

"THE SECRET OF THE SHADOW"

by Max Ehrlich

as broadcast November 21, 1943 over MBS

(MUSIC: "SPINNING WHEEL"—FADE UNDER)

SHADOW: (FILTER) Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The SHADOW knows.
(LAUGHS)

(MUSIC UP... SEGUE BRIGHT THEME)

ANNR: Once again your neighborhood 'blue coal' dealer brings you the thrilling adventures of the SHADOW... the hard and relentless fight of one man against the forces of evil. These dramatizations are designed to demonstrate forcibly to old and young alike that crime does not pay!

(MUSIC UP... SEGUE INTO NEUTRAL BACKGROUND)

ANNR: THE SHADOW, mysterious character who aids the forces of law and order, is in reality Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man about town. Several years ago in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret ... the power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend and companion, the lovely Margot Lane, is the only person who knows to whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs. Today's drama ... "The Secret of The Shadow." It begins at night in the office of Big Jim Kane. At the moment Big Jim is seated at his desk, and with him is Red Donovan, his right hand man. They are waiting (FADE) for someone...

RED: (NERVOUS, TENSE) Why doesn't he come? What's keepin' him?

KANE: (CALM) Take it easy, Red. He'll be here.

RED: I ain't so sure. This jewelry store was plenty dough to crack. If the cops ...

KANE: (SILKILY) Don't worry about the police. I've taken care of every detail ...

RED: Yeah. But there's two hundred grand in diamonds riding on this job, boss. Suppose Morelli decides to try a getaway with the haul...?

KANE: (SILKILY) Morelli won't go anywhere ... but right here, Red. He knows better than to cross Big Jim Kane. (SOUNDS OF STEPS OFF, MUFFLED, COMING UP) What did I tell you? He's coming up the corridor now ...

RED: Yeah. It must be him. But in case it ain't ... I'm goin' to keep this gun handy.

KANE: (AMUSED) You worry too much, Red.

(STEPS STOP ... DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

MORELLI: Hello, chief.

KANE: Hello, Morelli. You're a little late.

MORELLI: Yeah, I know. I doubled my dracks son the way here in case anybody tried to follow me.

KANE: Everything go off all right?

MORELLI: Perfect. Not ta hitch.

(SOUND OF DOOR OPENING) (MORELLI STARTLED)

RED: (TENSE) Someone just opened the door, Boss!

KANE: (A LITTLE IRRITATED) What's the matter with you two? There's no one there. You can see that for yourself. A draft of wind down the corridor opened that door. Shut it, Red, and we'll get back to business.

RED: Okay.

(DOOR CLOSES)

KANE: All right, Morelli. Let's see the diamonds.

MORELLI: Here they are ... in this little leather bag. (SOUND OF GEMS EMPTYING ON TO HARD SURFACE OF DESK) Two hundred grand in sparklers... right on your desktop, Chief.

