

THE GREEN HORNET

by

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Based on characters created by

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THE GREEN HORNET

FADE IN:

EXT. CALIFORNIA DESERT - DAY

A stark, arid landscape of cactus and sagebrush beneath a cloudless sky. It's deathly quiet, inhumanly still.

Then, out of nowhere, a faint wind comes up, blowing tumbleweed across the sandy terrain. A distant rumbling, quickly growing closer, louder, starting to shake the world. A coming storm?

TOOT TOOT! The shrill sound of a pneumatic whistle pierces our ears as A NINETEENTH CENTURY TRAIN hurtles INTO FRAME, a mile of boxcars thundering across the desert, clouds of white steam billowing from the tall, proud smokestack atop the front car. Only now do we see the tracks crossing the desert floor, stretching to infinity.

And then, we hear the sound of GALLOPING HOOVES as TWO MEN ON HORSEBACK ENTER FRAME, racing toward the train. One man is blond, the other an American Indian with long black hair. Each wears a Stetson, and a mask concealing his eyes.

Yes, it's THE LONE RANGER, and his trusty sidekick, TONTO.

As they approach the train, galloping alongside it, a LEGEND appears:

CALIFORNIA 1875

Ranger daringly leaps from his silvery white horse onto the platform between two of the train's cars. Tonto follows suit. The horses continue to run alongside the train. Ranger pulls open the door and the duo bursts into the car...

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR - DAY

Moving toward the rear of the train, Ranger and Tonto stride down the center aisle between the Passengers, who utter exclamations of shock and amazement at the sight of these two strange, masked vigilantes. Reaching the back of the car, the duo open the door and hurry out onto the next platform...

EXT. TRAIN - PLATFORM BETWEEN CARS - DAY

Ranger grabs the door to the next car. It won't budge. He peers through a window in the door...

RANGER'S POV THROUGH WINDOW

Inside is a crate-filled freight car. THREE TRAIN ROBBERS are clustered about a SAFE which they have obviously just cracked; the door to the safe stands wide open, revealing SOLID GOLD BARS inside. The gang's leader--call him MOUSTACHE--is pulling gold out of the safe and stuffing the bars inside a VEST he is wearing specially for the occasion. The other two robbers--BALDIE and SUNBURN--also wear vests which are already fully loaded with gold.

BACK TO RANGER

Drawing his gun from his holster, he SHOOTs the lock on the door. Then Tonto kicks the door open and they bolt inside the car...

INT. TRAIN - FREIGHT COMPARTMENT - DAY

The masked twosome burst into the car, guns drawn.

RANGER

Get your hands in the air!

Baldie and Sunburn whip out their guns and start FIRING, while Moustache crouches behind the safe. Ranger and Tonto dive for cover behind bulky crates. They SHOOT back, but their bullets only BOUNCE OFF the robbers' gold-filled vests.

Ranger manages to shoot Sunburn in the leg; he yelps in pain and collapses, dropping his gun.

As the shooting continues, Moustache slinks behind the many crates toward the back of the car. He reaches the rear door, beyond which we see miles of receding track. This car is the caboose.

MOUSTACHE

(calling to Baldie)

Come on!

He opens the door and darts out onto the rear platform. Baldie hurries after him, backing toward the door, all the while returning the heroes' gunfire. He slips through the door and out onto the platform.

Ranger and Tonto emerge from behind the crates.

RANGER

(referring to
Sunburn)

Take care of him.

Tonto pulls out some rope, pauses to tie up Sunburn. Ranger hurries after the bad guys.

EXT. TRAIN - REAR PLATFORM - DAY

Moustache and Baldie look over the platform's railing, contemplating a jump: the ground is rushing by very, very fast.

BALDIE
We're goin' too fast! We'll be
killed!

MOUSTACHE
I won't let 'em get my gold,
Cartwright. Not after coming this
far.

BALDIE
(panicked)
What are we gonna do?

Moustache reaches out and suddenly, savagely SHOVES BALDIE. Grabbing onto Baldie's vest, he yanks it off him as the man falls backward over the platform and crashes down onto the tracks, rolling over and over before coming to a dead stop. Moustache, holding the gold-filled vest, smiling with grim satisfaction, watches the body recede into the distance as the train thunders on.

Then Moustache quickly scrambles up a ladder to the roof of the car.

Ranger bursts out onto the platform. Leading with his gun, he hurries up the ladder after Moustache.

ON THE ROOF OF THE TRAIN

Moustache races toward the front of the roaring train, leaping from car to car, occasionally shooting back at the Ranger, who's in hot pursuit. Ranger deftly dodges and ducks the bullets.

The train careens around a blind curve...and suddenly Moustache sees that he's thundering right toward a TUNNEL with a LOW OVERPASS! He hits the deck in the nick of time, barely escaping decapitation. Ranger hits the deck, too.

Finally, Moustache reaches the front car--the locomotive--which of course houses the steam engine. Battling thick clouds of blinding steam which are spewing from the smoke stack, he climbs down to the platform between the locomotive and the second car.

Crouching down, Moustache fiddles with the coupling mechanism, trying to disengage the locomotive from the rest of the train. Then the door to the locomotive suddenly opens and the CONDUCTOR appears.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CONDUCTOR

What the hell do you think you're doing?

He moves to stop Moustache. BANG! Moustache shoots him dead.

Then he turns his attention back to the coupling mechanism, struggling with the ultra-tight valve. Groaning with the effort, using all his might, he pulls at the valve...and finally budes it free.

The cars begin to separate. Moustache smiles. Then he hurries into the locomotive.

Ranger appears on the roof of the second car. He scrambles down to the platform. The locomotive is pulling away; the rest of the train, now lacking the benefit of power, starts to slow, fall behind.

Ranger frantically grabs at the railing of the locomotive's platform; his feet are still planted on the second car's platform. The chasm between the two is widening fast; Ranger finds himself in danger of being STRETCHED to death!

He yanks his feet off the rear platform. Now he's DANGLING from the back of the accelerating locomotive, his feet mere inches from the track! Behind him, the rest of the train is slowing, receding.

With a Herculean effort, he scrambles up onto the platform. Then, gun ready, he charges into the locomotive...

INT. LOCOMOTIVE - DAY

Leading with his gun, Ranger comes bursting in...only to find the locomotive empty. Where's Moustache?

Then a gun is pressed against the back of Ranger's head: it's Moustache. He'd been hiding behind the door.

MOUSTACHE

Drop it.

Ranger has no choice: he drops his gun.

MOUSTACHE (CONT'D)

Turn around.

Ranger complies: he turns to face the villain.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MOUSTACHE (CONT'D)
The Lone Ranger, in the flesh.
(looking him up and
down)
I expected you to be taller.

RANGER
It's the hype.

MOUSTACHE
It'll be a pleasure to see you dead.
But first, if you'll indulge my
curiosity, I simply have to
know...who the hell are you?

RANGER
Curiosity killed the cat.

MOUSTACHE
Remove the mask.

Ranger doesn't move. Moustache takes a step toward him,
reaching for his mask. And then--

RANGER
(pointing)
Look! Your shoelace is untied!

Moustache reflexively glances down at his shoes...giving
Ranger just enough time to wallop him in the jaw, sending
him reeling backward. Ranger grabs Moustache's vest,
yanking it off him...

...as the villain tumbles out the locomotive's rear door,
falling to his death with a scream!

Ranger stares out the door, watching the body recede. He
smiles grimly.

RANGER
Works every time.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

The locomotive comes chugging to a stop at the station.
Ranger, carrying the two gold-filled vests, steps out to
greet the local SHERIFF, just as Tonto comes riding up on
his horse, guiding Silver via lasso. Sunburn, hands
securely tied, rides atop Ranger's steed. The Sheriff helps
Sunburn down, taking him into custody.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RANGER
(handing over the vests)
Here you go, Sheriff. You know, the lustre of those nuggets sometimes makes a man go crazy with greed.
(mounts his horse, turns to Tonto)
Ready, Tonto?

TONTO
Ready, Kimosabe.

RANGER
Hi-yo, Silver, away!

And they gallop off into the sunset, the Sheriff looking after them. He turns to his DEPUTY:

SHERIFF
Who was that masked man?

DISSOLVE TO:

A PAINTING of the Lone Ranger and Tonto, astride their trusty steeds, the proud horses rearing up on their hind legs, manes flying, nostrils flaring.

Over this, we hear a soothing, paternal VOICE:

DAN REID (V.O.)
That was your Great-Grandad John...John Daniel Reid. He devoted his life to making the world a safer place to live in.

PULL BACK to reveal the accouterments of an eight-year-old boy's bedroom, circa 1968: baseball pennants, the Apollo lunar module, posters of movie monsters...but everything is dominated by that image of the Lone Ranger.

There's something else that distinguishes this room from the typical eight-year-old's abode: its remarkable size, the nifty TV set, the distinctly expensive furnishings. This is the bedroom of an obviously wealthy boy. A boy who has everything.

We are...

INT. REID MANSION - YOUNG BRITT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

YOUNG BRITT, eight years old, is being tucked into bed by his father, fortyish DAN REID. They're both looking at the Lone Ranger painting.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DAN (CONT'D)

Most people spend their lives just looking out for themselves. Your great-grandad spent his life looking out for most people.

YOUNG BRITT

Did he really stop those train robbers?

DAN

Exactly the way I told you.

YOUNG BRITT

Was he rich like us, Dad?

DAN

(laughing)

Well, yes, he was. In fact, he's the one who started the newspaper. And then he handed it down to his son--my father--and my father handed it down to me.

YOUNG BRITT

And then you'll hand it down to me, right, Dad?

DAN

Right. You see, Britt, your great-grandfather understood the responsibility that comes with money. Money is just green paper; it doesn't mean anything by itself. But what you do with it--that's what's important. Do you understand?

YOUNG BRITT

I think so.

DAN

(ruffling his hair)

Well, you will when you're older. But now it's time for you to go to sleep.

YOUNG BRITT

Good-night, Dad.

DAN

Good-night, son.

(he points to
Britt's feet)

Look, your shoelace is untied!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

Britt reflexively glances down at his feet. Dan taps the boy's chin. Gotcha. Britt laughs.

DAN (CONT'D)
Works every time.

Dan turns out the light, kisses the boy's cheek, and heads for the door.

YOUNG BRITT
Dad?

Dan pauses, turns back to his son.

DAN
Yes, Britt?

YOUNG BRITT
I'm going to be just like Great-Grandad John when I grow up.

Dan smiles, pleased. He exits, closing the door, leaving Britt alone in his bed, staring adoringly up at the Lone Ranger.

CUT TO:

EXT. RACE TRACK - DAY

A race in progress: jockeys urge their horses down the home stretch, numbers 5 and 8 running neck-and-neck for the lead. The bettors scream, whistle, and holler.

BRITT REID is among them. Now in his thirties, he's a handsome, flashy ladies man, a ne'er-do-well, a rich kid who never grew up. He's nothing like his Great-Granddad John.

A SEXY LADY is at his side. They cheer their horse on--Britt is holding a ticket for number 5.

BRITT
Come on, come on!

SEXY LADY
Go! Go!

Number 8 wins by a nose. Britt and the Sexy Lady frown.

SEXY LADY
Damn. I'm sorry, Britt.

He tears up the ticket, nonchalant.

BRITT
Hell, it's only money. Let's go.

He puts his arm around her and leads her away...

EXT. RACE TRACK - PARKING LOT - DAY

Britt leads his Sexy Lady through a sea of parked cars. Suddenly, A GUN is pressed against the Lady's head. She screams. It's a MUGGER!

MUGGER
Okay, nice and easy, gimme your money or you can kiss the girl good-bye!

BRITT
(thinking)
Mmm.

MUGGER
Come on, Mac, I don't have all day!

BRITT
Hold on, I'm thinking.

SEXY LADY
Britt!

BRITT
Well, I did lose a lot today...
(beat)
Hell, it's only money.

In a flash, Britt knocks the gun from the Mugger's hand and pops him in the jaw! The Mugger crumples to the ground, unconscious. Britt empties the gun of bullets, then tosses it into a dumpster. Sexy Lady stares at him in disbelief.

BRITT
(shrugs)
I did a little boxing in college.

They continue toward their car.

INT. DAILY SENTINEL - DAN REID'S OFFICE - DAY

DAN REID, now sixties and distinguished, presides over a meeting of his dozen top employees, all seated about a table. Behind him, a glass wall affords an expansive view of the Sentinel's chugging presses as they spit out the evening edition.

The fortyish NEWS EDITOR leans forward with a sheaf of papers.

NEWS
Okay. We've got the space shuttle lift-off, the poll results, the dwindling ozone layer.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DAN

Lead with the poll, put the shuttle
under the fold, and run the ozone
on page three.

News arranges his papers accordingly. Dan then hands a
sheaf to his smarmy Associate Editor, MIKE AXFORD.

DAN (CONT'D)

Here's tomorrow's editorial.

AXFORD

(looking at it)

"Mayor's Rehabilitation Program a
Revolving Door for Ex-Cons."

(beat)

O'Hare again?

DAN

(nodding)

Is there a problem?

AXFORD

Well, it's the third one this month.
O'Hare's already livid. Legal says
he might be looking into a libel
suit.

DAN

He's bluffing. If he was going to
sue us, he'd have done it already.

AXFORD

Well, I was just thinking, in light
of the fact that O'Hare is a very
popular--and very powerful--force
in this city, we might not want to
antagonize him.

DAN

He's already run a dozen ex-cons
through his program in record time.
Now they're all back out on the
street and working for O'Hare
downtown. Utility workers, city
services...he's giving a whole new
meaning to the term "machine
politics." These aren't petty
thieves, Mike. These are drug
lords, armed robbers..He's up to
something, all right, and I'm going
to find out what.

(beat)

Run the piece.

AXFORD

You're the boss.

INT. DAN REID'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

LENORE CASE, Dan's pretty, efficient young secretary, sits at her desk, manning the phones. Her friends call her CASEY.

CASEY
Mr. Reid's office...He's in a meeting, can I take a message?...Thank you...
(click)
Mr. Reid's office...He's on another line, can he get back?... Thank you...
(click)
Mr. Reid's office...I'm sorry, he's out of town, why don't you try him next week?...Thank you.

The calls stop, at least for now. Casey hangs up, catches her breath, and starts typing at her computer.

Down the hall, Britt steps off the elevator and strides confidently toward Casey's station. He snatches a rose off one of the desks he passes, hiding the stem behind his back as he approaches Casey.

BRITT
Hello, beautiful.

Casey doesn't look up from her typing.

CASEY
You're late.

BRITT
I'm a busy guy.

CASEY
So I've heard. With all those women, it's a wonder you have enough time for tennis.

BRITT
I have enough time for you, Casey.

He presents her the rose.

CASEY
I'm not that cheap.

BRITT
There's lots more where that came from.

CASEY
I don't doubt it.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Casey is the one woman in the world who's immune to Britt's charms. He sticks the rose in a vase on Casey's desk, then heads past her toward Dan's office.

The PHONES start ringing again. Casey sighs and gets back to work.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Mr. Reid's office...

INT. DAN REID'S OFFICE - DAY

Britt bursts in to find the meeting still in progress. He stops short.

BRITT
Sorry, I thought--

DAN
That's all right, we're almost done.
Have a seat.

Britt takes an empty seat at the table, looking out of place amongst the suits.

BRITT
Hi, guys.

DAN
There's one more matter to discuss.
This concerns you too, Britt.

BRITT
Me?

DAN
Yes. For the past forty years, the Sentinel has been my entire life. My wife, God rest her soul, used to refer to it as my mistress. But fortunately for me, she believed in our work here, and in our duty to report the truth to the public.

Britt mouths these last words along with his father. He's heard it before. He rolls his eyes.

DAN (CONT'D)
It's a sacred responsibility...one I know you'll continue to fulfill once I'm gone.

Puzzled murmurs from the troops. Axford, especially, is unnerved.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

AXFORD

Dan, what are you saying?

DAN

I'm going to be sixty-five next year. It's time for me to step down...

(looks directly at
Britt)

...and for my son to take the helm.

Gasps and exclamations of surprise. The Suits all turn to Britt. Britt is incredulous.

BRITT

Me?

DAN

You'll start immediately as my Assistant Editor. When I retire next April, you'll be ready.

(moves to Britt,
offers his hand)

Congratulations.

Britt is on the spot.

BRITT

Wow. I'm speechless. That's a really generous offer, Dad.

(glances at watch)

But you know, I just don't think I'll be able to squeeze it in.

(stands)

Thanks anyway.

