. It's basically using your mind to control inanimate objects, move them, make them catch on fire. It takes lots of mental discipline and practice. So I went to Chinatown and got this book.

He shows Britt the book: "Bone Ornament and Manifold Oral Instruction".

BRITT REID

Why don't you make us some sandwiches, Merlin. Something I can use.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

MUSICAL MONTAGE CONTINUES:

Britt comes out in his Green Hornet attire: expensive suit, duster, leather gloves, thin mask over the eyes.

Kato comes out in various "sidekick" costumes: Leather pants, ninja clothes, tights, zoot suit. Britt vetoes them all.

Kato finally emerges in a stylish sports coat, black leather driving gloves, a thin tie, and matching black mask.

Britt nods his approval.

Britt hands Kato a very old, bone handled HUNTING KNIFE. Kato refuses it.

BRITT REID

Just strap it on, better safe than sorry.

KATO
I prefer holistic ass kicking.
I'm an organic guy.

BRITT REID
Please. My great great
granduncle had an Indian
sidekick. This belonged to
him. I want you to have it.

Kato reluctantly accepts it, straps it to his ankle.

INT. INDOOR POOL ROOM - DAY

MUSICAL MONTAGE CONTINUES:

The indoor pool is surrounded by workout equipment. Britt punches a speed-bag. Kato kicks a sand bag.

They spar (Britt brawling, Kato using martial arts). Britt makes a wild charge and Kato knocks him on his ass.

KATO
You get too fired up. Don't
rush at me all crazy like that.

Britt gets pissed, charges forward. Kato spin flips him onto his back effortlessly. Britt lays there panting.

KATO
Please, I'm getting tired.

BRITT REID
Say "Uncle".

They are buffed, sweaty, and ready to kick ass.

END MUSICAL MONTAGE.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

There is a roar, and Britt's slick, black SEDAN rips through the scene. Tinted windows. Looking badass. This is now the BLACK BEAUTY.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - MOVING*- NIGHT

This car is rigged up like the space shuttle. Britt and Kato are decked out in their crime fighting outfits. Kato models a Derby Hat in the rear view as he drives.

BRITT REID
You look like Odd-Job. Lose
the derby.

Kato reluctantly takes it off. He looks at Britt's cool
FEDORA.

KATO
But you get a hat.

BRITT REID
If you absolutely must have
headgear, use this.

Britt pulls a CHAUFFEUR'S CAP from under the seat.

KATO
(sarcastic)
Yeah, I'll be a real tough
chauffeur guy.
(models cap)
They call him "The Driver",
just stay out of his lane...
"Hey, Guido, back off. The
Green Hornet is here, and he
brought this real badass hombre
with him who's out back right
now parking the car!". I don't
think so, pal.

BRITT REID
Suit yourself.

KATO
So. Here we are, cruising in
the Black Beauty. Where should
we go? We don't really have
any clues or anything.

BRITT REID
I have a personal matter to
attend to, over at the Britt
Reid Teen Oasis. Intersection
of Van and Lee streets across
the river. Punch it, Kato.

KATO
We're low on petrol, better
juice up first.

BRITT REID
Terrific. There's a Gas-A-Go-
Go.

EXT. GAS-A-GO-GO - NIGHT

Kato glides to the self serve pumps and they hop out.

BRITT REID

You pump, I'll pay.

KATO

Hey, what about the mask?

BRITT REID

I'm not Britt Reid anymore, I'm
the Green Hornet.

Britt heads for the mini-market. Parked out front are
EIGHT TRICKED OUT MOTORCYCLES, Japanese racing bikes
covered in plastic cowlings.

INT. GAS-A-GO-GO - NIGHT

An ASIAN BIKER GANG, eight GUYS and four GIRLS, are running
amuck in the store. They wear colorful leather, colorful
hair. One Biker eats RELISH by the spoonful from the
condiment counter. The TWITCHY CLERK and TERRIFIED PATRONS
looks on nervously.

A Biker jostles Britt as he operates the Sludgee machine,
spilling Sludgee on his gloves. Britt holds back his
anger, heads to the counter.

BRITT REID

Twenty on seven. And two
Sludgees.

The Clerk keeps eyeing the bikers as they devour his stock.

TWITCHY CLERK

Fellas, please, just take the
money and go! You're gonna get
me fired.

The Clerk is pelted with beef jerky strips. Britt shakes
with rage, fights to hold it in.

TWITCHY CLERK

The old man is gonna kick my
ass. He is really gonna kick
my butt this time. I'm gonna
shoot through here like
Montezuma's Revenge.

BRITT REID

Don't let these wanna-be biker
pussies get you down. There's

still plenty of decent people
in Metro City. Here's for the
beef jerky.

Britt flips an extra \$10 on the counter. The Bikers stop
in shock and stare at Britt.

EXT. GAS-A-GO-GO - NIGHT

The Biker Gang follows Britt out.

BIKER

Hey man. What's up with that?
Who you think you playin' with?
Hey, douche lips, I'm talking
to you.

BRITT REID

I'm the Green Hornet, pal, tell
your friends.

Kato starts up the car.

BIKER

Wow, the Green Hornet. Hey,
I'm sorry. Here, have a chili
dog.

The Biker throws a chili dog at the car. The wiener splats
across the hood of the Black Beauty.

BIKER

Hey, ass plug, don't you say
"thanks"?

EXT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

A small cannon emerges from under the bumper. The turret
rotates, points at the motorcycles.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

Kato aims with the joystick and targeting monitor. He
locks in and FIRES.

EXT. GAS-A-GO-GO - NIGHT

A HIGH POWERED MAGNET fires out, trailing a length of
cable. The magnet STICKS to the frame of the biggest,
fanciest motorcycle.

Britt and Kato both give the finger as the Black Beauty
PEELS OUT.

The Bikers look on, helpless, as the cable goes taught. The cycle JERKS off the ground, mowing over all the motorcycles.

The Clerk and Terrified Patrons applaud. There are mutterings of "The Green Hornet!", and "Green what?".

The big Bike bounces and skids off behind the speeding Black Beauty.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY, MOVING - NIGHT

They watch in the rear view as the motorcycle sparks and comes apart.

BRITT REID
Green Hornet and Kato...

KATO
On the case.

Kato snaps the tow rig off and they speed away, sipping their Sludgees.

INT. TEEN OASIS OFFICE - NIGHT

This is the office of "DOUBLE M" MILLER, not-so reformed gang leader. At the moment this very dangerous looking OG is agitated.

Professor Kilham sits opposite him, finishing Miller's take-out Thai food calmly. Kilham's personal Mercs stand around the room.

MILLER
(nervous)
I got about 30 members of my family on the other side of that door. I told you I don't give a damn for no organized crime. You Chinese Triad drug lord whatever you are don't mean shit to me.
(sarcastic)
Don't forget the spring rolls.

Kilham wipes his mouth, pushes the food aside. He nods to a Merc. The Merc steps forward, he has been freshly shaved bald, his head a MASS OF NASTY BURNS (due to Britt's tar mop). The Merc pops a tape in a VCR.

MILLER

Oh, we're gonna watch movies now? What's up, Professor? Your VCR broke?

We can't see the tv screen, but from Miller's reaction, this is gruesome stuff.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

Mr. Miller, you're the head of a dynamic company. I'll say it: I'm very impressed.

MILLER

This ain't no corporation. I'm just getting my own, man.

(staring at tv)

Turn this off, this is rude.

(shocked)

What the hell is that? Man, turn that off... Awww! That's not possible!... A man can't--

A sickening CRUNCH is heard from the tv. Miller is sickened, but can't look away.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

I think you'd be happy under the umbrella of our organization. We have a terrific health plan. If you join us, you get to keep yours.

Professor Kilham pulls the tape out. The Mercs turn on the lights. Miller eyeballs them nervously.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

This was shot on Hi-8. There was just that one lamp in the room, but those new cameras, the gain opens up, it looks bright as noon. Do you have a video camera?

Miller nods. Kilham puts his hands on either side of a STEAK KNIFE. The Knife levitates into the air. Miller watches, aghast.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

Yeah, they're fun. So, you have now been recruited into, what you might call, a secret army. And you'll do what you're told. You work for my boss now.

The Knife, on it's own volition, flies down and sticks into the chair between Miller's legs. Miller swallows hard.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

Oh, I forgot to rewind. This is pretty funny backwards too. You get to see him snap back together.

Professor Kilham puts the tape back in.

EXT. TEEN OASIS - NIGHT

Professor Kilham and his Mercs climb into a limo and drive off. As they leave, Britt and Kato come around the corner.

Britt opens his duster, revealing his great great grandfather's PEARL HANDLED PISTOL.

KATO

You brought that? You're not gonna use it, are you?

BRITT REID

I'm a two time champion marksman. I won't hurt anybody, just scare them.

INT. TEEN OASIS LOBBY - NIGHT

The Teen Oasis has been decorated in a very condescending fashion. Murals of big cartoon animals spout inanities: "Just Say No", "Violence Hurts", and "Hug Your Homies". Over the top of this, dimwitted graffiti.

No expense was spared in the way of furniture and carpet, too bad everything has been ripped to pieces.

Britt and Kato step in, survey the damage.

KATO

Just stay cold, now. Let's scope things out, figure out a plan.

LOUD MUSIC pumps from behind double doors marked "RUMPUS ROOM".

Up above the doors they see a horribly defaced portrait. It's an oil painting of Britt, smiling benevolently. The words "Our Benefactor" are crossed out, and "Our Gravy Train" jotted in.

Britt's jaw twitches in rage.

BRITT REID
(aside to Kato)
Stand aside, you might get
hurt.

INT. RUMPUS ROOM - NIGHT

The Rumpus Room is equally trashed. It's a large open space with a balcony running across one wall. Couches, beanbags, furniture, jungle gyms, all thrashed.

20 GANGBANGERS are scattered about, smoking, drinking, listening to loud, anti-social music involving the slaying of peace officers. A rough bunch.

"Double M" Miller is in the middle of the room, arguing with his lieutenants. That's when the doors get KICKED IN, and THE GREEN HORNET walks straight at Miller.

MILLER
Hold up, you can take your
monkey ass right back out. I
already talked with that
Professor fruit, and I ain't
talkin' to his bitches. Coming
in here with that trick or
treatin' outfit--

Britt PUNCHES Miller in the eye, SLAMS his head into a table. The Gangbangers take a step forward. Bloodied Miller waves them back

MILLER
Don't want that magic, don't
bring me that magic, man. I'm
in, boss, me and the Professor,
we tight. Ask him yourself.

BRITT REID
Ask who?

MILLER
The Professor. The magic man.

Kato's at the doorway.

KATO
He's talking about the Bearded
Man. The mage. He must've
been here.

BRITT REID
(shaking Miller)
Professor? Professor who? Who
is this guy?

MILLER

Y...y-you don't know the
Professor? Who the hell are
you, man?

BRITT REID

I'm the Green Hornet, scumbag.
That's my partner Kato.

KATO

How do.

MILLER

(suddenly calm)

Say, uh... Somebody wanna smoke
Herbie and the chauffeur over
here?

Britt brings an uppercut up from the floor, decking Miller.
The Gangbangers all charge forward. Then Britt is in the
fray. He punches wildly, left, right, center, swinging
like a demon. He takes one for every two he dishes out.