- KANE: (RAPTLY) Look at those stones, Red. Look at them!
- RED: (ENTRANCED) Yeah. Beautiful little babies, ain't they, Boss? What a haul!
- KANE: Nice work, Morelli. We'll dispose of these stones through a fence and give you your twenty percent ... in cash.
- MORELLI: (ALERT) Wait a minute, Jim. You mean ... fifty percent!
- KANE: (SUAVE) Why no, Morelli. I don't mean that at all.
- MORELLI: You told me when I came in on the deal that I'd get half the dough.
- KANE: (SILKY) Half? You must have heard me wrong, Morelli. *I* get half. You get twenty percent ... and Red, thirty!
- MORELLI: (ANGRILY) Oh, no you don't, Kane! I did the dirty work ... took all the chances! I'm entitled to fifty percent ... and I'm going to get what's coming to me.
- KANE: (SIGHS) Very well, Morelli. If you insist ...
(SOUND OF SHOT. GROAN, BODY THUD)
- RED: Nice shot, boss. He got what was coming to him all right. You drilled him right between the eyes.
- KANE: (SIGHS) Poor Morelli. Always so greedy. (PAUSE) Well ... now that our friend here has left us, Red ... I'm afraid we'll have to split the proceeds just between the two of us.
- RED: (GLOATING) Yeah. Three's a crowd. (SUDDENLY, STARTLED) Hey, chief! The diamonds!
- KANE: (STARTLED) Why .. they're gone!
- RED: (HOARSELY) Yeah ... But how ... where?
- KANE: Perhaps they rolled off onto the floor ... underneath the desk.
- RED: (EAGERLY) Yeah. Maybe. I'll get down and look ...
- SHADOW: (LAUGHS) You're wasting your time, Red. *I* have those diamonds!
- RED: What was that?
- SHADOW: The Voice ... of The Shadow!
- KANE: The Shadow?
- SHADOW: Yes, Kane.
- RED: (FEARFULLY) What's he doing here?
- KANE: (FIRM) What do you want, Shadow?
- SHADOW: I already have what I came for ... a fortune in cut diamonds. But it is not enough, Kane.
- KANE: What do you mean?
- SHADOW: I mean that you have gone beyond mere robbery, my friend. You have murdered a man ... in cold blood. And for this the law will demand your life ... as forfeit!
- KANE: (CALM) I'll never go to the chair, Shadow.
- SHADOW: (STERN) You cannot escape your crime, Kane. Neither you nor your man, Red Donovan, can escape the just vengeance of society.
- RED: (FRANTIC WITH FEAR) He's got us, chief! We'll both fry! Do you understand? We're going to fry in the chair.
- KANE: (COLDLY) Shut up, Red!
- SHADOW: (INEXORABLE) You're through, Kane! I'll give you twenty-four hours to give yourself up to the police!
- KANE: (CALM) And if I don't?
- SHADOW: Then you'll have to deal with The Shadow!
- KANE: (BOASTING) That's where your wrong, Shadow. It's the other way around. (CRAFTILY) *You'll* have to deal with *me*! I'll show you who holds the trump card!

SHADOW: Twenty-four hours, Kane. No more ... no less. And remember The Shadow will be watching you!

(MUSIC TRANSITION ... INTO RING OF PHONE ... CLICK OF RECEIVER)

CRANSTON: Hello?

MARGOT: Oh, Lamont, I've been so worried about you since you followed that thief. What happened?

CRANSTON: I got the diamonds he stole, Margot—and he led me to the most dangerous criminal alive today—Big Jim Kane.

MARGOT: Lamont—he's the one who was acquitted in that murder trial last month—

CRANSTON: Yes, that's the one—but I don't think he'll trick any more juries after today.

MARGOT: Yes?

CRANSTON: I saw him kill the crook who stole those diamonds, but I may have a little trouble proving it—

MARGOT: But Lamont—you say you saw him—

CRANSTON: Only as The Shadow, Margot. I can't prove I was there, and Kane is too smart to leave tracks.

MARGOT: Have you any ideas, Lamont?

CRANSTON: A few—but I've a feeling this case has just begun. As a matter of fact Big Jim Kane just phoned me here at my apartment ... a half hour after I visited him ... as The Shadow.

MARGOT: What!

CRANSTON: It's the truth, Margot! How do you like *that* for coincidence!

MARGOT: I'm not sure that I do. What did he want, Lamont?

CRANSTON: I haven't the faintest idea. He's coming over here to see me ... says it's very important.

MARGOT: Lamont ... I'm worried.

CRANSTON: *I'm* curious! In fact ... I'm looking forward to meeting him!

MARGOT: Lamont ... please be careful. Big Jim Kane isn't just clever ... he's dangerous!

(MUSIC BRIDGE. INTO RING OF DOORBELL. DOOR OPENS)

KANE: Mr. Cranston?

CRANSTON: Yes?

KANE: My name's Kane. Big Jim Kane!

CRANSTON: (CORDIAL) Oh... of course. Come in, won't you...
(DOOR CLOSSES) Here... have a chair.