He heads out the door. Dan hurries after him.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Dan hurries past Casey, catching up with Britt at the elevators.

DAN

Britt, what the hell are you doing? Do you know how many men would kill for a job like the one I've just handed you?

BRITT

Then hand it to someone else, 'cause I'm not interested.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DAN

Exactly what are you interested in, Britt? Tell me, I'd really like to know!

BRITT

I'm interested in me, Dad. My life. Not the one you want for me. I could never live up to what you expect from me, anyway.

DAN

All I expect is for you to grow up.
(then, sadly)
You probably would have, by now, if you were someone else's son.

BRITT

(stepping into
elevator)

Well then, aren't I the lucky one?

The elevator doors slide shut, leaving Dan alone.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A parade inches along the street between crowds of cheering spectators. We see marching bands, majorettes twirling batons.

The center of attention is a huge Cadillac convertible sporting a banner on the side: RE-ELECT MAYOR "BIG ED" O'HARE.

The Caddy's top is down. In the back seat is "BIG ED" himself, smiling and grotesquely fat--Guinness Book of World Records fat, north of five hundred pounds. He's waving to his public, shaking their hands as they eagerly press toward the car. Big Ed's LAWYER is seated beside him.

INT. CADDY - DAY

As Big Ed waves to the cheering crowd and shakes their outstretched hands, his Lawyer studies a folded newspaper, his brow creased with worry.

BIG ED

(to Lawyer)

Jesus, I'm starving. When do we eat?

LAWYER

(trying to show him
the paper)

Ed, I--

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BIG ED
I could eat a goddamn horse. You
ever try horse meat, Carl?

LAWYER
No, I haven't.

BIG ED
It's considered a delicacy in
Ethiopia.

LAWYER
Really. I didn't know that.

BIG ED
Yes.
(almost salivating)
Especially the haunches.

LAWYER
Ed, I think you better--

BIG ED
The haunches. With just a touch of
gravy.
(sighs)
God, I'm hungry.

LAWYER
Ed, I hate to rain on your parade,
but you better take a look at this.

He hands Big Ed the newspaper. It's folded open to the
Editorial Page. A photo of Dan Reid is prominent beside his
by-line. Big Ed's smile fades.

BIG ED
Shit.

LAWYER
It's the worst one yet.

Big Ed leans forward and taps the Driver's shoulder.

BIG ED
Let's go.

The Driver immediately yanks the wheel to one side...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

...and the Caddy suddenly peels out, breaking formation,
leaving the parade, parting the startled crowd in its path.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Big Ed reaches out into the crowd and snatches a lollipop from a Little Boy's hand. The Boy just stares after the receding limo, flabbergasted.

The Caddy turns down another street...

INT. CADDY - DAY

Big Ed yanks off his clip-on tie and loosens his collar; now that he's away from his public, he can let it all hang out. He gnaws on the lollipop as his Lawyer reads to him from the editorial:

LAWYER

...citywide unemployment at record levels...municipal mismanagement
...past associations with underworld figures...blah blah blah...This could really hurt us, Ed.

BIG ED

I thought I told you to put a stop to this.

LAWYER

What do you want me to do? I'm just a lawyer. He can write whatever he wants, it's a free country.

BIG ED

But it's my city.

(grabs the paper,
stares at Dan's
photo)

Reid. How I hate those Reids. Goddamn bluebloods, with their Tudor mansions and their foreign cars, what do they know about the real world?

He tosses the paper away in disgust.

LAWYER

He could jeopardize the whole campaign.

BIG ED

It's not just the campaign I'm worried about. I have...other interests to protect. He's gotta be stopped.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LAWYER

How? I'm telling you, we don't have a case. I have tried every legal means at my disposal.

BIG ED

Then we'll just have to try... other means.

LAWYER

Ed, I'm a bar member and a partner in my firm. I cannot get involved in anything...unseemly.

BIG ED

I'm sorry to hear that, Carl, but I'm sure I can find someone who will.

LAWYER

What are you saying?

BIG ED

I'm saying you're fired.

And then BANG! Big Ed shoots him dead with a gun he pulls out of nowhere, all the while licking his lollipop.

BIG ED (CONT'D)

(to Driver)

Frank, stop off at the dump, will you? Then let's go and get us some lunch.

DRIVER

Yes, sir.

Big Ed picks up the car phone and punches "0." RING... RING... Then:

VOICE (FILTERED)

Operator four-one-two, how may I help you?

BIG ED

Operator, get me the fire department.

CUT TO:

A long red FIRE TRUCK screaming through the streets, SIREN wailing, red light flashing as it weaves through traffic. Emblazoned on the side of the truck is an insignia: CITY FIRE DEPARTMENT. The truck pulls up in front of...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

...an imposing Gothic fortress, like New York's Dakota, seven floors or so, with ornate cornices and gargoyles that roar down at the street. The fire truck screeches up to the curb. THREE FIREMEN jump out; uncoiling the long hose from the truck, they hurry toward the building's entrance.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

A fussy uniformed GUARD emerges from behind his desk to meet the Firemen, who hurry in through the main doors, lugging the hose.

FIREMAN

We've got to start evacuating this building. Right now.

GUARD

There must be some mistake.

FIREMAN

Is this 2714 Lakeshore?

GUARD

Yes it is, but apparently there's been a mix-up.

The Guard turns to face a data control bank.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Look at the sensor.

(pointing it out)

See?

(pleased)

There's no fire.

He turns back to the Firemen...

...who are now wearing scary-looking OXYGEN MASKS, giving them a suddenly threatening appearance. The lead Fireman twists a valve on the hose...

...and WHOOSH! The nozzle spits forth a stream of FIRE, instantly incinerating the screaming Guard, and igniting the wall behind him! The flaming Guard rushes about madly, then falls over, dead.

The Firemen, wielding the evil hose, wash the lobby with flames. Furniture, draperies, the very walls are quickly burning out of control.

The lead Fireman pulls out a walkie-talkie:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

FIREMAN

This is Squad Ten! Request back-up!
We've got a fire out of control!
Request back-up!

They continue to spread the flames...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The whole building is blazing now, as distant sirens wail.

EXT. CITY STREETS - INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Britt's Maserati screeches to a stop at a red light. Waiting for the light to change, Britt taps his fingers to the quadrophonic beat of the stereo.

Then he glances to his left...where a GORGEOUS BABE sits behind the wheel of her idling Porsche. Schwing! Britt's in love...at least for the weekend. The Babe glances over at him. He flashes his killer smile. She smiles back at him, promisingly. Yowza.

Britt hits a button, lowering his power window--bzzzzz. The Babe seductively raises her eyebrows...

...and then SCREEECH! She peels out, running the red light, bolting into the busy intersection. Cars screech and swerve. The Porsche rockets on at a hundred mph.

It's a challenge. Britt peels out, zooming through the busy intersection, leaving a dozen crashing cars in his wake as he takes off in pursuit of the Porsche...

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The chase is on. The Maserati weaves dangerously through traffic, dodging opposing, oncoming cars as it zooms past pokey vehicles.

Finally, Britt catches the Porsche. He veers left, into the opposite lane, and pulls up alongside the Babe. She smiles over at him. He's won her.

The zooming cars, neck-and-neck, hurtle onto a BRIDGE...

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The bridge spans a wide river, the ramp rising up to a high point at the center, then sloping down toward the far bank. The Maserati and the Porsche roar side-by-side, heading up the ramp, Britt and the Babe making eyes at each other as they engage in this automotive foreplay.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

But then, A YOUNG ORIENTAL MAN on a MOTORCYCLE comes roaring right at Britt from the other side of the bridge! Britt slams on the brakes. The motorcycle is forced to swerve to avoid getting creamed. The Young Oriental Man crashes through a wooden guard rail and rides RIGHT OFF THE SIDE OF THE BRIDGE...

...and FALLS...FALLS...FALLS INTO THE RIVER below with a SPLASH!

The Maserati screeches to a stop. The Porsche roars on ahead. Britt jumps out and frantically dashes to the guard rail. He glances over the side, peering through the darkness down at the river far below.

IN THE RIVER

The Young Oriental Man--this is KATO--is splashing and kicking frantically, struggling to keep his head above water; obviously he cannot swim...

KATO
(Japanese accent)
Help! Help me!

Then he disappears beneath the surface...

BACK TO BRITT

He glances over at the Porsche, receding across the bridge.

BRITT
Shit.

Easy come, easy go.

Then he DIVES off the side of the bridge, slicing into the black waters below!

UNDERWATER

Britt grabs the flailing young man in dark moonlit waters. He hauls him back up toward the surface, following his own trail of bubbles...

TOPSIDE

Britt, with Kato in tow, bursts up from beneath the surface with a hungry gasp for air. Kato, still panicked, continues to struggle and flail about.

BRITT
Hold still! I've got you!

Kato begins to relax as Britt hauls him to shore.

ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER

MOMENTS LATER, Britt drags a fitfully coughing Kato out of the water and onto the river bank. Exhausted and soaking wet, he sits beside the recovering man.

BRITT

You okay?

Still coughing, Kato manages to nod. Catching his breath, he looks up at Britt.

KATO

You have saved my life.

BRITT

(nods)

I hope it was worth it, buddy. I just made the supreme sacrifice.

KATO

Yes. You have put your own life at risk.

BRITT

That's not what I meant. I--

KATO

And now I must do the same for you.

BRITT

What do you mean?

Kato gets to his feet. He bows slightly.

KATO

My name is Hayashi Kato. And I vow on my family's name that I will let no harm befall you until my debt is repaid.

BRITT

(standing)

What debt? What are you talking about?

KATO

You have saved my life. Now I owe you mine.

BRITT

Forget it. This one's on me.

He starts walking up the embankment toward the mouth of the bridge. Kato follows.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KATO
You do not understand. It is a
matter of honor. I am now
responsible for your safety.

This guy is serious! Britt stops in his tracks.

BRITT
Wait a minute. Let me get this
straight. You're saying that you
have to...protect me?

KATO
That is correct.

BRITT
And what, exactly, would this
entail?

KATO
I believe it is self-explanatory.

BRITT
(thinking)
Well...I suppose it would mean you'd
have to keep an eye on me.

KATO
Yes.

BRITT
All the time.

KATO
Yes.

BRITT
For how long?

KATO
Until the debt is repaid. Until I
save your life, as you have saved
mine.

BRITT
You're crazy.

Having reached the top of the embankment, Britt starts
walking along the bridge toward his Maserati. Kato follows.

KATO
I have no choice in this matter, Mr.
Reid. And neither do you.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

BRITT

How did you know my name?

KATO

I read the society pages. In fact,
I have the utmost respect for your
father's newspaper.

BRITT

Yeah, the two of you would really
hit it off.

KATO

I have a sacred obligation to you,
Mr. Reid, although I am sure the
meaning of the word eludes you.

BRITT

What's that supposed to mean?

KATO

I know how you live. So much
privilege, so much opportunity, yet
you give nothing back to the world.
You only take. In my country, that
is a sin.

(beat)

What must your father think?

Britt loses it. He lets his fist fly at Kato...

...and with lightning-fast speed, Kato blocks the punch and
flips Britt right over his shoulder! Britt lands on his
ass. He looks up at Kato, astonished. Kato, evidently, is
a karate whiz.

KATO

Do not trifle with me, Mr. Reid.
As of tonight, I am your guardian
angel...whether you like it or not.

Britt doesn't like it.

INT. DAILY SENTINEL - DAN REID'S OFFICE - DAY

Dan sits at his desk, dictating a letter to Casey.

DAN

...and furthermore, I believe we can
actually increase circulation by
lowering subscription rates.
Regardless, we have a duty to make
the news affordable to the public,
etcetera, etcetera, etcetera...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He trails off, removing his glasses, rubbing his temples. A migraine.

DAN (CONT'D)
Finish it for me, will you, Casey?

CASEY
Sure.

She knows something is eating him.

CASEY (CONT'D)
You want to talk about it?

DAN
I said some terrible things to him.

CASEY
And you wish you could take them back?

DAN
Hell, no. It was all true. And what's more, he knows it.

(beat)
That's the problem. He may act nonchalant, but deep down, he cares a lot. That's what paralyzes him. He's not afraid of failure, he's afraid of not being perfect. Because that's what I always demanded of him.

(beat)
It's my fault he's the way he is. It's my fault we've grown so far apart.

CASEY
Dan, you can't blame yourself for everything. I'm sure if you talked to him, he'd meet you halfway.

Dan contemplates this, hopeful. Then, the PHONE buzzes. Casey picks it up.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Mr. Reid's office...I'm sorry, he's in a--

Dan stops her with a wave of his hand.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

CASEY (CONT'D)

Oh, wait a minute, here he comes now. May I ask who's calling?

(a beat; then, to
Dan:)

A Father O'Halloran?

She hands him the phone.

DAN

Yes, this is Dan Reid.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

FATHER O'HALLORAN, a middle-aged priest, speaks hesitantly into the phone. It's the most important call he's ever made.

O'HALLORAN

Mr. Reid, my name is O'Halloran.
Father Frank O'Halloran. I work at
St. Michael's.

DAN (FILTERED)

Yes?

O'HALLORAN

Well...I think I may have a story
for you.

INT. TELEPHONE OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

A sea of computer terminals manned by Operators wearing headsets. We zero in on one such OPERATOR, a middle-aged woman with big glasses and a beehive hairdo. Moving in close to her headset, we can hear that she's listening in on O'HALLORAN'S LINE.

DAN (FILTERED)

What kind of story?

O'HALLORAN (FILTERED)

A big story. Really big.

The Operator, still eavesdropping on O'Halloran, quickly dials another number...

INT. O'HARE'S OFFICE - DAY

O'Hare is sitting at his desk, munching pistachios which his blonde, aerobicized secretary, MISS LOVE, is cracking open for him. Then the PHONE RINGS, accompanied by a tiny flashing red light. A hot line. O'Hare picks it up.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BIG ED

Yeah.

OPERATOR (FILTERED)

Sir, this is Operator four-one-two.
I think you'd better listen to this.

And then O'Hare can hear O'HALLORAN'S VOICE, clear as a bell:

O'HALLORAN (FILTERED)

All I can tell you is that it involves St. Michael's, the city utilities...and Mayor O'Hare.

DAN (FILTERED)

I see.

O'HALLORAN (FILTERED)

Mr. Reid, this is very delicate.
I'd rather discuss it in person.

DAN (FILTERED)

All right. Why don't you come down to my office?

O'HALLORAN (FILTERED)

No. It has to be private. I'll pick you up in front of your office in ten minutes?

DAN (FILTERED)

All right. I'll see you then.

Click. They hang up. O'Hare ponders a moment, gobbling pistachios.

OPERATOR (FILTERED)

Mayor, are you there?

BIG ED

Yeah, I'm here. Operator, call the Paramedics. Tell them there's been a terrible accident.

He hangs up and Miss Love continues feeding him pistachios.

EXT. DAILY SENTINEL - DAY

O'Halloran, driving a VW Bug, pulls up in front of the building. Dan climbs in and they zoom off.

EXT. INNER-CITY FREEWAY - DAY

O'Halloran's bug races noisily along the freeway, its sewing-machine engine whirring as it weaves through traffic.

INT. BUG - DAY

O'Halloran is nervous, paranoid. His wide apprehensive eyes stare down the freeway.

DAN

Now Father, do you want to tell me what this is all about? Why the secrecy?

O'HALLORAN

If they knew I was talking to you, they'd kill me.

DAN

Who'd kill you?

O'HALLORAN

O'Hare and his people. He owns the cops, he's got city hall in his pocket, he's using the city in ways no one has ever dreamed.

(pulls out some photos)

Look at these.

He hands the three photos to Dan.

O'HALLORAN

That's Rocky Di Falco, Eric O'Brien, and Johnny Clamp. All three were convicted of armed robbery in ninety-one. All three released on parole seven months later.

DAN

O'Hare's rehab program.

O'HALLORAN

Right. Now, all three are members of the city fire department. O'Hare got 'em their jobs.

DAN

What's the punch line?

O'HALLORAN

You know that fire at the Wellington yesterday? It wasn't any accident. These guys were the first ones on the scene.

DAN

Why would O'Hare want to torch the Wellington? Does he own it?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

O'HALLORAN

Nope.

DAN

Then what's in it for him?

O'HALLORAN

I don't know, but something big,
'cause he's gone to an awful lot of
trouble.

DAN

And what about you, Father? How did
you come by this information, and
why are you telling me now?

O'HALLORAN

So God will forgive me, Mr. Reid.

