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#2
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RADIO DIVISION

CLIENT: D. L. & W. COAL CO.

BROADCAST: #2

PROGRAM: 'BLUE COAL'

DATE: SUN. 10/3/37

NETWORK: CBS

"THE SHADOW"

("THE RED MACAW")

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(OPENING COMMERCIAL FOR ALL SHOWS)

SHADOW: (STANDARD INTRODUCTION)

ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen -- be prepared for any kind of weather from now on. Stock up tomorrow with 'blue coal' -- America's finest anthracite -- the coal that is colored a harmless blue at the mines for your protection. Then, you'll be ready to keep your family comfortable and healthy this winter .. with even, dependable heat .. the kind of superior heat 'blue coal' glways gives!

ANNR: Blue Coal presents the SHADOW! The Mystery Man who strikes terror in the very hearts of sharpsters, lawbreakers and criminals. (FADE)

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(MUSIC UP AND UNDER)
(MACAW SHRIEK)

THE MASTER: The master speaks. Attention ladies! The spirit of Shiva is upon us....
Quiet!

(MACAW SHRIEKS)

PUT YOUR HANDS UP ALL OF YOU.

(WOMEN SCREAM)

(MUSIC UP AND OUT)

CRANSTON: Men I have a very important announcement to make to all members of the police department this morning!

(MURMUR OF MEN'S VOICES)

I have become convinced that the man responsible for the crime wave sweeping our city is a character who is known as the Shadow! I have issued a warrant for his arrest, and I want him brought to justice!

(LAUGHS)

CRANSTON: Who's that!? Reilly - who was that laughing!?

REILLY: (AFTER SLIGHT PAUSE) I don't know, sir - nobody seems to know!

CRANSTON: The Shadow knows! (LAUGHS....BLENDING INTO....)

(MUSIC)

MARGOT: Lamont Cranston - the police have got a warrant out for the Shadow!

CRANSTON: Really, Miss Lane? (LAUGHTS)

MARGOT: Listen Lamont, dear, - you've played the role of the Shadow for five years! You've driven a large part of the underworld out of business -

CRANSTON: Yes - and there is still a large part yet to be driven out of business. You know, Margot, sometimes I suspect that there is one controlling mind back of the organized crime in this city - one master criminal, I'm certain of it in fact. Some day - I'll find that man. Perhaps then we can talk of quitting.

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But, Lamont, you can't fight the underworld and the police, too! You mean too much to me, and it must not happen. You must let the Shadow stop, for my sake Lamont please.

Some day perhaps, Margot, but my dear, the Shadow still has too much work to do. But about this little piece of playfulness on the part of the police - this warrant for a man they've never seen and can't identify - it interests me. I think, if you won't mind my leaving you so abruptly, I think I'll take a run over to the Cobalt Club. It's just about the time my very good friend Police Commissioner Ralph Weston usually has a cock-tail there.

(MUSIC)

Hello there, Cranston. Have a cocktail?

(COMING ON) Hello, Weston - don't mind if I do. A dry Martini. Well how's the Police Department? Anything of special import preying on the master mind nowadays?

Well - nothing we can't deal with.

How delightful. There are so many things in life I feel myself incompetent to deal with.

When you feel like that you can always pay someone else to do the job.

That's the advantage of being a millionaire.

I have often consoled myself with the same thought. By the way, didn't I hear that there was a jewel robbery at the Chatham's last night?

Cranston, if I permitted anything to bother me, it would be the series of jewel robberies this fall. Three in a row! Fortunately - we have our man.

Or rather we know who he is!

My dear man, you're infallible - positively infallible!

It's the Shadow! We've got a warrant out for him now!

You have a warrant out for a Shadow!

Not a shadow, Cranston - the Shadow!

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STON: So he's the one that staged those three jewel robberies, eh?

STON: Yes - I'm inclined to believe he is.

STON: Amazing! Who put you on his track?

STON: Well - we've had a pretty hard time of it. Although there were always plenty of witnesses at these robberies - they all took place at parties, you know, and most of the guests were women -

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STON: Go on -

STON: Well, we never could seem to get a coherent story out of them. None of them could seem to tell us just what happened - acted almost as if they'd been hypnotized. Finally we found one man - highly intelligent - and he made the suggestion.

STON: And who is this brilliant intellect?

