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THE SHADOW

AUGUST 19, 1951

"THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR FISH"

by

Alfred Bester

CAST

CRANSTON.....BRET MORRISON

MARGOT.....GERTRUDE WARNER

HOOD.....MICHAEL FITZMAURICE

FARLEY.....MARTIN BLAINE

BUG-HOUSE BURNS.....MICHAEL FITZMAURICE

COP.....MARTIN BLAINE

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(MUSIC: . . . . . SPINNING WHEELS..UNDER FOR:)

SHADOW: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?

The Shadow knows. (LAUGHS)

(MUSIC: . . . . . UP AND OUT)

ANNCR: The Mutual Broadcasting System presents..."The Shadow".

(MUSIC: . . . . . FIGURE AND UNDER)

ANNCR: The Shadow is really Lamont Cranston who has the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so that they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows to whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs. Today's drama, written by Alfred Bester..."The Ten Thousand Dollar Fish."

(MUSIC: . . . . . STING)

ANNCR: Darkness has fallen on the Eastern Coast, and a cold rain sweeps in from the sea. Pale yellow lights twinkle across wet pavements as Lamont Cranston leaves police headquarters and dashes through the rain toward his parking lot. Suddenly he is stopped by an ominous figure under a giant umbrella...

(MUSIC: . . . . . STING OUT)

SOUND: (CLAP OF THUNDER. RAIN TO BG:)

MARGOT: Stand and deliver!

CRANSTON: (FAINT) Help. Help. Police. Murder.

MARGOT: Get under this umbrella before I leave you have it.

CRANSTON: Leave me have what?

MARGOT: A hit in the head.

SOUND: (STEPS ON)

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CRANSTON: Miss Lane, you'll rue this rash act. I have influential friends in the Sanitation Department.

MARGOT: Honestly, Lamont, you're so pig-headed. I told you it was going to rain. I told you to take an umbrella.

CRANSTON: And I told you I wouldn't carry no umbrella. That's for sissys. Us red-blooded he-men---

MARGOT: Would all catch pneumonia and die if us faithful women didn't meet you with umbrellas. Where's your car?

CRANSTON: Right here.

MARGOT: Get in...No, the other side. I'm driving. I want you to listen to a few well-chosen words.

SOUND: (CAR DOOR OPENS. STEPS. DOOR SLAMS. CUT  
RAIN BG)

CRANSTON: If you're going to nag me again, Margot...

MARGOT: I am.

SOUND: (CAR STARTS)

CRANSTON: I'd just as soon marry you...

MARGOT: Don't weazle me with romance.

CRANSTON: So I'd have the privilege of punching you in the eye.

MARGOT: I told you; you can't get out of this by talking lovey-dovey. Now I had to take a cab and come all the way down here to meet you just because you're too stubborn to---

HOOD: (SLIGHTLY OFF. LOW & HOARSE) Mr. Cranston!

CRANSTON: What in the---?

MARGOT: Lamont!  
rg

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HOOD: I'm in the back of the car. Don't turn around.

CRANSTON: Now look, my friend...

HOOD: I told you. Don't turn around. I think maybe we're followed. Don't let 'em see you're talking to me. Just look straight ahead.

MARGOT: You get out of this car! Hitch-hiker!

CRANSTON: What's your trouble, friend?

HOOD: My name's Hood. Simon Hood.

CRANSTON: Oh yes. "Main-Line" Hood. Dinner-Thief. Heavy gimpster. Two for counterfeiting. One for assault with intent. One for narcotics. Versatile fella.

HOOD: I'm in a percentage jam, Mr. Cranston. That's why I been waitin' for you. You always tell a guy straight.

CRANSTON: Go ahead, Hood.

HOOD: I been playin' it square the last year. Strictly legit. Not doin' so good....Please, lady! Don't turn around....I just get a chance to pick up a big piece of loot, Mr. Cranston.

CRANSTON: Heavy racket?

HOOD: No. I get hold of a Salmon. A picture of Salmon. Worth 10 Gs. Understand?

MARGOT: No.

HOOD: If I cash it, they ask me why and I'm hung up. If I try to give it back, the guy that owns the picture cools me off. If I don't get rid of it, I get cooled anyway. See?