Then, they hear a SIREN, distant but insistent, growing
louder and closer. O'Halloran glances in the rear-view
mirror: an AMBULANCE is fast approaching.

He steers to the side of the road...

EXT. INNER-CITY FREEWAY - DAY

The Bug slows slightly as it pulls over toward the side of
the road, making way for the shrieking ambulance.

But then the ambulance suddenly veers with the Bug instead
of racing past it...

INT. BUG - DAY

Eyes on the road, O'Halloran is unaware that the ambulance
is roaring up behind him--until it BASHES into the back of
the Bug with a terrific jolt!

DAN

Christ!

O'HALLORAN

(terrified)

It's them.

Dan turns around, sees the rampaging, screaming ambulance,
its grill flashing with menace in the mid-day sun. The
ambulance BASHES the Bug again. Terrified, O'Halloran steps
on it...

EXT. INNER-CITY FREEWAY - DAY

SIREN blaring, the ambulance swerves out from behind the Bug
and pulls up alongside it.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Behind the wheel of the Bug, a terrified O'Halloran glances over at the ambulance: in the front seat, two uniformed PARAMEDICS--one BLOND, one DARK--smile maliciously at the priest. Dark, who's driving, suddenly yanks the wheel to the right. SMASH! The ambulance sideswipes the tiny Bug.

Holy Silkwood! They're going to force them off the road!

INT. BUG - DAY

Frantic, O'Halloran glances over to the right, where he's being inexorably forced by the deadly ambulance: beyond the freeway's shoulder is a steep, fatally deep embankment.

Dan frantically grabs the car phone, punches a number.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRITT'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

Britt answers the RINGING telephone.

BRITT

Hello?

DAN

(panicked)

Britt...

BRITT

Dad? Is that you?

DAN

Britt, listen to me. Find out about St. Michael's and the city utilities.

BRITT

St. Michael's? Dad, what's wrong?

Then SMASH! The ambulance sideswipes the Bug again.

DAN

Britt...I love you, son.

Now the Bug is on the dirt shoulder, mere inches from the embankment. Desperate, O'Halloran floors the accelerator...

EXT. INNER-CITY FREEWAY - DAY

...but the clunky Bug is no match for the powerful ambulance. The Paramedic, grinning fiendishly, jerks the wheel one last decisive time. SMASH!

The Bug goes flying toward the embankment...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

...as Dan manages to open the door and fall rolling onto the dirt shoulder...

...and then the Bug shoots off the embankment with O'Halloran screaming behind the wheel, and plummets...plummets...and CRASHES to the bottom of the embankment--KABOOM!--exploding into a mushrooming fireball.

INTERCUT WITH BRITT

hearing the explosion over the telephone, reacting with horror.

BRITT

Dad!

BACK TO DAN

Lying on the side of the road, Dan is semiconscious. Through bleary eyes he sees a couple of passing cars stop to help. People emerge from the cars and start running toward him. He's saved.

But then the TWO PARAMEDICS, having stopped also, approach on foot from another direction. They're carrying a stretcher...

...and a canister marked OXYGEN with an attached gas mask.

The Paramedics urge the onlookers aside.

DARK PARAMEDIC

Let us through, please, let us through.

DAN

(weakly)

No...

The bystanders willingly make room for the professionals. Dark Paramedic bends down toward Dan, wielding the GAS MASK. The canister HISSES loudly.

DAN

Nooooo!

Before Dan has the strength to resist, the Paramedic places the mask over his face. HISSSSS. He struggles, then wilts, his eyes closing.

DARK PARAMEDIC

He's dead.

The bystanders cluck in sympathy.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BYSTANDER #1

Oh my God.

BYSTANDER #2

That's terrible.

BLOND PARAMEDIC

Yeah, it happens like that
sometimes. Damn shame.

He covers Dan's face with a sheet.

CUT TO:

A SPINNING NEWSPAPER, a DAILY SENTINEL with the headline:

DAN REID KILLED IN AUTO ACCIDENT

Beneath the fold, off to the side and comprising just one
column is the barely noticeable headline:

HISTORIC BUILDING DEVASTATED BY FIRE

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A RAINY funeral as Dan's coffin is lowered into its grave.
Mourners with umbrellas weep and sob. A Minister delivers a
eulogy:

MINISTER

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust...

Etcetera. Britt stands beside the gravesite, looking ashen,
bewildered, devastated. Casey stands nearby, sobbing
quietly. Fifty yards away, at the edge of the cemetery,
Kato stands respectfully. Watching. The Minister concludes
the ceremony:

MINISTER

...and may Dan Reid rest in peace.

The Mourners begin to file away, hugging Britt and shaking
his hand as they pass. Then a group of TV REPORTERS accost
Britt:

REPORTER #1

Mr. Reid, is it true that you're
selling your share in the company?

REPORTER #2

Will Mike Axford be taking over as
editor-in-chief?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Kato appears at Britt's side and fends the reporters off. Surprised, Britt gives him a grateful look. He makes his way through the crowd to a POLICE CAR parked at the curb. A cop--SERGEANT FLETCHER--waits behind the wheel. Britt climbs inside. Kato keeps the nosy reporters at bay.

INT. COP CAR - DAY

Britt pulls the door closed, shutting out the reporters and the rain.

FLETCHER

I'm sorry to intrude on your grief,
Mr. Reid.

BRITT

Never mind. What did you find out?

FLETCHER

Nothing. Nothing at all. Your
father's death was an accident,
plain and simple.

BRITT

There was nothing simple about it,
Sergeant. That car was forced off
the road. I heard it.

FLETCHER

We found no evidence of foul play.

Britt sighs in exasperation.

BRITT

You'll stand by that?

FLETCHER

Absolutely.

BRITT

Thank you for your time, Sergeant.

Britt climbs out of the car.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The RAIN patters down on the formerly impressive Wellington apartment building, now gutted by the fire of a few days before, and cordoned off by yellow tape. A fire truck remains posted at the curb; three firemen--the firemen we know to be responsible for the devastation--pick through the ashes.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Ed, gnawing on a candy bar, motors through the wreckage in a huge WHEELCHAIR, accompanied by a TV REPORTER. On closer inspection, we see a logo on the side of the wheelchair: "CATERPILLAR." It's a specially converted tractor! Miss Love shields Ed from the rain with an umbrella.

REPORTER

Mayor, did you hurt yourself?

ED

No. I just hate walking.

(viewing the
devastation)

It's terrible, just terrible, what's happened here. We're doing everything we can to accommodate those who lost their homes in this tragedy. Thank God for our fire department. If it weren't for them, the loss of life and property would have been far greater.

REPORTER

Thanks, Ed. That'll do it.

The Reporter and his TV crew head away. Then the Lead Fireman approaches Ed.

FIREMAN

Sir, we've gone through her top to bottom.

(a beat)

The needle isn't here.

ED

Damn. All that work for nothing. Well, we'll just have to move on to the next haystack. We'll find it.

(then, to Miss

Love:)

Where are we going for dinner?

Ed motors away, Miss Love keeping pace with the umbrella at his side.

EXT. REID MANSION - NIGHT

Rain patters mournfully on the stately mansion. We see a light shining from the garage...

INT. REID MANSION - GARAGE - NIGHT

Britt sits behind the wheel of an antique limo,

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

half-restored, a sleek black classic with running boards and gangster white walls. We see the proud ornament on the hood: HUDSON HORNET. Kato stands nearby.

BRITT
(caressing the steering wheel)
This car was my father's pride and joy. He'd been restoring her for years. He even had a name for her. He called her the "Black Beauty."

KATO
(surveying the car)
1948 Hudson Hornet Special. Only five hundred were made. Less than ten are known to still exist.
(beat)
She is beautiful.

BRITT
You know cars, Hayashi?

KATO
Yes. I am an engineering major at the university.
(caressing a fender)
She could be completed...

Britt looks at him thoughtfully.

BRITT
Of course the cops didn't find anything. O'Hare owns the cops. Dad was right all along.

INT. REID MANSION - BRITT'S OLD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Britt enters. It's the same bedroom as when Britt was a boy, looking exactly as it did in 1968. It's as if Britt were entering a time warp back to his childhood.

He sits on the edge of the bed. Kato remains at the doorway.

BRITT
This was my room when I was a kid. God, I was happy here.

He glances about the room, at the baseball pennants, the horror movie posters, the photo of the lunar module.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BRITT (CONT'D)

My father used to tell me stories before I went to sleep. I never fell asleep, though. I just loved to hear him talk.

(a beat)

I never got a chance to tell him that. I never got a chance to tell him anything.

(beat)

No, I had the chance. I just never bothered.

Kato's usually impassive face shows real empathy. Britt gets up, paces about the room.

BRITT (CONT'D)

He had such high hopes for me and I let him down. God, if I could just do something to make it up to him! If I could just do something that I know would have made him proud!

At this moment, for the first time during the scene, CAMERA MOVES to include the LONE RANGER PAINTING, looming on the wall above and behind Britt, as if beckoning him...

...and then, as if responding to a call, Britt slowly, slowly, turns to look at the painting. He gazes up at it, for the first time in years. And something like joy floods his face.

BRITT

I've got it. I've got it!

KATO

You have got what?

BRITT

(rushes to Kato)

O'Hare is untouchable. He can't be gotten to by any traditional means.

KATO

So?

BRITT

So, it follows that in order to get him, one will have to resort to...untraditional means.

KATO

Yes, it follows.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

BRITT

That's it! I know what we have to do!

He rushes back to the painting, stares at it.

KATO

We?

Kato follows Britt's gaze to the painting...and focuses in on Tonto.

KATO

Oh, no...

BRITT

Oh, he'd have loved this!

Britt hurries out of the room. Kato follows.

KATO

Oh, no...

INT. REID MANSION - DAN'S CLOTHES CLOSET - NIGHT

The doors are flung open and Britt rushes inside. He starts sifting through the dozens of hanging suits. Kato is right behind him.

KATO

You are under a tremendous strain, Mr. Reid. I think you should sit down.

BRITT

(flinging suits
aside)

No, too casual...too formal...God, did he actually wear this?

KATO

You are taking all this much too literally. It was just a story your father told you so you would go to sleep.

BRITT

You're wrong, Kato. He was trying to inspire me. And for the first time in my life, I'm inspired. Dad always said, the first step in an offensive maneuver is to intimidate your opponent. Well, by God, I'm going to intimidate O'Hare.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He pulls a suit off the rack and holds it up-- shirt, pants, and top coat, circa 1940. Very gangsterish.

The suit is green.

Britt pulls a matching green fedora off the overhead shelf. He puts the hat on and holds the suit in front of him.

BRITT
What do you think?

KATO
Green is not your color.

BRITT
It's Dad's color. Which makes it perfect. Kato, how long would it take you to get the Beauty running?

KATO
Mr. Reid, you do not have to do this.

BRITT
You're wrong, Kato. I do have to do this...and you are honor-bound to help me.

Kato says nothing, just stands there, looking grim. He knows Britt is right.

INT. DAILY SENTINEL - EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

With the chugging presses visible through the window behind him, Axford has taken Dan's place at the head of the table. The troops are all seated about him. Casey is serving coffee.

AXFORD
Now I want everyone to rest assured that it will be business as usual around here. I don't plan on making any sweeping changes. Certainly not in personnel, if that's what you're worried about.

A smattering of forced laughter from the troops.

AXFORD (CONT'D)
But as far as the Sentinel's position on O'Hare goes, well, O'Hare was Dan's crusade, not mine. I expect routine objective coverage.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Murmuring from the troops...and then the big double doors burst open...

...and in walks Britt, looking sharp in a suit! Kato hovers behind him. Jaws drop.

BRITT
(nervous)
Sorry I'm late.

Axford shoots to his feet, knocking the cup from Casey's hand. Hot coffee spills all over his lap.

CASEY
Oh, I'm sorry!

She hands him a napkin. He dabs his pants, embarrassed and angry.

AXFORD
Britt! What can we do for you?

Britt, shadowed by Kato, circles around the table, heading toward Axford.

BRITT
Well, it would really help me a lot if everyone would just do what they normally do. It's gonna take me awhile to learn the ropes.
(points to Kato)
Oh. This is Hayashi, my bodyguard.

Kato bows.

AXFORD
Britt, you don't seriously intend to run this newspaper.

BRITT
I'm as surprised as you are.

He reaches Axford's chair--Dan's chair. He waits for Axford to step aside.

AXFORD
This is ridiculous! You don't know the first thing about--

BRITT
Don't worry about it. I'll figure it out.

Axford stands there, flabbergasted, refusing to move.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

BRITT (CONT'D)

Mike, my father's wishes were very clear in his will...

AXFORD

Your father was a sentimental old man. Britt, be reasonable. You don't have the experience. You can't just waltz in and run a major metropolitan newspaper!

BRITT

You were gonna do it. How hard could it be?

Casey and the others, watching the confrontation, stifle laughter. They're impressed by Britt. News intervenes:

NEWS

Mike, give him a chance.

Axford has no choice but to step aside.

AXFORD

Fine.

(sits nearby)

You're on, hotshot.

Axford sits back, folding his arms behind his head, waiting for Britt to fail.

Casey, looking skeptical, hands Britt a fat file stuffed with papers.

CASEY

You'll need this. Good luck.

Britt eyes the intimidatingly fat file.

As Casey heads out of the room, ONLY WE SEE her inconspicuously flip a switch on a box marked "INTERCOM." She's switched it on. She exits, closing the door behind her.

Britt surveys the troops before him. They're waiting for him to speak. Gulp. He clears his throat, then sits.

BRITT

(riffing)

Okay...let's get started.

News leans forward with a sheaf of pages.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (3)

NEWS

Britt, we've got the Queen's visit,
the lottery referendum, and the
earthquake in Mexico.

BRITT

I see. I, uh...

Britt doesn't know how to respond. Axford smiles.

Desperate for some clue as to how to proceed, Britt opens
the file...

...revealing, on top, a white page with these clearly
printed words:

LEAD WITH QUEEN
EARTHQUAKE UNDER FOLD
LOTTERY ON PAGE 3

Britt reads what he sees, though the troops don't realize
he's reading:

BRITT (CONT'D)

Uh...lead with the queen, put the
earthquake under the fold, and run
the lottery piece on page three.

NEWS

Will do.

News arranges his papers accordingly. Britt sighs in
relief. Axford's smile fades.

INTERCUT WITH:

OUTER OFFICE

Casey's sitting at her desk, typing away as she monitors the
meeting, listening in on her headset. She smiles in
response to Britt's performance.

BACK TO:

EDITOR'S OFFICE

Britt smiles. This is going okay. Then Axford, eager to
bring Britt down, asks:

AXFORD

What about tomorrow's editorial,
Britt?

BRITT

Editorial?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

AXFORD

It's part of the job description.
Editors write editorials about
current events and issues. You did
write one, didn't you?

Britt's got nothing to lose: he flips to the next page in
the file, and finds a sheaf of papers stapled together, the
top sheet bearing a big yellow post-it with the following
printed on it:

!!EDITORIAL!!

BRITT

(smiling)

Why yes, I believe I did.

Peeling off the post-it, he hands the editorial to Axford.
Axford examines it.

AXFORD

Women's rights in the work place?

BRITT

(clenched teeth)

You got a problem with that?

INTERCUT WITH:

OUTER OFFICE

Casey laughs to herself.

BACK TO:

EDITOR'S OFFICE

Britt's winding up the meeting. He closes the file.

BRITT

There's one more thing. I want
someone to do a little digging down
at St. Michael's Church, on Fifth
and Broad.

NEWS

What are we looking for?

BRITT

I'll know when we find it.

NEWS

I'll get someone on it right away.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

AXFORD

Wait a minute. You can't waste valuable manpower on something like this without a reason. What's so important about a damned church?

BRITT

It's personal.

AXFORD

This isn't your own personal private detective agency. I think you're out of line, Britt. I think you're going to ruin this company...

(standing)

And I think your father would have agreed with me.

Britt, furious, shoots to his feet, ready to fight...

...when suddenly the INTERCOM BUZZES:

CASEY (FILTERED)

Oh Britt, I'm sorry to interrupt, but I've got London on line three.

Britt freezes. He calms down, lowering his fists.

BRITT

(to the troops)

Thanks, everyone.

The troops file out. Casey comes back in.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Saved by the bell. Thanks, Casey.

CASEY

Just don't expect me to bail you out again.

BRITT

Women's rights in the work place?

CASEY

You got a problem with that?

Britt laughs. He holds up the savior file.