He's holding his own for a bit, but there are too many
Gangbangers. Kato leaps in to the rescue. They punch and
kick back to back, retreating the whole time, lashing at
Gangbangers desperately.

They get in each other's way. Britt cranks back for a
punch, hits Kato in the back of the head with his elbow.

KATO

Yow!

BRITT REID

I told you to stand aside!

KATO

You're my ride home!

Kato throws a round-house kick, hits Britt in the back of
the knee on the back-swing. Britt drops, gets a barstool
slammed into his back.

They are getting worked, taking heavy damage in a defensive
battle. But slowly they whittle down the Gangbangers.

A Banger comes at Kato with a golf club. Another comes at
Britt with nunchuks. They turn to each other, panicked.

BRITT & KATO

Trade?

They swap opponents, feel suddenly more confident. Britt
rabbit punches his guy in the throat, grabs the 9 iron.

Kato does a handstand, lashing his Banger's face with his heels. He grabs the nunchuks.

Britt wraps the 9 iron around a Banger's neck, headbutts another. Kato deals heavy damage with the twirling nunchuks. The last Banger drops, starts twitching. Kato, still amped up, keeps twirling the nunchuks. Britt backs into him, gets whacked in the elbow.

BRITT REID

Ow! Stop, they're out...

Despite the collisions, they've beaten the 20 Gangbangers down.

KATO

(panting)

You can't just... rush in. I had to... save your baggy ass there.

BRITT REID

(panting)

Don't kick me... again.

There's a rumble of approaching footsteps. Then TEN GANGBANGERS with guns come in and spread out on the balcony along the wall. They start BLASTING. Kato and Britt duck behind a steel toy chest.

BRITT REID

Stay down!

Britt pulls out his Lone Ranger pearl handled pistol. The barrel GLEAMS. He pumps all six shots into a WOODEN POST that supports the balcony. The post is badly damaged, but DOESN'T GIVE WAY.

BRITT REID

Damn! Not enough bullets in a six gun!

They remain pinned down by gunfire.

BRITT REID

Alright, just give me a moment to think...

Kato pulls out his BAMBOO INK PEN.

BRITT REID

Where are you going?

Kato gets a running start and JUMPS, spinning through the air. Bullets WHIZ all around him. In mid-flight he writes a CHINESE CHARACTER on his palm in ink.

He lands, extends his palm like Kilham.

KATO

Freeze!

The Ten Gangbangers on the balcony suddenly FREEZE. Their limbs are immobile, but their eyes are alive. They glance furtively at each other, unable to move.

BRITT REID

Kato, you fool! Get down!
You're going to get killed!

KATO

It's alright, you can come out.

Britt comes out of hiding, sees the Gangbangers, all aiming their guns at Kato.

BRITT REID

(to Gangbangers)
Okay, you got me. Don't shoot
him, I'm coming out.

Britt holds his hands up.

KATO

No, no. It's okay, they're all
frozen. See?

Britt stares in disbelief.

KATO

It's Chinese magic. Damn, it
really worked! Wham!

BRITT REID

No, seriously, what's wrong
with them?

KATO

I froze them. You write the
hexagram on your hand, speak
the command, and then mentally
project the action. Whoever
sees the symbol is frozen.

Kato holds his hand up in demonstration. Britt scratches
his head.

KATO

My uncle swore by this stuff.
When I was a kid he showed me a
few things, but I always
thought it was kind of creepy.
Apparently, if you get too

involved, there's weird side effects. My Uncle grew an extra pinkie finger on each hand.

BRITT REID

Are you telling me this magic mojo stuff really works?

KATO

Just look at them. Stiff as wire hangers. They can't move until I say the word or remove the glyph from my palm.

BRITT REID

Outstanding!

Britt high five's Kato, wiping the ink from his palm.

KATO AND BRITT

look at the smeared ink on both of their palms.

THE FROZEN GANGBANGERS

suddenly become unfrozen! They take a second, shaking themselves loose from the spell, then take aim with their guns.

KATO

sees only one out. Britt stands between him and the damaged wooden POST. Kato KICKS Britt in the chest, sending him flying backwards into the POST.

THE POST

snaps, the balcony COLLAPSES and Gangbangers rain down to the cement floor. They hit hard.

There is dust and wood everywhere. The Gangbangers MOAN, rolling around in pain.

Britt pulls himself from the pile.

BRITT REID

What's the idea, kicking me in the breast bone?

KATO

You wiped the ink off my hand, that unfroze them!

BRITT REID
"Magic" my ass pipe! From now
on, keep it to yourself. You
almost got us both killed!

KATO
Me?! You're the one going off
half-uncocked!

The groggy MOANING of Miller stops them. Britt grabs him
by the hair.

BRITT REID
Marcus "Double M" Miller. You
seem to have taken advantage of
someone's generosity here.
Alright, who do you answer to?
Huh? Or do I have to slam your
head into the floor a couple
dozen times?

MILLER
There's somebody bringing us
all together. All the street
gangs, all the independents.
Everybody.

BRITT REID
Who? Who's up top?

MILLER
I don't know. I just know the
Professor...

VOICE
Freeze!

BRITT REID
Kato, do you mind?

KATO
Not me, boss. Them.

Kato gestures to the door. Two nervous COPS jab guns at
them.

BRITT REID
Officers, it's okay. I'm the
Green Hornet.*

COP
I'll bet you are, mister. Face
down and kiss the pavement!

BRITT REID
Seriously, gentlemen,
everything is under control.

COP
Buddy, in two seconds you get a
warning shot right between your
nipples.

Kato and Britt trade looks. They sprint out the back door.
The Cops open fire, missing wildly.

EXT. TEEN OASIS - NIGHT

COP CARS speed towards them. Britt and Kato hop into their
car. The licence plates rotate, replaced by the Green
Hornet insignia.

The Black Beauty peels out.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

Kato drives right at the oncoming Cop cars.

BRITT REID
Make a move, Kato, we can't get
caught!

KATO
You got it.

BRITT REID
Be careful. These are officers
of the law. We're on their
side.

Kato hits a switch. The Black Beauty begins to BUZZ
loudly. Britt grabs the LCD targeting joystick.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

The Cop cars slide sideways, blocking the street. The
buzzing Black Beauty barrels at them.

From the fender a ROCKET streaks. It hits the back wheel
of a Cop car, knocking it out of the way.

The Black Beauty rams the other car, spinning it into the
curb. The front end is streaked with cop car paint, but
completely undented by the impact.

Green polarizers drop down over the front headlights. All
other exterior lights go out.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

Outside the windshield is blackness, until Kato hits a switch. The streets now become eerily visible, the polarized windshield glass picking up the green light.

KATO

Lean and green.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

The Black Beauty streaks by, buzzing. It's an unseen blur of noise, black as pitch and quick as lightening.

The Cops crawl from their wrecks, dazed, as the BUZZING fades into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REID MANSION ENTRYWAY - MORNING

Britt limps down the stairs in his bathrobe. Kato walks through, happily eating sugary pink cereal. Britt frowns at Kato's perfect physique.

KATO

Morning Chief.

BRITT REID

I feel like a wet rag, how about you?

KATO

Tip top. Hey, we did good last night. When you got that commanding voice on, you were scaring me. They say there's power in the anonymousness of a mask.

BRITT REID

"Anonymity". Yes, they do. Say, what Miller said about "The Professor". When we get to the office today, you should hack into the police computer, check the "known alias" database.

KATO

And what about me makes you assume I have a natural affinity for computers?

BRITT REID

(bristling)

Just because I'm a member of the oppressing color, class, age and sex doesn't mean I'm prejudiced. Plenty of people are computer literate. But you assume that I said it just because you're Oriental. You're the one being racist.

KATO

Tut-tut. "Oriental" is a rug. I'm Asian.

BRITT REID

Oh good God, I'll do it myself!

The DOORBELL RINGS.

KATO

Doorbell.

Kato walks off.

BRITT REID

(mumbling)

You inscrutable swine.

Britt scowls after him, opens the door himself.

It's assistant D.A. Madeline Vendor. He suddenly snaps back to his "Millionaire Playboy" routine.

BRITT REID

Why, why good MORNING Miss Vendor. What a delightful, delightful surprise. Welcome to Casa Reid.

MADELINE VENDOR

Good morning Mr. Reid. I'm glad I caught you at home.

INT. INDOOR POOL ROOM - DAY

Kato perks up at the sound of her voice. He peers between some plants, spying on her.

INT. ENTRYWAY - DAY

Britt leads Madeline into the house.

BRITT REID
As am I. Please, this way.
I'll have Romelia throw
together some huevos and fresh
corn tortillas.

MADELINE VENDOR
That won't be necessary.

Britt sends Romelia off anyway.

INT. INDOOR POOL ROOM - DAY

Britt brings Madeline down the steps.

MADELINE VENDOR
You're probably wondering why
I'm here, Mr. Re-- Oh my...

Madeline has stopped, flustered. Britt follows her
eyeline. He sees...

KATO

wearing only his swim trunks. He's doing a gymnastics
routine on a pair of rings hanging over the swimming pool.
His muscles strain as he executes a perfect cross.

Madeline stares, engrossed, as Kato's muscles ripple.

Then Britt loosens the ring ropes from the cleat on the
wall behind him. Kato drops into the pool.

Madeline snaps out of it.

MADELINE VENDOR
...um, who was that?

BRITT REID
My driver. He lives above the
garage. He comes in the house
twice a week to bathe. You
were saying...?

MADELINE VENDOR
Oh yes, I'm here at the
insistence of D.A. Scanlon. He
seems to think that because
you're a wealthy man you're
entitled to special privileges.

BRITT REID
Quite right, quite right.
Where would the roof of society
be without it's pillars?

Kato climbs from the pool, jogs in place.

KATO

Hi. My name's Kato.

MADELINE VENDOR

Madeline Vendor.

KATO

Pleasure. If you'll excuse me,
I've gotta hit the Stair-
Master. Keep that zero percent
body fat.

Madeline is totally absorbed. Kato watches her watching
him in a mirror.

BRITT REID

(gritted teeth)

Wash and wax today, there's a
good fellow.

(steering Madeline
away)

I believe you were just saying
yes to a cup of Kona?

He starts pouring her coffee. She hands him a folded
paper.

BRITT REID

What's this? A reception?

MADELINE VENDOR

A subpoena. Consider yourself
served.

BRITT REID

A subpoena? I don't even know
what that is! What are you
accusing me of?

MADELINE VENDOR

No one is accusing you of
anything yet. You're to come
downtown and answer questions
in front of the Grand Jury. If
you fail to appear, you'll be
arrested.

BRITT REID

Now just a minute. Don't I
deserve a chance before being
thrown out in the media
spotlight? I'll be shunned
from all the best clubs.
Listen, can't you do a

preliminary investigation,
before it goes to the Grand
Jury?

MADELINE VENDOR
That's not the way we--

BRITT REID
After all my father has done
for this city. You know how
those tabloids are, they'll
crucify me. "Trouble for the
Town Drunk". Please, Miss
Vendor, nothing formal, just me
and you. Let's talk in detail.
Over dinner tonight.

MADELINE VENDOR
(thinks, then nods)
Mr. Reid, I'm withholding the
subpoena based on a preliminary
meeting. If you don't answer
questions satisfactorily,
you'll be right back where you
started.

