

"THE SHADOW"

OCTOBER 28, 1951

"REVENGE BY SPECIAL DELIVERY"

by

Alfred Bester

CAST

LAMONT CRANSTON..... BRET MORRISON  
MARGOT LANE.....GERTRUDE WARNER  
THOMAS DENSING.....MARTIN BLAINE  
BOSWICK.....MICHAEL FITZMAURICE  
COMMISSIONER WESTON.....SANTOS ORTEGA  
IVES.....ALAN HEWITT  
HARRY STOPER .....MICHAEL FITZMAURICE

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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 Wildroot Company -- makers of famous Wildroot Cream Oil...America's favorite hair tonic...and new Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo...the shampoo that gleams as it cleans -- 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 ... "Revenge By Special Delivery."

(MUSIC:.....ACCENT AND UNDER)

ANNCR: All of us are injustice collectors, like Thomas Densing. All of us spend solitary hours resenting imagined slurs and insults, like Thomas Densing. But all of us do not sit down and send revenge by special delivery. That is where we part company with Thomas Densing, and where our story begins...

(MUSIC:.....STING OUT)

SOUND: (TYPEWRITER TO B.G. FOR:)

DENSING: (OLD. LUNATIC FRINGE. SPEAKS AS HE WRITES IN A HAUGHTY TONE) Dear Madam: Little did you know when you insulted me that I am the rightful Duke of Cordova in Spain. And when I have assumed my rightful place, I will pay you back. (MORE)

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DENSING: I will have you killed. Yours truly. The Secret One.  
(CONT'D)

SOUND: (CUT TYPEWRITER. REMOVE SHEET OF PAPER. REPLACE  
IT WITH ANOTHER AND START MACHINE AGAIN)

DENSING: (NOW CONSPIRATORIAL AND MYSTERIOUS) Dear Sir:  
Little did you know when you insulted me that I  
have a secret knowledge of the spying you did in the  
war. I know the information you stole and where you  
sent it; and I will reveal your treachery. I will  
have you shot. Yours truly. The Secret One.

SOUND: (STOP TYPEWRITER. CHANGE PAPER AGAIN AND  
CONTINUE)

DENSING: (NOW HAUGHTY AGAIN) Dear Sir: Little did you know  
when you sneered at me that I am the rightful Duke of  
Cordova in Spain. I will pay you back for your insults.  
I will have you killed. Yours truly. The Secret One.

(MUSIC:.....CURTAIN)

(FIRST COMMERCIAL BREAK)

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

ANNCR:           So Thomas Densing sent revenge by special delivery -  
Revenge for what? Revenge how? That's what George  
Boswick asks Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane the  
following night...

(MUSIC:.....STING OUT CAR TO BG FOR:)

BOSWICK:       (A LITTLE NERVOUS) Nice of you to drive me home,  
Cranston. I don't mind admitting I'm a little upset.  
I ----

CRANSTON:      A little? You were ~~shaking~~ when you tore into my  
apartment with that letter in your hand.

BOSWICK:       But, hang it, I----

CRANSTON:      Now I'm not going through my spiel again. You tell him,  
Margot.

MARGOT:        (SING-SONG) It's obviously a crank letter. It doesn't  
make sense. I (Lamont) have told you a hundred  
times... Them that makes threats never kills.

CRANSTON:      Those that makes threats.

MARGOT:        You said 'them that'.

BOSWICK:       Listen! It may be for yaks with you, but I'm not  
so sure. I did some work for the Manhattan Project  
during the war. Some crazy character could get the  
idea that I was a spy.

CRANSTON:      Will you forget it? How many threatening letters have  
I received, Margot?

MARGOT:        One thousand three hundred and eighty two.

CRANSTON:      Eighty three.

MARGOT:        Two.

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CRANSTON: I'm counting both notes from Spider Bob Moyer.

MARGOT: But only the first was written in blood.

BOSWICK: Hang it, Cranston! It isn't funny. I----

CRANSTON: George, listen to me...

SOUND: (CAR COMES TO STOP WITH BRAKE SQUEAL)

CRANSTON: I've seen hundreds of these threatening letters. I know the difference between the ones that mean business and the ones that don't. Yours does not mean anything. It's for laughs. Believe me.

SOUND: (CAR DOOR OPENS)

CRANSTON: Now get out of the car. Go upstairs to your apartment. Have a couple of drinks and forget it.

BOSWICK: I---- All right, Cranston. Maybe you're right. Thanks a lot. Good night.

SOUND: (STEPS LEAVE CAR AND FADE ON SIDEWALK)

MARGOT: (CALLS) Good night, George.

CRANSTON: (CALLS) We'll watch until we see your light go on.

MARGOT: (LOW) Did you really mean that, Lamont?

CRANSTON: Sure, Margot. (CHUCKLES) Look at him. So scared he can hardly get the house door open... There he goes. We'll wait for him to show a light... give him a honk on the horn and--

BOSWICK: (WELL OFF. SCREAMS) Cran-ston!

SOUND: (FUSILADE OF HEAVY SHOTS OFF)

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

CRANSTON: I'd just got finished telling him he had nothing to worry about, Commissioner. By the time Margot and I got to him he was dead.

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WESTON: You told him he had nothing to worry about, eh?

CRANSTON: That's what I said.

WESTON: You're an imbecile.

CRANSTON: Now look, Commissioner Weston, I----

WESTON: And so am I. There were at least three other of these special delivery threats sent out in the mail. Three people came down to headquarters, scared stiff. I told them the same thing you told Boswick. We're both idiots.

CRANSTON: Three more letters? Posted where?

WESTON: The Blackwood Station.

CRANSTON: That's where Boswick's was posted. What kind of threats?

WESTON: Just two. I am the Duke of Spain and I'll kill you.. or I am a secret agent and I'll kill you.

CRANSTON: That's what Boswick got. But you can't tell me those letters are written by a killer who means business?

WESTON: I don't have to tell you. You saw it happen.

CRANSTON: I can't believe it. I... Oh, come on, Margot.

SOUND: (STEPS ON. DOOR OPENS)

WESTON: (HALF OFF) And don't mess around with this one. I'm covering ballistics, the stationary, Boswick's past history, connection between the people who got letters, and etcetera. There's nothing left for you. Good night.

CRANSTON: Good night, Commissioner.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES.)

MARGOT: (LOW) There really is nothing left for you, Lamont.

CRANSTON: There's one thing Weston forgot. The stamps.

MARGOT: The stamps?

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CRANSTON:       Somebody walked into the Blackwood Post Office and  
bought at least four special delivery stamps. If  
anybody's in the station now, they might remember who...

MARGOT:        But it's late. The place'll be closed.

CRANSTON:       Not to the Shadow, Margot. Nothing's ever closed to  
him.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

SOUND:               (DRAWERS OPENED AND CLOSED. PAPERS SHUFFLED.  
SUDDENLY THEY STOP. A DOOR OPENS OFF)

IVES:            (HALF OFF) Who's there? (PAUSE) Who is that? Speak  
up! (PAUSE) I've got a gun. I warn you. I'll----

SHADOW:        It won't do you any good to shoot. (LAUGHS)

IVES:            Who is that? Goodson? Marlow? This is Superintendant  
Ives. I----

SHADOW:        Put on the light, Mr. Ives. See for yourself..

SOUND:               (QUICK STEPS. LIGHT SWITCH SNAPS)

IVES:            (GASPS)

SHADOW:        (LAUGHS)

IVES:            There's no one. But I could have sworn I---

SHADOW:        You hear but you cannot see. It's the common failing  
of men who speak to the Shadow, Mr. Ives.

IVES:            The Shadow!

SHADOW:        I found an interesting pair of letters in the night drop,  
Mr. Ives. Each of them without a return address. Each  
of them stamped with a special delivery stamp.

IVES:            Put them down. Those letters are Federal property.

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SHADOW: Someone might have purchased a supply of special delivery stamps at your station, Ives. I'd like to know which of your clerks could tell me who bought them.

IVES: Give me those letters. It's against the law to handle federal property...

SHADOW: Little man... Little official... Little Superintendant, get your mind out of the rule book. There's been a murder tonight.

IVES: Murder!

SHADOW: A murder because somebody has been mailing special delivery threats like these from this station. I want to know all about the letters, Ives.

IVES: You may consult the proper authorities through the usual channels. Now give me those letters.

SHADOW: Little official, can't you understand? Someone's been mailing threats and following them with murder. One life's been lost already. There may be other victims...

IVES: They may obtain police protection by appealing to the proper authorities.

SHADOW: It may be too late for appeals.

IVES: You're trespassing on government property, whoever you are. I warn you, I'm authorized to shoot. I'm prepared to shoot. I----

SHADOW: Go ahead. Shoot. Find the target... the heart of a shadow.

SOUND: (SUDDEN SCUFFLE)



IVES: (CRIES) Let go of me! It is a misdemeanor to interfere with a government officer in the pursuit of his duties.

I warn you----

SHADOW: Will you help me find a killer or will you help a killer murder?

IVES: That is not a proper question. I am not required to answer it or to help you or perform any function outside the line of duty. Now get out of here at once!

SHADOW: I'm licked. I admit it. No man... not even The Shadow, can dent the petty official mind.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

SOUND: (STEPS PACE ON FLOOR)

MARGOT: Then we're stuck Lamont. The only lead worth following is the post office, and Ives won't listen to reason.

CRANSON: Maybe -- maybe not.

MARGOT: What does that mean? Lamont, do you still think the killer is somebody else besides the crank letter writer?

CRANSTON: Frankly, Margot, I-----

SOUND: (DOOR BELL SOUNDS OFF)

CRANSTON: What's that? I thought you shut off the phone so we could talk.

MARGOT: I did. That's the door. I'll take it.

SOUND: (STEPS ON)

CRANSTON: (FADING) Frankly, I can't believe the letter writer is the killer. That's what's bothering me. Anybody who talks about being the Duke of Cordova.

SOUND: (STEPS CUT. DOOR OPENED)

MARGOT: Yes?

CRANSTON: She still living here, Margot. Up one flight and then down the hall.

---

MARGOT: And then what?

CRANSTON: What do you mean?

MARGOT: It's six o'clock in the morning. What are you going to do? Just ring the bell and tell the lady she's wanted? Wait a minute. (SNIFFS)

SOUND: (CUT STEPS)

CRANSTON: Do you smell smoke?

MARGOT: Why I... Yes. It's coming down the hall, Lamont. I think I can see flames too.

CRANSTON: Come on!

SOUND: (QUICK STEPS ON)

CRANSTON: That's Lois Chester's place. (COUGHING) Get a hankerchief out.

MARGOT: Look out, Lamont! A man behind you.

SOUND: (START HEAVY SCUFFLE)

STOPER: (GROWLS WITH EFFORT) You big hoof-headed gorilla..

CRANSTON: Let go you ... The fire, Margot... The fire! Get the extinguisher or something..(GRUNTS) Will you quit, buster, or will you have it now?

STOPER: Whatever you got, brother, I can top...

SOUND: (HEAVY PUNCH. END SCUFFLE)

STOPER: (GROANS)

CRANSTON: (BREATHING HEAVILY) Top that, friend.

MARGOT: (HALF OFF: SCREAMS) Lamont! Lamont!

CRANSTON: What the ---? What's the matter, Margot?

MARGOT: In the bedroom... The girl.

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CRANSTON: What about her?

MARGOT: She's dead.

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(MUSIC:.....CURTAIN)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL BREAK)

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

ANNCR:                There have been two murders... a man named Boswick,  
killed in the foyer of his apartment house... a woman  
named Lois Chester, killed in the bedroom of her hotel  
apartment... and still Thomas Densing sits and writes  
his special delivery threats...

(MUSIC:.....STING AND HOLD UNDER)

SOUND:                (TYPEWRITER TO B.G.)

DENSING:             (READS AS HE WRITES) Dear Madam: You didn't know  
when you insulted me that I am the rightful Duke of  
Cordova in Spain. And when I have assumed my rightful  
place, I will have you killed. Yours truly. The  
Secret One.

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

WESTON:              It was The Secret One again, Cranston. Ballistics  
checked the murder bullet. Lois Chester was killed  
by the same gun that knocked off Boswick.

CRANSTON:            And the motive?

WESTON:              They both worked for the Manhattan Project. Atomic  
Research. The way I see it, that letter to Boswick from  
The Secret One told the truth.

CRANSTON:            Did Lois Chester get a letter?

WESTON:              She must have. That's why our friend Mr. Harry Stoper  
here started that fire. He burned it... after he  
killed her.

STOPER:              That's a lousy lie, Commissioner.

WESTON:              You've got a record, Stoper. Extortion. Blackmail.  
(MORE)



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WESTON: You dug up something on Boswick and the Chester woman.  
(CONT'D) You put the heat on. When the going got rough, you decided to shut their mouths. You sent those letters to cover. You killed Boswick. You killed Lois Chester.

STOPER: Not in a million years.

WESTON: Why'd you burn that letter you sent her? Why'd you burn every other piece of paper you could find in her apartment?

STOPER: I never sent her any letter. I never burned it.

WESTON: I'll get you on that one, Stoper. (YELLS) Hanley! Send in that Post Office guy.

CRANSTON: Oh-oh.

WESTON: Oh-oh what?

CRANSTON: Nothing. Just plain oh-oh.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS HALF OFF. STEPS FADE ON)

IVES: (FADING ON) I must say, Commissioner, this is most inconsiderate. I have a job to do, sir. My time is ---

WESTON: You're Ives?

IVES: I am. I ---

WESTON: I just want to know one thing. We think the dead woman received a special delivery letter some time yesterday. We want your verification. The name is Lois Chester. Apartment 3. The Hamilton.

IVES: I have nothing to say. If you will apply through the proper authorities --

WESTON: I'm the proper authority and I'm applying. Did Lois Chester receive a special delivery letter?

IVES: Now see here, Commissioner. (MORE)

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IVES:  
(CONT'D) I will not permit myself to be used by the police in a blanket search for clues. You gentlemen are merely attempting to overthrow regulations in hopes of turning something up. If you had a specific problem... if perhaps you knew the victim, the killer and the crime, and merely lacked one specific clue for conviction, I might possibly cooperate, but ---

CRANSTON: We've got all that, Ives. The victims are a man named Boswick and a woman named Chester. The killer is a man named Alfred Sigmund of 1280 Sherman Road.

WESTON: What in the ---?

CRANSTON: Quiet. If we can prove that Alfred Sigmund sent a special delivery letter through your station to the victims, we've got him. Well?

IVES: (AFTER PAUSE) Yes. Lois Chester received a special delivery letter late last night.

CRANSTON: And there, Commissioner, is your case.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

MARGOT: What case, Lamont? Who was that Alfred Sigmund you mentioned?

CRANSTON: Nobody. I just made up a name to get information out of Ives.

MARGOT: But what about Harry Stoper?

CRANSTON: He's a blackmailer all right. His story is that he went up to see Lois. Found her dead, and burned all her papers to protect himself.

MARGOT: Do you think he's telling the truth?

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CRANSTON: They didn't find a gun on him. That's a tough one to get around. When he planted his right to my mouth I didn't taste any gunpowder residue.

SCUND: (DOOR BELL RINGS THREE TIMES)

CRANSTON: What's that? More wires from Weston?

MARGOT: I'll take it.

SOUND: (STEPS DOOR OPENS)

MARGOT: (OFF, EXCLAIMS) Lamont!

CRANSTON: What's the matter now?

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE, STEPS)

MARGOT: It's a special delivery letter. It looks just like the one that Boswick showed us. Do you think it's---?

CRANSTON: (COMING ON) Let's have it.

SOUND: (ENVELOPE TORN OPEN)

CRANSTON: (READS) Dear Madam: You didn't know when you insulted me that I am...(MUMBLES FOR A MOMENT, THEN)  
Well, how about that?

MARGOT: Is it a gag?

CRANSTON: No, it's the real McCoy.

MARGOT: But who'd I insult? How? When?

CRANSTON: Wait a minute, Margot. Wait a minute. Maybe we're going to get a break at last. Notice anything peculiar about this letter?

MARGOT: No.

CRANSTON: How many words to a line?

MARGOT: Why... let's see... Five.

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CRANSTON: Always five words to a line. Boswick's letter was written the same way. If I hadn't been an ass, I'd have checked the other letters Weston had and discovered this sooner.

MARGOT: Discovered what?

CRANSTON: The business our Secret One is in. I--- Listen, Margot, I've put us on a spot with that bum steer of mine about Alfred Sigmund. It may get someone killed. You've got a job.

MARGOT: I don't want to stand in for Alfred Sigmund.

CRANSTON: Take the car and drive over to Sherman Road. Check it and see if there's a Number 1280. I'm hoping there isn't.

MARGOT: And if there is?

CRANSTON: Check the house and see if it's a residence. If so, call Weston and tell him to send a squad down.

MARGOT: He'll want a good reason.

CRANSTON: Tell him if he waits for me at Number 1280, I'll deliver The Secret One straight into his hands.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

SOUND: (FILTER RING. PICK UP)

WESTON: (FILTER) Weston talking.

MARGOT: Commissioner Weston, this is Margot Lane. I've got a message for Lamont.

WESTON: Since when have I been Cranston's answering service?

MARGOT: But, it's about the Boswick Case, Commissioner, and I don't know where to reach Lamont --

WESTON: Oh, go ahead. Go ahead.

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MARGOT: Tell him I checked 1280 Sherman Road for him.  
It's a condemned house. Boarded up. There's no one  
living there. So I--- (SHE'S GAGGED)

SOUND: (START SCUFFLE IN PHONE BOOTH)

WESTON: So you what? Go ahead. I want everything on that  
crazy business about Alfred Sigmund.

SOUND: (CONTINUE SCUFFLE)

MARGOT: (TRIES TO SCREAM THROUGH GAG)

WESTON: Hello? Miss Lane? Miss Lane? Miss Lane!

SOUND: (END SCUFFLE. THE PHONE RECEIVER IS QUIETLY HUNG  
UP, CUTTING WESTON OFF)

(MUSIC:.....CURTAIN)

(LAST COMMERCIAL BREAK)

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

ANNCR:               Condemned houses are like empty coffins awaiting the  
dead. Trapped in one, with the form of an armed killer  
looming before you in the darkness, you can taste the  
bitterness... the insanity of murder.

(MUSIC:.....STING OUT)

SOUND:               (CREAKING DOOR SLAMMED. CREAKING STEPS FADE ON)

IVES:               (FADING ON) There, Miss Lane. We're nice and cozy now.  
Doors closed. Windows sealed. We can have a quiet chat.

MARGOT:             Mr. Ives!

IVES:               Superintendent Ives. Where is Alfred Sigmund?

MARGOT:             I---

IVES:               The letter-writer, Miss Lane. The Secret Agent. The  
Secret One Cranston said he was here. Obviously he's  
not. Where is he?

MARGOT:             There -- there isn't any Alfred Sigmund.

IVES:               Don't lie, Miss Lane. This is a gun. See? It's looking  
for the writer of letters... the Secret One... Alfred  
Sigmund.

MARGOT:             I tell you, he doesn't exist!

IVES:               (SAVAGE) I tell you, you're lying.

SOUND:               (START SCUFFLE)

MARGOT:             (CRIES OUT)

IVES:               Answer me! Where is he?

MARGOT:             I don't know! I don't know! I don't---

SHADOW:             (WELL OFF. CALLS) Telegram for Mr. Ives! Telegram for  
Mr. Ives!

IVES:               What in the---(LOW) Don't speak, Miss Lane. Don't make  
a move.

SOUND: (CREAKY STEPS OFF)

SHADOW: Telegram for Mr. Philip Ives. Is Mr. Philip Ives in the house? Telegram for Mr. Ives.

SOUND: (STEPS FADE ON. CREAKY DOOR OPENS HALF OFF)

SHADOW: (HALF OFF) Telegram for--- (LAUGHS) There he is. Deliver your telegram, Thomas.

IVES: Who's that?

SHADOW: This is The Shadow again, Mr. Ives, with a wire for you in the hands of Thomas Densing. Deliver the telegram, Thomas...

SOUND: (CREAKY STEPS FADE ON)

IVES: Don't come any closer... whoever you are!

SOUND: (STEPS CUT)

DENSING: That's him! That's the man. That's the one who insulted me!

IVES: What?!

SHADOW: (LAUGHS) Listen and learn, beaurocrat!

DENSING: He insulted me. He didn't know I am the rightful Duke of Cordova and that I was a spy in the war. I paid him back for the insult and the sneers. That's him!

IVES: This...? This is the letter-writer? The Secret One?

SHADOW: (LAUGHS) Yes, my friend. This. A poor old creature, writing childish letters to avenge imagined insults. But unfortunately the letter he wrote you contained the truth, eh?

IVES: No! I---

SHADOW: You, Mr. Ives, did sell security information during the war. You did have a past to conceal. (MORE)

SHADOW: You had no way of knowing that The Secret One was  
(CONT:) writing fantasy threats to many people. You thought the  
threat was real. You acted on it at once.

IVES: Lies! Lies! All lies. I---

SHADOW: You murdered Boswick and Miss Chester --- the people you  
thought most likely to have uncovered your secret.  
Thomas Densing wrote make-believe threats. You turned  
them into reality.

IVES: Never in a million years! None of you will ever prove  
anything!

SOUND: (LIVE SHOTS ON)(START SCUFFLE)

SHADOW: I'll take the gun, Mr. Ives -- if you don't mind. It  
is against the laws of this state for a criminal to  
possess deadly weapons. You know all about laws and  
regulations, don't you? Tell us... what's the legal  
penalty for murder? (LAUGHS INTO)

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

MARGOT: And you were right all along, Lamont. The crank  
letter writer wasn't the killer!

CRANSTON: I was sure of it.

MARGOT: Did you suspect Ives?

CRANSTON: Very much so. From the time the Shadow first met him.  
He was far too uncooperative. Officials who are on  
the level are anxious to help. He wasn't. Instead of  
giving out information, he was trying to get it -- to  
find out from us who the letter writer might be -- so  
he could get at him too.

MARGOT: So you lied to him -- told him the letter writer was  
Alfred Sigmund.



CRANSTON: We're even. Ives lied right back and told us Lois Chester had gotten a crank letter. She hadn't. When I found that out from our crank-letter writing friend, that wrapped it up against Ives.

MARGOT: How did you ever locate the crank letter writer?

CRANSTON: Densing? Through that business about five words to a line in his letters.

MARGOT: Huh?

CRANSTON: That's a habit of old telegraph operators who are accustomed to handling messages in units of five and ten words. They automatically write five words to a line. I hustled around to the local telegraph office, found Densing and took him down to Sherman Road and used him on Ives... Or, I should say, The Shadow used him.

MARGOT: And what about Densing now?

CRANSTON: Weston's got him at headquarters. The last I heard, Densing was clamoring for pen and ink and stationary. You can guess what for.

(MUSIC:.....STING AND HOLD UNDER)

SOUND: (SCRATCH OF PEN ON PAPER)

DENSING: (MUMBLES AS HE WRITES) Dear Shadow: You little realized when you insulted me that I am the rightful Duke of Cordova and was a secret agent in the war. And when I have assumed my rightful place I will pay you back for your insolence. Yours truly, The Secret One.

(MUSIC:.....UP FOR CURTAIN AND INTO THEME)

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ANNCR: This story is copyrighted by Street and Smith Publications, Incorporated, publishers of Astounding Science Fiction, the magazine that lives in tomorrow - on sale now. 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 Wildroot Company - makers of Wildroot Cream Oil, America's favorite hair tonic, and Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo, the shampoo that gleams as it cleans. 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 UP)

(COMMERCIAL)

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(MUSIC:.....THEME UP AND FADE FOR)

ANNCR:           This is Sandy Becker speaking for Wildroot Cream Oil  
Hair Tonic and Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo inviting  
you to tune in again next week - same time, same station  
for the next exciting adventure of The Shadow.

(MUSIC:.....THEME UP)

THIS IS THE MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM.