

**The Shadow**  
**"The Blind Beggar Dies"**

by  
Maxwell Grant  
(a.k.a. Walter B. Gibson)

*made available courtesy of WRKS Radio Theatre and Arizona TheatreWorks 1998*

The Cast

Announcer  
Singing Jim (blind, singing beggar)  
Man on the street  
Woman on the street  
Spike Grogan (low life thug...racketeer and extortionist)  
Marty Nelson (Spike's accomplice, also a low life thug)  
Margo Lane (intimate friend and assistant to The Shadow)  
Lamont Cranston /The Shadow  
Officer Clancy  
Doctor  
Lame Bill  
Apple Mary (blind beggar)  
Limpy (beggar)  
Female Beggar  
Voices of various beggars  
Dugan (pool hall owner)

(The Shadow theme music, **Saint-Saëns** "Le rouet d'Omphale" swells)

Shadow: : (Evil laughing) Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men ? (More Laughing) The shadow knows.

(theme music continues)

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen the Shadow's exciting adventure will be on the air in just a moment, but first, here's a news flash for every motorist in America. It's about a sensational, new kind of tire that will stop your car quicker and safer on wet roads than you've ever stopped before. And the tire that will give you this remarkable new skid protection is the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown with the lifesaver tread. This lifesaver tread has a truly amazing action on wet, slippery pavement. As the spiral bars of this tread strike the pavement, they act like a battery of windshield wipers. These bars sweep the water from under the tire; force it out through deep drainage grooves; make a dry track for the rubber to grip, thus, you're protected against skids in all directions. You get the quickest stops you've ever seen. And remember this too, Silvertowns are also the only tires that give you the famous Golden-Ply blowout protection. When thousands are injured or killed every year due to accidents or blowouts or skids, don't take chances. Equip with these life saving Silvertowns now. That's the way to get protection against skids and blowouts at no

extra cost.

(theme music swells, then softens, but plays throughout the next announcer segment)

Announcer: The Shadow, Lamont Cranston, a man of wealth, a student of science, and a master of other people's minds, devotes his life to righting wrongs, protecting the innocent and punishing the guilty. Using advanced methods that may ultimately become available to all law enforcement agencies, Cranston is known to the underworld as "The Shadow". Never seen, only heard. As haunting to superstitious minds as a ghost. As inevitable as a guilty conscience. The identity of The Shadow is known only to his intimate friend and aide, Margo Lane. Today's story, "The Blind Beggar Dies".

(Theme music swells and then fades....)

(The sounds of street noises)

Singing Jim (singing) "There are smiles that make us happy, there are smiles..."

Man: Evening, singing Jim, chilly tonight, isn't it?

(sound of coin dropping into pail)

Singing Jim: Indeed it is. Thank you sir. (singing again) "There are smiles that...."

Woman: Hello, Jim. Wish me luck tonight. I'm going out with a new boyfriend. He's awful nice.

(sound of coin dropping into pail)

Singing Jim: All the luck in the world to you, miss. Thank you. (singing) "There are smiles that make us happy..."

(Jim keeps singing)

Spike: Well, well, well. If it isn't singing Jim. Holdin' down the same corner after we told him to pay protection or move.

Marty: Yeah, he don't pay off and he don't scare.

Singing Jim: I... I don't make enough to keep body and soul together. Now you....you go away. Let me alone.

Spike: Oh.... so you're gonna try to buck our record, eh? Alright Marty, bring him back in the alley...

Singing Jim: Now wait...

Spike: ...that way maybe we can make him see things our way.

Singing Jim: Now take your hands off me! You let me alone!.....

Spike: Come on pop, we just wanna talk to you for a minute. We got a proposition for ya.

Singing Jim: But now I told ya....I don't need protection. I have a license because I'm blind. Please don't bother me none.

Spike: Bring him back over here, Marty. This looks private enough.

Singing Jim: Now wait...no...

Marty: Okay, Spike..

Spike: Take it easy on that blackjack.

Singing Jim: Please, wait, I'm an old man.

Spike: Shut up and hold your mitt over his mouth.....don't let him squirm.

Marty: Okay, I got him.

Singing Jim: I'm an old man. I can't stand it! I haven't any money to pay you, I tell ya.....argh.,.,., (he gags as a cloth is put into his mouth)

Spike: Alright, give him the once over.