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CRANSTON: Not quite. This fish picture...

HOOD: (IN QUICK ALARM) Slow down, lady!

MARGOT: Don't you tell me how to drive.

HOOD: Are you comic? The tail is on. I just spotted the car behind us. I don't want to get Mr. Cranston into this jam. I need him. Slow down!

SOUND: (CAR DOOR OPENED. BRING UP RAIN)

CRANSTON: Wait, Hood!

MARGOT: You can't jump out! We----

HOOD: I want you to handle the salmon for me, Mr. Cranston. Give you all the rest later. Keep healthy!

SOUND: (THUD OF JUMPING BODY)

MARGOT: Is he all right?

CRANSTON: I can't see. The rain's so heavy. Wait -- there he goes. Running across the street towards the corner.

MARGOT: There's another car, Lamont. Behind us. Turning the corner toward him. D'you see it? Maybe...

SOUND: (HEAVY SHOTS OFF, UP INTO)

(MUSIC:..... CURTAIN)

(ALLOCATION)

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60 SECONDS - 1ST BODY

ANNCR: (CUE - DON'T CHANGE) We'll return to the SHADOW in  
just a moment. Here's a Mutual note for you. (BEAT)

A new and different type of news program is presented over Mutual every Monday night -- it's WAR FRONT-HOME FRONT, where ace newsmen hold a party line conversation 18,000 miles apart - while you at home hear their frank exchange of views on the Korean situation. From Tokyo, Richard Kallsen with two correspondents fresh from the Korean front, give penetrating answers to questions by military expert Major George Fielding Elliot and other newsmen from such vital centers as New York, Washington, London and Toronto. Designed to meet the public's unprecedented interest in news from the Far East, WAR FRONT-HOME FRONT pulls no punches in its dynamic, succinct and up-to-the-minute news presentations. For the answers to the questions you yourself have been pondering, be sure to hear the week-by-week summary of Far Eastern affairs - brought to you by on-the-spot reporters - on WAR FRONT-HOME FRONT - heard every Monday night over most of these stations.

(CUE - DON'T CHANGE) Now back to the SHADOW.

(MUSIC:.....INTRO AND UNDER)

ANNCR: Margot Lane and Lamont Cranston look down at the  
figure wet with rain--and blood.

(MUSIC:.....STING OUT)

SOUND: (RAIN, STEPS COME ON)

COP: (FADING ON) All right! All right! Hold it! Hold it!  
Stand back, mister.

CRANSTON: It's all right, officer. My name's Cranston. Lamont  
Cranston. Friend of Commissioner Weston's.

COP: Oh. Yeah. Sure, Mr. Cranston. I'm--Drake. Officer  
Drake.

CRANSTON: Body on the ground belongs to "Main-Line" Hood.  
All-around thief. He was murdered ten seconds ago.

COP: For the love of---I heard shots, and I --

CRANSTON: Someone drove past him in a car and let him have it.

COP: Must have been the car that passed me down the street.

MARGOT: Did you get the license number, Drake?

COP: No, M'am. No reason to.

CRANSTON: Hood was shot through the back. Three slugs hit him.  
Death instantaneous. I've been checking his pockets..  
looking for a fish.

COP: A fish! Now look, Mr. Cranston...

CRANSTON: I should say a picture of a fish. A salmon.

COP: Is he drunk, Miss?

MARGOT: Not yet.

CRANSTON: Here's everything from his pockets..Handkerchief, two  
keys, cigarettes, wallet.. not much money..cigar  
lighter. That's all.

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MARGOT: No salmon?

CRANSTON: No salmon.

COP: What the devil are you two talking about? What is this?

CRANSTON: A neat problem for the police mind, Drake. Simon Hood was murdered because he had in his possession a picture of a salmon worth ten thousand dollars. Whatever that means.

COP: No fish is worth that.

MARGOT: A picture could be.

CRANSTON: I want that picture. And I want the man who killed Hood. He was a good Joe, trying hard to stay legit. I want to know what tempted him.

MARGOT: A picture of a salmon, he said.