BRITT

You knew I was coming all along, didn't you?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

CASEY

Are you kidding? I'm with Axford.
I give you two weeks, tops.

(grabs the file)

I believe in being prepared, Britt.
Your father taught me that. The
Sentinel was his dream. It can't be
allowed to die.

She hurries out of the room, maintaining her cynical posture. But now, Britt knows she cares. Smiling, he watches her leave.

CUT TO:

A SPINNING NEWSPAPER, a DAILY SENTINEL with the headline:

QUEEN VISITS CITY ON NATIONAL TOUR

Pages flip to the Op-Ed page, where we see, beneath Britt's photo, the headline:

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN THE WORKPLACE
by Britt Reid

MORE SPINNING NEWSPAPERS follow, indicating a passage of time. SUPERIMPOSED over the above is a quick montage of Kato working on the Black Beauty.

INT. REID MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

Kato has disassembled a collection of antique guns, circa 1940. The various parts are laid out on a desk as Kato works on them. Britt approaches.

BRITT

What are you doing with Dad's gun collection?

KATO

We are going to need weapons, are we not?

BRITT

I don't think I could shoot anyone.

KATO

When I am through with them, they will not shoot bullets.

BRITT

What will they shoot?

KATO

Patience.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Britt shrugs. Then he lays a photograph on the desk for Kato to see: it's a photo of O'HALLORAN.

BRITT

That's Father O'Halloran. Also known as Frank O'Halloran, convicted drug lord, released from prison in eighty-nine on parole, courtesy O'Hare's rehab program. Upon discharge from prison, he entered the seminary.

Then he lays out a series of additional photos: a man, a couple of women, a kid of sixteen or so.

BRITT (CONT'D)

(pointing)

That's Anthony Corelli. Convicted of drug trafficking in eighty-nine... This is Eva Grund, this is Sheila Whitesell, this is Billy Jones. They all worked for Corelli, they all did time before getting "rehabilitated" by O'Hare...

(beat)

...at which point they all entered the ministry.

KATO

And went to work at St. Michaels.

BRITT

Exactly. That's no ordinary church, Kato. I think Dad stumbled onto something sinister here. I think he was murdered before he could talk.

Britt moves to the window, stares out.

BRITT

Is the Beauty ready?

KATO

Yes. I've made some refinements on her, as well.

BRITT

Good. Are you ready?

KATO

Mr. Reid, I respect your thirst for justice, but I question your tactics. You are embarking on a most perilous course.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

BRITT

But Kato, what do I have to be
scared of when I have you to protect
me?

Kato nods grimly.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

At the dead-end of a deserted, grimy, inner-city alleyway, a large BILLBOARD adorns the brick face of a warehouse. The billboard features a pair of lovers, kissing in profile, and the advertisement: "KISSIN' MINTS--HOW SWEET THEY ARE!"

Suddenly the billboard seems to SPLIT down the middle, right through the lovers' puckered lips. The two halves slide into the brick wall...

...revealing a SECRET DOOR! Out of this door comes the Black Beauty--now beautifully restored--roaring into the alleyway. Then the two halves of the billboard slide back into place, restoring the lovers' kiss, and hiding the secret door from the world.

The Beauty screeches out of the alley and into the night...

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

At the top of the concrete jungle, where skyscrapers touch misting clouds, all is quiet. Dark. Peaceful. The city is sleeping...at least up here. Because at these lofty heights, where ornate cornices and sleek glass walls bespeak fabulous, cocooning wealth, what is there to disturb one's sleep?

But far below, deep in the narrow canyons between the looming towers, something stirs: a speck of light, beetling a path through the urban maze, a Pac-Man on some urgent nocturnal errand.

In the thick of the concrete jungle, the natives are restless...

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Seen up close, the beetling speck of light is revealed to be a beat-up old van. It pulls up in front of the mammoth church, a beautiful Gothic affair with pristine windows of stained glass, delicate spires, exquisite detail. The building itself seems touched by God.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The van's engine sputters off, its headlights wink out, and a man climbs out from behind the wheel. He's youngish, leather-jacketed, unshaven, mean-looking--a gang member, from the looks of him, hardly the type to frequent a church. Nevertheless, he hurries up the steps toward the entrance.

He's carrying a BRIEFCASE.

Then, the bright beams of light from another car sweep across the steps, briefly spotlighting the man with the briefcase as he disappears inside the church. There's something unusual about these lights.

They're green.

The lights fade away, and we hear the sound of the unseen car's powerful engine rumble to a stop. We hear a door open, then slam shut, and finally, we see a long, imposing shadow fall across the church steps.

It's the shadow of a man wearing a fedora, and a long topcoat that billows in the wind.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The man with the briefcase makes his way down the center aisle. His footsteps on the stone floor ECHO throughout the vaulted cathedral. Somewhere, an ORGAN is playing softly, reverently. A dozen or so late-night worshippers and homeless people are scattered throughout the carved wooden pews. TWO NUNS in habits and robes hover about the altar, lighting candles, and an ALTAR BOY pours wine from a glass decanter into silver goblets.

The man with the briefcase turns down an intersecting aisle, heading for the CONFESSIONALS beyond a row of columns at the edge of the church. He approaches one of the tiny compartments and steps inside, closing the door behind him.

INT. CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

In the hushed semidarkness of the confessional, the man with the briefcase raps on the grated partition.

BRIEFCASE

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned.

VOICE (O.S.)

How long since your last confession, my son?

BRIEFCASE

(shrugs)

I ain't even a Catholic.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

VOICE (O.S.)

Ah. A lost sheep that has found its flock.

(a beat)

Absolution doesn't come cheap, you know. As with anything, there is a price.

BRIEFCASE

Yeah, I know.

There's a THUNK as a knee-high trap door between the cubicles slides open. Our man slides the briefcase through to the other side...

IN THE NEIGHBORING COMPARTMENT

Now we're on the other side of the partition as the briefcase slides through. A pair of hands click it open: it's stuffed with hundred-dollar bills--a million in cold, hard, green cash.

CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal the owner of the voice and hands: ANTHONY CORELLI, alias "The Father," a drug dealer posing as a priest in white clerical collar. He smiles down at the money.

CORELLI

(chuckling)

My, you are truly sorry for your sins, aren't you?

Corelli pulls out a second briefcase, this one open and containing plastic bags full of cocaine. He closes this briefcase, slides it through the trap door, and slams the door shut.

CORELLI (CONT'D)

I absolve you. Now go...and spread the good word.

He chuckles at his little joke.

Suddenly Corelli is startled to hear the distinct sound of a PUNCH on the other side of the partition. He hears Briefcase GASP in pain, the wind knocked out of him, then hears his body CRUMPLE to the floor.

And then comes the sound of a NEW VOICE--deep, confident, amused:

VOICE (O.S.)

Forgive me, father, for I have sinned.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Something is wrong. Corelli peers through the grating but can't make anything out in the dark cubicle.

Cautious, Corelli surreptitiously fingers a BUTTON on the wall...

INT. CHURCH - ALTAR - NIGHT

In response to Corelli's signal, one of the nuns touches an EARPIECE beneath her habit. Communication. She stops lighting candles, then silently signals to the second nun. They scurry off toward the confessionals...

INT. CHURCH - CORELLI'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

Back to Corelli as he tries to stall the unseen intruder:

CORELLI
Uh...how long since your last
confession?

VOICE (O.S.)
It's been a while. I've been busy.

CORELLI
Tell me your sins, then.

VOICE (O.S.)
Well, to begin with, Father, I steal
from people.

CORELLI
I see. What else?

VOICE (O.S.)
Sometimes I hurt them, too.

Corelli fingers his collar apprehensively.

CORELLI
Hmm. Anything else?

VOICE (O.S.)
Used the Lord's name in vain a
couple of times.

CORELLI
(clearing his
throat)
Yes. Well. You're truly sorry for
your sins, aren't you, my son?

VOICE (O.S.)
Not as sorry as your boss is going
to be.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CORELLI
You mean the Lord?

VOICE (O.S.)
You know who I mean. You tell him
as of tonight, there's a new player
in town. Tell him he's about to
feel the sting...of the Hornet.

And with that, there's a PSSSST as a cloud of GREEN GAS is suddenly sprayed through the grating! Corelli starts coughing uncontrollably, then crumples to the floor, unconscious.

OUTSIDE THE CONFESSIONALS

The Nuns suddenly pull MACHINE GUNS out from under their robes, and FOR THE FIRST TIME, WE SEE THEIR FACES CLEARLY: they aren't really nuns at all, but tough-looking MALE THUGS in disguise! As they open fire on the intruder's confessional, the worshippers in the line of fire scream and hit the deck.

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! The Nuns make Swiss cheese of the confessional door. Then, quiet.

Cautiously, the Nuns approach the decimated door. Nun #1 covers Nun #2 as his buddy reaches out and pulls the door open...

...and out falls poor Briefcase, riddled with bullet holes, oozing blood, obviously quite dead. Where's the intruder?

Then with shocking surprise the door to Corelli's neighboring compartment SLAMS open, BASHING into Nun #2, knocking him to the floor!

Nun #1 whirls to see, emerging from the compartment, THE GREEN HORNET, fashionably attired in green topcoat, fedora, and mask--a hip, self-styled gangster wielding some sort of high-tech pistol. It too is green, of course. It's called the "Hornet Gun."

Before Nun #1 can fire, the Hornet pulls his trigger, blasting the Nun's face with a direct hit of GREEN GAS. He coughs fitfully, then falls to the floor, unconscious.

Behind Hornet, Nun #2, recovering from the door slam, shakes his head clear. He grabs his Uzi...

...but then A BOOTED FOOT kicks the weapon right out of his hand, sending it clattering across the stone floor! The surprised Nun looks up to see...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

...KATO, decked out in a black suit and tie, chauffeur's cap, and black mask! He slowly waves his fists before him in an intimidating posture of defense: don't fuck with me.

The Nun leaps to his feet and attacks. Kato lets fly with a dazzling barrage of kung fu maneuvers, kicking and punching, flipping and cartwheeling. Their fight ranges across the rows of pews, sending the terrified worshippers scattering.

Meanwhile, Hornet pockets his gun, reaches inside the confessional, and pulls out the two briefcases. Then with shocking surprise the ALTAR BOY rears up behind our hero and savagely SMASHES the wine decanter against his head! Stunned, Hornet drops the briefcases.

Then he whirls and lets the Altar Boy have it with a powerful right-hook to the jaw. Altar Boy returns the blow: his angelic face is utterly belied by his savagery. Their fight carries them out amongst the pews, until they're duking it out alongside Kato and the Nun.

Hornet's fighting style is raw, bludgeoning strength; Kato's is pure finesse, a series of almost balletic movements, efficient and lightning-fast.

Pummelling the Altar Boy, grunting with the effort, Hornet glances over at Kato, who seems almost relaxed as he methodically dodges the Nun's punches, toying with him, really, while his eyes are actually on the Hornet, assessing his form. Hornet frowns, feeling criticized by Kato's gaze.

HORNET

(while fighting)

What are you looking at?

KATO

(while dodging)

Your enemy will never stand still.
Know this and act accordingly.

Kato demonstrates, feinting and weaving, as the Nun's punches repeatedly miss their target.

KATO (CONT'D)

You are wasting energy.

Insulted, Hornet hauls off and coldcocks the Altar Boy, sending him sprawling, unconscious, over a pew. Hornet turns to Kato, smiling, as if to say, "Top that!"

Responding to the challenge, Kato calmly sidesteps the Nun's latest punch...and the momentum of the punch sends the Nun CRASHING through a stained-glass window! He goes sailing out into the night, robes trailing behind him.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (3)

Hornet grins, impressed.

BACK AT THE CONFESSIONALS

Corelli comes to, shaking his head clear, as the effects of the gas wear off. He grabs the two briefcases, then dashes out of the church.

Hornet and Kato take off after him.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Corelli comes sprinting down the steps to the curb...where THE AMBULANCE--the one that killed Dan and O'Halloran--is parked. Corelli pulls open the rear doors and leaps inside. Dark Paramedic is behind the wheel; Blond is riding shotgun.

CORELLI

Go! Go! Go!

The ambulance peels out, SIREN wailing, red light flashing.

Kato and Hornet come running down the steps.

HORNET

They're getting away! You were supposed to be covering me!

KATO

I was covering you!

HORNET

Some bodyguard you are!

They hurry toward the Black Beauty, parked at the curb.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

Our heroes pile in--Kato in front, Hornet in back.

HORNET (CONT'D)

Let's roll, Kato!

Kato fires the engine and floors the accelerator...

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Green headlights pointing the way, the Beauty peels out, roaring off at a hundred mph down the slick, neon-washed street in pursuit of the ambulance...

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

They're gaining on the ambulance...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

...but then a COP CAR suddenly appears dead ahead of the Beauty, SIREN wailing and red lights flashing as it comes screaming right at the limo!

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

Swerving to avoid the cop car, Kato is forced to veer off from his pursuit of the ambulance, turning onto another street. Through the rear window, Hornet watches the ambulance recede.

HORNET
We're losing them!

Then the cop car comes screaming after them, now joined by a SECOND. Hornet fingers a high-tech radio, scanning the waves for police chatter. He finds it:

CHASE COP #1 (FILTERED)
Lincoln sixteen here, we're in
pursuit of a black, antique limo,
make and model unknown...

CHASE COP #2 (FILTERED)
Roger, Lincoln, we're right behind
you.

Hornet turns to Kato.

HORNET
Got any more horses up there, Kato?

KATO
(glancing at
speedometer)
A few.

HORNET
Let's trot 'em out.

Kato floors it...

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The Beauty roars down the slick streets. The screaming cop cars are in hot pursuit, one after the other...

CLOSE ON THE BEAUTY'S TAIL LIGHTS

where a hidden VIDEO CAMERA whirs, watching the pursuing cop cars...

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

Watching the cop cars on several TV SCREENS, Hornet can see they're not falling behind.

HORNET
Lose them, Kato.

Kato hits a button...

EXT. BLACK BEAUTY/CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The Beauty's TAIL PIPE spews a smoking WHITISH LIQUID--which FREEZES on contact with the ground! Instant ice patch!

The lead cop car hits the ice, spinning out of control and finally side-swiping a tree with a definitive CRASH. They're out of commission. The second cop car swerves around the ice and continues the chase...

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

On the monitor, Hornet gets a last glimpse of the wrecked cop car in their wake.

HORNET
Was that oil?

KATO
Ice. It's biodegradable.

Hornet nods approvingly. Then he glances back at the mirror: the second cop car is gaining.

HORNET
They're still on our ass.

Kato hits another button...

EXT. BLACK BEAUTY/CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The Beauty's TAIL PIPE spews thick billowing plumes of GREEN GAS...

The second cop car hits the sudden green fog bank, vanishing inside it, then emerging spinning, out of control, and CRASHING into a storefront!

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

Pleased, Hornet watches on the TV monitors as they leave the crippled cars in their dust.

HORNET
Not bad, Kato.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KATO
For an American car.

Before Hornet can respond, YET ANOTHER COP CAR comes roaring right at them, threatening a head-on collision!

There are no other streets to turn onto. Our heroes are seconds away from a head-on collision with the cop car!

HORNET
(nervous)
Kato...

Kato's face, as usual, betrays no emotion. He doesn't look nervous at all about the impending crash. He simply leans on the horn...

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

...and the Beauty emits a king-size supersonic BOOM, causing the oncoming cop car to suddenly SMASH into the resulting invisible brick wall, front end crunching like an accordion!

The Beauty screeches to a stop before the cop car. Peering through the windshield at the crippled vehicle, Hornet is astonished.

KATO
Supersonic emission. The build-up of air particles creates a temporary barrier.

HORNET
(humbled)
Is this standard equipment, or optional?
(a beat)
Let's go.

Kato backs up, turns around, and goes roaring off in the direction from which they came...

INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

The TWO COPS manning this car shake their heads clear, recovering from the bizarre collision. Dumbfounded, they peer out at the car's crunched, steaming front end.

COP #1
What the hell was that?

COP #2
(pointing)
Come on, he's gettin' away!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Cop #1 fires the stalled engine. Again. And again. Finally, it turns over, and they go zooming off after the Beauty...

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

Our heroes are roaring away from the crunched cop car when a WHOLE FLEET OF NEW COP CARS suddenly converge at the mouth of the road up ahead, blocking their escape route! They're cut off at both ends! An upcoming ALLEY is their only hope.

Kato has no choice but to steer into the alley...

EXT. CITY STREETS/ALLEY - NIGHT

The Beauty turns screeeeeching into the narrow alley, CRASHING through piles of trash cans...