Marty: Right.

Spike: And listen, Singing Jim, next time you fork over a buck a week or you'll get the worst.

(sounds of Singing Jim being beat up)

Spike: Okay. Marty, dump him over the wall there and let's go.

(Music swell slightly to indicate scene change)

(City street noises throughout the next scene....voices)

Margo: Look at that crowd gathering, Lamont. Isn't it amazing how any little thing can get a crowd together?

Cranston: Yes. Sometimes those little things turn out to be big things, Margo.

Margo: That's just Lamont Cranston the amateur criminologist, coming to the fore.

Cranston: Oh, look. They're trying to get into that alley way. Somebody's hurt, probably.

Margo: Oh, yes.

Clancy: Alright,move on, everybody move on. Move on. Make room for the ambulance. Oh, good evening to you Mr. Cranston.

Cranston: What's wrong, Clancy?

Clancy: Oh, it's poor old Singing Jim. Somebody found him in the alley all smashed up. Looks like a truck run over him. (yelling) Alright, out of the way. Move on, now. Move on.

Margo: Oh no....poor Jim. Lamont, look at his face and head. He doesn't look like he's been run over.

Singing Jim (groggy) No...no, don't. Don't hit me, I can't take it! I can't pay! I can't! I can't!

(Singing Jim is groaning and grunting throughout the next few lines)

Clancy: Okay, straight to the hospital and make it fast. This old boy's in a bad way.

(sound of ambulance siren)

Margo: Lamont, somebody beat him up. But who'd do a thing like that, and why?

Cranston: I don't know, Margo. I've known Singing Jim for years.

Margo: So have I. Everybody knows him and helps him out.

Cranston: Margo, he looked pretty bad. I think I'll go to the hospital and see what I can do for him. There's more to this than meets the eye. Want to come along?

Margo: Yes, Lamont. I hope we're not too late.

(Theme music swells, then fades to indicate scene change)

Doctor Of course you can see singing Jim, Mr. Cranston.

Cranston: How is he, doctor?

Doctor Triple concussion. Looks pretty hopeless.

Margo Poor old Jim.

Cranston: How did this happen?

Doctor Well, the police report listed it as a hit and run case. In my opinion, he was beaten with some blunt instrument.... a piece of pipe or a blackjack.

Cranston: Hmm.

Doctor: He's right in here.

Singing Jim: (half conscious and delirious) .....oh now....don't hit me. I'm an old man....no! .....no!

Doctor: I'm afraid you won't get much out of him, but you can try. I'll be back in a few minutes.

Singing Jim: Oh.....I can't pay.....I need protection.....I...

Cranston: Now Singing Jim....Jim.....it's Lamont Cranston. I've come to help you. And Miss Lane is here too. You remember her?

Margo: Hello, Jim. What happened? Who did this to you?

Singing Jim: Oh...keep away from me!.....Let me go!.....Don't hit me

again! No!! ...

Cranston: I'm afraid he's delirious, Margo. Jim. Jim, listen. We're not going to hurt you. You're safe now. Who hit you? Why did they do it, Jim?

Singing Jim: (weakly).....I .....they....they told me I had to pay a dollar a week, or they'd give my corner to somebody else. Some phony that new how to mooch enough to pay for protection. (back to delirium) No! No!! Don't! Don't hit me.

Margo: Oh, Lamont! That can't be true. Nobody could be as low as to try to make a racket out of begging; organize them and make them pay tribute!

Cranston: It is hard to believe, Margo, but there must be something to it. Wait a minute. Jim, listen to me. Who did this? Who's been trying to make you pay money to them?

Singing Jim: (still delirious)....no!.....Don't hit me Spike. Let go of me, Marty. Don't...I can't pay! Apple Mary can't pay either! You took Apple Mary's stand....now you're trying to take mine! Don't! Don't hit me again! Don't!!

Margo: I'd better get the doctor. He's unconscious.

Cranston: Yes, Margo, but I'm afraid it's more than that.....

Margo: What?

Cranston: I'm afraid Singing Jim has sung his last ballad.

Margo: Wha...? You mean.....

Cranston: Yes, Margo. Singing Jim is dead.

(Sad, foreboding music swells slightly)

(sounds of muffled voices...)