CRANSTON: And I want that picture. .which brings us all the way around to the beginning. According to Hood's identification card he lives on Belton Avenue alongside the railroad yards. Maybe that picture's hanging on his wall. We'll go have a look.

MARGOT: What about Hood?

CRANSTON: We'll leave officer Drake in charge. Call the Commissioner, Drake. Tell him exactly what I've told you. If he raises a fuss, tell him he can reach me at Hood's house...inspecting an art-collection.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

SOUND: (BRING UP RR B.G. CAR COMES TO STOP)

MARGOT: This it, Lamont?

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CRANSTON: Yep. Looks like someone's home. Lights in the window.

MARGOT: It's a sad looking shack, isn't it?

CRANSTON: Proving Hood was making a tough fight to stay legitimate. What could have loused him?

MARGOT: A picture of fish.

CRANSTON: Fascinated by that, aren't you?

MARGOT: Sure. Aren't you?

CRANSTON: Yes.

MARGOT: Let's go in and look for it.

CRANSTON: Not you. Me. If there's company at home I think the Shadow ought to make the call.

MARGOT: It's still raining. Take the umbrella.

CRANSTON: I will not carry no umbrella!

MARGOT: All right, stubborn guy. Some day I'm going to give you a taste of your own medicine. Go ahead. Catch your death.

CRANSTON: Not my death. All I want to catch is a fish. One salmon coming up...I hope.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)\_

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR..DOOR OPENED)

FARLEY: Hood? I thought you--what the....?

SHADOW: Good evening.

FARLEY: Where are you?

SHADOW: Right here before you...Mr. Charles Farley, isn't it? Your coat's wet, Mr. Farley.

FARLEY: (YELLS) Get your hands off me..Whoever you are! Don't touch me!



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SHADOW: (LAUGHS) This is the Shadow, Farley.

FARLEY: The Shadow! I... I don't know you. I---

SHADOW: But I know you, Farley. I know your record. So far it hasn't included murder. Does it now?

FARLEY: I don't know what you're talkin' about.

SHADOW: Come inside, I'll tell you.

SOUND: (STEPS..DOOR CLOSED)

SHADOW: When did you see Hood last?

FARLEY: This mornin' when I went to sleep. He was goin' to work.

SHADOW: And you were going to sleep?

FARLEY: I got a night job. I was just leavin' for it.

SHADOW: Then why's your coat wet? You were out before.

FARLEY: So I was out. What about it? I bought cigarettes.

SHADOW: Any tobacco stains on your fingers....?

SOUND: (SLIGHT SCUFFLE)

FARLEY: Let go my hand!

SHADOW: Or powder stains?

FARLEY: Powder stains!

SHADOW: Simon Hood was murdered an hour ago. Shot in the back. Three .45 slugs in his heart.

FARLEY: For the love off--

SHADOW: Where's the picture?

FARLEY: Wait a minute. I ain't caught my breath yet. What picture?

SOUND: (SLOW STEPS)

SHADOW: The picture of the fish..The picture of the salmon. Where's he got it hanging?

FARLEY: You ain't makin' sense. We got no pictures in this dump.  
Coupla pin-ups we cut outa the papers. Look at 'em.

Do they look like fish?

SHADOW: Hardly..You said Hood was working?

FARLEY: Yeah.

SHADOW: Where?

FARLEY: The Kelly Packing Plant in Lynbrook.

SHADOW: What kind of packing?

FARLEY: Meat. It's a wholesale butchers.

SHADOW: And fish?

FARLEY: What is this about fish?

SHADOW: A word of advice, Farley. If you happen to find a  
picture of a salmon, you'll find it's worth ten thousand  
dollars and murder.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)\_

SOUND: (CAR STARTS)

MARGOT: How do we get to Lynbrook?

CRANSTON: Drive across the railroad yard, then left on Atlantic  
Avenue.

MARGOT: I don't get this case. No salmon in Hood's shack?

CRANSTON: Just pin-ups.

MARGOT: Who'd want to pay ten thousand dollars for a salmon?

CRANSTON: Who'd murder for it?

MARGOT: It could be a valuable picture...by a great painter.

CRANSTON: You think so? Name one.