KANE: Thanks.

CRANSTON: How about a drink?

KANE: Don't mind if I do ...

(SOUND OF TINKLE OF GLASS ... POURING OF LIQUID)

CRANSTON: Here you are ...

KANE: Thanks. Well, here's to our partnership, Mr. Cranston!

CRANSTON: (SURPRISED) Our what?

KANE: (SUAVE) Our partnership. Shall I come straight to the point, Mr. Cranston?

CRANSTON: By all means ... do.

KANE: The fact is ... I came here ... to talk business *with The Shadow*!

CRANSTON: (DOESN'T BAT AN EYELASH) The Shadow?

KANE: Yes. In other words ... *you*, Mr. Cranston.

CRANSTON: (SIGHS) I'm afraid you've got the wrong address, Mr. Kane.



Marjorie Anderson
as Margot with Bret
Morrison as Lamont

KANE: (TRIUMPHANT) No, my friend. I've got the *right* address.

CRANSTON: Indeed?

KANE: (MOCKING) Yes ... indeed! (TRIUMPHANT) It's no use trying to bluff me, Cranston. I know your secret.

CRANSTON: (SUAVE) Mr. Kane ... forgive me if I'm taken aback by all this. But frankly, I'm a little bewildered. You phone me late at night ... come to my apartment ... and then tell me that I'm The Shadow. To tell the truth ... I'm honored ... but curious, too. Naturally ... you must have some kind of proof.

KANE: (MOCKING) Naturally, Mr. Cranston. I have very good proof. Here ... take a look at this.

CRANSTON: (ASTONISHED) Why ... it's a photograph of me!

KANE: Yes and no, friend. It's a photograph of The Shadow as he entered the door of my office less than an hour ago.

CRANSTON: Very interesting, Mr. Kane. Do you mind telling me how you got this amazing picture?

KANE: (SUAVE) Not at all. Photography... that is, trick photography... is a hobby of mine. You see... I have a hidden camera installed in the front of my desk. When my office door opens ... the camera shutter automatically clicks... taking the picture of the person framed in the doorway.

CRANSTON: (MURMURS) Very clever, Mr. Kane.

KANE: Yes. Isn't it? I have photographs of *all* my visitors ... expected and unexpected. Sometimes, they come in ... very handy.

CRANSTON: I see what you mean.

KANE: I thought you would. As The Shadow, you could fool the human eye ... but you couldn't fool the cold mechanical eye of the camera.

CRANSTON: Well ... Now that you've discovered my secret, Kane ... what do you want?

KANE: I want those diamonds you took last night.

CRANSTON: Sorry. It's too late. I've already turned them over to Commissioner Weston.

KANE: (SIGHS) I see. Well ... I was afraid of that. However ... there's something else.

CRANSTON: Yes?

KANE: You're going to forget about the murder of Tony Morelli.

CRANSTON: And if I don't?

KANE: Then I'll simply reveal your identity to the underworld. Once it knows who The Shadow is ... your life won't be worth a plugged nickel. Every crook in town would beg to get a crack at you.

CRANSTON: Hmmm. A little polite blackmail, eh?

KANE: (SILKY) Yes. You'll just have to jump through my hoop ... and like it, Cranston. But don't worry ... I can use a man with your remarkable powers. Your secret will be safe with me ... just as long as you play ball ... *my* way!

(MUSIC TRANSITION AND BEHIND)

CRANSTON: Well ... that's the story, Margot. Kane knows who I am ... and there doesn't seem to be much I can do about it.

MARGOT: Lamont ... that's awful. Big Jim Kane is capable of anything.

CRANSTON: (HELPLESSLY) I know he is. And he's got me, Margot... everywhere I turn... he's got me!

MARGOT: But Lamont ... you've got to do something!

CRANSTON: (A LITTLE JITTERY) What *can* I do, Margot? I'm trapped! Kane holds the ace of trumps! I'll just have to play along with him ... until a break comes!