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

Kato expertly maneuvers the car through the narrow alley at seventy-plus miles-per-hour. Hornet listens to the cops on the radio:

CHASE COP #3 (FILTERED)
Circle around the block! We'll trap him in the alley!

CHASE COP #4 (FILTERED)
Roger that.

Kato looks calm, but Hornet is agitated.

HORNET
They have us!

KATO
Not so fast.

Kato hits another button...

EXT. BLACK BEAUTY/ALLEY - NIGHT

...and before our eyes the Black Beauty seems to TURN ITSELF INSIDE OUT, its black sides and shiny chrome REVOLVING around, transforming the black '48 Hudson into...

...a WHITE '92 CONTINENTAL LIMOUSINE! That's right--even the car has a secret identity!

INT. CONTINENTAL LIMO - NIGHT

Hornet stares, trying to hide his disbelief, as the dashboard in front REVOLVES, transforming itself into a modern Mercedes dash.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Hornet and Kato remove their masks. Now they're Britt and Hayashi again.

The cop cars enter the alley from both ends. They zoom past the Mercedes, unsuspecting. On the police radio:

CHASE COP (FILTERED)
Where the hell are they?

Britt consults a RADAR SCOPE. A white blip blinks prominently.

BRITT
I've got the ambulance. Heading
north on Riverside. Let's roll!

Kato hits it.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE - NIGHT

The ambulance screams down the road, SIREN wailing, red light flashing.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Corelli and the Paramedics are relaxing now.

DARK PARAMEDIC
We lost 'em.

But then the BLACK BEAUTY roars into view directly behind them!

CORELLI
Wanna bet?

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

They've got their masks on again as they resume their pursuit of the ambulance.

HORNET
Kato, pull up alongside the
ambulance.

KATO
What do you have in mind?

HORNET
Something I've wanted to try since
I was a kid.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The limo pulls up alongside the ambulance. Hornet opens his door...

KATO
What are you doing?

EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE - NIGHT

Hornet LEAPS from the Black Beauty onto the rear bumper of the ambulance (much like the Lone Ranger had jumped from his horse onto the train in our prologue!).

Clinging to the back of the ambulance as it screams through the streets, Hornet tries the rear doors. They're locked.

He climbs up onto the roof, keeping low. Cars in the path of the ambulance pull over to let it pass.

The Black Beauty keeps pace with the ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

The Paramedics hear THUMPING on the roof.

DARK PARAMEDIC
We got company.

Blond reaches into the glove compartment and pulls out a GUN. He starts FIRING, blowing holes through the roof.

EXT AMBULANCE ON CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Hornet bucks and rolls on the roof, dodging the bullets.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Tracking the sound of the THUMPING, Blond gets up out of the passenger seat and moves to the rear of the ambulance. He's looking up, concentrating on the ceiling. THUMP THUMP. He FIRES--BAM! BAM! BAM!--until the roof starts to look like Swiss cheese.

Then, quiet. Blond pauses, listening, peering up through the holes. Did he hit him?

Then with shocking surprise the Hornet comes CRASHING through the side window, swinging down from the roof, kicking the gun out of Blond's hand...

...as well as sending Corelli CRASHING through the side window!

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Corelli comes crashing out of the speeding ambulance amidst glassy shards. He rolls across the pavement, finally coming to a rest. But he's okay: he shakes his head clear, then gets to his feet, watching the ambulance and the Beauty recede.

CORELLI

Shit.

He starts limping off down the road.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Behind the wheel, Dark glances over his shoulder and into the rear-view mirror at the ensuing fight in the back of the ambulance.

Hornet and Blond exchange mighty, crunching punches. In response to one of the Hornet's blows, Blond falls back onto the briefcases.

Blond recovers quickly, scrambling for his gun. With a swift back-handed fist, Hornet knocks the gun out of his hand again, this time sending it flying out through the jagged broken window and into the night.

Blond counters with a crushing blow to the jaw that sends Hornet reeling. Tripping over the briefcases, Hornet falls backward and smashes his head on the floor, leaving him dazed...and vulnerable.

Blond catches his breath. Smiling fiendishly, he reaches into a storage locker and pulls out...

...a portable DEFIB KIT, one of those things that shock arrested hearts back to life.

Imagine what they can do to a heart that's still beating.

Blond is imagining just that, and the thought brings an evil grin to his lips. He switches the device on: it hums up to speed. Advancing toward the semiconscious Hornet, he rubs the two plates together with fetishistic glee, warming them up. He glances at the base of the kit as the "READY" light switches on...

In an ecstasy of anticipation, Blond, wielding the lethal plates, turns back to the Hornet and utters the signal universally known from countless TV shows:

BLOND

Clear!

He brings the plates down toward the Hornet's chest...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

...and in a flash the Hornet jams his knee up into Blond's groin, knocking the wind out of him! Dropping the plates, he doubles over in pain. Hornet finishes him off with a right-hook to the jaw, knocking him out.

Hornet grabs the briefcases, carrying both in one hand. With his free hand, he pulls out his gun. He moves to the front of the ambulance...

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The Black Beauty continues to roar alongside the screaming ambulance...

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Standing beside the Dark Paramedic behind the wheel, Hornet menaces him with his gun.

HORNET

Pull over.

Suddenly Dark SLAMS on the brakes--SCREEECH!--and the Hornet goes CRASHING through the windshield--still clutching the briefcases!

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Hornet thuds painfully to the ground in front of the ambulance amid a shower of broken glass. He's dazed, semiconscious. An easy target.

In the ambulance, Dark smiles at his prey.

Then, like a bull, the ambulance bolts forward, charging toward the Hornet! He's going to be killed!

But then the BLACK BEAUTY comes roaring at the ambulance from the side, broadsiding it before it reaches the Hornet...

...and sending it CRASHING DOWN A CLIFF! KABOOM! It EXPLODES in a gigantic fireball!

Hornet, still on the ground, looks over at Kato behind the wheel. Their eyes lock. Hornet smiles. Getting to his feet, he limps over to the limo.

HORNET

You did it, Kato! You repaid your debt!

For the first time, Kato offers the barest--though unmistakable--glimmer of a smile. He's obviously pleased.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

But then, there's a CREAKING SOUND...as the limo starts to TILT DOWNWARD AT THE FRONT END...

...because the Black Beauty has come to rest at the very edge of the cliff...

...and now it's about to go over the side!

Kato's smile fades. So does Hornet's. Kato moves to get out of the car, but even the barest movement causes the limo to tilt even more!

HORNET

Don't move!

The limo is tilting...tilting...Kato is going to be killed...

...so Hornet dashes, limping, over to the Black Beauty and JUMPS ONTO THE REAR END, causing the car to tilt back just in time!

Kato then shifts into reverse and backs up, away from the cliff, without further incident.

It hits Britt: he's just saved Kato's life again!

HORNET

Oh, shit...

Kato looks at him sheepishly.

KATO

Sorry.

CUT TO:

A SPINNING NEWSPAPER, a Daily Sentinel with the headline:
WHO IS THE GREEN HORNET?--MASKED MOBSTER RAIDS DRUG DEN
IN CHURCH

CUT TO:

INT. DAILY SENTINEL - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Britt--suit and tie--and Kato come walking down the corridor toward Casey's desk. They're arguing.

KATO

It counted.

BRITT

It did not count.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KATO
It counted. The car would have gone
over the cliff if you had not
intervened.

BRITT
You don't know that. I don't think
it would have.

KATO
I am in your debt again. It
counted.

BRITT
Did not.

KATO
Did too.

They sound like little boys to Casey.

CASEY
What are you arguing about?

BRITT
(to Kato)
Ssh.

KATO
Nothing.

CASEY
(nods at office)
You're late. They're waiting.

As Britt heads inside, Casey holds up a FILE FOLDER.

CASEY (CONT'D)
You'll be wanting this.

BRITT
No thanks.

He heads inside without the file, leaving Casey rather
surprised. Kato follows him.

Then Britt sticks his head back out the door:

BRITT (CONT'D)
And Casey--hold my calls, will you?

He closes the door, disappearing inside the office. Casey
is impressed. She rushes to her desk and dons her
headset...

INT. DAILY SENTINEL - EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Britt, more confident in his role as chief now, strides around to the head of the table. Kato follows.

BRITT
Morning, everyone.

He takes his seat. News speaks up:

NEWS
Britt, today we've got the President's visit to--

BRITT
(interrupting)
Lead with the Green Hornet.

NEWS
But the President--

BRITT
Put the President under the fold.
We'll lead with the Green Hornet.

Axford interjects:

AXFORD
We led with the Hornet this morning.
Tomorrow's just a follow-up. We don't want to sensationalize--

BRITT
Mike, the guy's just gone into the drug business in a very big way--not to mention the fact that he wears a mask, has a karate-chopping sidekick, and drives a rolling arsenal! You can't sensationalize a guy like that! He's already sensational! This morning he's news; by tomorrow he'll be public enemy number one.
(beat)
Lead with the Hornet.

NEWS
You're the boss.

Axford sighs expansively, hating to witness Britt's ascendancy.

Then Britt slides a sheaf of papers across the table to Axford.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BRITT
Mike, you'll want to read tomorrow's
editorial.

AXFORD
(reading)
"Ex-cons on the job--O'Hare's
Machine Politics."
(then:)
Like father, like son.

BRITT
It's my crusade now, Mike.

CUT TO:

OUTER OFFICE

where Casey has been listening on her headset. She's deeply impressed with Britt's progress. She picks up the file she had tried to give Britt...and dumps it in the wastebasket. He doesn't need to be led by the nose anymore.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - CITY HALL - DAY

Mayor "Big Ed" O'Hare is eating a huge lunch: he sits at a table covered with all manner of different foods, a veritable banquet. As soon as he finishes one plate, he moves on to the next.

His office is incredibly, absurdly huge, as big as a warehouse. It's also garishly decorated: thick red carpet, gilt-edged furnishings--the opposite of the Reids' tastefully expensive surroundings.

Big Ed is looking at the morning Sentinel, with its headline: WHO IS THE GREEN HORNET?--MASKED MOBSTER RAIDS DRUG DEN IN CHURCH.

Then he turns to the Op-Ed page, which contains the headline:

O'HARE'S DANGEROUS POLITICS--EDITORIAL BY BRITT REID

The PHONE buzzes. Big Ed picks it up.

BIG ED
Yeah.

HORNET (FILTERED)
Meet me at Wharf 25 at midnight.
Come alone.

And then he's gone. Big Ed frantically punches "0."

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BIG ED
Operator, did you get a trace on the
last call?

OPERATOR (FILTERED)
I'm sorry, Mayor, the transmission
was too brief.

BIG ED
Shit!

He slams the phone down.

Then, half a football field away, a door opens and Miss Love
escorts Corelli, the fake priest, into the office. Their
footsteps ECHO throughout the vast office as they approach
Ed. It takes a long time.

CORELLI
Nice office, Mayor. Roomy.

BIG ED
Well, you know what I always say.
The bigger the better. Sit down.
Have a bite to eat.

Corelli sits at the table and grabs a sandwich off the
buffet. He starts eating.

CORELLI
"Tell him there's a new player in
town. Tell him he's about to feel
the sting of the Hornet." That's
what he said, verbatim.

BIG ED
A new player. Hmm.

CORELLI
You just give me the word, Mayor,
and I'll read him his last rites,
know what I mean?

BIG ED
You'd have to find him first,
Corelli. How do you propose to do
that?

Corelli says nothing. He puts his sandwich down,
half-eaten.

BIG ED
What, you're not hungry? It's a sin
to leave food on your plate. Little
kids are starving in Africa.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

Corelli picks up the half-eaten sandwich and hastily gobbles it up.

BIG ED (CONT'D)
How about seconds?

CORELLI
No, I'm stuffed.

BIG ED
Jesus, Corelli, you eat like a bird.
Miss Love, give Corelli another
sandwich, will ya?

MISS LOVE
Yes, sir.

CORELLI
Mayor, I really don't want anything
else to eat.

BIG ED
(getting agitated)
You came here for lunch, I paid over
a hundred bucks for all this food,
now we're going to eat it!

Corelli is getting nervous.

BIG ED (CONT'D)
Mr. Corelli will have a brisket on
rye.

MISS LOVE
Okey-doke.

She places the sandwich on Corelli's plate. With a defeated
sigh, Corelli starts gnawing at it.

BIG ED
Now Corelli, you owe me an apology.
A tense beat.

CORELLI
For the money.

BIG ED
That's right. I needed that money
to continue funding the Haystack
Project.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (3)

CORELLI
I feel really bad about that.
(very contrite)
I'm sorry.

BIG ED
(exploding)
THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH! WE LOST A
MILLION DOLLARS! A MILLION DOLLARS
GONE TO WASTE!

Suddenly Miss Love, standing directly behind Corelli, reaches around the chair with both hands, grabs the man's wrists, and pins his arms down on the arm rests. Miss Love is very strong. Corelli can't get up.

Ed circles around the table in his motorized wheelchair, moving toward Corelli.

BIG ED (CONT'D)
You have to learn not to let things
go to waste.

Corelli, terrified, follows Big Ed's mischievous gaze...
...to the cart, piled high--oh so high--with food.

CORELLI
No...

Then, Big Ed reaches into a cabinet in the cart and pulls out...

...a FUNNEL.

CORELLI (CONT'D)
NOOOOO!

As Big Ed grabs a fistful of sandwiches, and brings the funnel toward Corelli's mouth...

BIG ED
Waste not, want not, Corelli.

CORELLI
NOOOOOOOO!

Choking sounds off-screen as Ed savagely force-feeds Corelli. Then, quiet.

BIG ED
(to Miss Love)
Get rid of that, would you?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (4)

MISS LOVE
Yes, sir.

Ed picks up the phone.

OPERATOR (FILTERED)
Operator four-one-two, how may I
help you?

BIG ED
Get me the Department of Water and
Power.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

The rain has stopped. A TRUCK pulls up in front of the towering glass office building. Emblazoned on the side of the truck is an insignia: DEPARTMENT OF WATER AND POWER.

A beefy, uniformed DWP MAN climbs out of the truck and makes his way toward the building's entrance. A tool kit dangles from his belt...

INT. SKYSCRAPER LOBBY - DAY

DWP enters and strolls toward the elevators, passing several Guards and Receptionists.

DWP
Gotta check your water main.

GUARD
You know where it is.

DWP approaches the elevators. He presses the "DOWN" button. DING! A waiting car opens. DWP steps inside, presses a button, and the doors slide shut...

INT. SKYSCRAPER - BASEMENT - DAY

DING! Elevator doors slide open and DWP steps out into the humming, throbbing basement environment, the mechanical heart of the building. Machines rumble. Pipes galore.

DWP approaches an enormous apparatus marked "WATER MAIN--RESTRICTED AREA." On the side of this gizmo is a cabinet-sized door, locked, obviously important, marked "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY." DWP pulls a special tool out of his kit; he uses it to unlock and open the little door, revealing...

...a KEY PAD. DWP glances about, checking to make sure the coast is clear. Then he punches a sequence of numbers.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Then, he moves to a huge VALVE. He grabs ahold of it with both hands. Muscles bulging, grunting with the effort, he starts to twist the valve open...

Hey! MAINTENANCE MAN (O.S.)

DWP freezes, then turns toward the voice: a uniformed MAINTENANCE MAN approaches, suspicious.

MAINTENANCE MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What the hell do you think you're doing?

DWP heaves one final twist...and then the valve gives, causing a TORRENT OF WATER to suddenly burst horizontally from an adjacent pipe, rocketing at the Maintenance Man, knocking him off his feet, and hurling him right up against some humming ELECTRICAL GIZMO!

Water and electricity meet in an explosion of buzzing sparks. The Maintenance Man twists and jumps, spewing sparks, eyes wide, gums bared in a ghastly rictus, as the current zings through his body, electrocuting him! He falls forward to the floor in a smoky heap, dead.

DWP grabs a phone on the wall. He punches a number.

We're in. DWP

CUT TO:

INT. RESERVOIR DAM - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A uniformed CITY EMPLOYEE speaks into a phone, answering DWP:

Right. EMPLOYEE

He hangs up, moves to a control panel, and punches some buttons...

A SERIES OF CONCRETE CAUSEWAYS

Each is full of churning water at first; then, the water mysteriously flows away, rerouted on some secret mission, leaving each causeway dry as a bone.

A SPRINKLERED LAWN

as the thin sprays of water abruptly cease...