MARGOT: Well...let me see....

CRANSTON: Don't even try. There isn't any famous painting of a  
salmon by a famous painter..At least none worth ten  
thousand.

MARGOT: I had it all figured. Hood stole the painting from somebody and couldn't sell it because it was too well known.

CRANSTON: Then why couldn't he return it? Why was he afraid of being killed if he returned it? And why was he afraid of being killed if he didn't?

MARGOT: I don't know.

CRANSTON: Think of the art dealers and the art collectors we know. Would they be likely to shoot Hood?

MARGOT: They'd be more likely to scream at the sight of a gun.

CRANSTON: So that's out. Maybe Hood has the picture stashed somewhere in the Kelly plant...in his locker or--  
(SUDDENLY) Look out! Margot, you're driving right into the side of that freight car!

MARGOT: It's that car behind us...Headlights shine into my eyes from the rear-vision mirror.

SOUND: (SHOTS WELL OFF)

MARGOT: Lamont! Did you hear a gun?

CRANSTON: For the love of--

SOUND: (SHOTS WELL OFF)

CRANSTON: It's the car behind us! Five gets you fifty it's the same car that got Hood. They've followed us!

SOUND: (SHOTS OFF)

MARGOT: Well, they're not going to give us the Hood treatment! Hold on.

SOUND: (CAR ACCELERATES)

CRANSTON: Margot, for pity's sake....

MARGOT: I'm going to lead them a chase through this railroad yard they'll never forget.

SOUND: (MORE SHOTS)

CRANSTON: You want to play hide and seek with trains? We're up to our knees in engines. Lay off!

SOUND: (CAR RATTLES HEAVILY)

MARGOT: You can kill yourself with pneumonia, but I draw the line at bullets.

CRANSTON: Margot!

MARGOT: Be quiet. You're not the only stubborn guy in the house.

SOUND: (START BRINGING UP ROAR OF ENGINE)

CRANSTON: Will you listen to me!

MARGOT: No.

CRANSTON: You're headed up a dead-end. We'll be trapped in a pocket. You've got a line of parked freight cars on your left and a train coming on the right. If you don't stop now, we're finished.

MARGOT: Not if we cut across the tracks.

CRANSTON: In front of the engine?

MARGOT: It's our only chance.

CRANSTON: Then gimme a hold on that wheel with you. You'll never make it alone. All set? Let's go!

SOUND: (TRAIN ROAR UP INTO:)

(MUSIC:.....CURTAIN)\_\_

(ALLOCATION)



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ANNCR:

WE WILL RETURN TO THE SHADOW IN JUST A MOMENT:

Safety on the highways depends on you. As a driver - as a pedestrian, you bear the responsibility. And you can't afford to be careless. Because you may be jeopardizing your own life, as well as the safety of others. According to the National Safety Council, there are one or more violations of the law or of safe practices in almost every motor vehicle accident. Driving at excessive speeds - driving after drinking - carelessness when crossing intersections - all add to the toll of traffic deaths. Last year, nearly 9-thousand pedestrians were killed in traffic accidents. That averages out to 24 pedestrian deaths a day. Most of these could have been avoided if the victims had observed traffic rules and regulations - if they had been more careful. It's essential that you learn and obey traffic regulations, and practise common-sense safety habits. Support the safety movement in your community. Teach children the rules of safety on the highway and in the home. Do your part to cut down the accident toll.

NOW...BACK TO THE SHADOW.



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(MUSIC:.....INTRO AND UNDER)

ANNCR: Behind them, a car of armed killers. In front of them,  
an onrushing train. Margot Lane and Lamont Cranston  
decided to take their chances with the train.

SOUND: (SNEAK TRAIN UNDER ABOVE AND BUILD IN CLEAR)

(MUSIC:.....WIPE TO CUT OFF)

SOUND: (PHONE DIALLED)

CRANSTON: Hello, Commissioner Weston? Lamont Cranston talking.  
I'm at the Freight Yard office of the Reading....  
(CUTS. THEN) I'm here because Margot and I almost  
got knocked off working on the Hood case. Our car was  
wrecked. It's right outside in pieces and.....What  
do you mean you never heard of the Hood case? Yes,  
Simon Hood. Was murdered for a salmon. Well, go read  
the homicide report and find out. And send us one of  
your cars. We've got to hustle over to a packing  
plant and find a fish.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE INTO:)

SOUND: (CAR TO STOP. RAIN BG.)