(MUSIC BRIDGE)

KANE: (DRUNK WITH IDEA) Do you understand what that means, Red? *I know who The Shadow is!*

RED: Yeah, Boss. But who is it?

KANE: (CRAFTY) You're too inquisitive, Red. If I told you ... then *two* of us would know. This is *my* secret ... and mine alone! I'm the only man in the world who can tell The Shadow what to do!

RED: (RAPPLY) What a setup! What a setup ... *that* is!

KANE: I've got The Shadow working for me now! I'll actually *be* The Shadow ... by proxy!

RED: (TRIUMPHANTLY) With that disappearing act, The Shadow can get in and out of banks like nobody's business!

KANE: Precisely, Red. Oh ... there are all kinds of fascinating possibilities! (PAUSE) Now, Red ... you'd better run along! I've got some work to do ... *confidential* work!

RED: (FADING OFF) Okay, Boss ...
(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES OFF. UP TO MIKE, DIALING OF PHONE)

CRANSTON: (PHONE FILTER) Hello?

KANE: Hello. Cranston?

CRANSTON: Yes?

KANE: This is Big Jim Kane. I've got a job for you to do tonight.

CRANSTON: (QUIETLY) I see. This is the beginning, eh?

KANE: (SUAVE) Yes, Cranston. Just the beginning. Be at my office at ten tonight. And come ... *as The Shadow!*
(MUSIC TRANSITION)

RED: (WORRIED) I don't like it, boss. You'd better watch your step. The Shadow ... is dynamite.

KANE: If you know how to handle dynamite, Red ... it's harmless.

RED: You think he'll really show up?

KANE: I *know* he will.
(SOUND OF STEPS FAR OFF, COMING UP)
(KANE IS TRIUMPHANT) Listen, Red. Here he comes now ...

RED: (AWED) Yeah ...

KANE: I won't need you any longer. Go out the back way ...

RED: But, boss ...

KANE: (SHARP) Go on! Get out!

RED: (COWED) Okay. (OFF) Okay ... I'm goin' ...
(DOOR CLOSSES OFF QUIETLY... STEPS UP CLOSE... THEN STOP... DOOR OPENS)

KANE: Is that you, Shadow?

SHADOW: Yes, Kane. This is The Shadow.

KANE: You're prompt, my invisible friend. It's just ten o'clock.

SHADOW: What do you want me to do, Kane?

KANE: At four o'clock tomorrow afternoon ... a half million dollars will be lying in the main vault of the Coastal National Bank. At that time, the chief pay teller will go into the vault to lock up the day's deposits.

SHADOW: Well?

KANE: I want you to follow him in ... as The Shadow ... and watch him as he turns the dial. Then you're to come back ... and give me the combination. I'll do the rest.

SHADOW: I won't do it, Kane.

KANE: (EASILY) I think you will, Shadow.

- SHADOW: No, Kane. For years I've fought crime. I won't be a partner to it now! You can do what you like!
- KANE: (CHANGES TONE, PLACATING) Listen, Shadow ... this haul is the one I've dreamed of ... and I don't intend to lose it, even if I have to make a deal with you!
- SHADOW: Go on ...
- KANE: First, I'll give you the negative of that picture I took. Second, I'll split the loot with you. That's a quarter of a million dollars apiece ... enough to put us both on easy street. (LONG PAUSE) Well? What do you say, Shadow?
- SHADOW: That's a lot of money.
- KANE: And it's yours with no questions asked.
- SHADOW: All right, Kane. It's a deal!
- (MUSIC TRANSITION)
- KANE: Well, Shadow? Did you get the combination?
- SHADOW: Yes, Kane. But first ... give me the negative.
- KANE: All right. Here it is. Now, Shadow ... the combination to the main vault of the Coastal National Bank.
- SHADOW: Here it is ... written on this slip of paper.
- KANE: (GLOATS) Thanks, Shadow. We'll pull the job tonight. And I warn you ... this combination had better be correct.
- SHADOW: The combination is correct, Kane.
- KANE: I hope so. Because if it isn't ... if you have double-crossed me ... you'll pay ... with the life of Margot Lane!
- SHADOW: Margot Lane? What has she got to do with this?
- KANE: (SNEERS) Everything, my friend. You didn't think I'd trust you until the job was over, did you?
- (SOUND OF BUZZER ... DOOR OPENS)
- KANE: She's right here.
- SHADOW: Margot Lane!
- MARGOT: The Shadow!
- KANE: Just a little guarantee that you're on the level, my transparent friend. We picked up your girlfriend an hour ago ...
- MARGOT: (SELLING HARD) Shadow, listen to me—you've always fought this kind of a cheap tin-horn crook and no matter what the cost, you've got to keep on fighting him and his kind.
- SHADOW: Kane, any business we had was between ourselves and was of no concern of Miss Lane's.
- KANE: (TRIUMPHANT) I always work with an ace in the hole. You ought to know that by now.
- MARGOT: Shadow ... Shadow, are you going through this without a fight?
- SHADOW: There's nothing I can do. I'm afraid this is one time when The Shadow is licked.
- (MUSIC)
- (MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)
- (MUSIC TRANSITION)
- (SOUND OF WELL-OILED VAULT DIAL TURNING)
- JOE: (WHISPERS) Keep your flash on this dial, Marty.
- MARTY: (TENSE, WHISPER) How's it goin', Joe?
- JOE: I'll know in a second. Lemme see that slip of paper again.
- (SLIGHT RUSTLE OF PAPER)
- MARTY: Here.

JOE: Okay ...
(SOUND OF KNOB TURNING. THEN SOUND OF HEAVY VAULT DOOR OPENING)

MARTY: (JUBILANT WHISPER) That combination's the McCoy. The vault door's opening ...

JOE: Yeah. Leave the bag here ... an' let's have a look inside.
(SOUND OF SLIDING METAL COMPARTMENTS)

MARTY: Joe! Come here! Look!

JOE: Yeah. That's the green stuff all right. A half million bucks, all tied up in packages.

MARTY: Come on ... we'd better start loading this dough.

JOE: Okay. Bring the bag into the vault here ...

KANE: (FILTER) (LAUGHS)

JOE: (STARTLED) What was that? Who laughed?

KANE: (FILTER) The Shadow, Joe Felucci.

JOE: (FRIGHTENED) The ... The Shadow?

KANE: (FILTER) Yes, my friend.

MARTY: What ... what are you doing here?

KANE: (TAUNTING) Can't you guess, Marty?

JOE: I can. You're after this dough, Shadow ...

KANE: (FILTER) (JEERS) Yes, Felucci! A half million dollars in new banknotes is a large sum of money. It would be a pity to divide it so many ways. Perhaps it would be better if I took care of it ... myself.

MARTY: (TENSE WHISPER) Joe ... do you recognize that voice?

JOE: (AWE) The boss!

MARTY: (AWED WHISPER) Yeah. Jim Kane. The Shadow ... is Big Jim Kane!

JOE: He sent us to do this job at the bank ... and now he's double-crossing us!

MARTY: (SUDDENLY) Come on, Joe. Let's make a run for it!

JOE: Yeah.

KANE: (FILTER) Oh, no, you don't!
(SOUND OF HEAVY IRON DOOR CLANGING SHUT)
(SHADOW LAUGH MUFFLED, OFF)

MARTY: (SCARED) Joe ... he's shut the vault door on us!

JOE: (PANICKY) Yeah. We're trapped!
(POUNDING ON METAL DOOR. THEN SOUND OF BANK ALARM. BLEND INTO MUSIC)
(MUSIC UP AND DOWN LOW IN B.G.)

NEWSBOY: Extra! Extra! Shadow Traps Bank Burglars! Police Find Crooks Half Dead in Coastal Vault! Half Million Dollars Missing! Extra! Read all about It!
(MONTAGE MUSIC SWEEPS UP AND THEN UNDER)

VOICE 1: (TOUGH, WHISPER) Hey, Fred. It's okay to talk now. The guard's just gone up the cell block!

VOICE 2: (TOUGH) What's up, pal?

VOICE 1: I got news. They found out who The Shadow is!

VOICE 2: (SUDDENLY ALERT) Yeah? Who?

VOICE 1: Big Jim Kane!

VOICE 2: What!

- VOICE 1: Yeah. Joe Felucci recognized The Shadow's voice... spilled what he knew to his mouthpiece.
- VOICE 2: (BITTER) Big Jim Kane! I wish I was on the outside. The Shadow put me here in stir for a ten-year stretch!
- (MONTAGE MUSIC UP AND DOWN)
- VOICE 3: I'm telling you! Big Jim Kane is The Shadow! I got it straight from Johnny Riley's pal!
- (MUSIC UP AND DOWN)
- VOICE 4: It's all over town. The Shadow is Big Jim Kane!
- (MUSIC UP AND DOWN. VOICES BECOME MUTTERING, ANGRY)
- VOICE 1: Jim Kane's been pullin' the wool over our eyes for years!
- VOICE 2: Yeah. He's a stool ... been workin' with the cops all the time!
- (VOICES, MUTTERING ANGRY BLEND INTO MUSIC WHICH HITS CHORD AND THEN OUT)
- VOICE 3: (HOTLY) Well ... what are we waiting for? Let's get that rat ... Big Jim Kane! Let's get ... The Shadow!
- (QUICK MUSIC BRIDGE)
- KANE: (DEADLY, SINISTER) I'm afraid your friend, Mr. Cranston, has double-crossed me, Miss Lane.
- MARGOT: Naturally. What did you expect? You didn't think he'd go through with this, did you?
- KANE: Of course, you understand what this means, Miss Lane. A promise is a promise. Your life is forfeit.
- MARGOT: You'll never get away with this, Mr. Kane. The Shadow will hunt you down ... no matter where you go.
- KANE: (SUAVE) You don't see me worrying, do you, Miss Lane? I can take care of The Shadow ...
- MARGOT: You're much too sure of yourself, Mr. Kane.
- KANE: (SOFTLY) Perhaps. But frankly, Miss Lane ... you must find The Shadow rather disappointing. Apparently he thinks more of that money than he does of your life!
- MARGOT: Perhaps he has a trick up his sleeve that you don't know about.
- KANE: Your faith in him is touching, Miss Lane ... very touching. But I'm afraid it's too late.
- (DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT)
- RED: (COMING IN, EXCITED) Beat it, boss! Quick!
- KANE: What are you talking about, Red? What do you mean?
- RED: The whole underworld is headed for your apartment ... right now. Every crook in town ... is out to kill you!
- KANE: What are you babbling about, Red?
- RED: Joe Felucci has name you ... as The Shadow!
- KANE: (STARTLED) What!
- MARGOT: (QUIETLY) Perhaps this was the trick I was talking about, Mr. Kane.
- (PHONE RINGS)
- RED: I'll take it, boss ...
- KANE: No. I'll answer it ...
- (PAUSE, THEN CLICK)
- KANE: Hello?
- VOICE: (PHONE FILTER) Is this Big Jim Kane?
- KANE: Yes ...

VOICE: (FILTER—COLD, DEADLY) It's no use tryin' to make a getaway, Kane. You're number is up. You'll be a dead man ... any minute now!
(CLICK AT OTHER END)

KANE: (CLICKING RECEIVER) Hello! Hello!
(A RATTLE OF TOMMY GUN SHOTS FROM OFF, OUTSIDE)

MARGOT: (SCREAM)

RED: (FRANTIC) Look out, boss! Get away from the window! They got tommy guns!
(TOMMY GUNS UP FOR A MOMENT AND THEN STOP)

MARGOT: (QUIETLY) I don't think your friends like you, Mr. Kane ...

RED: (ANXIOUSLY) You all right, boss?