Lame Bill: Folks, I guess you're all kind a wondering why the word went out over the beggars grapevine for us to meet here in my place. And maybe ya ain't. Anyway, Apple Mary's got somethin' to say to us.

Apple Mary: Thanks, Lame Bill, thanks. Folks, I guess by this time you've all heard that poor ol' singing' Jim's dead.

(assorted "yeah")

Apple Mary And I guess ya know why he's dead.

(again, mumbled responses)

Apple Mary: Now, don't get the idea that I've asked you all here to fight these here scurvy rats that pulled Jim into an alley and beat him ta death. I ain't askin that.

Lame Bill: can't expect no help from the police, Mary, now you know that.

Apple Mary Yes. Yes, we tried that, and they just laugh at the idea of anybody trying to make us pay for the right to make a livin' on the streets the only way we know how. Sellin' apples like I do. Singing' like Jim did. Or sellin' pencils and shoelaces, like lame Bill, here. No. No, we can't expect no help from the police.

Limpy: Yeah, but why don't they get the guys that murdered old Jim?

Apple Mary: They're investigatin' it, so they say.

Limpy: Yeah, but what are we going to do, Mary? Jim's death was just a warnin' to the rest of us. It means pay up or get the same.....

Apple Mary No. No it don't ...

Lame Bill Yeah, that's what it means, Mary.

Apple Mary No it don't....because somethin's happened. Somebody's gonna help us what can't help ourselves.

Lame Bill Well who is it, Mary?

Apple Mary Now before I tell ya, I want to remind ya that I am not a drinkin' woman. And I ain't given to hearin' things. And I ain't easy convinced. But last night, late, somebody talked to me at my stand. Somebody that you've all heard of. Somebody that you that've got your eyesight don't believe in because nobody's ever seen him.

Lame Bill: Who was it, Mary?

Apple Mary The Shadow.

(assorted responses from the beggars The Shadow?!.....)

Lame Bill: Aw, he wouldn't bother tryin' to help folks like us, Mary.

Apple Mary Oh, you're wrong! you're wrong, because he asked me to call all you folks together. He promised that he'd come here tonight and tell us how he can help us.

(again, various responses...oohh... )

F. Beggar When's he comin'? Why isn't he here?

The Shadow: (Laughing) I am here.

Lame Bill: Why, why.....where'd that laugh come from?

Limpy: Sounds like it come from right behind Mary.

F. Beggar No, it came from back in that corner.

Shadow: Wait. Don't be frightened. I am the Shadow. I've come here to help you. If you will accept my unseen presence without question; without fear.

Lame Bill: Yeah, Yeah that's right. We got no reason to be scared of the Shadow. We ain't done anything wrong.

Limpy: Yeah. We oughtta be glad he's willin' to help us out....to protect us from fellas like Spike and Marty. Maybe he can help us find out who those fellas are.

(mumblings as the beggars' excitement starts to build)

Apple Mary: Now wait! Wait a minute, all of you. I've told the Shadow all I know about Spike and Marty. All any of us knows. Now ya listen to what he wants us to do.

Shadow: You are victims of the meanest racket in the world. The Shadow will help you, if you are willing to help yourselves. I have reason to believe that one among you is a spy; an informer.

Beggars (various mumblings of surprise and confusion)

Lame Bill Why where is he? Point him out.

Shadow: No. No. Sooner or later he will betray himself. There are too many of you for me to single out the one hostile mind in this room.

F. Beggar What do you want us to do, Shadow?

Lame Bill We'll do anything ya say.

Shadow: Go on doing as you have been doing. When these men approach you again, pay them. Or promise payment. And then go to the west wall of the National Armory and make your sign of distress in white chalk, using the symbols you use in communicating with one another. The Shadow will understand them and come to your aid.

(again, various mumblings and expressions from the beggars)

Shadow: As for the informer in your midst, let him take this warning to the petty racketeers he serves. If one more cent of tribute is levied; if they so much as lay a hand upon one of you..... they will answer to the Shadow.....with their lives.

(mumblings from beggars as music swells)

(a knocking on a door)

Spike: Yeah, who's there? Is that you, Marty?

(door creaking open)

Marty: Yeah it's me, Spike.

Spike: What took ya so long? Say...you look like the real McCoy with those smoked glasses and that crutch.

Marty: I used to make a living playing this blind and lame gag until you showed me how to make some easy money.

Spike: Well, what happened at that meeting at Lame bill's place?

Marty: Plenty.

Spike: You look like you've seen a ghost.

Marty: No, I ain't seen no ghost, Spike.

Spike: What, then?

Marty: I heard something tonight that I don't wanta here again.

Spike: Hmm.

Marty: The voice of a guy you couldn't see. He was right there talking to us.

Spike: Aw...you've been hearing things.

Marty: No. it's the truth, I tell ya. you've heard about this guy they call the Shadow, haven't ya?

Spike: Yeah, I've heard about him alright, so what?

Marty: He was at that meeting. that's why Apple Mary called it. The Shadow got the whole story out of her....how we've worked this racket, and now he's out to get us.

Spike: How's he gonna do it?

Marty: He's got it all fixed for the beggars to put their distress signs on the wall of the National Armory the first time we try to collect any more dough.

Spike: You say the Shadow got all the dough from Apple Mary?

Marty: Yeah. I tell ya we gotta lay off.

Spike: And kiss all that money we get from the beggars goodbye? Not on your life.

Marty: Yeah, but Spike, the Shadow's poison. he's caught plenty of big shots with dough and their gangs. What chance have we got against a guy like that?

Spike: Listen, punk, you're all the gang I got and I ain't lettin a bit go. But I'm plenty smart and I got an idea how to get rid of this Shadow.

Marty: Alright, alright how you gonna do it?

Spike: Listen, all we have'ta do is get a hold of Apple Mary..... bring her up here to the hideout and keep her here.

Marty: Yeah and get the Shadow plum on our tails....

Spike: That's just what I want. And to be sure he does get here, you're gonna chalk a message on the Armory wall. You know the signs they use.

Marty: Yeah, I know em. But supposing you do get Apple Mary here and this Shadow comes after her. Then what?

Spike: Then he's gonna walk into the sweetest little trap you ever saw sprung.



Marty: But you can't see the guy to .....

Spike: I don't have to see him. All I have to do is here him talk or laugh the way they say he always does.

Marty: Alright, Spike, okay. I hope ya know what you're doing.

Spike: I haven't given you a bad steer yet, have I? we'll grab Apple Mary tonight and bring her down here.

(Music swells to indicate scene change)

(sound of car driving)

Margo: But why did you want to drive past the National Armory, Lamont?

Cranston: I'm looking for handwriting on the wall, Margo.

Margo: What do you mean?

Cranston: The Shadow made arrangements with Apple Mary and her friends to communicate with them. That way those racketeers try any more strong arm tactics.....

Margo: Do you think they will?

Cranston: Yes. there's a reckless bravado about a petty criminal that you won't find in big time crooks.

Margo: And they're just as dangerous. don't forget that, Lamont.

Lamont I'm not forgetting it for a minute, Margo. there's a saying, "Little snakes are more deadly than the big ones". Stop the car, Margo, here's the Armory.

Margo: What is it, Lamont?

Cranston: Hmm. there's writing on the wall. It may be what I'm looking for.

Margo: Do you mean those chalk marks? Those crosses and circles and numbers?

Cranston: Yes. Yes, it's a message from Apple Mary. She needs help. she's waiting for The Shadow in the basement of 19 River Street.

(Car door slamming)

Margo: I'll drive you there, Lamont.

(sound of car driving)

Cranston: Alright, Margo, but not all the way. Stop a block from that address and let me out.

Margo: Very well, Lamont. Shall I wait for you?

Cranston: Yes, Margo. Wait half an hour. If I'm not back by then, notify the police to raid that house.

Margo: But why Lamont? What makes you feel.....

Cranston: I don't think Apple Mary sent that message, Margo. I have a feeling The Shadow's being invited to walk into a trap.

(music swells suddenly and strongly)

Announcer Sit tight, ladies and gentlemen. The Shadow still has plenty of thrills coming.

News boy Extra! Extra! This weekend car crashes in skidding accident!

The Shadow: Yes, The Shadow knows that there's hardly a driver who has not experienced that sickening, paralyzing pit in the stomach feeling that comes when his car skids wildly over a wet, slippery highway.