MARGOT: Kelly Packing Plant...it says here in lights.

CRANSTON: Looks like they're working a night shift.

MARGOT: With meat prices what they are....why shouldn't they?

SOUND: (CAR DOOR OPENS)

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CRANSTON: Come on.

MARGOT: It's still raining. Take the umbrella.

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CRANSTON: Margot!

MARGOT: Take the umbrella.

CRANSTON: Got it. Let's go.

SOUND: (QUICK STEPS)

MARGOT: Open it! You hound...Open that umbrella!

CRANSTON: I can't. It got busted when you wrecked the car.

MARGOT: Of all the dirty low-down tricks....

CRANSTON: Here's the door. Get in!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS. STEPS. DOOR SLAMS. CUT RAIN BG.)

MARGOT: Let me see that umbrella.

BURNS: (FADING ON. HEARTY. HIGH-PRESSURE) Good evening.  
Good evening, folks. Nice seein' you. Come about  
jobs, eh?

CRANSTON: Well, Mr. Kelly...

BURNS: Not Kelly. Burns. Bug-House Burns, they call me.  
Kelly's just the name of the plant. I run it. All  
my men speak well of me. Been with me for years.  
Brought some of them from the coast. You've heard  
all about Bug-House Burns, of course. Greatest  
salesman in the U.S.A. Cars, radios, TV ..

MARGOT: And now, meat.

BURNS: Bug-House Burns goes Bankrupt slashing prices for  
you. Famous slogan. Come into my office....

SOUND: (STEPS)

CRANSTON: Now wait a minute...

BURNS: You'll be happy here. It's a happy shop. Guarantee  
a bonus if you stay six weeks. Manpower shortage, you  
know. Start you off at fifty....

MARGOT: But, Mr. Burns.....

BURNS: All right. You get your raise. Make it sixty. I can  
see you're the personel I'm looking for. Bug-House  
Burns makes quick decisions. Fast trading, that's my  
famous slogan.

MARGOT: Is he human?

BURNS: That was a nice limousine you drove up in, young lady.  
Still in the used car business, you know. I'll buy it.  
Bug-House Burns pays cash. Name your price and hand  
over the keys...

MARGOT: Look! We don't want jobs and it isn't my car.

BURNS: You got another? I'll buy it. Where is it?

MARGOT: In the Hillside Crest Garage with a broken axle, a  
smashed wheel and a fifteen hundred dollar repair bill  
hung on the door handle. Lunatic Lane, they call me.

CRANSTON: (SUDDENLY) Where's the picture?

BURNS: What? What picture?

CRANSTON: That used to hang over that desk.

BURNS: Wh-Why....It's gone! I never noticed.

MARGOT: How did you know, Lamont?

CRANSTON: Use your eyes, Margot. You can see the light oval  
space on the wall where a picture hung. It was a  
picture of a fish, wasn't it, Burns?

BURNS: No. Nothing of the kind. It was a portrait of a man.  
A small engraving. Came with the plant.

MARGOT: A man! Oh no....

CRANSTON: Picture of the founder? Kelly?

BURNS: No. No. Political fella. One of Lincoln's cabinet  
members. Chase, I think. Salmon P. Chase.

MARGOT: Slamon P. Chase!

CRANSTON: So that's the picture of salmon....

BURNS: What is all this?

CRANSTON: I'll give it to you fast. Employee of yours named  
Hood stole that picture. He was murdered because  
he stole the picture. He said it was worth ten  
thousand dollars.

BURNS: Ten thous----Oh no. No. That little engraving?  
Couldn't have been worth a dollar. Must be some  
mistake. Who killed Hood?

CRANSTON: When we find the picture, we'll find out. I thought  
Hood might have it in his locker. Mind if we search?