A SHOWER

as the shower head suddenly stops spraying water, much to the dismay of the woman bather caught with shampoo in her eyes...

INT. SKYSCRAPER LOBBY - DAY

DWP steps off the elevator and hurries across the lobby to the main doors. Just as he slips outside...

...there's a faint, distant RUMBLING. Gradually, it grows LOUDER, CLOSER, as chandeliers start to tinkle, and the walls and floors start to shake. People stop in their tracks, puzzled...and afraid.

An incredible force is welling up from the bowels of the building...

INT. SKYSCRAPER BASEMENT - DAY

...and then there's a deafening roar as a huge GEYSERING COLUMN OF WATER explodes upward from the basement floor, obliterating the water main, and rocketing straight up to the ceiling and blowing that out as well...

INT. SKYSCRAPER LOBBY - DAY

The lobby floor explodes upward as the GEYSERING COLUMN OF WATER rockets toward the ceiling, killing dozens of people with its incredible force. The water instantly blows through the ceiling...

A SERIES OF FLOORS IN THE TOWER

as the GEYSERING COLUMN OF WATER explodes upward from floor to ceiling, hurling office people like rag dolls through the shattering windows to their deaths far below...

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Incredibly, the GEYSERING COLUMN OF WATER explodes upward through the tower all the way to the roof, fifty floors in the sky. Windows explode outward from the awesome force, and furniture and office workers are hurled out to their deaths...

EXT. WHARF 25 - NIGHT

A cold mist rolls in off the river onto the deserted wharf. Big Ed is sitting there alone, in his wheelchair, wearing a hat to help keep him inconspicuous. He rolls back and forth, waiting.

Then Big Ed is blinded by the sudden appearance of green headlights. The Black Beauty emerges from the fog and rolls into view.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Kato and Hornet emerge from the limo.

BIG ED
(indicating Kato)
Who's he?

HORNET
My bodyguard. Don't upset him.

BIG ED
I came alone. Why shouldn't you?

HORNET
Because I've got your money.

Ed can't argue with that. He presses a switch on his armrest: it flips open, revealing a well-stocked bar.

BIG ED
Like a drink? A touch of creme de menthe, maybe?

He laughs at his joke. Hornet says nothing.

BIG ED
How about your bodyguard?

HORNET
He's our designated driver.

Ed fixes himself a beer and noshes on some almonds.

BIG ED
What do you want?

HORNET
A piece of the action, of course.

BIG ED
You busted up the action when you raided that church.

HORNET
The church was just the tip of the ice berg. We both know that. Come on, what are you really up to? You were making a bundle off the drugs. What are you using the money for?

BIG ED
Why should I tell you?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

HORNET

I think I've demonstrated that I'm a force to be reckoned with. It would be silly to fight each other...when we can be friends.

BIG ED

I'm intrigued by your offer. But first I need a test.

HORNET

What kind of test?

BIG ED

A test of your loyalty. There's a little matter that I think you can help me with.

HORNET

Yes?

BIG ED

There's a voice in this town that is threatening to both of us. A very loud voice. I want it silenced.

HORNET

Whose voice?

Big Ed pulls a manilla envelope out of his coat pocket. He hands it to Hornet. Hornet opens it up...

...it's a PHOTO OF BRITT REID.

BIG ED

Silence the voice. Then we'll talk.

Ed rolls away in his wheelchair, disappearing into the fog, leaving Hornet with this very thorny dilemma.

INT. CASEY'S TOWN HOUSE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

NEXT DAY. The sun is just going down.

Casey's place is a working girl's apartment, modest but neat; it may not be much, but it's hers, and her pride is evident in the carefully placed details--the antique throw-rug, the Miro print on the wall, the lovingly tended potted plants.

There's A KNOCK on the door. Casey goes to open it: Britt is standing there on the front stoop, looking great in a tux. He's holding flowers. Behind him, Casey can see his red Maserati parked at the curb.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

 CASEY
Hi.

 BRITT
Hi.
 (hands her the
 flowers)
These are for you.

 CASEY
Thanks. What's the occasion?

 BRITT
Our first date.

Casey glares at him.

 BRITT (CONT'D)
Come on, Casey. Admit it--I'm doing
a good job.

 CASEY
You're doing okay.

 BRITT
Well, that's something, isn't it?
Come on, what do you say? Come
celebrate with me.

 CASEY
 (shaking her head)
Sorry.

 BRITT
Well, then you leave me no choice.
If you don't come with me, you're
fired.

 CASEY
That's harrassment. I could sue
your ass off.

 BRITT
Oh, come on, Casey! What's it going
to take?
 (a beat)
I'll give you a raise.

She considers.

 BRITT (CONT'D)
And an extra week's vacation.

 CASEY
Two weeks.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

BRITT
You got it.

CASEY
I'll be out in five minutes.

She slams the door in his face. He cheers silently.

EXT. CASEY'S TOWN HOUSE - DUSK

Britt leads Casey, now looking smashing in her best dress, to his Maserati, opening the door for her.

CASEY
I'm a little nervous.

BRITT
How come?

CASEY
(getting into the
car)
Well, I don't usually go to...the
places you usually go to.

BRITT
Don't worry. I think you'll fit in
just fine.

He closes the door after her.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

A sea of rowdy fans pack the stands under blazing spotlights. The amplified strains of an electric organ rally the crowd with "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." The home team is on the field, ready to play.

In prime box seats next to the diamond, Britt and Casey sit, looking out of place in their formal attire. Britt is eating a hot dog; Casey is demurely sipping a Coke. She glances about her, sheepishly, embarrassed about being overdressed.

BRITT
Want some fries?

Casey looks at the offered fries, decides to take one.

CASEY
Sure.

This isn't what she expected.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

An ANNOUNCER'S VOICE booms out over the P.A. system:

ANNOUNCER
La-dies and gen-tle-men! Please
direct your attention to the
pitcher's mound, where our very own
Mayor "Big Ed" O'Hare will throw the
season's ceremonial first pitch!

Big Ed motors out to the mound in his wheelchair, waving to the cheering crowd. The Pitcher hands him the ball. Big Ed presses a button, and an ELECTRIC PITCHING MACHINE pops out of the arm rest. Ed places the ball in the machine, pushes a button, and the ball flies; it slams into the Catcher's mitt with a bang. The crowd cheers.

The Umpire steps INTO FRAME.

UMPIRE
Play ball!

CUT TO:

LATER

CRACK! A Home Team Player knocks one out into left field. The crowd goes wild. Casey and Britt jump to their feet, whistling and hollering, having a great time. The Hitter races to first base. Now the bases are loaded. The scoreboard indicates that it's the bottom of the ninth, and the Home Team is trailing, 7 to 10.

ACROSS THE FIELD FROM BRITT AND CASEY

Big Ed lolls in his wheelchair with Miss Love at his side. He's peering at something through a pair of binoculars...

BIG ED'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS

of Britt and Casey across the field, enjoying the game.

BACK TO BIG ED

as he lowers the binoculars and smiles enigmatically. He then looks about the stadium expectantly. Miss Love turns to him.

MISS LOVE
Great game, isn't it?

BIG ED
Yeah. Great game.

BACK TO BRITT AND CASEY

as they participate in a "wave" of fans, jumping to their

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

feet and waving their arms in the air. Giggling like kids, they sit down again.

CASEY
I haven't laughed this hard in ages.

BRITT
Yeah? I like you like this.

CASEY
Like what?

BRITT
(after a beat)
Pleasant.

She laughs.

CASEY
You know, this isn't at all what I expected.
(she looks right at him)
I was wrong about you.

BRITT
So was I.

They stare into each other's eyes, move closer. A kiss is coming. But then:

UMPIRE (O.S.)
Batter up!

The moment is broken, at least for now. They turn their attention back to the game as the Batter steps up to plate.

Casey peers through a pair of binoculars, watching the action on the diamond. The Pitcher throws; the Batter swings.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)
Strike one!

BRITT
(calling to Batter)
Come on, knock it out of the park!

Waiting for the next pitch, Casey idly scans the stands through the binoculars.

CASEY'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS

Vertically scanning the crowd, moving up to the stadium's rafters...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

...where A FIGURE, barely glimpsed, darts behind a pillar.

BACK TO CASEY

as she furrows her brow, puzzled by what she saw. In the BACKGROUND, the game is continuing, but Casey isn't paying attention now.

UMPIRE (O.S.)

Strike two!

CASEY'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS

of the stadium's rafters. Nothing there...but then THE FIGURE emerges again from behind the pillar--a masked man in a black suit and cap.

It's Kato.

And he's wielding A RIFLE aimed directly at Casey!

BACK TO CASEY

as she drops the binoculars and SCREAMS in horror...

...but at that very moment the CROWD GOES WILD as the Batter knocks the ball into the stands! A grand slam! The ROARING CROWD drowns out Casey's scream...

BACK TO KATO

as he pulls the trigger. The BANG! is barely heard over the ROARING CROWD.

BACK TO CASEY AND BRITT

as Britt is suddenly HIT in the chest with a GREEN-FEATHERED DART! He cries out in pain. He stares down at the dart imbedded in his chest, then looks up at Casey, helpless. He crumples to the ground.

CASEY

Help! Somebody help!

WITH BIG ED

as he watches Britt and Casey through his binoculars. Seeing Britt go down, Big Ed joins the crowd in their jubilant cheering and whistling.

BIG ED

Yes! Yes!

BACK TO CASEY

as she thrusts an accusing, pointing finger in Kato's direction, way up at the top of the stadium.

CASEY

Up there!

Kato ducks out of sight. Then A MAN from a nearby seat hurries over to Britt.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Help him, please!

People are pressing in to gawk. The Man--a doctor, evidently--kneels before Britt's lifeless body. He presses his fingertips against Britt's neck. No pulse.

MAN

(shaking his head)

He's dead.

CASEY

(sobbing)

Oh, my God.

The Man pulls the green-feathered dart out of Britt's chest. He sniffs the sharp tip, crinkling his nose, obviously detecting some odor. Then he holds the dart up for all to see.

MAN

The Hornet.

CUT TO:

INT. STADIUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Kato races down the sloping ramp, passing concession stands, knocking a heedless Patron out of the way.

Then a couple of beefy SECURITY GUARDS appear up ahead, sprinting to intercept Kato. They draw their guns and start FIRING.

In a flash, Kato cartwheels forward, effectively dodging the bullets with this dazzling acrobatic display as he flips head over heels, over and over, toward the Security Guards, finally reaching them, steamrolling into them, knocking the guns out of their hands, and slamming them to the floor, mowing them down like bowling pins!

Then, to the further amazement of the bystanders, Kato goes right on flipping and cartwheeling down the ramp...

SECURITY GUARD

Stop him!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

...and then flipping right THROUGH A WINDOW with a CRASH of glassy shards!

EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT

Kato comes CRASHING out a third-story window, gracefully somersaulting in mid-air as he falls to the parking lot amidst a shower of broken glass, and landing, cat-like, on his feet. He sprints to the Black Beauty, jumps in, and roars off into the night.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Typical in every way. CAMERA MOVES to reveal the BLACK BEAUTY parked just outside.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORGUE - NIGHT

The young ATTENDANT sits at a desk, watching a sitcom on a portable TV set. He laughs uproariously.

Then, a VOICE:

KATO (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Tearing himself away from the sitcom, the Attendant turns to face the visitor.

ATTENDANT

Can I help y--

PSSSST! Kato blasts him with a dose of green gas. He crumples to the floor, unconscious.

Kato steps over the Attendant into the morgue, where all the walls are lined with big silver drawers. Kato scans the name tags on the drawers, finally finds the one marked "REID." He pulls it open...

...and there lies Britt, stiff as a board. Dead.

Kato pulls out a HYPODERMIC. He injects whatever it is into Britt's arm. And waits.

And waits.

Finally, Britt's eyes slowly open.

BRITT

(genuinely glad to
see him)

Hi, Kato!

(a beat)

I feel weird...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He seems a little drunk.

KATO

Ssh. We must get out of here before
anyone sees you.

Kato helps Britt sit up, then helps him to his feet.

BRITT

Whew. What was that stuff you shot
me with, anyway?

KATO

Ancient Chinese secret.

BRITT

But you're Japanese.

KATO

I know. I was kidding.

Kato helps Britt make his way out of the morgue. Then Britt
stops.

BRITT

Kato! You made a joke!

They continue on out.

KATO

The drug is a compound from Haiti,
commonly known as "the zombie drug."
It arrests all bodily functions,
effectively simulating death. Yet
the heart actually continues to beat
at an extremely slow rate, perhaps
once every ten minutes.

BRITT

Imagine that.

KATO

Mr. Reid, when I injected you with
the antidote...did it occur to
you...that I just saved your life?

Britt stops in his tracks. He looks right at Kato.

BRITT

Uh-uh. That was part of the plan
to make me look dead.

(very serious)

It doesn't count.

Kato almost smiles. They head on out of the morgue.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

BRITT (CONT'D)
(still drunk)
Where are we going?

KATO
To catch your father's killer.

INT. BIG ED'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Big Ed, looking infantile in pajamas, is in bed with Miss Love watching TV: a news account of Britt's "death."

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
Britt Reid, publisher and editor of
the Daily Sentinel, was shot and
killed tonight by an emissary of the
Green Hornet...

Then the PHONE rings. He picks it up.

HORNET (FILTERED)
The voice has been silenced.

BIG ED
I know. Splendid work.

HORNET (FILTERED)
The wharf. One hour. Be there.

Click. He's gone. Big Ed punches "0."

BIG ED
(into phone)
Code Green. Wharf 25. One hour.

He hangs up, then starts climbing out of bed.

MISS LOVE
Where are you going, honey?

BIG ED
To exterminate a very pesky insect.

EXT. WHARF 25 - NIGHT

Big Ed, in his wheelchair, waits in the fog as before.
Finally the Black Beauty appears. Kato and Hornet emerge
from the limo.

HORNET
Did I pass the test?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BIG ED
With flying colors. Especially
green. The Reids will never bother
us again.

HORNET
All right. I've upheld my end of
the bargain. Now tell me what
you're up to.

BIG ED
Give me the money first.

HORNET
(nodding)
Kato.

Kato reaches into the limo, pulls out the two briefcases.
He hands them to Hornet. Hornet stands there holding them.

HORNET
No info, no money. Now talk.

Then with shocking surprise MACHINE GUNFIRE erupts through
the fog, bouncing off the Black Beauty's bulletproof sides!
Kato ducks behind the limo's door...but the HORNET CATCHES
IT IN THE LEFT SHOULDER! He falls to the ground, dropping
the briefcases, then staggers for the nearest cover...in
this case, a wooden column.

A FLEET OF COP CARS come into view, blocking the Beauty's
escape route. The Cops inside are strafing the area with
their automatic weapons.

A CHOPPER thunders into view overhead. Sporting a logo for
"WXYZ-TV NEWS," the chopper shines a bright SPOTLIGHT down
on the yard, searching for Hornet and Kato.

INT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

A REPORTER, mike in hand, is looking down at the scene
below, breathless with excitement. A CAMERAMAN is capturing
the moment--live.

REPORTER
(into mike)
The Hornet's been shot! He's been
shot in the left shoulder!

CHOPPER'S POV

as the spotlight shines down hotly on the injured Hornet.

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

Big Ed, playing innocent, yells at the cops:

BIG ED
(pointing)
It's the Hornet!

Then he picks up the briefcases, shifts a gear shift, and zooms to safety in his wheelchair.

GUNFIRE rains all around, sparking off the Beauty, forcing Kato to scramble into the car. He looks back at Hornet behind the column: A TEN-FOOT GAP SEPARATES HORNET FROM THE BEAUTY. But that gap is now ablaze with the cops' blinding, all-seeing WHITE LIGHT.

He'd never make it.

The spotlight lands on Hornet, exposing his hiding place behind the column. GUNFIRE pummels the column. He's got to get out of there.

Hornet has no choice. He looks over at Kato in the Beauty and waves him on.

GO!
HORNET

Then he bolts out from behind the column! GUNFIRE chases him as he quickly scrambles across the wharf. Shoulder bleeding, Hornet is forced to scramble away from the relentless GUNFIRE, dodging the spotlight, disappearing into the fog..

The chopper and its spotlight zoom off after the Hornet...

Inside the Black Beauty, Kato fires the engine and floors it: the limo roars right at the cop cars, its bulletproof body and windows deflecting the incessant GUNFIRE. The Beauty CRASHES THROUGH the tight space between the two cop cars, sending each rolling off in a different direction.

The Beauty races on up the wharf, heading for the main road...

EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE - NIGHT

The Beauty comes roaring up the wharf, racing through a gauntlet of cop cars and GUNFIRE which sparks off the limo's body. The Beauty careens onto Riverside Drive.

Cop cars go screaming after the Beauty.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The chopper's spotlight chases after the Hornet as he flees down an alley. Staggering, holding his wounded shoulder, he manages to climb up over a brick wall...and vanish into the night.

INT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

The Cameraman can't find Hornet through his lens.

CAMERAMAN

That's it, I think we lost him.

The REPORTER yells at the PILOT:

REPORTER

Where is he, goddamnit?

The Pilot scours the area, but the searchlight fails to spot its quarry.

REPORTER

(into mike)

He's loose, ladies and gentlemen!
The Green Hornet is at large! He's
on foot and wounded in the left
shoulder, last seen heading north
on Riverside...

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

The chopper banks and thunders off in search of the Hornet...

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

A squad of cop cars come screaming down the street, obviously still in pursuit of the Black Beauty. SIRENS wailing, red lights flashing, the cars race right past...

...the WHITE CONTINENTAL LIMO, driven slowly by a now unmasked Kato. He peers out into the nooks and crannies of the area, eyes peeled for the Hornet. From the RADIO:

RADIO ANNOUNCER (FILTERED)

The city's hospitals have been
advised to keep a look out for a
Caucasian male with a gunshot wound
in the left shoulder. Once again,
the Green Hornet is at large.
Citizens are advised to stay inside
and lock their doors.

Kato switches off the radio, then fiddles with the tracking device, trying to pinpoint the Hornet. No go. Frustrated, he speaks into his wrist watch:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KATO
Hornet, come in. Hornet, are you
there?

A faint, weak VOICE comes back:

HORNET (FILTERED)
I'm here...

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The Hornet is stumbling through a shabby, litter-strewn alley behind a row of commercial buildings. Shoulder bleeding, he's weakening fast. Out on the main streets, a fleet of cop cars go screaming by. In the distance, a CHOPPER can be heard droning through the skies.

Wincing in pain, holding his shoulder, Hornet is listening to his wrist watch:

KATO (FILTERED)
Where are you?

Hornet glances about through drooping eyes...

HORNET'S POV

The alley and surrounding area waver nauseatingly through his faltering perspective.

BACK TO HORNET

He's obviously fading fast. He speaks into the wrist watch:

HORNET
I'm...not sure...somewhere off Grand
Street...

KATO (FILTERED)
I was just on Grand Street, I did
not see you!

Then a civilian CAR approaches, motoring casually down the alleyway, headlights picking Hornet out of the darkness, making him wince. Thinking fast, he whips out his Hornet Gun and approaches the car, which screeeeches to a stop.

HORNET
Out of the car. Right now.

The driver--a TEEN--gets out of the car with his hands in the air.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TEEN
(yelling)
Don't shoot, man! Don't shoot!

Then the rear door to a NIGHT CLUB opens, spewing loud Heavy Metal, and a group of tough young BIKERS emerge into the alley.

BIKER #1
What's the problem over there?

TEEN
It's the Green Hornet!

Hornet tries to keep everyone at bay with his gun.

HORNET
(weakly)
Stay back...

But his wounded shoulder and weakening condition are obvious.

BIKER #2
Look at him! He's hurt, man!

BIKER #3
Come on, let's get him!

The bikers circle the desperate Hornet...

HORNET'S POV

A wavering, nightmarish perspective as the angry mob closes in...

BACK TO SCENE

Hornet has no choice: he fires GREEN GAS at a few of the Bikers; coughing, they collapse to the ground. Then he hurls green-feathered DARTS at the rest of them; they drop like flies.

In the excitement, the terrified Teen jumps back in his car, slams it into reverse, and backs out of the alley at screeching high speed, laying rubber as he reaches the main street and roars off.

Bleeding and dazed, and soon to lose consciousness, the Hornet stumbles on. He heads down the alley and emerges onto...

EXT. CASEY'S TOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

...Casey's street, deserted at this late hour. On his last legs, he climbs up Casey's front stoop...

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Casey is sitting in front of the TV, watching the news. She's obviously been crying; she's a mess.

ANCHORMAN (ON TV)
The Green Hornet is still at large,
wounded in the left shoulder. The
Green Hornet, alleged killer of
millionaire Britt Reid...

The DOORBELL rings. Who could it be? She walks listlessly to the door...and opens it.

Casey gasps when she sees the Green Hornet on her doorstep, bleeding copiously!

Then he pulls off his mask...and SHE KNOWS. She gasps again.

BRITT
Help me...please...

He collapses into her arms. She helps him inside, then closes the door. Then she helps him to the couch, where he collapses.

She can't believe her eyes.

CASEY
You...you're alive...you're the
Hornet?

BRITT
(rolls his eyes)
Not now...

He indicates his bleeding wound.

CASEY
Britt, we have to get you to a
hospital!

BRITT
No! No hospital...blow my cover...

Of course. She nods, understanding. She runs to the bathroom, returns with a cloth and a bottle of iodine. She examines the wound.

CASEY
It went right through.

She dabs some iodine on the cloth, then dabs it on his wound. He writhes in pain.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CASEY

I'm sorry.

She continues tending to him.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LATER. Britt is lying on the couch, looking better. His wound is now bandaged.

CASEY

Feeling better?

BRITT

A little, thanks.

Silence. Then:

CASEY

So...do you have anything you want to tell me, Britt?

He thinks for a long moment, then:

BRITT

I can't give you the whole story now, Casey. All I can tell you is that it's about my Dad.

CASEY

Tell me.

BRITT

(simply)

He'd be proud. For the first time in my life, he'd be proud of me.

She's touched.

CASEY

Britt, I think you should know something. The day your father died, the last thing he said to me was that he regretted the bad blood between the two of you. He blamed himself.

(a beat)

Bottom line? He loved you. Your father loved you very much.

BRITT

I know.

(a beat)

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BRITT (Cont'd)
I'm going to get O'Hare, Casey. I'm going to get him if it's the last thing I ever do.

CASEY
Just make sure it isn't the last thing you ever do.

REID
(referring to the bandage)
You tie a mean tourniquet. Thanks. I owe you one.

CASEY
Yeah, remember this. I'm up for review next month.

Britt laughs.

CASEY
So, what's your next step?

BRITT
Dad told me to look into the city utilities. We know how O'Hare and St. Michael's are connected. But how do the utilities fit in?

CASEY
How do you find out?

BRITT
Well, as Mayor, O'Hare controls all the city utilities and public services. We've already seen how he uses the paramedics.
(thinking)
I've got to get into City Hall. Into his office. I've got to go through city records.

CASEY
Can I help?

BRITT
(adamant)
No, Casey. This man is a cold-blooded killer.

CASEY
Well, what are you going to do? You're supposed to be dead.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

BRITT
That's right. I'm a dead man. I've
got to lay low for awhile. I need
a place to stay.

CASEY
Really?

BRITT
Any ideas?

They're moving toward a kiss.

CASEY
You're crazy, you know that? After
that stunt you pulled at the ball
game...

(she pauses, pulling
away from him)
Wait a minute. That stunt...You
knew that was going to happen...do
you know what you put me through,
you son of a bitch?!

She punches him in his wounded shoulder! He yelps in pain.

BRITT
Casey, I'm sorry. I needed it to
be believable. I needed an honest
reaction.

CASEY
And you figured I'd give it to you,
is that it?

BRITT
Well, I--

CASEY
Get out!

BRITT
I can't get out. I can't be seen.

CASEY
Then call your bodyguard, or
whatever he is, and tell him to pick
you up. I want you out of here
tonight!

She runs into her bedroom, slamming the door after her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE CITY - DAY

Morning. The metropolis begins a new day.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

The hulking wreck of the skyscraper is cordoned off with yellow tape. DWP emerges from the building, then walks to his truck parked at the curb. He picks up the phone.

DWP
This is Department of Water and Power, sir. I'm at the haystack. I'm sorry to report that the needle isn't here.

INTERCUT WITH O'HARE AT HIS OFFICE:

BIG ED
Are you sure?

DWP
Yes, sir. You can move on to the next target.

BIG ED
All right, thank you, son.
(he hangs up, dials
0)
Operator, get me the Gas Company.

CUT TO:

AN EIGHTEEN-WHEEL TANK TRUCK with the logo "CITYGAS" emblazoned on the side. The tanker pulls up in front of...

EXT. ROW HOUSE - DAY

...an ordinary, middle-class, inner-city row house, identical to all the others on the street. The tanker sits idling in front of the house, engine rumbling. Behind the wheel, a uniformed GAS MAN picks up his RINGING cellular phone:

GAS MAN
CityGas.

BIG ED (FILTERED)
Make the house call.

GAS MAN
Roger.

He hangs up, climbs out of the truck, and approaches the front door to the house. A tool kit hangs from his belt. He rings the doorbell. A HOUSEWIFE opens up.

GAS MAN (CONT'D)
(brightly)
Gas Company.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HOUSEWIFE
Is there a problem?

GAS MAN
No ma'am, just gotta read your
meter.

She looks past him, sees the tanker parked at the curb.
He's obviously legit.

HOUSEWIFE
(waving him inside)
It's on the back porch.

He steps inside...

INT. ROW HOUSE - KITCHEN AND BACK PORCH - DAY

The Housewife leads the Gas Man through the kitchen and out
into a screened-in porch.

HOUSEWIFE
Seems like someone was here to read
the meter just a few weeks ago.

GAS MAN
Well, we like to be thorough. It's
part of our new efficiency program.
(finds the meter)
Here we go. Let's see now...this'll
just take a few minutes. Then I'll
be out of your hair.

He peers at the meter, scribbling notes on a clipboard. The
Housewife lingers in the kitchen, stirring something on the
stove, HER BACK TO THE GAS MAN. While she isn't looking...

...the Gas Man pulls a WRENCH out of his tool kit. He uses
it to quickly LOOSEN A VALVE. Up close, we can just barely
hear the telltale HISSING of escaping gas.

GAS MAN (CONT'D)
Uh-huh. That'll just...about...do
it.

He puts the wrench away, then steps back into the kitchen,
where the Housewife continues to stir the pot.

HOUSEWIFE
All done?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GAS MAN

Yup.

(he pulls something
out of the tool
kit)

Here. We'd like you to have our
complimentary pot holder.

He hands her the rubber pot holder, which sports the
"CITYGAS" logo.

HOUSEWIFE

Thank you.

GAS MAN

You're welcome. Thank you for your
cooperation.

He leaves.

EXT. ROW HOUSE - DAY

The Gas Man emerges from the house. The Housewife closes
the door after him. He saunters casually down the walk and
climbs into his truck. He picks up the cellular phone and
punches a number.

GAS MAN

CityGas here. I'm leaving the job
site now.

He hangs up, fires up the truck's engine, and roars away...

...and then KABOOM! The row house EXPLODES, bricks, lumber,
and glass flying everywhere, leaving only the outer shell
of the structure.

INT. DAILY SENTINEL - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Casey sits at her desk, typing furiously, obviously still
mad as hell. The phone rings. She answers it.

CASEY

Mr. Reid's office...
(then, cheerfully)
I'm sorry, he's dead.

She slams the phone down. She sits there thinking, then
stands and hurries away.

CUT TO:

CASEY

sitting in a chair, looking especially pretty this morning and dressed for success. We're CLOSE ON HER; we don't know where she is yet.

CASEY
I wanted to thank you for seeing me on such short notice. I wasn't sure if you were hiring, but I figured, what the hell? I'll give it a shot. I'm glad I did.

Then, CAMERA WIDENS to reveal that Casey is in...

INT. BIG ED'S OFFICE - DAY

...Big Ed is sitting behind his desk, munching M&M's while interviewing Casey. He watches her with obvious, lewd interest.

CASEY (CONT'D)
So, do I get the job?

BIG ED
Sure. I'm always on the lookout for...for a hard-working girl.

His grin reeks of innuendo. Casey hides her distaste.

BIG ED (CONT'D)
When can you start?

CASEY
How about right now?

BIG ED
You're my kind of secretary.
(glances at her
resume)
Tell me, Lenore--

CASEY
Casey. My name's Lenore Case, my friends call me Casey.

She's deliberately playing right into his hand.

BIG ED
Casey it is, then. Tell me, Casey, why did you decide to leave the Sentinel?

She thinks a moment. Then:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CASEY
My boss died. Twice.
(a beat)
Besides, there wasn't
enough...opportunity.

BIG ED
I see.
(a beat)
Uh...what are your
specific...qualifications?

CASEY
Well, I type a hundred
words-per-minute, I make a mean cup
of coffee...and I'm an absolute whiz
when it comes to filing.

She glances over at the FILE CABINET. Only we see the
eagerness in her eyes.

BIG ED
Really? Most girls hate filing.

CASEY
Not me. I find it relaxing.

BIG ED
Terrific.
(into speaker)
Miss Love, will you come in here a
minute?

MISS LOVE (FILTERED)
(eager)
Yes, sir!

BIG ED
(to Casey)
Miss Love will help get you settled.

CASEY
Great.

BIG ED
Oh, and Casey...you mentioned
opportunity. Can I assume then that
you're interested in
some...overtime?

CASEY
Absolutely.

BIG ED
Great.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

Miss Love enters, only to stop dead in her tracks when she sees Casey sitting there. Miss Love doesn't like this one bit.

BIG ED (CONT'D)
Casey, this is my Executive Assistant, Miss Love. Miss Love, now that you've been promoted, I've hired Casey to be my secretary. Would you show her to her desk, see that she's comfy?

MISS LOVE
(cold)
Sure.
(to Casey)
Why don't you make us a cup of coffee down the hall? I'll be right there.

CASEY
Okay.
(she stands)
How do you take it?

MISS LOVE
(staring right at Big Ed)
Black.

Casey leaves the room. Then Miss Love slams the door shut. She turns to Big Ed, fuming.

MISS LOVE (CONT'D)
What's the big idea?

BIG ED
You said you were tired of menial tasks. Now you don't have to do them anymore.

MISS LOVE
Yeah? What exactly am I supposed to do?

BIG ED
I guess you'll have to start working for a living.

Miss Love starts to cry. Big Ed gets up, goes to her, puts his arm around her.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (3)

BIG ED

Come on now. It's not like we won't be seeing each other. You'll still be running my ship. You just won't be...hoisting the sails.

MISS LOVE

We'll just see about that.

She marches to the door, flings it open, and storms out of the office.

INT. MISS LOVE'S HOUSE - DAY

A kitsch palace, expensive but awful, obviously funded by O'Hare. Miss Love, a floozy with a broken heart, is on the phone:

EMPLOYEE (FILTERED)

Daily Sentinel.

MISS LOVE

I need to talk to a reporter.

EMPLOYEE (FILTERED)

I'm a reporter, ma'am.

MISS LOVE

My name is Love. Cathy Love. I've been following your paper's series on Mayor O'Hare. I know you've been critical of his administration, and I think you've been right on target. He's a terrible, terrible man. Just awful. And I have some information that may help put him away forever.

INT. CITY PHONE OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Operator 412--the same snitch who told on O'Halloran--is now eavesdropping on Miss Love's conversation.

EMPLOYEE (FILTERED)

And what information is that, Miss Love?

MISS LOVE (FILTERED)

Uh-uh. I don't work for free. This is gonna cost you.

The Operator quickly dials O'Hare. Then:

OPERATOR

Sir, this is Operator four-one-two. I think you'd better listen to this.

INT. BIG ED'S OFFICE - DAY

Big Ed is at his desk, scooping peanut butter out of a jar with his finger, listening in on the phone:

EMPLOYEE (FILTERED)
Before I plunk down my hard-earned money, Miss Love, would you mind telling me how you've come by this information?

MISS LOVE (FILTERED)
I work for the son of a bitch.

EMPLOYEE (FILTERED)
Jesus, why didn't you say so? Where do you live? I'll be right over.

BACK TO BIG ED

as he speaks to the Operator:

BIG ED
Operator, call the Gas Company.
Tell them we have a leak.

Grim, he hangs up the phone.

INT. MISS LOVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Miss Love is throwing darts at a dartboard which is adorned by Big Ed's fat face. Then the DOORBELL rings. She hurries to answer it, thinking it's the reporter.

She swings the door open. It's the GAS MAN, cap and drab uniform, and all smiles.

GAS MAN
(cheery)
Gas Company!

INT. BIG ED'S OFFICE - DAY

Casey enters, carrying a huge tray burdened with food. Big Ed's lunch. She sets it on his desk before him.

CASEY
Here you go.

BIG ED
Thank you, Casey.

She glances over at the file cabinet.

CASEY
I finished typing that report. Do you have any filing you need done?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BIG ED
No, not right now.

Casey bites her lip in disappointment. How is she going to get in that cabinet? Then, realizing something, she glances about.

CASEY
Hey, where's Miss Love? I haven't seen her all morning.

BIG ED
(between bites)
I fired her.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MISS LOVE'S HOUSE - DAY

KABOOM! The house explodes into a giant fireball, giving a macabre twist to Big Ed's words.

Down the block a ways, the Gas Man watches the blazing house, smiling. Then he climbs into a truck marked "CITYGAS" and zooms away.

EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

The employees have all gone home. Several GUARDS patrol the main entrance.

INT. CITY HALL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A GUARD on patrol makes his way down the corridor, footsteps echoing. He passes a door marked "LADIES," then turns a corner and disappears.

After a moment, the door to the Ladies Room opens a crack. It's Casey. She peeks out to make sure the coast is clear, then emerges and hurries as quietly as possible down the corridor, toward Big Ed's office...

INT. BIG ED'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door opens and Casey slips inside. It's dark, quiet, creepy. Closing the door behind her, she heads straight for the file cabinet.

She scans the drawers, zeroing in on "CITY GAS." She opens the drawer and starts flipping through the material, reading.

INT. BRITT'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

The PHONE rings. Britt answers it.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BRITT

How?

INTERCUT WITH CASEY IN BIG ED'S OFFICE:

CASEY

Britt, it's me.

BRITT

Casey, are you all right? I've been trying to reach you all day.

CASEY

I'm fine. If I'd told you what I was up to, you'd never have let me do it.

BRITT

What are you talking about? Where
are you?

CASEY

In O'Hare's office.

BRITT

WHAT? ^{BRITT} How did you manage that?

CASEY

I'll tell you later. Listen, I did some snooping. Turns out that over half the Gas Company is being used on a single job.

BRITT

What job.

CASEY

It's at 23 Nassau Street. That's all she wrote.

BRITT

BRITT
Okay, we'll check it out. Listen,
Casey, you better get out of there.
Bring the file over to my house.

CASEY

CASEY
I'll be right there.

(beat)

(beat)
This is kind of fun, actually. I
can sort of see why you do this--

Then with shocking surprise A HAND reaches down to Casey's phone and breaks the connection.

A fat hand. Casey gasps.

INTERCUT WITH BRITT

as he reacts to the broken connection.

BRITT
Casey? Casey!

He slams the phone down and hurries away.

BACK TO CASEY

as she whirls to see...

...Big Ed, in his wheelchair, surrounded by his gang of thugs: the Firemen, Gas Man, DWP.

BIG ED
I should have known. Nobody likes filing that much.

Gulp. Casey quakes in fear.

BIG ED
Who were you talking to? Who are you working for?

CASEY
No one.

BIG ED
I've heard of secretarial loyalty, but this is ridiculous. The Reids are dead, Casey. You're not going to get any more bonuses from them.
(to DWP)
Put her in my car.

DWP drags Casey away. Everyone follows.

EXT. ROW HOUSE - NIGHT

Still cordoned off. Uniformed CITYGAS MEN mill about. A giant PIPE runs from inside the house, then out front and into a huge CITYGAS eighteen-wheeler.

Several GAS MEN disengage the pipe from the truck.

Then another GAS MAN waves a flag, signalling the truck's driver to move out.

GAS MAN
Move out!

The huge truck rumbles away...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

...and no sooner has it pulled away than ANOTHER, IDENTICAL CITYGAS EIGHTEEN-WHEELER backs up to the shattered house, directed by the man with the flag.

Then the pipe workers connect the pipe to the back of the truck.

Very interesting.

ACROSS THE STREET

The Black Beauty sits in the shadows, unobserved. Inside, Kato and Hornet watch all the above activity.

KATO

What are they doing?

HORNET

They're pumping something out of there. Something valuable, I'd say.
(points to the
departing truck)

Follow that truck. It'll lead us to Casey...and O'Hare.

The limo pulls out, following the truck at a discreet distance.

EXT CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Later. The Black Beauty following the CITYGAS TRUCK.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Later. The CITYGAS TRUCK backs up to the warehouse entrance. CITYGAS workers repeat the same drill as the one at the row house: they connect a pipe running from inside the warehouse to the truck's tank.

ACROSS THE STREET

The Black Beauty is spying. Then our heroes get out of the car and quietly, secretly, dash across the street to the warehouse, running around to the other side...

AT THE REAR OF THE WAREHOUSE

Our heroes slink along the corrugated steel wall. Then Hornet pulls out the HORNET STING, a weapon with a telescoping barrel. He aims at the steel wall and FIRES...

...blowing a large hole through the steel. Quietly, they slip inside...

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Our heroes enter quietly. They stand open-mouthed, astounded by what they see...

MOUNTAINS OF DIRT!

Just plain, ordinary dirt, like sand dunes, filling up the length, width, and height of the vast, hangar-like warehouse. They see the pipe which is pumping the dirt in from the trucks; they see TRACTORS, operated by uniformed CITYGAS MEN, plowing the dirt into manageable dunes.

HORNET

It's dirt!

KATO

Just ordinary soil.

HORNET

What the hell is going on? There's TONS of it in here! How can so much dirt come out of one little house?

Then with shocking surprise A GROUP OF CITYGAS THUGS surprise our heroes! They FIGHT, Britt with raw, brute force, powered by a thirst for vengeance, Kato with his usual martial arts verve.

Then A TRACTOR gets into it, dumping a huge pile of dirt on Kato, burying him! Britt pulls out the "Hornet Sting" gun, blasts the tractor, putting it out of commission. Then he uses his "Hornet Gun" to finish the last of the Thugs off with green gas!

He digs Kato out of the dirt, pulling him up to much-needed oxygen. Kato gasps for air gratefully.

HORNET

You're batting three for five. Is the debt repaid yet?

KATO

It is not about debts anymore. It is about justice...and vengeance.

HORNET

Let's get back to Nassau Street. I have a feeling all our questions will be answered there.

They hurry out of the warehouse...

EXT. ROW HOUSE - NIGHT

It's still going on: Gas Men mill about; one truck pulls away, another one pulls up and gets connected to the pipe.

BEHIND THE HOUSE

A DOZEN GAS MEN patrol the alley, keeping intruders at bay.

Then, GREEN GAS BOMBS suddenly explode everywhere! The Gas Men closest to the billowing clouds of gas start to cough, then collapse, unconscious.

Then Kato and Hornet move in. They do battle with the remaining Gas Men, intense hand-to-hand combat. Between the two of them, they handily defeat the thugs.

Hornet and Kato have become a highly effective team.

They slink toward the back of the shattered house, and slip inside...

INT. SHATTERED ROW HOUSE - NIGHT

They make their way down what was once a hallway. Now, it's just rubble...

...but they find the PIPE. They follow it further into the house, turning corners, a labyrinth of discovery. Where will it lead?

It leads into what was once the HALL CLOSET.

Where it suddenly goes STRAIGHT DOWN. WAY DOWN. Way down into blackness, much further than the eye can see.

Adjacent to the spot where the pipe suddenly descends is an ELEVATOR, the "open" sort of elevator used in buildings under construction. That sort of thing.

HORNET

Only one way to find out.

They step inside the elevator, push a button, and with a mechanical whine, start to DESCEND...

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR

Our heroes marvel at just how long, how far they descend. They just keep going down...down...down...alongside the PIPE, past hundreds of feet of sheer, excavated earth.

HORNET

I can't wait to see how this is going to turn out.

They continue to go down.

Finally, they reach the bottom. The door slides open. Careful to remain in the shadows, unseen, they step out into...

AN EXCAVATION SITE

...where dozens of uniformed CITY GAS MEN mill about efficiently on urgent missions.

At the center of all this activity, A GIANT, HIGH-TECH ELECTRICAL DRILL is boring down into the earth in the endless quest to go deeper, deeper...

What are they looking for?

KATO
Holy shit.

Hornet double-takes at Kato, shocked.

HORNET
Kato!

Suddenly a group of CITY GAS THUGS appear from behind our heroes, surprising them. They're trapped.

Then, Big Ed rolls up in his wheelchair. He's munching on a sandwich.

BIG ED
Mr. Hornet! And associate. So glad you could come. I've been expecting you.

HORNET
What are you doing here, O'Hare?

BIG ED
As you can imagine, an excavation of this size is enormously expensive. That drill you see there is a ten-million-dollar piece of equipment. Hence my need to...supplement my revenue through the activities at St. Michael's.

HORNET
What have you done with Casey?

BIG ED
So you are working together! I thought so. I can certainly understand why you enlisted her aid. She's extremely efficient...in any number of ways, I imagine. Well. I'll find out about that soon enough!

Hornet glowers at him.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BIG ED (CONT'D)

But as I was saying. The excavation. You see, Hornet--may I call you that?--as Mayor of this fine metropolis, I don't draw a very large salary. A real pittance, if you want to know the truth. But the position does confer upon one a certain amount of...access, I guess you'd say. The public utilities, the city services, all of these I had at my disposal. And they do come in handy, as you've seen.

A beat as he pulls out a piece of PAPER--a yellowing old MAP.

BIG ED (CONT'D)

But it wasn't until I happened across this little piece of paper, buried in the bowels of city hall, that I dreamed up this little scheme. An incredible goal presented itself, a single glorious purpose around which to coordinate all my other activities.

(shows the paper to
Hornet)

It's a map, Hornet. An old map dated 1875. You see, at the time, this whole section of the country was unexplored territory. The final frontier of America. And when thousands of settlers flocked to this area for the first time, they had a quaint name for that event.

HORNET

(understanding now)

The Gold Rush.

BIG ED

That's right. The Gold Rush. Who would have guessed that beneath this tiny, insignificant little house, lay one of the biggest gold deposits ever recorded in modern geological history?

KATO

I would not have guessed that.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

BIG ED
Of course not! Who would? But I
found out about it. And as they
say...finders, keepers.

He rolls toward a large cloth-covered form. He yanks the
cloth away, with a flourish, like a magician...

...revealing a MOUND OF GLITTERING GOLD!

BIG ED
I intend to have all of it. And
when I do, I can blow this stinking
town.

There's a reason for the long-windedness of Big Ed's speech:
while he's talking, Hornet has been secretly reaching behind
his back toward the DRILL'S CONTROLS. Now he grabs at it...

...causing the drill to suddenly rear up and DRILL right
across the excavation site! Numerous thugs are drilled to
death! Others are forced over the edge of the endless abyss
that the drill had been digging.

The drill bores right at Ed, forcing him, for the first
time, to get up out of the wheelchair. He's a terrifying
sight, as massive and repulsive as Jabba the Hut.

Chaos ensues. More fighting opportunities for our heroes.
They punch. They kick. They conquer. And it will all be
dazzlingly choreographed.

Finally, Big Ed puts a stop to the party by pulling CASEY
out from nowhere! He has a gun to her head. They're
standing right near the edge of the abyss.

BIG ED
Stay back or I'll blow her beautiful
brains out!

An impasse. What to do? Hornet thinks.

And remembers.

HORNET
(glancing down at
Big Ed's feet)
Look! Your shoelace is untied!

But Big Ed doesn't fall for it. (The Man probably doesn't
even have any reflexes.)

BIG ED
Oh, please. Do you really think I'd
fall for that? Now get back!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (3)

Hornet obeys.

BIG ED (CONT'D)
Now there's just one thing before
I kill you. Indulge my curiosity.
I've been dying to ask you...who the
hell are you?

HORNET
Curiosity killed the cat.

BIG ED
Remove the mask.

Hornet refuses.

BIG ED
Then I'll do it myself.

He rolls toward Hornet with a whir. At that moment, CAMERA
MOVES DOWN TO HIS SHOES...

...where we see KATO, reaching out from beneath a piece of
machinery, having UNTIED ONE OF BIG ED'S SHOELACES...AND
QUICKLY TYING IT TO THE DRILL!

Big Ed steps forward...the shoelace catches, pulling him
back, staggering...

...and he falls BACKWARD INTO THE ABYSS with a horrified
SCREAM!

Hornet smiles with grim satisfaction.

HORNET
Works every time.

Casey runs into his arms. They peer over the edge of the
abyss...

...and then with shocking surprise BIG ED REACHES UP, having
somehow caught onto something which broke his fall! He
grabs Hornet's leg, pulling him off balance...

...and both he and Casey fall into the abyss! They manage
to grab onto the edges, but it's precarious. Now all three
of them are dangling over the edge!

Big Ed turns, finds himself at arm's length from Hornet.
He reaches toward his mask. Hornet can't let go to defend
himself: he's hanging onto the edge with one hand, and
hanging onto Casey's hand with the other.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (4)

BIG ED
(reaching)
I have to know!

He grabs the mask, pulls it off...

...revealing BRITT REID!

BIG ED
YOU!

And then Big Ed loses his grip and falls--for real this time--down, down, down into the black abyss with a fading SCREAM!

Hornet and Casey are still dangling.

Kato, of course, comes to the rescue. He pulls them both up to safety.

Hornet turns to him.

HORNET
We're even now. The slate is clean.

As usual, Kato's face betrays no emotion.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SPINNING NEWSPAPERS with separate HEADLINES:

1. O'HARE KILLED--POLITICIAN REVEALED AS CRIMINAL
2. REID ALIVE--FORCED INTO "ASSASSINATION" PLOT BY NEFARIOUS GREEN HORNET
3. WHO IS THE GREEN HORNET?--SEVERAL IMPOSTERS COME FORWARD

CUT TO:

EXT. DAILY SENTINEL TOWER - DUSK

The setting sun is reflected brilliantly in the glass tower.

INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE - DUSK

Britt is presiding over the troops with utmost confidence.

BRITT
Lead with the Hornet, put my
resurrection under the fold, and run
the story on Casey on page three.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BRITT (Cont'd)
(a beat)
On second thought, put Casey on page
one beneath the fold, and my
resurrection on page three.

News shuffles his papers accordingly. Britt stands and
leaves.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DUSK

Casey is manning the phones, as usual.

CASEY
Mr. Reid's office...
(listens)
Sir, I assure you I am not lying.
He really is alive.

Click. Whoever it is hangs up.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Rude.

Then Britt emerges from his office. Casey grabs her purse.

BRITT
Ready?

CASEY
Yup. We've got reservations at
seven.

BRITT
Great. Let's go.

He escorts her toward the elevators. All the other
secretaries look on, swooning, green with envy.

EXT. DAILY SENTINEL TOWER - DUSK

Kato is in front of the building's main entrance, waxing the
white Mercedes limo. Then Britt and Casey approach. Kato
opens the door for Casey.

CASEY
Thank you, Kato.

KATO
My pleasure, Miss Case.

Britt pauses before getting in.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BRITT

You saved my life, Kato. The debt is paid. You have no obligation to me anymore.

KATO

This is true.

Britt's face falls. He's disappointed.

BRITT

So...what are you going to do now?

KATO

Well...do you know of any opportunities for a skilled bodyguard?

Britt smiles broadly. Kato just gives him his inscrutable stare. Britt ducks into the back seat, and Kato climbs in behind the wheel.

INT. MERCEDES LIMO - DUSK

Britt falls into Casey's arms immediately. They smooch. Kato bears all of this with his usual stoicism.

REID

Let's roll, Kato!

Kato shifts into gear and pulls out.

EXT. REID TOWER - DUSK

The white limo pulls into traffic and drives off into the sunset.

Suddenly a beat-up SEDAN filled with BANK ROBBERS in ski masks goes roaring past the Mercedes, followed by a screaming COP CAR in hot pursuit. BANG! BANG! BANG! A heated gunfight on wheels. Then the Bank Robbers manage to shoot out the cop car's tire; the car careens out of control, flips over, and CRASHES into a storefront in an explosion of glass. They're out of it.

The Bank Robbers' sedan zooms into a tunnel, disappearing from view, followed by Britt's white Mercedes. We stay outside, horizontally tracking with the landscaped terrain, following the underground tunnel which we cannot see.

Then the sedan emerges from the far end of the tunnel...

...followed by the BLACK BEAUTY in hot pursuit!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

We hear the electronic tones of a telephone number being punched. Then RINGING. Then:

CASEY (V.O.)

Hi, I'm calling for Mr. Reid. We
had a seven o'clock reservation for
dinner.

(beat)

Better make it seven-thirty.

As our heroes zoom off on their next adventure, we

FADE OUT.