Announcer Is it worth the risk, motorists? Especially when you can now get a tire that will stop you quicker and safer on wet roads than you've ever stopped before? A tire that will put real blowout protection between your car and the road. And this new Goodrich Safety Silvertown with the lifesaver tread skid protection and Golden-Ply blowout protection costs nothing extra. it's one of the best safety investments you can make. So play safe. Equip your car with these lifesaving Goodrich, spelled ÔG-o-o-d-r-i-c-h, Goodrich Safety Silvertown tires before it's too late.

(theme music swells and then fades)

Spike: That you, Marty?

Marty: Yeah, it's me. Where are ya? How about some light?

Spike: Okay, I just wanted to be sure.

Marty: Hey what's the idea with sitting down here in the dark? Hey! What are you doing with that Tommy gun?

Spike: When The Shadow comes here looking for Apple Mary, I'm gonna spray this room with lead from floor to ceiling. It won't matter if I can't see him, I can't miss. Then our troubles'll be over.

Marty: I put that message on the Armory wall.

Spike: How long ago?

Marty: About an hour.

Spike: Then he'll be here soon. That guy moves fast from what I hear.

Marty: Hey, how you gonna know when the Shadow gets here? What if he don't talk or laugh?

Spike: He's gotta open that door, ain't he? He can't walk through it. He ain't a ghost.

Marty: He comes as close to being a ghost as anything I ever went on up against. how's he do it? I mean how's he keep ya from seein him?

Spike: By hypnotism, whatever that is.

Marty: Yeah? I know a guy in the circus that could do that. Least wise, he claimed he could, and he.....

Spike: Shut up! Go and get Apple Mary in here. she's in that back room.

Marty: Okay. (footsteps away and door opening) Hey you! Apple Mary! Come on out here.

Apple Mary: I'm coming And don't think I'm scared of the scum of the Earth like you two.

Marty: Aw, pipe down.

Apple Mary What do ya want with me?

Spike: Bring her over here and shove her into this chair.

Marty: You heard him, come on!

Apple Mary Take your hands off me! I may be old and blind, but I take no

guiding from scavengers.

Spike: Take that cane away from her. She might get free with it.

Marty: Give me that stick.

Apple Mary: I'll give it to ya. Here, take it!

(smacking sound as she hits at Marty)

Marty: (laughing) Why you she-devil!

Spike: Put her in that chair and hold her there.

(sound of footsteps walking)

Spike: Got your knife.

Marty: Come on. Come on. Sit down there.

(sound of a slight struggle and then sit in chair)

Marty: Yeah, I got my knife.

Spike: Get it out. She tries anything when The Shadow shows up, let her have it right between the shoulders.

Marty: Okay. If ya know what's good for ya, you'll sit still, Mary.

Apple Mary So you know about The Shadow. So ya know he's after ya. So there was a squealer at the meeting.

Marty: Ha! That was no squealer, that was me! And we're expectin' your pal, The Shadow, most any time, now. I put a little message from you on the Armory wall, telling him to come here.

Spike: Yeah. Just wait'll that door swings open. that's the only way he can get in; or out.

Marty: If this Shadow guy's got a gun and starts blazin' away, you'll get yours, Mary.

Apple Mary: The Shadow doesn't need a gun.

(distant sound of door closing)

Spike: Shut her up, Marty. I just heard the basement door close.

(sound of footsteps)

Marty: Hey. somebody's in the hall, Spike.

Spike: (intense whisper) Shut up! Watch that old dame. She opens her mouth, let her have it.

Marty: Right. You got that Tommy gun ready?

Spike: Yeah.

(sound of door squeaking open and then closing)

Marty: Spike, he's here. The shadow's here! Do something! Do something! Shoot! Shoot him! Kill him!

Spike: I ain't sure. I've gotta be sure.

Shadow: There is only one certainty in life. And that is death.

Marty: (very panicked) It's him! it's him! Shoot! Shoot!

(sound of several gun shots)

Marty: Hey Spike?! Spike, ya shot out the lights.

Spike: Yeah. Yeah. But I got him. I got the Shadow. Come on. let's get out of here.

Marty: Yeah, but what about Apple Mary?

Spike: We haven't got time to fuss with a blind dame. Now listen, Apple Mary. Get out and tell your friends we'll be seein' em. Tell em The shadow's dead. Tell 'em if we have any more trouble makin' collections, they'll get what Singing Jim and The Shadow got. Tell 'em that for us. Come on, Marty, let's go.

(sound of footsteps moving quickly toward door)

(sound of door closing)

Apple Mary The shadow's dead. Who can we look to for help, now?

Shadow: You can still count on The Shadow, Apple Mary.

Apple Mary Oh! Shadow! They didn't kill you. Didn't they hit you?

Shadow: No, Mary. I suspected a trap, so after I opened the door, I walked across the room and stood behind them.

Apple Mary: But your voice.... it came from near the door.

Shadow: Ventriloquism. A simple trick of projecting the voice. But that doesn't matter now. Get out of here and hurry to Lame Bill's. Gather your friends together, and wait there for word from me. The Shadow.

(Shadow music swells, then fades quickly)

Cranston: Margo! Margo!

Margo: Oh! There you are, Lamont? I was beginning to get worried.....the half hour's almost up. What happened?

Cranston: I'll tell you later. Quick, start the car. See those two men hurrying down the street?

Margo: That tall one and the short, heavy one?

(sound of car driving)

Cranston Yes. Follow them, but be careful. don't get too close.

Margo Who are they? Where are they going?

Cranston They murdered Singing Jim. They tried to murder The Shadow. we'll find out where they go, Margo, and then I'll telephone Commissioner Weston to surround the place.

(music begins during the last sentence to Cranston's and now swells. It softens for the following line, but doesn't stop)

Lame Bill The Shadow left word with Apple Mary. She wants us at Dugan's Pool.

(Music swells again, and then softens, but again, doesn't stop)

Apple Mary: Dugan's Pool Hall. The Shadow's tracked down Spike and Marty.

F. beggar How come Mary and Lame Bill want us at Dugan's Pool Hall?

(again, music swells and then softens)

Lame Bill: Hey, Limpy, go to Dugan's Pool Hall right away, Mary said so.

(Music swells, and then finally fades and goes out)

(Sound of pool being played)

Spike: Aww...what's a matter with ya Marty, I thought ya could play pool...you missed that shot by about a mile.

Marty: I can't keep my mind on the game. can't stop thinkin' about the....

Spike: Pipe down! everything's okay, I tell ya. I got The Shadow. I couldn't of missed. You heard him fall, didn't ya?

Marty: Yeah, but....

Spike: Yeah, but nothin'. We got nothin' to worry about, I tell ya. The Shadow's outta the way and we got it fixed with Dugan for an alibi. We been here all evenin'. See. Here comes Dugan, now.

Dugan: Hey, Spike, Marty. There's something going on around here I Don't like. I know I told ya I'd frame an alibi for ya, but I Don't want no trouble. I Don't want my place closed up.

Spike: Whatsa matter with ya? what's goin' on?

Dugan: It's that bunch you been workin' your new racket on. Apple Mary, Lame Bill, Limpy, the whole lot of 'em.

Marty: What? Where are they?

Dugan: They're out in the street. Twenty or thirty of 'em. And more comin' every minute.

Spike: Yeah, who tipped 'em off we was here? Is this a double cross, Dugan?

Dugan: No! No, no, honest. Somebody musta tailed ya here.

(sounds of voices in the street)

Dugan: Listen to 'em.

Marty: Hey, hey Spike....they come after us! Come on, let's get outta here.

Spike: Yeah. Yeah, maybe we better. They'd tear us to pieces the minute they got their hands on us.

Dugan: You guys better slip out that back door over there. It leads into the alley. The crowd may be lame and blind, but I Don't give much for your chances if they get hold of ya.

Marty: Come on Spike! Let's go, will ya?!

Spike: Yeah, yeah okay, let's scam. we'll get these monkeys tomorrow, one by one. I'll teach you to try to gang up on us. Come on Marty, come on!

Marty: Hey Spike, wait! Look! Down the alley, there.

Spike: Holy cat, cops!

Marty: (afraid) Yeah, yeah.

Spike: Half a dozen of 'em.

Marty: We can't go that way, Spike, they're layin' for us.

(Pool hall sounds again, as they go back in)

Spike: Hey Dugan! Do you have any other way out? How 'bout upstairs and over the roof?

Dugan: No...that door to the hole's been nailed up for years. It's

either the alley or the front way.

Marty: Hey, Spike, that bunch out in the street sound like they're comin' in!

Spike: Yeah, we're like a couple of rats in a trap!

Shadow: (laughing) What are you going to do, Spike?

Marty: The Shadow. Spike, did you hear that?! It's The Shadow! You didn't get him! He ain't dead!

Shadow: No! No, you will not go to the electric chair for the murder of the Shadow.

Spike: Well....so ya got away. Well then the cops haven't got anything on us now. Come on, Marty, we'll go out through the alley and let the cops pick us up. They can't hold us more than twenty four hours.

Shadow: Wait! You've forgotten the murder of Singing Jim.

Spike: Why, you can't pin that on us.

(Sound of Marty trying to open a locked door)

Spike: Are the doors locked?

Marty: Yeah, and the key's gone Spike.

Shadow: Yes. I locked that door, Spike. I have the key. But the front door is unlocked. You can walk out that door. Singing Jim's friends are out there waiting for you.

Marty: Spike?! What are we gonna do?

Shadow: They're the lame and the crippled and the blind, but there's strength in their numbers. The strength of a long, suffering fury that means your death.... if they get their hands on you.

Spike: Whadda ya want, Shadow? what's your game?

Shadow: I want your confession to the murder of Singing Jim.

Marty: Yeah.....if we confess will ya keep that mob away from us.....

Spike: I'm not confessin' to anything! I'm not writin' myself a one way ticket to the death house!

Shadow: It's your choice. A chance before a legal jury or.....that mob.

(sounds of the beggar mob entering the pool hall)

Shadow: Quick!

(mob sounds)

Marty: Stop 'em! Stop 'em, Shadow! I'll confess! Yeah, yeah, we killed singing Jim. It was Spike! He slugged him in that alley...yeah!

Spike: Why you dirty squealer, I'd.....

Shadow: Don't move, Spike! One false move, these tormented people'll kill you. Mary! Lame Bill! Wait! Wait everybody! (To Spike) This is your last chance. There's a blackboard behind you, Spike. There's a piece of chalk. Write your confession to the murder of Singing Jim and sign it. Write what I dictate to you.

Spike: (defeated) You.....you win Shadow.

Shadow: We, Spike Grogan and Marty Nelson....

Spike: We, Spike Grogan.....

Shadow: ...confess...

Spike: ...and Marty Nelson...

Shadow: ...that on Tuesday night at five o'clock....

Spike: ...confess that on Tuesday night.....

Shadow: ...we did willfully beat singing Jim ....

Spike: ...we did.....

Shadow: ...to death.....

Spike: ...willfully beat....

Shadow: ...with a blackjack.

Spike: ...Singing Jim to death with a blackjack.

Shadow: Sign it! (pause) Now you, Marty.

Marty: Okay.

Spike: There. Now...Now what, Shadow?

Shadow: Walk to that back door. Open it. Call to the police in the alley. Tell them to come and get you.

Spike: But it's locked. You locked it and took the key.

Shadow: I unlocked it again. Go with Spike Grogan, Marty. Beyond that door a blindfolded woman with a sword in one hand and finely balanced scales in the other, waits for you. You've mocked her long enough. But she is patient, because her name is justice, and her revenge for your mockery will be..... death.

(The Shadow laughs as the voices of the beggars grow louder and the theme music swells)

Announcer: You have been listening to a dramatized version of one of the many copyrighted stories which appear in "The Shadow" magazine.

(Theme music swells again)

Evil Voice: (Laughing) The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. Crime does



not pay. The Shadow knows. (laughter)

(Theme music again)

Announcer: All the characters and all the places named are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

"The Blind Beggar Dies" was written by Maxwell Grant (Walter B. Gibson). Lamont Cranston was played by \_\_\_\_\_ and Margo Lane was played by \_\_\_\_\_ .

(Ending music.....)

Announcer: Ladies & gentlemen, a new world's record has been set! 1,440,000 words were written by Maxwell Grant in less than 10 months on a Corona typewriter. In the creation of the sensational character of the Shadow, Mr. Grant has shattered all other typewriting records. Two champions - The Corona and The Shadow. Corona, it's a good typewriter.

The Shadow is featured in The Shadow Magazine, a Street & Smith Publication and on a radio station near you.