BURNS: You can search the whole plant if you like.....Only  
trouble is, Hood didn't have a locker. He was office  
crew. He --

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS. PHONE UP)

BURNS: Bug-House Burns speaking. We go bankrupt slashing --  
What? Wait a minute....Are you Lamont Cranston?

CRANSTON: Yes.



BURNS: Practical joker on the phone. Claims to be the police commissioner. Wants to talk to you.

CRANSTON: Thanks. Hello, Commissioner. What is it?

BURNS: That was the Commissioner?

MARGOT: In person.

BURNS: Oi!

CRANSTON: Say that again! (PAUSE) All right. Back in a flash. You hold on.

SOUND: (PHONE DOWN)

MARGOT: What's the matter?

CRANSTON: We've got to get back to Headquarters. Simon Hood's murder was never reported to Homicide. There is no Drake listed as an officer on police rolls. And I am the biggest idiot this side of the Mississippi!

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

SOUND: (RAIN TO BG. RUNNING STEPS ON CAR DOOR OPENED)

CRANSTON: Get into the car.

MARGOT: But --

CRANSTON: The other side. I'm driving this time. Get in.

MARGOT: All right.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMMED. TAKE DOWN RAIN)

(CAR STARTS)

CRANSTON: We've got to get moving. It's lucky Weston --

MARGOT: Lamont -- stop th-the car.

CRANSTON: Why?

MARGOT: We....We've got a passenger.

CRANSTON: What?



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MARGOT: Ever since we found Mr. Hood in the back of the car, I keep looking...I just looked.

CRANSTON: What the --

SOUND: (CAR COMES TO STOP WITH BRAKE SQUEAL)

CRANSTON: The light switch is on your side.

SOUND: (SWITCH CLICKS)

MARGOT: (GASPS) It's the policeman. Lamont! His face....

CRANSTON: Don't look. I'm going to climb back for a visit...  
(GRUNTS)

MARGOT: Dead?

CRANSTON: Yes. And he isn't a policeman.

MARGOT: What?

CRANSTON: He's got a cop's raincoat and rainhat on. But he's just an ordinary guy underneath. Ordinary jacket and pants.

MARGOT: Who do you suppose it is?

CRANSTON: It's Simon Hood.

MARGOT: Hood!

CRANSTON: They did a job on his face but not enough of a job. It's Hood all right. We've got to get going -- fast.

MARGOT: To Headquarters?

CRANSTON: No. That's what they'd like us to do. That's why the body was planted here. But we're going to drive to the Hillside Crest Garage and we're not going to spare the horses.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

SOUND: (RAIN TO BG. CAR COMES TO STOP WITH BRAKE SQUEAL)

MARGOT: The garage looks closed, Lamont.

CRANSTON: May be a good sign. Come on....

SOUND: (CAR DOOR OPENS. RAIN UP. QUICK STEPS)

MARGOT: What's in the garage?

CRANSTON: Our car.

MARGOT: What's in the car?

CRANSTON: The picture of Salmon P. Chase. Hood must have  
stashed it there before he jumped out. Wait a minute.  
Here's the door...

SOUND: (CUT STEPS. DOOR RATTLED)

MARGOT: It's locked.

CRANSTON: I know a couple of tricks. Let me try them....

SOUND: (RATTLE OF KEYS IN LOCK CONTINUES)

CRANSTON: (CONCENTRATING ON LOCK) Don't you see? The whole  
pattern of the case...That's why our car was  
followed...They must have known Hood had the picture  
on him...When they didn't find it on his body they  
knew he left it in our car.....We -- Ah!

SOUND: (LOCK TURNS. DOOR OPENED)

CRANSTON: Come in.

SOUND: (STEPS. START OVERALL ECHO)

(DOOR CLOSES. CUT RAIN BG.)

CRANSTON: You any idea where they put the car?

MARGOT: No.

CRANSTON: There're three floors. We'll have to search them.

MARGOT: All right.

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CRANSTON: But we're working against time. We'll have to split.  
You take the elevator to the top floor and work down.  
I'll start here and work up. We'll meet in the middle.  
Right?