STON: His name is Ram Lal - poses as a mystic - occultism - wisdom of the East - all that sort of thing - been educated in the best Egyptian universities.

STON: Ah yes - I believe I've heard of him.

STON: You must have. Terribly popular - goes to all the fashionable parties. The women are mad about him. Pretends to be a magician or something - goes everywhere with a big red bird who talks - it really says the most amazing things.

STON: I see. The police are now taking orders from a talking bird, eh?

STON: Don't be silly - Ram Lal is a brilliant man. When we questioned him, he said it was obvious, from the way the robberies were accomplished, that no ordinary crook was at the bottom of it. In fact - there was only one criminal with the finesse - the occult ability to confuse witnesses - who could be responsible. And he is the great, almost supernatural magician and detective, and criminal - the Shadow!

STON: Hm -

STON: And I think Ram Lal is right. It all hangs together. The lack of clues -

the witnesses who can't remember a thing - the strange unkind methods used - it all points to a master criminal intelligence. So this time we're going to get the Shadow!

WESTON: You sound very determined, Weston. I'm glad you're not trailing me.

CRANSTON: (LAUGHS) Well Cranston - what would you do if you were the Shadow?

WESTON: If I were the Shadow, I think I'd have a heart to heart talk with this magician colleague - Ram Lal.

(MUSIC)

(HINDU CHANT - UNINTELLIGIBLE - MORE OR LESS TO HIMSELF)

(LAUGHS) Ram Lal!

Who calls?

It is I, Ram Lal!

And who are you? I am alone here!

You are not alone - I am here with you!

And who are you?

The Shadow.

(SLOWLY) Ah - the Shadow. (SARCASTIC) Welcome to my humble abode, dear master.

You've heard of me, I see.

But certainly! Who has not heard of the Shadow - that comic strip - that joke for children? (LAUGHS SOFTLY)

Ram Lal - you have falsely accused me - and I do not easily forget - or forgive!

No? And just what do you expect to do about it?

You choose to defy me?

Of course.

Ram Lal - you are a fool!

There are those who will not agree with you. And now, if you have finished - I must continue my devotions -

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I have not finished - I will never have finished, Ram Lal, until I have brought your downfall!

And how do you propose to do that?

There is no knowledge of the ancient world - no science of the modern that I will not bring against you!

Really? (LAUGHS) What do you - what does any Occidental know of the Wisdom of the East, and as for your pompous modern science - bah! I have studied that too. You can prove nothing without witnesses - and the women who are my followers - they will not talk about me. They cannot. I have rendered them powerless!

Perhaps I can give them back their power! Ram Lal - somewhere you have left something undone - some loose end - that, I will find! After that it will be easy!

I shall await that discovery with delightful anticipation!

I rather think Ram Lal, you will not have to wait too long!

(LAUGHS, BLENDING INTO)

(MUSIC)

Margot Lane - stand by for ovelius - cultivate the acquaintance of Ram Lal Egyptian mystic - pay special attention to the talking bird - I will protect you.

(MUSIC)

HOOT OF FAR OFF BOATS ON RIVER

The fog is heavy on the river tonight, Miss Lane. The ships are calling to each other like lost souls.

Your view over the Hudson is very beautiful, Ram Lal. It was kind of you to let me come and see it with you.

I am only happy that you enjoy it, Miss Lane.

Not everyone has the privilege of being the guest of the master of mystery. You're very flattering.

Not at all! By the way - speaking of mysteries - I can't help wondering about the great silent bird of yours that sits on his perch between the windows. It looks at me with such a blank, starring eyes.

Ah yes - my red macaw. You like him?

A macaw? He's gorgeous - but so silent.

Silent? You think so?

Well, he hasn't made a sound so far.

That is because he is a good servant. He waits for orders.

Whose orders?

Mine - and only mine.

You mean he won't speak for anybody else?

Exactly?

May I try him?

With pleasure.

What is his name?

Hareen.

Hareen, what time is it? Do you know?

(PAUSE)

You see? He waits for me. Answer the lady, Hareen!

Caw - caw - caw - caw - caw!

Five. And it's just five o'clock. That is wonderful. But can he really talk, Ram Lal - pronounce words?

Most certainly. Hareen, what is the end of life?

De - ath!

And what is the end of death?