KANE: (A LITTLE SHAKY) Yes. That trick almost worked. They knew that when I answered the phone, I'd be standing in front of the window ... right in the line of fire ...

RED: They came plenty close. But what are we goin' to do, chief? The apartment is surrounded ... by now.

KANE: We'll go down the service stairway into the garage and get the car. We'll be outside the building ... all the way down ... then we'll head for the airport.

RED: That custom-built job of yours is our only chance—it's fast and bullet-proof. We'll ride right through those rats outside ... (PAUSE) Now ... as for you, lady ...

KANE: Put down that gun.

RED: Why, boss? She'll slow us up so I'll let her have it ...

KANE: Don't be a fool. I'm sure The Shadow is around somewhere, and I'm more worried about him than I am about those thugs outside. We'll take Miss Lane along. As long as we hold her... she'll be good insurance against The Shadow doing anything rash.

RED: What about afterward ... when we're on our way?

KANE: Then we'll dispose of Miss Lane ... drop her over the bridge at the river.

MARGOT: (HORROR) No ... you wouldn't dare ...!

KANE: Oh, yes, I would, Miss Lane. All right, Red. Bring her along ...

RED: Okay, boss. (RUDELY) Come on, sister ...!

MARGOT: Take your hands off me! I won't go ... do you hear ... I won't go!

RED: Yes, you will!
(SOUND OF FIST) (MARGOT MURMURS AND PASSES OUT)
(INTO MUSIC BRIDGE WHICH FADES INTO MOTOR IDLING)

KANE: All right, let's go. I'll hold Miss Lane here in the back seat.

MARGOT: Take your hands off me! My arm ... you're twisting it!

KANE: If I were you, I'd behave myself, Miss Lane. As for the pain ... don't mind it. In a little while ... you'll feel no pain at all.

RED: (TENSE) Okay, boss. Keep your fingers crossed. Here we go!
(ROAR OF MOTOR BUILDS UP HIGH. SUDDEN RATTLE OF GUNS, TOMMY GUNS, ETC. ... MUFFLED SHOUTS)

RED: (TRIUMPHANT) We made it, boss! They never even touched us! Those slugs bounced right off these windows.

KANE: (IMPATIENTLY) I know, I know—head out on the highway ... and step on it.
(STEADY ROAR OF MOTOR)

RED: Say, boss. Those gunmen are gonna follow us. I can see 'em through the mirror. They're pilin' into cars.

KANE: (CALM) I don't think we have to worry, Red. This car can outrun anything on wheels. Let it out.

- (MOTOR ACCELERATES INTO... MUSIC BRIDGE... INTO MOTOR SLOWING DOWN)
- RED: Here we are, boss. The bridge ... over the river.
- KANE: All right, Red. We'll have to hurry.
- MARGOT: Let me go! Let me go!
- KANE: It's no use struggling, Miss Lane.
(CAR STOPS. CAR DOOR OPENS)
- RED: Okay, chief. I'll handle his dame. Come on, you! You're goin' for a little swim!
- MARGOT: (FIGHTING) No! No ...
- RED: Right over here by the railing, sister. A nice little swan dive ... and that'll be all for you! (ROUGHLY) Come on! Come on!
- KANE: (OFF A LITTLE) Step on it, Red!
- RED: (PANTING) I'll be through in a second, Boss!
- SHADOW: You're through now, Donovan! (LAUGHS)
- RED: (AGHAST) The Shadow!
(SMACK OF FIST ON JAW. RED SCREAMS. SCREAM THINS AWAY. THEN DISTANT SPLASH)
- MARGOT: (PANTING) The Shadow! Thank heaven ... you've come!
- SHADOW: (LAUGHS) Well, Kane? Your lieutenant is taking the swim he promised Miss Lane. Now... I'll deal with you!
- KANE: How did you get here, Shadow?
- SHADOW: In your car ...
- KANE: (ASTOUNDED) In ... my ... car?
- SHADOW: Yes, I followed Donovan into your room, and sat beside him in the front seat... while he drove.
- KANE: I see. (DEADLY AND QUIET) So this is the showdown, eh, Shadow?
- SHADOW: Yes, Kane. This is the showdown ... the end of the road ... for you!
- KANE: (SUDDENLY, SAVAGELY) That's what *you* think!
- MARGOT: He's got a gun ...
- KANE: (TRIUMPHANT) Yes ... and it's pointed at *your* heart, Miss Lane. The minute The Shadow tries anything ... I'll pull the trigger!
- SHADOW: Always an ace in the hole, eh, Kane?
- KANE: (TRIUMPHANT) Always. And now ... (IRONICALLY) ... if you'll pardon me ... I'll leave you. I can still make a plane at the airport.
(CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)
- KANE: Remember... I've got Miss Lane covered. One false move from you, Shadow, and she dies.
(STEPS ON STARTER. MOTOR COUGHS AND DIES. STARTER UP AGAIN. MOTOR COUGHS AND DIES AGAIN)
- KANE: (ANGRILY) What's the matter with this car? Why doesn't it start?
(STARTER, MOTOR COUGHS AGAIN)
- SHADOW: (LAUGHS) Having a little trouble, Kane? If you are, it's only the beginning ...
(DISTANTLY: SOUND OF AUTOMOBILE MOTOR COMING UP)
- SHADOW: Listen. Here come your friends ...

(STARTER AGAIN. AND AGAIN ... MOTOR ROARING UP FAST)

SHADOW: (SUDDENLY) Miss Lane!

MARGOT: What is it, Shadow!

SHADOW: Quick! Drop to the ground!

(ROAR OF MOTOR UP. THEN SCREAM FROM KANE, OFF. THEN TERRIFIC EXPLOSION)

(MUSIC BRIDGE INTO SOUND OF HORSES HOOVES)

MARGOT: It was nice of this milkman to give us a ride, wasn't it, Lamont?

CRANSTON: Yes, we'll get back to town ... one of these days. As hitchhikers ... I'm afraid we're not very lucky, Margot.

MARGOT: I'm grateful for small favors ... especially at this scandalous hour of the night ... By the way, Lamont ...

CRANSTON: Yes, Margot?

MARGOT: Did I remember to thank you for getting me to duck just as Jim Kane's hoodlum friends dropped that bomb in his car?

CRANSTON: Think nothing of it. I would have done that much for anyone.

MARGOT: Well aren't we gallant? Tell me, Lamont, why couldn't Kane start his car?

CRANSTON: It is very hard, my dear lady, to start a car when the ignition wires under the dashboard are cut.

MARGOT: So The Shadow's fine invisible hand took care of that, too!

CRANSTON: Yes ...

MARGOT: But why did the men in the vault think that Jim Kane was The Shadow?

CRANSTON: It wasn't too difficult to give a pretty fair imitation of Kane. Who knows, I may have given up a successful career as an actor.

MARGOT: Could be. You know, Lamont, this has really been an event. For a few hours, someone else actually knew that you were The Shadow.

CRANSTON: That's right. But now, we're back to where we started from.

MARGOT: Yes. And you can't imagine how glad I am. I'd had an exclusive on this for so long that ... well, I was actually beginning to be jealous of Big Jim Kane!

(MUSIC ... CURTAIN)

ANNR: THE SHADOW program is based on a story copyrighted by Street and Smith Publications. The characters, names, places and plot are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Again, next week THE SHADOW will demonstrate that ...

SHADOW (FILTER) The weed of crime bears bitter fruit ... Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows ... (LAUGHS)

(MUSIC)

ANNR: Next week—same time—same station—your friendly BLUE COAL dealer brings you another strange and thrilling adventure in THE SHADOW'S daring battle against the forces of evil. Be sure to listen. This is Ken Roberts saying, "Keep the home fires burning with BLUE COAL." This story, produced by the D.L.&W. Coal Company, distributors of BLUE COAL.

(MUSIC)

(APPLAUSE)

ANNR: THIS IS MUTUAL! •