MARGOT: Right.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

SOUND: (ELEVATOR COMES TO STOP. DOOR OPENED)  
(START OVERALL ECHO. STEPS ON CONCRETE)  
(STEPS PAUSE, THEN CONTINUE. PAUSE AGAIN,  
CONTINUE)  
(AGAIN, THEN STOP)

MARGOT: (A MURMUR OF SATISFACTION)

BURNS: (HALF OFF) Are you quite sure that's the right car,  
Miss Lane?

MARGOT: (GASPS)

BURNS: We'd like you to be sure, Miss Lane. There are so  
many wrecked cars in this garage.

MARGOT: Burns! Y-You.....

SOUND: (START STEPS)

BURNS: Don't back away, Miss Lane.

COP: (HALF OFF) I'm right behind you, lady.

MARGOT: Wh-what?

SOUND: (CUT STEPS)

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BURNS: (CHUCKLES) You're surrounded, Miss Lane. You're quite helpless. You can even scream if you like. These walls are three feet thick. Sound proof.

SOUND: (QUICK STEPS ON)

BURNS: Don't run, Miss Lane. There's no place to run to.

SOUND: (CUT STEPS. START WILD BLARING OF AUTO HORN)

BURNS: (SHOUTS) What in the -- Get her, Drake! Stop her!

COP: Got her!

BURNS: Get her hands off that horn!

MARGOT: (STRUGGLING) Let go of me! Let go --- Let ---

COP: You little wild-cat...

MARGOT: (SCREAMS)

(MUSIC:.....WIPE FOR CURTAIN)

(ALLOCATION)

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60 SECONDS - 3RD BODY

ANNCR: (CUE - DON'T CHANGE) We'll return to THE SHADOW in  
just a moment. Here again is a Mutual note for you.

(BEAT)

Stories of the nation's law enforcement agencies and their fight against organized crime are dramatized for you on OFFICIAL DETECTIVE every Tuesday. On OFFICIAL DETECTIVE you'll meet Lieutenant Dan Britt who delves into his files to come up with true-to-life stories of crime detection. The dramas on OFFICIAL DETECTIVE carry the hard-hitting impact of realistic investigation -- present stories of the type which make headlines one day - and just a few lines on the back page the next. OFFICIAL DETECTIVE brings you a half-hour of action-suspense in dramatizing the hair-trigger decisions and daily police grind that make crime news and crime stories so stirring to the imagination. For a thrilling program that spotlights the grim drama of every day life, hear OFFICIAL DETECTIVE every Tuesday night over most of these stations.

(CUE - DON'T CHANGE) Now back to THE SHADOW.



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(MUSIC:.....INTRO AND UNDER)

ANNCR:           In a garage late at night, Margot Lane finds herself  
at the mercy of two desperate killers. She tries to  
use an auto horn to signal for help, but.....

SOUND:           (ANTICIPATE HORN)

BURNS:           Get her hands off that horn.

MARGOT:          (STRUGGLING) Let go of me! Let go -- let.....

COP:             You little wild cat....

MARGOT:          (SCREAMS)

SOUND:           (CUT AUTO HORN)

SHADOW: (LAUGHS) In a traffic jam, Miss Lane?

BURNS: Who's that?

SHADOW: Good evening, Mr. Burns...This is the Shadow.

BURNS: Drake! Get your gun out.

COP: I can't see him!

SHADOW: (LAUGHS) It's difficult to see the Shadow, my friend...  
Practically impossible. Have you found the picture of  
Salmon Chase yet?

SOUND: (SINGLE SHOT)

SHADOW: (LAUGHS) Hood probably left it in the back of Cranston's  
car. Did you look under the carpet?

SOUND: (SHOT)

SHADOW: Under the seat cushion?

SOUND: (SHOT)

SHADOW: Rolled up in the ash-receiver? But Hood wouldn't do  
that. It might have been burned. He wouldn't want  
ten thousand dollars to burn to ashes....

SOUND: (COUPLE OF SHOTS)

SHADOW: Your conversation is becoming a little monotonous,  
gentlemen. Let's improve the occasion, shall we?

SOUND: (START SCUFFLE)

COP: (YELLS) Burns!

SHADOW: May I borrow your gun, Mr. Drake? It's vital evidence  
in the murder of Simon Hood. I've got his body  
outside..in Cranston's car. I want the gun to go with  
it. (GRUNTS) Let's end the discussion.