Li-fe!

Incredible! Do you teach him the answers, Ram Lal?

What need to teach? He knows.

Will you ask him just one question for me?

RAM: If you like.

MARGOT: What is it that casts a shadow - and yet is only a shadow?

RAM: Answer, Hareem!

MARGOT: Sa-tan!

(SLOWLY) The Shadow of a shadow. I wonder.

RAM: Tell me, Miss Lane - why did you ask that question?

MARGOT: Why - I hardly know.

RAM: You had no particular purpose?

MARGOT: Why of course not! Why should I?

RAM: You lie, Margot Lane! You have come here as a spy!

MARGOT: How dare you speak like that! Open the door - I'm going home!

(SUDDENLY DROPPING SUAIVITY, AND BECOMING VERY MENACING) You are going nowhere until you have answered my questions! Come here - Miss Lane!

MARGOT: Don't - don't you touch me!

RAM: I know how to deal with women!

MARGOT: (FIGHTS OFF)

RAM: Who turned off the lights? (PAUSE) Answer me!

(SOUND OF DOOR UNLOCKING AND OPENING) The door is open, Miss Lane. Go - you will be quite safe.

MARGOT: Gladly.

(SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, RECEDING)

(SUAVE) The Shadow! So - it is you again! I might have known. Shadow, why do you not reveal yourself - so that we may meet, face to face?

SHADOW: I am here, Ram Lal. Here in the corner.

RAM: So? (THEN FAST) This time I am prepared for you! (TWO SHOTS)

SHADOW: (Laughs) Ram Lal, your Hindu magic should have told you - you cannot shoot a shadow! (LAUGHS)

(MUSIC)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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SELDON:

(MUSIC)

BY:

SULTRA:

PLM:

SULTRA:

RAY;

(MUSIC)

MARGOT:

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My dear, I have a curious feeling that you are in danger.

But why?

After all - Ram Lal suspects you and ---

(AN EERIE CRY OFF)

(PAUSE)

Did you hear that?

Of course. What was it - a night bird?

A night bird - here in New York? Well - perhaps.

(EERIE CRY AGAIN OFF)

There it is again. Where would you say it came from?

From just outside my window. It couldn't be anything but a bird.

This is the top floor.

(REPEAT CRY)

(SLOWLY) I really think this extraordinary bird merits my attention.

What are you going to do with that revolver?

It may put me on more equal terms with the bird who cries. (PAUSE)

Listen carefully, Margot. I am going to open the window and lean out.

When I do so - hold on to my belt. Brace yourself and hold with all your weight. Pull me back. You understand?

Lamont - I'm frightened.

You needn't be. Now then - ready? (FADE) Here goes the window - up.

(THEY HAVE BOTH MOVED A LITTLE OFF)

(WINDOW UP ... EERIE CRY REPEATED MORE CLEARLY)

Now, I'll lean out to see what makes that cry.

(FURTHER OFF) Ah! (STRANGLING SOUND FROM CRANSTON)

Ah-hhhhhh!

(A SHOT)

(LONG strange cry fading further and further off)

Lamont! Lamont! Are you hurt?

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CRANSTON: (PAUSE) (GASPING) No - darling - throat rather sore - that's all.

MARGOT: But what was it? What happened? I couldn't see.

CRANSTON: An Indian strangler - on the roof. I knew the call. It's the call of Shiva, used by those who kill with noose. He used that cry to get me to the window -- thought it was you, of course - and dropped his noose. I got him before he got me - fortunately!

MARGOT: But what does it mean!?

CRANSTON: Simply a delicate attention from Ram Lal to you.

MARGOT: The man must be mad! You said he was clever.

CRANSTON: He's mad with fear - that's all. Until this man is unmasked - you're not safe! So - we'll pretend that his little ruse tonight was successful. You'll go into hiding here in your own house. Tomorrow, the papers will have the story of your untimely ending. I'll arrange for that.

MARGOT: But Lamont -

CRANSTON: Please, darling - do as I ask. It'll only be for a little while.

MARGOT: But when do I come to life again?

CRANSTON: The Roger Berkleys are giving a party tomorrow night, aren't they?

MARGOT: Yes - the invitation came last week. Ram Lal will be there.

CRANSTON: You will go to that party.

MARGOT: But what will everyone say? I mean, if my -- my death has been announced?

CRANSTON: The greater shock the better. Ram Lal is going to be there, of course.

MARGOT: I know he will. Betty Berkley told me.

CRANSTON: Good. Your appearance there ought to make Ram Lal believe in miracles.

MARGOT: Something tells me that tomorrow night we'll clear the name of the Shadow. But I'll have to act quickly from now on.

MARGOT: What are you going to do?

CRANSTON: I'm not sure what Lamont Cranston, well known playboy and dilettant is going to do, but somebody else knows that you must fight fire with fire. The Shadow is going to give a seance.

(MUSIC)

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Good! Watch them closely as the wheel revolves. Ready?

Perfectly ready! Of course, it's cheap trickery!

I throw the switch -

(HUM OF ELECTRIC MOTOR)

The wheel revolves. Keep your eyes fastened on it. Leave your minds free. Empty them of all error. Watch the wheel revolve - watch it!

Watch it - watch it! The lights have blended into one. You can see nothing else. Your minds are open to me. I can see your thoughts...

(DREAMILY) I can see your thoughts (THEN SUDDENLY VERY STUCCATO)...

Mrs. Fowler! Listen!

(SPEAKING WITH MECHANICAL MONOTONY) Yes?

You were at all three parties at which jewel robberies took place this autumn, were you not?

Yes - I was.

And Ram Lal with his red macaw was at all of them, too, wasn't he?

Yes - he was.

Now, concentrate. Divest your soul of all error, and - now --- let me see your mind. Tell me the last thing that happened before the masked thieves came into the room.

The - the red macaw - was asked a question.

Ah! And what was that question?

Ram Lal asked it --he asked it -- what was beneath the light.

And what was the answer of the red macaw?

(PAUSE) The Shadow - the shadow.

The shadow? (LAUGHS FADING)

(PHONE RINGS)

(RECEIVER LIFTS)

Hello-heelo! Police Commissioner Weston speaking. Who is this?

(OVER FILTER) The Shadow! (LAUGHS)

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Hey, what is this - a joke? The Shadow wouldn't dare call me up.
There's a warrant out for him now.

I'm not taking that seriously, Commissioner.

You will when I serve it!

You mean, I will if you serve it!

I'm not worrying about that!

I will give you something else to worry about. You may know that the Roger Berkleys are giving a small party tonight.

Certainly I know it. So what?

The fourth in the series of jewel robberies will be committed there.
Are you interested?

Try to pull that/ I'll surround the house, and have a raiding party ready to break in at any minute.

Excellent! I could not ask for more. And, if you wish to choose the right minute for the raid, you will wait for the signal.

What signal?

The signal given by the red macaw! When he mentions my name - that is the signal! (LAUGHS) Remember, "The Shadow" (LAUGHS)

(MUSIC)

(MURMUR OF VOICES, ETC.)

So glad you could come tonight, Lamont. I was afraid this fearful news about Margot Lane might keep you away.

My dear Muriel - nothing could keep me away from one of your parties.

So sweet of you. I think you know everybody here. - Oh, have you met Ram Lal?

No - I haven't had the pleasure.

Oh Ram Lal - I want to present Lamont Cranston to you.

Charmed, I'm sure, Mr. Cranston --

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How do you do? I've heard quite a lot about you - sometime I'd like to see your famous bird.

Ram Lal is showing off his red macaw for us tonight - Aren't you Ram Lal?

I am to have that pleasure, I believe.

I would very much like to meet that bird. I hear amazing things about it. The mystic east is full of the unexpected.

(SHE CLAPS HANDS TO STILL THE UNDER-CURRENT OF AD LIBBED CONVERSATION IN THE BACKGROUND)

Quiet please!

(SILENCE)

We are to have a most unusual pleasure tonight! Ram Lal has brought his red macaw and has promised that it will answer questions!

(APPLAUSE AND AD LIBS) Isn't he wonderful, etc.)

Ladies and gentlemen! I have the honor to present to you, Hareen, the sacred red macaw!

(APPLAUSE)

(LINE OF GIBBERISH) Hareen - you will answer the questions I ask! Now ---

(COMING ON) Good evening, everybody!

(AD LIBS OF AMAZEMENT)

But I thought you were dead.

Good heavens - Margot Lane!

The reports of my death were somewhat exaggerated!

(GENERAL CLATTER OF CONGRATULATIONS FROM CROWD)

But I didn't mean to interrupt. You were about to listen to the red macaw as I came in. Please continue, Ram Lal.

(GASPING* I - I cannot! I am ill.

Ah! Evening, Margot, old thing. If Ram Lal is - ah - indisposed---do you mind...I wonder if I can do anything with the red macaw?

(CROWD MURLUR) UP

You are absurd....He - will not - cannot speak for you!

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TON: You'll be surprised, Ram Lal. Hareen! You hear me?

Ye-es.

TON: (AMID MURMUR OF ASTONISHMENT) Who is your master?

You - are!

I protest at this - farce! It's ---- It's --

TON: Just one more question, Ram La. Hareen - Hareen!

What is under the light?

The - the shadow. The - shadow!

A lie! A cheat!

TON: Is it? Wait dear master!

(CRASH OF GLASS OFF)

(SCREAM)

(OFF) Put up your hands - all of you! This is a stick-up!

(CROWD GASPS)

(POLICE WHISTLE)

(COMING ON) Get 'em boys!

Drop that gun, you!

What is this, Ram Lal - a trap?

(HYSTERICAL) Yes - no! I do not know you!

Oh, you don't eh! Well take this -

No, you don't!

(SOCK - BODY FALL)

I got him, Chief! And, we caught three others outside!

Good! Take them to headquarters.

Okay! Come on you!

(GENERAL CONFUSION)

Wait a minute, Rilly - take this one too!

Keep away from me!

This Ram Lal guy?

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Certainly - he's the leader! He tried to put me off the track!

Okay - Come on - get going!

(PROTESTS, FADING)

(GENERAL AD LIB)

(FADING) He's someone else too, unless I'm very much mistaken.

(MURMUR OF EXCITED VOICES)

(SOTTO) But Lamont - the macaw - it talked!

(SOTTO) No it didn't - Ram Lal talked for it - simple ventriloquism, that's all. And it just so happens I'm as good a ventriloquist as Ram Lal.

(SOTTO) Oh Lamont - you're marvelous!

(COMING BACK) Ladies and gentlemen, I have a surprise for you! It is one of the most satisfactory discoveries of my whole career in crime detection --- You know the man taken here tonight as Ram Lal. His real name is - the Shadow!

(EXCITED EXCLAMATIONS)

Yes - and for once - the laugh is on the Shadow!

(OFF -LAUGH)

What was that?

You're wrong, Commissioner. You've got Ram Lal, but the shadow ---has the last laugh (LAUGHS)

(MUSIC)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL

Before today's adventure with the Shadow comes to an end, John Barclay - 'blue coal's own heating expert is here to say a few words..Mr. Barclay... Good evening friends. Before winter sets in, you folks want to be very sure of having a comfortable home this winter don't you. Well here's the way to insure proper home-heating. Call your local 'blue coal' dealer and take advantage of the extra free service he can give you. Remember: He's more than a fuel dealer .. he's an authority on modern home heating. For more

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Y - CONT. than six years, I have trained service men for your 'blue coal' dealers. These John Barclay Service men, as they are called, have shown thousands of families how to operate their furnaces in order to get better heat at lower cost. Here's what one satisfied customer says about 'blue coal' and the John Barclay Service. I quote his letter in part:

"Having moved into my present home last fall, I tried many kinds of coal without any satisfaction. Finally I got in touch with the 'blue coal' people and they sent a John Barclay Service Man to my home. He thoroughly inspected my heating plant -- making some minor repairs and also explaining in detail how to run my furnace for best results. I then decided to try 'blue coal' which gave me such satisfaction with so little attention that I would not think of using any other coal! There you are, friends. That's how one one-owner successfully solved his heating problem. Your 'blue coal' dealer is not only interested in selling you 'blue coal', America's finest anthracite, but he is interested in helping you get all of the comfort to which you are entitled when using this splendid fuel. No matter what kind of fuel you are using now, or from whom you are buying, your heating problems can be greatly simplified by taking advantage of the services which every 'blue coal' dealer is equipped to render. The combination of 'blue coal' and John Barclay service, will, I am sure, warrant a trial by you. I thank you.

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(STANDARD CLOSING)

(MUSIC UP AND UNDER)

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