BRITT REID
Swell, it's a date.

MADELINE VENDOR
It is not a date.

She strides out.

INT. DAILY SENTINEL ELEVATOR - DAY

Britt and Kato head up to the office. Kato has a paper
with instructions that he studies.

KATO
When it says blah blah "dot
com" and then a diagonal line,
do I type that in too?

BRITT REID
Type in everything I wrote
down. Everything. And don't
let anyone see you. I'll see
if I can put the newspaper to
work for us. Get a few
Reporters on the streets
digging things up.

INT. DAILY SENTINEL NEWSROOM - DAY

The Newsroom is a beehive of activity. Mike Axford runs the show, sending Reporters scurrying. Britt and Kato step into the room.

MIKE AXFORD

...I don't care if you have to get arrested, you get into that jail and talk to this "Double M" Miller character.

(sees Britt)

Hey, kid! Great news!

Mike nods at Kato.

BRITT REID

Mike Axford, this is my friend Kato.

MIKE AXFORD

My pleasure. That's an unusual name, Kato.

KATO

My first name's Brian.

Mike turns to Britt.

MIKE AXFORD

Listen, kiddo, we got a break in the case.

Mike holds up the front page of the Sentinel. The banner headline reads: "POLICE TRACK 'GREEN HORNET' IN ASSASSINATION PLOT".

MIKE AXFORD

My contacts at the 4th precinct told me about this "Green Hornet" character. He had enough firepower to destroy two patrol cars. See the link? He blew up the car you were driving too. It all comes back to you.

Britt and Kato share a look. Britt goes back to his Millionaire Playboy routine.

BRITT REID

Me? How so?

MIKE AXFORD

The action all went down at the
Britt Reid Teen Oasis. Seems
this Green Hornet went there
looking for you, ran into
trouble and tore the place
apart. Took out 30
Gangbangers. I think you're in
danger, Britt. Where were you
last night?

BRITT REID

Kato? Where were we?

KATO

(winks broadly)
That wouldn't be very discreet,
now would it, sir?

Britt spots Lenore walking by, continues hamming it up.

BRITT REID

Lenore, before I forget.
Dinner for two tonight at Super
Babylon. Myself and Madeline
Vendor.

LENORE CASE

But tonight's the Mayor's
Inaugural Ball.

BRITT REID

Perfect. Dinner at 8, and
we'll "Ball" at midnight.

(to Mike)

We're having a little tête-à-
tête over the paté. Now tell
me more about this Screaming
Hornet.

MIKE AXFORD

Green Hornet... Should you
been seen out in public with
this maniac still on the loose?

Lenore heads out as the debate continues. Kato follows.

INT. BRITT'S RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

Lenore flips through her computer card file for the
restaurant number.

LENORE CASE
(mocking voice)
"Myself and Madeline Vendor".
Well blow my nose.

Kato pokes his head in.

KATO
Hey. Lenore, right? Boy is he
demanding or what?

She looks at him quizzically.

KATO
Uh, the new driver. Just
started.

LENORE CASE
Uh-huh.

KATO
So, what are you doing for
dinner tonight? If the boss is
on a date, that means I've got
the night off...

LENORE CASE
(barely polite)
Hmm. Wow, appreciate the
thought. But I have to clean
my fish tank tonight.

KATO
Okay, what are you doing for
lunch? I like all kinds of
food...

LENORE CASE
Hmm. Bad day. I have to pick
up my dry cleaning at lunch.
If you'll excuse me?

She heads to the door. Kato blocks her path.

KATO
So, where you going?

LENORE CASE
To the toilet*.

KATO
What are you doing after that?

LENORE CASE
I'm coming out of the toilet.

KATO
Alright. Well maybe I'll see
you then.

She rolls her eyes and leaves. Kato shuts the door after her. He sits at her computer and pulls out the instructions Britt wrote for him. Kato "hunt and peck's" awkwardly.

A "METRO-CITY POLICE DEPT. RESTRICTED ACCESS" notice comes on screen. Kato is hacking into the police computer.

Kato pecks away. "SEARCH BY ALIAS: PROFESSOR"

Kato watches, intrigued, as the computer puts information up on the screen.

A MUG SHOT. "Ben Kilham, AKA "The Professor". It's a bummy looking guy. The name is obviously a joke.

Kato takes a Sharpie, draws a mustache and beard onto the screen. It's him: The Bearded Man is PROFESSOR BEN KILHAM.

INT. REID POLO STABLES - DAY

The Black Beauty is parked. Britt reloads rockets in the fenders. He spots Kato practicing his magic.

Kato writes a character on a pad, tosses the sheet of paper.

KATO
Fireball.

The sheet flutters to the floor, then goes up in a quick flash of flame. Kato stomps it out.

BRITT REID
You say this Kilham was a
convicted arsonist. Maybe he
used a flame thrower.

KATO
Trust me, this is the way he
did it. He just has more
practice than me.

Britt pulls out two VERY ODD LOOKING PISTOLS. They have magazines sticking 3 inches below the base of the grip.

KATO
Where's the pearl handled
carnival pistol?

BRITT REID
Something new. CO2 Paint-ball
guns. I had the barrels rifled
and the chambers scaled down to
handle these.

Britt shows a palmful of pea sized green pellets.

KATO
Little paint balls?

BRITT REID
Knockout pellets. Put a grown
man down at twenty paces.
Probably drop you at half a
mile.

KATO
Bullshit.

Britt SHOOTS Kato in the chest. The pellet explodes in a
fine green mist. Kato slams to the ground, out cold.
Britt takes a bucket of water, dumps it on his head. Kato
groggily wakes up.

KATO
Ow, my chest.

BRITT REID
Packs a punch, eh? It's
propofol, a heavy duty
anesthetic. Works pretty
quick.

KATO
You could say that.

BRITT REID
Figure I'd call 'em Hornet
Stingers or something. It's
mixed with Dimethyl Sulfoxide.
DMSO. It's an organic solvent
absorbed directly through the
skin, no needles needed. What
doesn't get you that way goes
up your nose when the thing
mists all over your clothing.
Drops you in a heartbeat.

KATO
(groggy)
Yeah, I get you.

Britt flips the passenger seat of the Black Beauty back,
stores his pistols there with his Green Hornet outfit.

BRITT REID

In any case, it works better than your little ding-bats and love potions. I'm gonna get dressed, meet you back here in fifteen. I've got a date.

INT. SUPER BABYLON RESTAURANT LOBBY - NIGHT

The double doors open. Two pairs of shoes step in: One pair of Italian leather shoes and a pair of cheap waffle-stompers.

We pan up, revealing Britt's impeccable tux, ultra-cool biker's chain wallet looped to his belt, no tie. We also reveal Kato's boxy chauffeur outfit.

KATO

You know it's not gonna work with Madeline, right? I'm not ruining your day telling you that, right?

BRITT REID

Do I sense a little jealousy here? It's a test, is it? You and me for the hand of Madeline? Well bring it on, my friend.

KATO

It's no contest.

BRITT REID

Believe me, I know, I know.

Kato steps towards the dining room and Britt grabs him by the arm.

BRITT REID

Excuse me. Where are you going?

KATO

I thought we were eating. I'm starving.

BRITT REID

Madeline and I are eating in here. You are eating greasy beer nuts off the bar in there.

INT. SUPER BABYLON BAR - NIGHT

Kato steps into the bar. Leaning against the plank are TWELVE CHAUFFEURS in identical boxy suits, they wave to him. Kato takes his hat off and goes to the other end of the bar, sitting alone.

KATO
Beer and a bowl of nuts.

As the Barkeep pours, Kato notices Madeline at the pay phone in the bar. He takes his boxy coat off. He looks passable.

Madeline hangs up and Kato meets her halfway to the door.

KATO
(feigning surprise)
Madeline...? Madeline Vendor!
How are you?

MADELINE VENDOR
Kato, the driver. So, are you
on duty tonight?

KATO
Hmm? No no, it's my night off.
I usually come here to tilt a
few.

MADELINE VENDOR
You can afford this on your
salary?

KATO
You know, I ...invest. You
look stunning. Did I already
say that? You look, wow.

MADELINE VENDOR
(smiles)
Is that boss of yours around?
I'm supposed to meet him for
dinner.

KATO
Haven't seen him. Why don't
you join me while you wait?

MADELINE VENDOR
I could use a drink. I can't
stand this sort of political
hand-holding.

KATO
I know what you mean.

MADELINE VENDOR
The only reason Reid isn't in
county lock-up is because of
his last name.

KATO
What'll it be?

BRITT steps up behind her, unnoticed.

MADELINE VENDOR
Vodka gimlet. I'll need it if
I have to listen to his boorish
slobbering all evening.

BRITT REID
(gritted smile)
There you are. Has Kato been
bothering you?

MADELINE VENDOR
OH! Not at all, he was quite
the gentleman.

BRITT REID
Kato, would you mind waiting
out in the car? I have a very
important call coming in on the
cell phone. There's a chap.

Kato picks up his coat, reaches for his beer nuts. Britt
grabs the bowl away.

BRITT REID
Yummy beer nuts. My favorite.
Shall we, Madeline?

Britt beams at Kato. Kato swiftly hooks Britt's wallet
chain to the bar rail. As Britt strolls towards the
restaurant, his back pocket rips audibly.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kato leans dejectedly against the hood of the Black Beauty.
His stomach GURGLES. He ~~s~~earches his pockets, finds a
packet of breath mints and eats them all.

INT. SUPER BABYLON DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Britt and Madeline are seated at a fine table. Madeline is more than a little uncomfortable with the ostentatiousness of the restaurant.

MADELINE VENDOR

So this is how your kind lives.
Tell me, how often can you sit
down for a seven course meal
like this knowing there's a
line of people outside the 5th
Street Mission begging for
soup?

BRITT REID

Well it takes two weeks to get
a reservation...

MADELINE VENDOR

That's not my point.

BRITT REID

I know what you're saying.
It's a heavy meal, you can't
possibly indulge like this
every day of the week.

MADELINE VENDOR

You're being coy, Mr. Reid. Is
that because you have no
compassion, or because you've
become jaded by the lifestyle
of a cattle baron?

BRITT REID

It's more the jaded thing. I
have much compassion. My
driver Kato, for instance. I
found him passed out in the
acacia bushes outside my
estate. I took him in, gave
him a job, a place to stay.
That's just the kind of fellow
I am.

MADELINE VENDOR

You two have an interesting
rapport.

BRITT REID

That's his way. He's very
stand-offish. Listen, had I
known you didn't like this

bistro, we could have met elsewhere.

MADELINE VENDOR

No, I find it fascinating. After all, this is where the people who run the city meet to eat. For example, you see him in the corner?--wait a minute...

She sees the Bearded Man, Professor Kilham, walking through the restaurant. She can't quite place him.

BRITT REID

What is it?

MADELINE VENDOR

Um...it's nothing. I thought I saw someone I knew. Anyway, you see that gentleman in the corner?

She indicates a corner booth. In it super wealthy Norvid Mince is wooing a STUNNING WOMAN.

MADELINE VENDOR

That's the Great Geeksby himself. That's Norvid Mince, chairman of Micro-Swift software systems. And look at the poor woman with him. He's pouring a \$150 bottle of wine, no doubt trying to dazzle her with the size of his wallet.

The Wine Steward comes up behind Madeline with the IDENTICAL BOTTLE OF WINE. Britt shakes his head and winks. The Wine Steward stands there puzzled.

MADELINE VENDOR

What was that?

BRITT REID

(faking ignorance)

Hmm?

MADELINE VENDOR

Who are you making faces at?

As Madeline turns around to see the Wine Steward, Britt tips her water glass into her lap.

BRITT REID

Oh dear, did I do that?

As she bends to deal with the spill, Britt waves the Wine Steward away.

BRITT REID
(to both Madeline and
the Wine Steward)
I'm terribly terribly sorry.
Of course I'll pay for it.

MADELINE VENDOR
(gritted teeth)
It's just water. It's fine.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kato looks around for a place to pee. He steps over to some bushes and is about to whip it out when D.A. Scanlon pulls up, putting his headlights on Kato.

Kato plays it off. A VALET takes Scanlon's car.

VALET
Good evening, District
Attorney.

Kato heads inside to the restroom.

INT. SUPER BABYLON LOBBY - NIGHT

Kato heads to the restroom. The Maitre D' greets Scanlon.

MAITRE D'
Ah, Mr. Scanlon. Always a
pleasure to see the District
Attorney.

INT. SUPER BABYLON MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kato finishes peeing. He sees the Washroom Attendant's station is empty, sees a bowl of Butterscotch candies and empties it into his pocket. He replaces the bowl just in time as Scanlon enters the restroom.

INT. SUPER BABYLON LOBBY - NIGHT

Kato exits the washroom, pops a butterscotch in his mouth. As he heads for the door, he sees two suspicious looking CHAUFFEURS leave the bar and head for the restroom.

Curious, he tries to follow them. The men's room door is now LOCKED.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Madeline digs through her handbag.

MADELINE VENDOR
Where's a pen when you need it?

BRITT REID
Allow me.

Britt pulls out a pen. When he CLICKS it, the ball point FIRES off like a dart. It's his Mossad gadget pen.

A Wine Bottle at a far table SHATTERS, wine cascades across the table.

Britt hurriedly puts the pen away. Madeline pulls out a tape recorder instead.

MADELINE VENDOR
Well, I didn't want to be this formal, but--

Britt takes her hand.

MADELINE VENDOR
What are you doing?

BRITT REID
I just want to thank you for giving me this chance to come clean.

MADELINE VENDOR
You can thank Scanlon for--

BRITT REID
No, I'm thanking you. I know you think I'm spoiled and arrogant, and in some ways you're right. I'm different from other people, my family's fortune has made me that way...

He grips Madeline's hand, oozing sincerity.

BRITT REID
I grew up with maids and gardeners for friends. Every birthday the house staff would get ten minutes off, have a bite of cake, then I'd be left alone. I have more in common with the veal on my plate than you can imagine. Please, be

patient with me. You're a kind person, I can see that. And I want to do what's right, what's good. Won't you help me to be good?

Madeline is totally drawn in. Her face softens.

MADELINE VENDOR
I'm sorry, I guess I never looked at it from your side. You just assume the rich are always happy, and you hate them for it.

BRITT REID
Here I am spilling my guts. I'm embarassed now.

MADELINE VENDOR
Don't be.

Britt gazes deep into her eyes.

BRITT REID
Well, fair's fair. Your turn. Tell me about yourself.

MADELINE VENDOR
Me? I'm just a middle class suburban brat...

Britt slyly clicks the tape player off.

INT. SUPER BABYLON, CORNER BOOTH - NIGHT

Kilham relaxes into Norvid's booth.

PROFESSOR KILHAM
It's being done.

NORVID MINCE
Wunnerful. Honey? Go wait in the car.

STUNNING WOMAN
But I haven't finished my anti-pasty.

NORVID MINCE
Blow.

She leaves.

NORVID MINCE

Let's just stay long enough for
the thing to happen. Make
ourselves seen out here in the
dining room. So tell me...
what or who is this Green
Hornet who destroyed the Teen
Oasis?

PROFESSOR KILHAM

No one seems to know anything.

NORVID MINCE

Odd. Because I know that you
can ask rather persuasively.
Well, let's keep an eye out.
It won't be long in any case.
Look: just four hours 'til
midnight.

(to Waiter)

Gil, could I get some to-go
baggies?

INT. SUPER BABYLON MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The two Suspicious Chauffeurs comb their hair in the
mirror, eyeballing Scanlon's stall.

The toilet flushes and Scanlon steps out. The Chauffeurs
part for him. As Scanlon washes up, the Chauffeurs pull
GUNS with SILENCERS from their coats.

CHAUFFEUR

D.A. Scanlon?

D.A. SCANLON

Yes?

CHAUFFEUR

This is a hostile takeover.
I'm sure you'll understand.

Someone SPITS and a WET BUTTERSCOTCH bounces off the
Chauffeur's head.

Kato leans against the back wall. A small WINDOW is open
above him.

KATO

Sorry. I was aiming for the
trash.

CHAUFFEUR

How'd you get in here?

KATO

The question is, how are you
two sides of beef gettin' out?

CHAUFFEUR

You got two seconds to live.

The Chauffeurs OPEN FIRE on him. The silenced bullets
THUMP into the tile wall.

Kato slides across the polished floor, kicks their legs out
from under them. They continue the fight ON THEIR HANDS
AND KNEES. Every time one of them tries to get up, Kato
kicks their legs out.

Their guns clatter across the floor. Kato slams one
Chauffeur's head to the marble floor, knocking him out.

The last Chauffeur struggles to his feet. He pulls the
TOWEL LOOP washrag roller off the wall, flings it at Kato.

Kato catches it by the towel, swings it, and brings it back
across the Chauffeur's temple.

Scanlon mops his brow.

D.A. SCANLON

Thank you. Thank you very
much. I owe you my life.

KATO

Don't forget that.

D.A. SCANLON

Who are you?

KATO

I'm Kato. I got a partner.
Helluva guy. Name's Green
Hornet.

D.A. SCANLON

The Green Hornet! But I don't
understand, he's a suspect--

KATO

We're on your side. We can be
of help, just feed us
information when we contact
you. Since we work outside the
law, we can take care of things
that... fall outside your
jurisdiction. Agreed?

D.A. SCANLON
Doesn't sound like I have much choice.

KATO
That's another way of looking at it. We'll be in touch.

D.A. SCANLON
Wait. Why are you doing this?

KATO
(shrugs)
It needs doing. Don't forget to wash up.

Kato unlocks the door and walks out.

INT. SUPER BABYLON - NIGHT

Madeline is telling her story.

MADELINE VENDOR
...I mean, if you saw me in junior high school you wouldn't recognize me. Blue hair, torn skirt...

Britt's attention is drawn to Norvid Mince's table. Mince is saying good-bye to as many people as he can on the way out. But there's a strange fellow with him: Professor Kilham.

FLASHBACK IMAGE:

INT. BLACK BEAUTY, MOVING - DAY

Kato hands a paper to Britt.

KATO
This is him. The Professor. That guy knows the ancient arts, he's a *fang-shih*, he conjured a fireball from nothing. I saw him, Britt, I saw him do it. He's the guy who killed your father.

It's the police photo of Ben Kilham a.k.a. The Professor, with beard drawn in.

BACK TO RESTAURANT

Britt's eyes follow Kilham as he exits the restaurant.
What's he doing with Norvid Mince?

Britt hasn't been listening to Madeline's story.

MADELINE VENDOR

(laughing)

...caught me with the bottle of
Southern Comfort! I was a bad
little girl all right. In
fact, my senior year--

BRITT REID

Would you excuse me?

Britt abruptly leaves the table, tailing Mince.

INT. SUPER BABYLON LOBBY - NIGHT

There is commotion in the lobby. Policemen haul away the
two Chauffeurs. Britt finds Kato.

BRITT REID

He just went out the front
door. Did you see him? The
bearded man, that Professor
character.

KATO

Professor Kilham? He was here?

BRITT REID

He was having dinner with
Norvid Mince. We gotta follow
him, find out what that's all
about. If he was involved with
the murder of my old man--

The Cops drag the Chauffeurs past. Kato hides his face.

BRITT REID

What's the rumpus?

KATO

Someone tried to kill the
District Attorney in the
bathroom.

BRITT REID

And you...? Good work, Kato.
Let's get after that prick.

Britt and Kato hustle out of the place.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mince and Kilham wait for their limo to be brought around. They look at Britt and Kato.

Playing up the "Drunken Playboy" routine, Kato helps Britt to the car. Kato hides his face from Kilham. They make quite a scene, psychologically making themselves invisible by being loud.

BRITT REID

I really wish you'd let me
designated drive once and a
while.

KATO

Yes sir. Watch your footsie.

Mince shakes his head as he hops into his limo.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

Once the car doors are closed, Britt and Kato are all business. Kato starts the car while Britt uncovers a hidden back-seat control panel. He aims with the joystick.

BRITT REID

That's right, Mince, let's see
what you're up to.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Black Beauty's hood ornament rotates. It's actually a small cannon. It aims at Mince's limo and FIRES.

We FOLLOW THE PROJECTILE as it flies across the parking lot. It STICKS to the limo's bumper and emits a single BEEP!

INT. BLACK BEAUTY, MOVING - NIGHT

The BEEP registers on the targeting screen. It's a TRACKING DEVICE.

KATO

Okay, got him on the scope.
I'm with him, why don't you
change.

Britt changes clothes, gets info from the back-seat computer.

BRITT REID

Hello. Here's a funny coincidence. That building our reporter "fell off" is owned by Amalgamated Concern Corporation, a subsidiary of Halfon Systems, in turn owned by...

KATO

Micro-Swift software. Sounds like guilty to me.

BRITT REID

Halfon trainees study at Micro-Swift R & D Work-Campus. That's a research complex on Burke Heights.

KATO

Here's another hilarious coincidence: we're headed towards Burke Heights right now.

INT. SUPER BABYLON RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Madeline sits in a room of mostly empty tables. Finally giving up on Britt, she pulls out a credit card and pays for the meal. Boy is she pissed.

INT. MICRO-SWIFT MANUFACTURING PLANT - NIGHT

LAB TECHNICIANS pull open a sub zero laser bay. Dry Ice flows out. With tongs they remove a black and silver MICRO-CRYSTAL, a fusion of electronics and diamond hard lab grown crystal.

The Micro-Crystal is put in a clear Lucite box, and carried over to Mince and Kilham. They examine it.

NORVID MINCE

That's it? Jesus, that was expensive.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

It's beautiful. A pure lab grown crystal fused with an amplifying micro-processor.

NORVID MINCE

This better do everything you said it would, Prof.

Kilham makes a reach for it, but Mince snatches it up first.

NORVID MINCE

Not so quick. We're considering this your bonus, yes?

EXT. SECLUDED STREET - NIGHT

Kato parks under some trees. From the back window they can see the lighted cement buildings of the Work-Campus. A high fence surrounds the place.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

Kato puts on his mask.

BRITT REID

Why'd you turn the car off? We have to smash through those gates.

KATO

You know this place is going to be a fortress, right?

BRITT REID

Yeah.

KATO

Kilham's been recruiting criminals for Mince's private army.

BRITT REID

Yeah?!

KATO

So, do you have a plan in mind?

BRITT REID

Yeah, I figure we go in and kick the living shit out of everyone we see. Problems with that?

KATO

Yeah. I'm not a big fan of getting killed is all. Let's stake the place out for a while, figure out a way to get in unseen. That's the smart way to do it.

BRITT REID

Excuse me, but these assholes murdered my father. There's some weird shit going on tonight and if we don't make a move more innocent people could get killed. Now if you don't have the nuts for it, hop out now. I don't need a driver that bad.

KATO

So I'm just the driver now. I thought we were in this together?

BRITT REID

I know why I'm in it, I have no idea what you're doing. I already paid off your limo. Why don't you go home?

KATO

I see, and you could do it without me.

BRITT REID

That's right. This is my fight, and I'll go it alone if I have to.

Britt reaches for the door, but Kato locks them.

BRITT REID

Open the door.

KATO

You're the king of the sob story, is that it? Big martyr?

BRITT REID

Open the door!

KATO

No! You don't own the market on tragic backstory's pal. They took my dad too.

Britt settles back, listens.

KATO

My old man, he owned a barber shop. One day they come in, tell him he's gotta start running numbers out of the back room. Thousand bucks a week.

How's he gonna say no to that?
So pretty soon he's living the
high life, dumps my mom, moves
uptown. He gets involved in
all kinds of bad shit. My mom,
she couldn't take it... six
months later... she killed
herself.

BRITT REID

Kato, I'm sorry, man. I don't
know what to say...

KATO

I don't know the guy anymore.
He was a good man once. He was
my pops.

BRITT REID

Who got to him?

KATO

The easy money got to him.
That's the worst thing. He did
it to himself. This is more
than just you, Britt. All's I
know is: if we don't punish
crime, more good people are
going to get hurt. That's what
we're about right?

BRITT REID

Yeah, that's what we're about.

KATO

I'm in this, man, I'm in this
all the way. I just want to do
it smart.

BRITT REID

Alright, so what do you think
we should do?

EXT. MICRO-SWIFT WORK-CAMPUS - NIGHT

They sneak to a high wall. Britt boosts Kato to the top of
the wall.

KATO

Loop it around your wrist.

Kato lowers a two foot leather strap with a loop at each
end. Britt slips his hand into the loop and Kato hauls him
to the top of the wall.

KATO
Now lower me down the other
side.

Kato scales down, dangling from the leather strap. Then
Britt climbs down. The strap is stuck on his wrist.

BRITT REID
Pretty cool. Is that from your
Ninja heritage or something?

KATO
Ninja's are Japanese. I saw
this on Discovery Channel. The
Gurkhas or Alexander the Great
I think.

BRITT REID
Ow. It's cinched tight.

Britt finally loosens the strap. Kato loops it around his
waist. They sneak along the dark side of a building.

Kato shows Britt how to walk quietly, on the balls of his
feet.

EXT. QUAD - NIGHT

Between all the buildings sits an open quad area. Mince's
limo is parked in the middle. Kilham's Five Mercs stand
guard around the limo.

Scattered about is a STRANGE AND STUPID GANG called TEAM
VANDAL who's members all wear padded black leather knee
pants and white T-shirts with red V's on them. They're
bald, except the leader of the GANG, BLONDIE ROCKET, who's
got red dreads. He's a wiry freak with a shoulder holster.
He talks up the bald and burned Merc.

BLONDIE ROCKET
You guys are like the personal
guard, huh? You get to ride
around in that car all day?

The Merc says nothing.

BLONDIE ROCKET
Cuz, he can trust us. You guys
need a day off, just call Team
Vandal. We're here and heavy
in a heartbeat, right? Hey,
any chance I get to talk to the
big man when he comes out?

Kato and Britt spy from behind a modern SCULPTURE.

KATO

Who're those knuckle heads?

BRITT REID

Jeez, he'll take anybody.

KATO

Whoa whoa, that's him.

Kilham and Mince exit the building. Blondie Rocket approaches Mince.

BLONDIE ROCKET

Hey, boss-man. Name's Blondie Rocket, these are my men keeping guard here, at your service. Too bad we can't all be downtown to see City Hall do the Big Bang, but what the hell, right? Somebody has to do the grunt work. And that's the thing with me, you have complete loyalty. 115%, if not more.

NORVID MINCE

Thank you, Mr. Rocket. I'll take comfort in that.

Britt and Kato recoil at the news.

KATO

Blow up City Hall? What for?

BRITT REID

That's where the Inaugural Ball is! The hoi polloi of the entire city'll be there. That son-of-a-bitch. He's taking over.

Mince heads for the car, Blondie persists.

BLONDIE ROCKET

So I figure when you're dividing up Metro City, you might give Team Vandal a nice slice of the pie. That's us, Team Vandal. And we wanna work for the future "capo dee tooty capo" in a large fashion.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

How come your "men" are all in the quad instead of walking the perimeter?

BLONDIE ROCKET
 Huh? Oh, we make a regular
 round. Right Puce? My boy's
 going right now.

Kilham feels a jiggling in his pocket. He pulls out the
 Jade Pendant from the opening scene. He suspends it from
 his fingers. The Pendant swings and points right where
Kato and Britt are hiding.

PROFESSOR KILHAM
 You idiot! There's someone in
 the compound.

Kato shrinks down.

KATO
 Oh shit! What do we do?

BRITT REID
 Bluff.

Blondie Rocket looks around.

BLONDIE ROCKET
 Naw! Where at?

PROFESSOR KILHAM
 Right there!

Caught, Britt and Kato step into the light.

BRITT REID
 That's right, Mince, we're
 taking you in. You and your
 little Professor friend.

NORVID MINCE
 Who are you?

KATO
 My name's Kato.

BRITT REID
 And I'm the Green Hornet.
 We've got your place
 surrounded, I suggest you come
 correct.

NORVID MINCE
 Rocket man, take care of the
 intruders and I've got a spot
 in my organization for you.

Kilham and Mince dive into the limo, followed by the Mercs.

BLONDIE ROCKET
Yaaaaw! You heard the man!
Team Vandal, move out!

Team Vandal gives out a mighty WAR WHOOP and charges towards the sculpture.

BRITT REID
If we'd done it my way, we'd
have a car to follow them with.

KATO
Run now, argue later.

Britt and Kato haul ass, Team Vandal in hot pursuit.

EXT. MICRO-SWIFT WORK-CAMPUS - NIGHT

Kato climbs up the wall, lowers the leather strap.

KATO
Grab hold!

Britt loops his hand in the strap, Kato pulls him up. Just as he leaves the ground, a Vandal swings a bat. It hits the wall, violently jolting the Vandal's arms.

Kato slips over the other side of the wall, Britt lowering him. Kato dangles two feet off the ground.

BRITT REID
Let go!

KATO
I can't! It's caught on my
wrist!

BRITT REID
Well pull free!

A Vandal scrabbles at Britt's foot, Britt kicks him in the face.

Kato swings wildly, like a fish on a hook, but the strap is cinched tight. He pulls desperately until...

BRITT'S AIR PISTOLS

drop from their holsters. They hit the ground and one GOES OFF. The knockout pellet hits Kato in the neck.

KATO
Oh sh...

And he's out! Britt looks down in terror. He jumps off the wall and he and Kato hit with a thud.

A Vandal comes vaulting over the wall, CRASHES through the roof of a parked convertible, setting off the alarm.

Britt grabs up Kato in a fireman's hold and runs, leaving his air pistols behind. More Vandals begin vaulting over the wall. One lands in a tree, branches snap, and he lands flat on his back.

EXT. MICRO-SWIFT WORK-CAMPUS, FRONT GATES - NIGHT

Britt hustles down the sidewalk, carrying his limp burden.

Minces' Limo crashes through the gates, Team Vandal right behind. Britt turns around, running down hill, away from the Black Beauty. Kato smiles blissfully.

BRITT REID
Come on wake up! Zero percent
body fat my ass.

The Limo screeches off into the night. Team Vandal riots down the street, four members stuffed into a tiny HATCHBACK CAR.

A BICYCLIST, wearing bright orange vest, pedals across the street. Two Vandals COLLIDE with him at full speed, roll across the pavement. Another Vandal snatches up the Bicycle, keeps up the chase.

EXT. JUMBO SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Britt sprints across the parking lot, Vandals and Hatchback close behind. An opening car door stops a Vandal in full sprint, shattering glass.

BRITT REID
Wake up! Wake up!

The Vandal on the Bicycle pulls alongside. Britt flings Kato's arm into his face. The Vandal swerves out of control.

INT. JUMBO SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

It's a large 24 Hr. Super-Store Market, massive wide aisles, the whole thing the size of a football field.

The Bicycle Vandal comes CRASHING through the front window, lands on a checkout counter.

Britt carries Kato in, races for the soft-drink aisle. He grabs a cold cola, shakes it into Kato's face.

KATO

Huh?

BRITT REID

Get up, wake up!

Team Vandal swarms through the doors, Shoppers scatter, fleeing wildly.

BLONDIE ROCKET

Vandaaaaaaaaals!

Britt tears open a carton of eggnog, dumps it on Kato's head. Kato comes to groggily, sees...

TEAM VANDAL tearing down the aisle at him.

On instinct, Britt and Kato simultaneously pull open the doors of a frozen food case, one on each side of the aisle. The lead Vandals CRASH through the glass, tearing the doors off.

A Vandal struggles through. Britt throws a punch, connects, but the strapped wrist pulls Kato's fist into Britt's jaw. WHACK!

BRITT REID

What are you hitting me for?!

KATO

I didn't! The strap!

They scramble down an aisle, tugging fruitlessly at the leather strap. Late night Shoppers scatter. A Vandal collides with a loaded shopping cart, dumps it.

Kato grabs a baking pan, uses it to block punches. Britt grabs a cereal box, tries to do the same. The Vandal's fist goes right through the box, nailing him in the jaw. Cereal flies everywhere.

Kato grabs a Big Kitchen Knife and hacks at the leather strap. The Vandals charge. Kato flings the knife.

THE KNIFE

hits a Vandal square in the chest! Unfortunately it hits HANDLE FIRST and clatters harmlessly to the ground.

KATO

Uh...mess with the bull, next time you get the horns!

Britt and Kato haul ass. The Vandals grab Big Kitchen Knives of their own and they slash at the fleeing duo.

THE HATCHBACK

plows through the turnstiles and heads down the aisle.

Britt and Kato sprint. At the end of the aisle they try to run in opposite directions and both fall down. The Hatchback bears down on them. They buck out of the way just in time.

BRITT REID

Dammit we gotta work together!

They climb on top of the frozen food section, running down the top of the aisle. A Vandal cuts them off. They catch the Vandal under the chin with the leather strap and flip him backwards. The Vandal vaults off the freezer onto an endcap of mayonnaise jars. The mess is tremendous.

They jump down to the floor again. The car comes skidding after them, sideswiping two Vandals. The Vandals get launched 20 feet into a magazine display, demolishing it.

Britt and Kato sprint down the aisle, the car inches behind them. They dive over the salad bar, the car swerving away to avoid collision.

KATO

Get the carts! The carts!

They get behind a stack of 30 shopping carts and start pushing it. The bulk is enormous, and they strain under the effort.

The car makes a wide turn to make another pass.

THE SHOPPING CARTS

RAM the car broadside. The impact KNOCKS the tiny car into a spin, sending it CRASHING into the liquor section. Every bottle and rack is destroyed.

A Fat Vandal with an ax handle swings wildly, decking one of his own as Britt ducks. He swings again, decking another Vandal. Kato kicks him into a fruit display. Mangoes scatter.

TWO FEMALE VANDALS

come at them, slashing with knives. Britt and Kato beat them back by flinging BBQ CHICKENS from the deli section at them.

Kato pulls out his ink pen and writes a character on his palm.

The Female Vandals lunge forward with their knives. Kato aims his palm at them.

KATO

Freeze!

They freeze up, the knives poised to strike.

Another Vandal rushes them, waving a pistol. Kato thrusts his palm forward.

KATO

Freeze!

The Vandal freezes in place. Britt grabs the pistol from his stiffened hand.

From over the deli counter Blondie Rocket comes flying. Kato spins, aims the character at him. Britt raises the pistol, accidentally jerks Kato's arm, pointing the palm at his own face.

KATO

Freeze!

Britt goes stiff as a board!

KATO

Britt!

Blondie Rocket smiles. He raises his gun, aims it at Kato's head. Kato pivots, twists his palm around.

KATO

Freeze!

Blondie stiffens! Then Kato sees...

THE REFLECTION

of his palm in the deli counter chrome. He FREEZES UP TOO!

And there they stand, all of them FROZEN, a tableau of fierce combat. Their eyes dart about. Britt and Kato share a panicked look.

Kato has a PISTOL AIMED AT BOTH SIDES OF HIS HEAD, Britt on one side, Blondie Rocket on the other.

They stand absolutely still, totally quiet. The only sound is a MOTOR HUMMING as...

THE BBQ CHICKENS

roast on a nearby spit. The waves of heat roll off the broilers.

SWEAT

dribbles down Kato's brow. A drop dribbles down his nose and lands square on his palm.

THE INK

streaks just a little.

THE KNIVES

quiver in the air as the Female Vandals become partially unfrozen.

THE TRIGGER FINGERS

begin to shake, tightening ever so slightly!

THE CHICKENS

rotate on the spit.

MORE SWEAT DROPS

dribble onto Kato's palm.

BRITT

struggles valiantly, trying to become unfrozen first.

THE GUNS

quiver. Kato's eyes dart from left to right! Trigger fingers twitch and quake.

THE INK CHARACTER

is a wash. One final drop of sweat finishes it off and suddenly...

FULL MOTION ACTION

Kato DUCKS in the nick of time.

BRITT FIRES FIRST

Hitting Blondie Rocket in the shoulder. Blondie's shot goes WILD, hitting a Female Vandal in the leg.

In perfect, synchronized combat Kato and Britt KICK, PUNCH and POUND the four Vandals into unconsciousness. The leather strap, rather than a hindrance, now unifies them as an unbeatable fighting force.

As the last Vandal caroms through the deli counter glass, Britt and Kato take stock. The entire Super-Market has been destroyed. Food and Vandals clog every aisle.

BRITT REID

(panting)

What the... hell did I... tell you about that goddamn magic?

KATO

(panting)

Hey...your air pistols...almost got me killed.

Britt grabs Blondie Rocket.

BRITT REID

What's the Professor doing with Norvid Mince? I'm talking to you!

BLONDIE ROCKET

Don't you know shit, baby? Mince is running the city now. I'm in there, too. Me and every gang in the city's with him. Ain't nothin' you can do.

Britt CRACKS him one across the jaw. POLICE SIRENS approach.

BRITT REID

Let's get out of here.

KATO

Wait, you forgot to ask him where to find Mince.

BRITT REID

Oh damn, that's right.

Britt shakes Blondie Rocket, slaps him back into consciousness.

BRITT REID

Hey, hey I'm not finished with you, goofy.

BLONDIE ROCKET

Ow, man!

BRITT REID

Where are they? Where's Mince and this Professor Kilham?

BLONDIE ROCKET
At Micro-Swift Tower.

Britt SLUGS Blondie Rocket out again. The sound of SIRENS is louder. They head to the exit, cutting the strap.

BRITT REID
This place is huge. Are all
super markets like this?

KATO
Don't tell me... You've never
been grocery shopping before?

BRITT REID
(sarcastic)
Yeah, that's fair. Hate me
because I was born into
fabulous wealth.

EXT. MICRO-SWIFT WORK-CAMPUS - NIGHT

From the hill we can see the clock at the top of Micro-Swift Tower. It's way downtown. The clock reads "11:40". Britt grabs his air pistols.

BRITT REID
Midnight. We've got twenty
minutes to stop this bombing.

Kato clicks the key chain, sending a signal to the Black Beauty.

KATO
Why don't we call in a bomb
threat to city hall?

BRITT REID
If Mince sees people evacuating
the building he might just set
the bomb off early. We've got
to get to him first.

The Black Beauty screams to a stop in front of them. It's license plates rotate to the Green Hornet logo, the green polarizers slide over the headlights. A mean BUZZ is heard.

Kato and Britt hop in.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY, MOVING - NIGHT

Kato is flying down the boulevard. Britt anxiously checks his weapons.

BRITT REID

So, do you have a plan in mind?

KATO

Yeah, I figure we go in and kick the living shit out of everyone we see. Problems with that?

INT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

The place is fully decorated for the Inauguration Ball. The open marble entry has been festooned with streamers. The HOI POLLOI of the City hob knob while an olde tyme JAZZ BAND plays.

A heavily GUARDED Scanlon is heading into the Ball. Madeline Vendor walks with him.

MADELINE VENDOR

This Reid character is a total deadbeat. We've given him every chance, I think now we should lower the boom on him.

D.A. SCANLON

Ouch, that's not going to be an easy sell on the publicity front. The man's father was a beacon of the community.

MADELINE VENDOR

That's precisely why we need to do it. If the D.A.'s office isn't free to prosecute criminals, we have anarchy. I know Dan Reid was your friend, but--

D.A. SCANLON

Madeline, of course you're right. Do what you must do, we'll worry about the press later. Aren't you coming to the Inauguration?

MADELINE VENDOR

No thank you, *sir. I've had enough for one night.

EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

Madeline heads down to a Squad Car. Two Cops stand around. She glances up at the Micro-Swift clock several blocks away: "11:45".

MADELINE VENDOR

Fellas? You mind giving me a lift home?

INT. SQUAD CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

The Cops small talk.

COP

So, I even saw Krissy Munroe from the channel 6 news. You know, the weather girl with the wooden leg? Sounds like quite a shindig.

MADELINE VENDOR

Uh-huh.

Madeline's gaze drifts across the street to Micro-Swift Tower. Mince's Limo pulls up and Mince and his minions get out.

Madeline stares.

PROF. KILHAM

gives her a cool stare in return, then turns and heads towards the building.

MADELINE VENDOR

(recognizes Kilham)

Hey! Stop the car! Officers, you're with me.

EXT. MICRO-SWIFT TOWER - NIGHT

MADELINE VENDOR

(to Kilham)

Sir! Hold it, right there.

Madeline and the two Cops hop out of the car. Kilham shifts nervously.

MADELINE VENDOR

I knew I recognized you. San Diego, three years ago. The Hillcrest Arsonist. You

torched an apartment building,
eight people died. Busted out
of county lock-up, killed a
guard. Looking good, nice
suit, nice beard. Almost
didn't recognize you. Almost.

PROFESSOR KILHAM
You must be mistaken.

NORVID MINCE
Whom do I have the pleasure...?

MADELINE VENDOR
Assistant D.A. Madeline Vendor.
Officers, arrest this filth.

NORVID MINCE
I'm sure we can clear this
right up, Miss Vendor, my name
is Norvid Mince...

Mince reaches for his wallet, pulls out a SILENCED PISTOL.
WHUMP! WHUMP! He shoots both Cops dead. Before she can
scream, Kilham has his hands clamped over Madeline's mouth.

NORVID MINCE
Get rid of those two. Now!

The Mercs drag the Cops away. Prof. Kilham pulls Madeline
into Micro-Swift Headquarters.

INT. MICRO-SWIFT ATRIUM - NIGHT

The large atrium is HEAVILY GUARDED by Gangsters. Kilham
drags Madeline through to the bank of elevators.

NORVID MINCE
Miss Vendor, your life just got
very complicated.

PROFESSOR KILHAM
You men! Lower the iron gates!
Nobody in or out!

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

He pushes the top button and finally releases her.

MADELINE VENDOR
How could you just shoot those
officers? How could you just
kill someone like that?

NORVID MINCE
Aim for the chest.

MADELINE VENDOR
I just reversed my stance on
the death penalty. I'm gonna
see you die.

NORVID MINCE
Pity you aren't at the ball.
You see, when that big clock on
my tower chimes midnight, City
Hall is going to be vaporized
by an incendiary bomb. Then
Metro City answers to me.

She lunges at him, pounds his head with her fists. Kilham
grabs her wrists.

NORVID MINCE
Professor, why don't you show
her your tongue? Go ahead,
show her. My friend Kilham
here is a Fang-Shih, Miss
Vendor, a conjurer. One of the
unpleasant side effects of
trifling with the Ancient Arts
is peculiar cell growth. Extra
limbs and appendages.
Unsightly but quite functional
I assure you...

KILHAM'S MOUTH

twists into a sinister grin. His jaw drops open and his
TONGUE comes out.

KILHAM'S TONGUE

is lumpy, fetid, slimy. It slides from his mouth and just
keeps going. It's the side effect from trifling with
Magic. The greasy tentacle slithers down and wraps itself
around Madeline's neck.

Madeline chokes, her eyes popping. She blacks out.

INT. NORVID MINCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A Group of Gangsters stands guard by the door. Computer
gear, tv monitors, and surveillance equipment dominates one
wall. The double doors fly open. The Gangsters take
Madeline.

PROFESSOR KILHAM
 (to Gangsters)
 Lock her in the conference
 room.

Mince sets about tuning in his t.v.'s. He's got monitors
 at the ball, on the explosives in the basement.

NORVID MINCE
 Ahhhh. Too bad it's not
 sweeps. Not bad, eh,
 Professor? Twelve minutes to
 el flambé.

Mince takes off his coat. Kilham keeps his eye on it, on
the bulge in the pocket where the Micro-Crystal is. A
 Gangster listens to his walkie-talkie earphone.

GANGSTER
 Copy that. Professor? There's
 a problem downstairs.

Kilham punches at Norvid's Intercom Phone.

PROFESSOR KILHAM
 This is Kilham. What's going
 on down there?

SECURITY GUARD
 (on intercom)
 There's a car out front.

PROFESSOR KILHAM
 What car? What's it doing?

EXT. MICRO-SWIFT TOWER - NIGHT

The Black Beauty idles menacingly across the street. It's
 front end is aimed straight at the doors.

INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

With the Iron Mesh Gates in place, the Atrium looks
 impregnable. Yet the Gangsters all look worried.

SECURITY GUARD
 It's just idling.

PROFESSOR KILHAM (O.S.)
 Go check it out, then call me
 immediately.

The Security Guard hangs up.

SECURITY GUARD
 Alright, open the iron gate,
 I'm going out there.

One of the mesh gates slides open. The Security Guard heads outside.

EXT. MICRO-SWIFT TOWER - NIGHT

The Security Guard stops twenty feet in front of the Black Beauty.

SECURITY GUARD
 Hey Mr. Magoo, you're blocking
 traffic.

He takes his AK-47 off his shoulder hefts it.

SECURITY GUARD
 Move out! Hey, Helen Keller,
 I'm talking to you!

The Black Beauty just idles. Then the HIGH BEAMS come on, TINTED GREEN, blinding him.

SECURITY GUARD
 (to himself)
 Jeepers, you try to be a nice
 guy.

The Gangster BLASTS a stream of bullets into the windshield. They BOUNCE OFF.

The turn signals on the Black Beauty tilt up, revealing ROCKETS. The first Rocket FIRES, shooting right through the Security Guard's legs.

THE ROCKET

streaks towards Micro-Swift Tower.

It hits the metal grating, KABOOM! and blows it in.

Another Rocket whips past the Security Guard, takes out the front doors with a BLAST of flame and sparks.

Then MORE ROCKETS blow out the front of the building mercilessly.

INT. MINCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The EXPLOSIONS rock the building.

NORVID MINCE
What the hell was that?

Mince clicks switches, one of the monitors shows the Black Beauty firing away.

PROFESSOR KILHAM
The Green Hornet.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kilham spots his Five Mercs in the hall.

PROFESSOR KILHAM
What are you doing standing
around?! Get down there!

The Five Mercs reluctantly pile into an elevator and head down. They aren't looking forward to another beating.

EXT. MICRO-SWIFT TOWER - NIGHT

The turn signals tilt back down and the Black Beauty resumes it's menacing idle. The Security Guard swallows hard.

SECURITY GUARD
It's your world, brother.

He steps aside and waves the Black Beauty through.

The car begins to BUZZ loudly, the engine revving to a high whine. Then Kato drops it out of neutral and the car jets forward on SMOKING TIRES.

INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

The Black Beauty bounds up the stairs, smashes through debris, and roars into the Atrium.

The Gangsters have all been silenced. Kato pulls to a stop. The Atrium is a smoking ruin.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The Mercs wait impatiently as MUSAK tinkles. Finally the "ATRIUM" light sparks up.

INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

The elevator DINGS and the doors slide open. The Mercs stand face to face with the Black Beauty.

The turn signals tilt up, revealing crisp new ROCKETS. The Mercs panic, they push the button to go back upstairs.

THE ROCKET FIRES

blazing across the Atrium towards them.

THE ELEVATOR DOORS

slide towards each other. The Mercs pound the "CLOSE DOORS" button desperately.

Just before the doors shut, the Rocket squeezes in. The doors close for a split second and then BLOW OUT in a massive EXPLOSION, vaporizing the Mercs.

The Black Beauty's doors open and Britt and Kato step out.

BRITT REID

(sarcastic)

Hey, weren't those our friends?

KATO

Sorry, didn't recognize them.

Kato presses his key chain and the Black Beauty "CHIRPS".

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The elevator doors slide open and Britt and Kato peer out. The place seems deserted. It's totally spooky and quiet as they stealth down the hallway.

As they pass a door, they hear a MUFFLED CRY FOR HELP.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Kato opens the door and they peek in, to find Madeline tied to a chair.

MADELINE VENDOR

Criminey, what now? Who the hell are you?

Britt and Kato look at each other.

BRITT REID

Uh...It's alright ma'am. We're not going to hurt you. I'm the Green Hornet.

Madeline squints at Britt. Is it possible?

MADELINE VENDOR

Oh my God. You're Britt Reid!

BRITT REID

(lamely)

No I'm not.

MADELINE VENDOR

(sarcastic)

Of course, you're some totally different six foot tall white guy with a sidekick named Kato.

KATO

My name's Brian.

MADELINE VENDOR

You two are the murderers. I should have seen it coming...

BRITT REID

No, we're not the murderers! We're vigilantes. We're out for justice.

They start untying Madeline.

MADELINE VENDOR

Vigilantes? Of all the fascist, patriarchal bullshit I've ever heard... You live together, you wear those masks. You could write an entire term paper on the Homo-eroticism alone. This is pathetic. Do you realize how sick you are?

BRITT REID

I'd love to get into it, I really would, but we've got to get you out of here.

MADELINE VENDOR

Never mind me, when that clock tower strikes midnight, that computer geek blows up city hall.

Kato listens at the door.

KATO
It's clear. Let's move out.
This way, Madeline.

BRITT REID
Yes, this way to safety.

They each grab an arm. She yanks her arms free.

MADELINE VENDOR
Don't touch me.

She goes out the door alone. It snaps shut behind her.

BRITT REID
You heard her. Don't touch
her.

KATO
Excuse me, she didn't get
worked up until you touched
her.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Madeline waits impatiently for them. From around the corner comes a RUMBLE. Then a PACK OF THUGS, must be 20 of them, come roaring down the hallway.

Madeline tries the door. It's locked. She POUNDS on it.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

They hear the pounding.

BRITT REID
See, now she's pissed.
Apologize to her.

KATO
Say who? Step off, masked man.
You apologize.

The pounding gets more frantic.

BRITT REID
You're on notice, friend. Keep
it up, you'll be looking for
another job.

Britt yanks the door open.

BRITT REID
I apologize for this filthy
scumbag--

Madeline bolts into the room, runs out the other door.

Then the Pack Of Thugs appear at the doorway.
Instinctively they lash out, Britt with a FIST, Kato with a
KICK. They knock the lead Thug back into the Pack.

Britt and Kato slam the door and take off after Madeline.

INT. MICRO-SWIFT HQ LOBBY - NIGHT

The open lobby is the reception area for Micro-Swift
visitors. It's a wide open space, two stories tall, with a
fountain, a glass elevator, and a sweeping curved stairway.

Madeline, Kato and Britt run to the middle of the room.
All is quiet for a moment.

Then THUGS pile in from every entry. There are literally
100 THUGS squaring off with our three heroes. They carry
sticks, bats, knives, clubs, pipes, 2 x 4's, nunchaku,
pole-axes, brooms, straight-razors, swords, and garden
tools.

BRITT REID
Quick! The stairs!

Britt and the rest race up the curved staircase. There are
double doors at the top.

But those doors are LOCKED. And the 100 THUGS come
storming up behind.

BRITT REID
Now that does it.

KATO
Madeline, step back!

MADELINE VENDOR
Yeah, right.

She pulls out two canisters of PEPPER SPRAY and starts
hosing the Thugs down. The first rank drops to their
knees, clutching their faces in agony.

KATO
(to Britt)
I'll start on the other side,
meet you in the middle.

BRITT REID
Whatever turns you on.

Britt whips out his two Air Pistols. He goes charging down the stairs, GUNS PUMPING.

Kato makes a SPECTACULAR JUMP, off the stairs, over the heads of the THUGS, 50' to the back of the pack. He lands ON THEIR HEADS and starts kicking away.

THE THUGS

swipe at Kato, but he's too quick. He's hopping FROM HEAD TO HEAD, SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, riding the crowd and kicking their skulls in.

BRITT

barrels down the stairs, mowing into the Thugs with those pistols. The Thugs tumble backwards down the stairs in great masses.

MADELINE

runs out of Pepper spray, so she kicks one Thug in the face and climbs over the railing.

THE GLASS ELEVATOR

is ten feet away. As the Thugs close in, she makes the desperate LEAP. And makes it! She clings to a railing on the outside of the elevator, her feet kicking at air.

Britt reaches the end of the stairs, and the end of his ammo. He throws the Pistols and picks up a BENCH. He charges into the fray, knocking Thugs on their ass with the bench.

But remember, these guys take one punch for every two they give. It's a hard-ass battle.

Kato backflips and tumbles around the room. Every time he lands he battles a Cluster of Thugs. He throws a few kicks and chops, then flips over their heads to the next melee.

Britt grabs a loose weapon, a HOCKEY STICK, and starts swinging it like a man possessed, busting heads, jaws, collarbones.

MADELINE

Still dangles overhead. A Thug jumps over the railing at her, slips, and catches on to her ankles. The Thug looks down...

THE FOUNTAIN

is below him. But it's no cozy drop. There's a statue in the middle of it. Madeline struggles to hold on, she kicks desperately and...

THE THUG

falls free. He lands on the head of the statue with a CRUNCH. Then he tumbles off and SMACKS the floor hard.

BRITT

sees her plight. He rushes over and pushes the elevator button. Then Thugs jump him and he's back in the fray.

THE ELEVATOR

inches downward. Madeline, her EYES CLAMPED SHUT, struggles desperately to hang on.

HER FINGERS

slip, her hands trembling. Finally they GIVE WAY and she FALLS, screaming.

But only TWO FEET to the floor. She looks around, feeling silly.

BRITT AND KATO

are mopping up now. Most of the Thugs have been beaten stupid. Kato flings a few through the air at Britt. Britt WHACKS them out of the sky with a baseball bat like so many piñatas.

The TWO remaining Thugs turn tail and run. Britt and Kato wait a beat and then FLING BASEBALL BATS through the air.

THE BATS

spin savagely through the air and CLOBBER the fleeing Thugs in the back of the head.

Britt and Kato dust their hands in satisfaction.

MADELINE VENDOR

You two are maniacs.

KATO

Well don't go telling anyone.

BRITT REID

Our cover is pretty much blown. We still have Kilham and Mince to deal with. Madeline, get those people out of City Hall.

Madeline makes for the exit.

MADELINE VENDOR
Good luck, boys. I'll bring
the police, if they're not
already here. Oh, and watch
out for that Kilham's tongue.

She runs off down the hallway. Britt and Kato look at each other.

KATO
Watch out for his tongue? Did
she used to date that guy?

They both take a breath and head back up the stairs to the
DOUBLE DOORS.

INT. NORVID'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Britt and Kato kick the doors in.

Prof. Kilham and Norvid Mince are waiting by the huge wall
of t.v.'s.

BRITT REID
It's all over, boys. I told
you we'd come for you.

NORVID MINCE
Noble effort, but ultimately
it's too little too late. I've
got my mystical ace-in-the-hole
here. Professor Kilham.

Mince digs in his coat

NORVID MINCE
A little early, Kilham, but
here you go. One Micro-
Crystal... I thought I put it
right here...

Prof. Kilham shakes his head. He holds up the Micro-
Crystal.

PROFESSOR KILHAM
I don't need you anymore,
Mince, you boob.

Norvid's jaw goes slack.

Kilham thrusts his hand forward and a FIREBALL launches
out. Mince vaults behind his desk just in time. The

Fireball blows his chair and potted plants up. Flames cover the desk.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

Now then, Hornet, I think I'll crush you.

BRITT REID

You're going down, Kilham, and nothing's gonna stop me.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

No? You haven't met my friend yet. Please, allow me to introduce you...

Prof. Kilham throws a fistful of BONES to the ground. He clutches the Micro-Crystal in his fist. It sizzles and pops.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

Rise!

The room SHAKES, SMOKE billows, and up from the floor sprouts a 16th Century CHINESE WARRIOR decked out in full body armor. Two GLOWING RED ORBS burn in the holes where eyes would normally reside.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

This is Chen Tai Way, the butcher of P'eng-lai.

The UNDEAD WARRIOR twirls a massive red SWORD and gives a sinister rictus grin.

Britt grabs up a machine gun. The Warrior sneers and stands his ground.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

Bullets won't kill him, you fool, he died a thousand years ago!

BRITT REID

Kill him? Maybe not...

Britt cocks the gun.

BRITT REID

But hurt him? I think so.

Britt cuts loose in a RAPID FIRE barrage of bullets. He guns the Warrior's leg until he BLOWS IT CLEAN OFF. The Warrior hops around on his one good leg.

Britt shifts target, machine guns the other leg, blowing that one off too. The Undead Warrior's skeletal face

registers SHOCK and OUTRAGE. He lunges forward on his stumps, waving the red Sword overhead.

Britt blasts another deafening volley, blowing the arm clean off. The Sword clatters harmlessly to the ground. The Undead Warrior looks panicked.

BRITT REID

I know what you're asking yourself, skeleton boy. Did he fire 45 shots or 46? To tell you the truth, in all the excitement, I lost count myself.

The Undead Warrior makes one more menacing face. Britt empties the clip into the zombie head. The thing explodes in a puff of dust. The red EYES fade out.

BRITT REID

46 it is. And? Is that it? Ten centuries dead and you brought him back for an ass whoopin'?

KATO

Give it up, Kilham.

BRITT REID

Come on, Doc, tell me that wasn't your best shot--

SHOTS ring out. Bullets tear up the wall behind Kilham. It's Mince, charred but still alive.

NORVID MINCE

You backstabber!

In the chaos, Kato vaults forward, tears the Micro-Crystal from Kilham's fist.

Britt sees the time: "11:58". Britt heads for the side door.

BRITT REID

You take the Professor, I'm gonna stop that clock!

Mince bolts out after Britt. Kato smiles at Kilham.

KATO

Not bad. Where'd you learn Undead Summoning?

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Britt races up the dark stairs. He can hear Mince banging around below him.

At the top of the stairs is an access door leading outside.

EXT. MAINTENANCE DECK - NIGHT

Ringling the top of the building is a maintenance deck for engineers to service the many microwave transmitters on the pointed tower. The Clock faces ring the building right below.

Britt looks around, doesn't know what to do.

NORVID MINCE

Forget it, Hornet! Any one of these microwave dishes could be the one sending the signal to the bomb! There's too many, there's nothing you can do!

Mince comes at him, swinging a crescent wrench. Britt dodges, slugs Mince.

THE CLOCK

reads "11:59"

BRITT

vaults over the railing, drops, and claws at the air for...

CLOCK HANDS

very big clock hands. Britt has hold of the Minute hand. The Gears make noise, the Minute hand begins to move. Britt braces with his foot on the "12", yanks mightily.

And he does it! He holds the hand from moving! He clicks it back to "11:59".

Then a POLE knocks his feet loose. It's Mince up above, poking at him with a window cleaning tool. It's a ten foot pole with a squeegee at the end Mince holds.

Britt's legs swing free as he dangles, swinging from the massive clock face at the top of Micro-Swift Tower. The wind whips around him as he clambers, trying to pull himself up and straddle the minute hand.

And the street looms far below...

INT. NORVID'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kato and Kilham circle each other.

KATO

You're pretty good. Good form,
clean manifestation of the
manna. You've practiced.

PROFESSOR KILHAM

I'm sure you're no slouch.

KATO

Aw, that's sweet. Thank you.
Actually I'm a beginner. But I
get the feeling this Micro-
Crystal might just even the
playing field. Maybe you know
this one?

Kato does a spinning flip. In mid air, he draws a
character on his palm. He lands, palm outstretched.

KATO

Web!

A gooey white WEB flies from Kato's palm, it coats the wall
and furniture where Kilham just was.

Kilham has leaped himself, flipping across the room. Kato
chases him with spells.

KATO

Energy ball! Magic Missile!

Mini ENERGY BALLS shoot forth, like Roman candles.

KILHAM

dodges them desperately.

THE ENERGY BALLS

blast into the wall of electronics, blowing SPARKS. Then
the Magic Missiles blast, backing Kilham into a corner.
Kato strides up, smiling.

KATO

I like this crystal! This is a
good thing! C'mon, I heard you
were tough! You're just a
stiff in sans-a-belt slacks.

Kilham unfurls his BULLWHIP TONGUE, grabbing Kato around the neck in a strangle-hold. Kato chokes, pulling at the tongue to no avail...

EXT. CLOCK FACE - NIGHT

With frantic effort, Mince stabs at Britt's hands with the pole. Britt grabs the pole, hanging from one hand. The gears spin again as the Minute hand prepares to move.

Britt shoves the pole up, hitting Mince in the mouth with the squeegee end. Mince drops the pole, the squeegee hooks on the railing..

Again Britt swings his feet up to the "12" and he pulls with all his might. CLICK CLICK! He gets the clock to move back TWO minutes this time!

But his grip is slipping. How long can he keep this up?

NORVID MINCE

Well Green Hornet, it looks
like "time" is running out on
you. Don't worry, I can wait.
Soon you'll tire, and that
clock will tick merrily along
on it's own.

Britt's desperate. Then he remembers something! He reaches in his jacket pocket, pulls out his PEN THAT FIRES IT'S BALL-POINT LIKE A DART! He aims carefully and CLICKS the pen with his thumb... But it's a regular pen. He tosses it aside, struggling to hold on....

INT. NORVID'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kilham cackles as Kato chokes. He seems sure of victory. Then Kato twists his body, uncoiling the tongue from his neck. He slaps the tongue to the table and pulls out a KNIFE. It's TONTO'S KNIFE, the one Britt gave him.

Kilham reacts in terror as Kato SLAMS the knife into the table, pinning the tongue. With a series of KICKS he sends Kilham flopping onto the table like a fish.

KATO

That's the most disgusting
thing I've ever seen! You kiss
your mother with that mouth?

Kilham retracts his tongue, dragging himself along the table towards the knife. He reaches it before Kato does and frees his tongue. He turns, his bloody, swollen tongue lolling out.

PROFESSOR KILHAM
(seething)
Ohhh! You'll die fa thith!

He snaps his tongue out again, like a bullfrog. This time Kato is too quick. He CATCHES the tongue in his fist.

KATO
I don't think so, froggy.

Kato slings his leg over the outstretched tongue and KICKS Kilham in the face repeatedly. WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! Kilham stands helpless. WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

Finally he collapses, dizzy. Kato drags him across the floor by his tongue.

PROFESSOR KILHAM
Naaaa! Naaaa!

Kilham struggles weakly as Kato stuffs the end of his bullwhip tongue in a PAPER SHREDDER.

KATO
Just relax. This is gonna hurt a lot.

Kato flips the switch and Off Camera we hear the SHREDDER start to BUZZ.

EXT. CLOCK FACE - NIGHT

The clock ticks to "11:59" again. Britt is almost finished. Norvid Mince cackles up above. The wind whips, the squeegee pole swaying above him.

NORVID MINCE
How goes it, Hornet? Arms getting tired?

With his last strength, Britt grabs the pole. He twists it, hooking Mince's belt with the squeegee. He pulls.

Mince's face SMACKS the railing as he's pulled through the bars.

NORVID MINCE
YAAAAAAAH!

The Gears whirl, the Minute hand inches forward. Down comes Mince.

In the nick of time, Mince drops down between the Minute and Hour hands. The Minute hand ticks forward, wedging Mince stuck.

AND THE MINUTE HAND STOPS

half a tick from Midnight. Britt puts his face next to the beaten and bloody mug of Norvid Mince.

BRITT REID
You killed Dan Reid, but his
legacy lives on. This is *my*
city now, asshole.

Britt climbs up to safety.

NORVID MINCE
You can't leave me here!
Hornetttttt!

Mince's words get carried off with the wind. He hangs there for all Metro-City to see, like a pilgrim in the stock.

INT. NORVID'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Britt finds Kato waiting for him, juggling the Micro-Crystal. He sees Kilham slumped over the paper shredder.

BRITT REID
You made a mess.

KATO
Yeah, sorry. Your guy?

BRITT REID
He's so ugly, he could stop a
clock.

From behind them Prof. Kilham lurches to his feet. Blood trails down from his tongueless mouth. He charges at them.

Kato and Britt are taken by surprise. Kilham snatches the Micro-Crystal from Kato's hand. Britt and Kato, as a unit, propel him on by his own momentum. They fling him across the room.

Kilham CRASHES through the window, spiraling soundlessly to the streets below.

Britt and Kato watch him go.

KILHAM

plummets, and then swoops and soars, FLYING off between the high rises and disappearing into the night.

BRITT REID
Damn! How'd he do that?

KATO
Flying spell. That rat
bastard.

EXT. MICRO-SWIFT TOWER - NIGHT

The police and paramedics are cleaning up the mess. Britt and Kato emerge from the building without their MASKS.

Police Officers surround them. D.A. Scanlon rushes to their aid.

D.A. SCANLON
It's alright, boys. They're
with me.

The cops clear away. Scanlon smiles knowingly.

D.A. SCANLON
Stupendous work Kato. Thank
you. And Britt Reid... Dammit,
I should have known. You've
got a lot of your father in
you. If you ever think of
running for office...

BRITT REID
Thanks, but I've got a
newspaper to run.

KATO
What about me?

D.A. SCANLON
What about you what?

KATO
I'll run for office.

D.A. SCANLON
(laughs)
Sure thing! Alright, boys.

Scanlon walks off.

KATO
What does he think? You did
all the ass kicking yourself?

BRITT REID
Why don't you go give him a
piece of your mind.

Britt shoves Kato away just as Madeline steps up.

MADELINE VENDOR

Don't you go anywhere, Kato, I want to thank you too.

They straighten themselves up.

MADELINE VENDOR

This is tough for me because I still think you're morally despicable. I mean you really are slightly Sado-masochistic vigilante thugs. But you brought the bad guys to justice. And you saved my life. So here.

She kisses Britt passionately on the lips. Kato winces.

MADELINE VENDOR

And for you too.

She moves to Kato and kisses him. This time Britt flinches.

MADELINE VENDOR

You secret's safe with me.

She turns and walks away.

BRITT REID

Uh, Miss Vendor? Of course this means you'll be dropping that ridiculous investigation?

MADELINE VENDOR

(smiles)

No, it doesn't.

She heads off. Britt and Kato look at each other.

BRITT REID

I'm sure you noticed how she kissed me first.

KATO

And you saw how she kissed me twice as long.

CUE THEME MUSIC:

BRITT REID

Well, the Green Hornet has fulfilled his duty. The "demons have been sent back into darkness", just like the story said.

KATO
(smiles)
Uh, yeah, about that. You
might as well know. I made
that up.

BRITT REID
Made what up?

KATO
That little fairy tale about
the "Green Hornet".

BRITT REID
What?!

KATO
Don't get all huffy. You
needed something to motivate
you, and there was this cool ad
for "Green Hornet Ale" at the
pub. It seemed like the thing
to do at the time.

BRITT REID
Are you kidding me? I'm named
after a beer?

The Camera booms up and away from them, out over the Metro-
City skyline.

KATO (O.S.)
Hey, I think "The Green Hornet"
is a pretty hip moniker.

BRITT REID (O.S.)
What pisses me off is that I
could have just as easily
become "Captain Pilsner" or
something.

The city has changed. It's QUIET, CALM, SAFE AGAIN... for
now.

THE END