SOUND: (HEAVY PUNCH)

COP: (YELLS)

brl

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SOUND: (SCUFFLE ENDS WITH BODY BANGING AGAINST CAR)

SHADOW: And now, Mr. Burns...

BURNS: L-Listen, mister...I can't see you, but you can see me  
You know me. Bug-House Burns. Greatest salesman in  
the U.S.A...I'm offering a deal. Take the ten thousand.  
No questions asked. You find it. You keep it. You  
forget you ever saw me. Yes?

SHADOW: (LAUGHS)

BURNS: Drake's the killer. You got him. I'll turn evidence.  
Make it an easy case for you. I'll never mention the  
money. You keep it. It's a deal? What do you say?  
Profit for you. Profit for me. What's your answer?

SOUND: (HEAVY PUNCH. BODY TO FLOOR)

BURNS: (GROANS)

SHADOW: That's the answer. (LAUGHS)

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

CRANSTON: It's a pretty simple case, Margot. when you know the  
one answer we were looking for.

MARGOT: Oh? Simple, was it?

CRANSTON: Sure. Hood was tailed by Drake and Burns. They killed  
him. Drake put on a cops' raincoat and rainhat to make  
it easier to search the body...

MARGOT: For the picture of Salmon P. Chase.

CRANSTON: Right. When he found us over the body and found the  
picture wasn't on it, Drake figured Hood left it in  
our car.

MARGOT: So they chased us.

brl

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CRANSTON: They almost got us in the freight yard, but lost us when you nearly killed us in a wreck. Then the car was hauled away to a garage and they had to find out which garage...

MARGOT: Which is why Burns talked that nonsense about buying my car.

CRANSTON: Any why they took Hood's body and put it in the officer's raincoat and rainhat and left it in our police car...To delay us...keep us away from the garage.

MARGOT: All this I understand. But---they went to the garage to look for the picture of Salmon P. Chase, supposed to be worth ten thousand dollars. Why?

CRANSTON: Here it is. Look at it.

MARGOT: Why...it's just a silly little engraving.

CRANSTON: Uh-huh. Now let's take it out of the frame....

SOUND: (BUSINESS OF PICTURE REMOVED FROM FRAME)

CRANSTON: You see... Burns was doing a big black-market business. He had to figure a clever way of hiding his black-market money.. The Treasury Department has an embarrassing way of investigating safe deposit vaults.. So, inside this picture frame, he placed..

MARGOT: Holy smoke! It's a ten thousand dollar bill!

CRANSTON: With Salmon P. Chase's engraved portrait on it. Hood was an ex-counterfeiter. He knew money when he saw it... even when it was camouflaged as a framed engraving that only showed the portrait. That's what he stole. That's why he was...(SNIFFS) he was...(SNIFFS) ....killed.  
(SNEEZE)



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MARGOT: Gimmie that ten thousand dollars.

CRANSTON: Margot! It belongs to the police. It's murder  
evidence.

MARGOT: Then gimmie ten dollars.

CRANSTON: What...(SNEEZE) for?

MARGOT: You've caught a cold, wise guy. I'm going right out  
and buy you an umbrella and a pair of rubbers.

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(MUSIC:.....CURTAIN INTO THEME AND UNDER)

ANNCR:           This story is copyrighted by Street and Smith  
Publications, Incorporated, publishers of Astounding  
Science Fiction -- the magazine that lives in tomorrow  
-- now available. All names and places in today's  
story are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living  
or dead is purely coincidental. Listen again next week  
same time, same station -- when the Shadow again will  
demonstrate that....

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

(MUSIC:.....UP AND OUT, THEN SNEAK UNDER FOLLOWING:)

ANNCR:           The Shadow is brought to you every Sunday at this time  
by the Mutual Broadcasting System. Lamont Cranston is  
played by Bret Morrison, Margot by Gertrude Warner.  
Music is by Charles Paul, and the entire production is  
under the direction of Harry Ingram.

(MUSIC:.....THEME TO FILL:)

ANNCR:           Carl Caruso speaking.

THIS IS THE MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM.