

(FINAL)

NEW SCRIPT

THE SHADOW

APRIL 1, 1951

"THE GOLDEN DECEIVER"

by

Ed Adamson

CAST

LAMONT CRANSTON.....BRET MORRISON  
MARGOT LANE.....GERTRUDE WARNER  
CARL.....SANTOS ORTEGA  
RITA.....EILEEN HECKERT  
VINCE.....RALPH BELL  
GEORGE.....ROBERT SLOANE

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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 United States Army and the United States Air Force  
                    present "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 Ed Adamson...  
                    "The Golden Deceiver".

(MUSIC:.....HITS IT DRAMATICALLY AND UNDER FOR:)

CARL:           Gold! They hit gold up there in the North woods, and  
                    that's where I'm heading!

(MUSIC:.....HITS IT AGAIN AND UNDER)

RITA:           Gold! That's for me, and plenty of it!

(MUSIC:.....HITS IT AGAIN AND UNDER)

VINCE:           Gold! I'm going to be rich! Rich!

(MUSIC:.....HITS IT AND ACCENT EACH "GOLD" BELOW)

CARL:           Gold!

RITA:           Gold!

VINCE:           Gold!

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

ANNCR:           And with the cry of gold a boom town was carved out of  
                    the Northwest wilderness.

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(MORE)

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ANNCR: And just as in the old days, the wooden building which  
(CONT'D) housed the tavern became the common meeting place.

(MUSIC:.....ANTICIPATE\_HONKEY-TONK\_PIANO\_IN\_BG)

SOUND: (BOOM TOWN BAR ROOM EFFECTS)

RITA: (SEXY) Hello, Mr. Murray. Mind if I sit down with you?

CARL: (MIDDLE-AGED, ROBUST OLD-TIME PROSPECTOR) Sit down,  
girlie. Glad to have you.

RITA: (SEATING HERSELF) My name's Rita, Mr. Murray.

CARL: (SMILING) Mine's Carl, Rita. Drink?

RITA: No thanks, Carl, not right now.

CARL: Say, what's a nice looking girlie like you doing up  
here in this no-woman's land, anyway?

RITA: Oh, I pan a little gold -- in my own way.

CARL: (LAUGHS) Say, you're all right! Yes, sir!

RITA: Look, Carl, I don't want to be personal but...

CARL: You be as personal as you please, Rita.

RITA: Well, I saw you at the bar before buying drinks for the  
house and waving that little canvas bag around.

CARL: Celebrating, girlie. Struck it day before yesterday.

RITA: Is -- that so?

CARL: Struck it big. Yes, sir. Lots' folks thought this here  
rush was a fake. Shows how wrong they were, eh, girlie?

RITA: But you're only the second or third to hit pay dirt,  
Carl, aren't you?

CARL: Yep, but who knows? In a month this one horse town may  
be a bloomin' city.

RITA: Yes, guess it might at that. (RISING) Well, thanks for  
your company.

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CARL: Hey where're you going, girlie. We ain't hardly acquainted yet.

RITA: I sing here. I'll be back after I do my number. You'll wait?

CARL: You're darn tootin', girlie, I'll wait.

SOUND: (STEPS) (FADES)

CARL: Don't take too long.

RITA: I won't.

SOUND: (STEPS REACH DOOR...DOOR OPENS...KILL MUSIC AND BACK GROUND EFFECTS AS DOOR CLOSES...STEPS CONTINUE UNDER AS:)

VINCE: (COMES ON BUT NOT FULLY) What is it, Rita?

RITA: Another one hit gold, Vince.

SOUND: (STEPS OUT)

VINCE: (NOW ON) What!

RITA: A broken down old character outside named Carl Murray.

VINCE: When did he hit it?

RITA: Few days ago. First time he's been here in the "Lucky Seven."

VINCE: Then he couldn't have staked his claim yet. There's still time to discourage him.

RITA: Like we -- discouraged the other two? You know, Vince, I don't like that stuff.

VINCE: Who's asking you what you like! I don't go for the idea of everybody and his brother hitting pay dirt around me! I've got my own stakes to protect!

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RITA: But Vince, this place of ours is doing business hand  
over fist.

VINCE: How many times do I have to tell you -- Vince Regan  
isn't up here just for the nickels and dimes I can  
make on bum whiskey.

RITA: But...

VINCE: Don't give me any buts. Like I told you from the  
beginning -- you and I, Rita, are out to get all we  
can get -- anyway we can get it.

RITA: Even murder.

VINCE: Why not? When murder's the easiest way.

(MUSIC:.....SINISTER TAG AND HOLD UNDER)

ANNCR: We will return to "The Shadow" in just a moment.

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

(COMMERCIAL)

FIRST COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Many young men want to join the United States Air Force ...but quotas are tight...and not everybody can qualify. That's why the new offer for veterans, with technical skills learned in any service is so interesting. This is how it works: First...you go to your nearest U.S. Army and U.S. Air Force Recruiting Station. You fill out a form about your former service. Then...you talk to the recruiting sergeant...before you enlist...and get all the details about what your grade will be. And if you're qualified you get the equivalent of your former service grade...or better. Then after you enlist, you get your initial assignment to a nearby Air Force Base...and you skip basic training, of course. Sounds good doesn't it? It is ... for you veterans with technical skills your expanding Air Force needs... skills in radar, radio, maintenance, armament, weather, or any of a hundred others. There's a new Air Force pay scale, too, as well as that special pride that goes with serving in a great outfit. But find out for yourself! Go to your nearest U.S. Army and U.S. Air Force Recruiting Station...tomorrow!

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

ANNCR:           Now, back to "The Shadow" brought to you by the United States Army and the United States Air Force.

(MUSIC:.....POINT AND UNDER:)

ANNCR:           While one man plans a murder in the Northwest wilderness, another man opens the door of a city apartment thousands of miles away.

(MUSIC:.....OUT)

SOUND:                   (DOOR OPEN)

CRANSTON:       Oh, hello, Margot.

MARGOT:        (A LITTLE BREATHLESS) Hello, the man says. After I broke all existing speed records getting over here. What was that hysterical message of yours all about?

CRANSTON:       Come in.

SOUND:                   (DOOR CLOSES)

MARGOT:        I never packed so quickly in all my life, Lamont.

CRANSTON:       Margot, you're a sweetheart.

MARGOT:        (SUSPICIOUS) I always worry when you use that word that way. Well, come on, what's this all about?

CRANSTON:       You've read in the papers about the new gold rush up in the Northwest woods?

MARGOT:        Oh, yes. So that's where we're headed.

CRANSTON:       That's where.

MARGOT:        Why?

SOUND:                   (DOOR OPENS OFF)

CRANSTON:       Here's why.

GEORGE:        (COMES ON) How are you, Margot?

MARGOT:        (PUZZLED) Lamont, I don't believe I've ever met this gentleman.



CRANSTON: (PLAYFULLY) You sure, Margot?

GEORGE: Positive?

MARGOT: Positive. Say, what is this....?

CRANSTON: I'd say, George, that prospector's disguise of yours is a guaranteed success if even Margot doesn't recognize you.

MARGOT: George? (THEN AMAZED) George Wallace?

CRANSTON: (CHUCKLES) George Wallace, Dave Fairfield's ace security agent.

MARGOT: Now will you two tell me what this is all about - please?

CRANSTON: Dave Fairfield has asked us to help George.

MARGOT: To prospect for gold?

GEORGE: No, Margot, to prospect for information that vitally affects the security of the country.

SOUND: (UNROLL MAP AS:)

CRANSTON: Here, Margot, look at this map. This point marked in blue is Gold Nest. It's a boom town, sixty miles from the nearest city.

GEORGE: And reachable only by wagon track roads.

MARGOT: What's that large red circle on the map?

CRANSTON: Inside that circle - somewhere - is an espionage radio transmitter.

MARGOT: Enemy transmitter?

GEORGE: Yes. We've been trying to spot it by triangulation but it hasn't worked. Signal's been so infrequent.

MARGOT: I see. And you figure all the gold rushing might bring the espionage agents out into the open?

CRANSTON: Yes. Now here's the plan. You and I are going to stop at Bay City, and let George go on to Gold Nest alone.

MARGOT: Why?

GEORGE: There's no telephone in Gold Nest. You'll have to be my contact with civilization. We'll be in touch by shortwave radio.

CRANSTON: And George will let us know first thing if he spots a sign of anyone who looks like they're interested in something big besides gold.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

VINCE: Rita, I just had a talk with our friend, Carl Murray.

RITA: I'm glad it was you for a change. Look, Vince, how long do I have to go on being cute with that broken down old character?

VINCE: Just for tonight, Rita. He's going down to Bay City tomorrow, to the Federal office, to file his claim. And I'm taking him in my wagon - part way.

RITA: Part way?

VINCE: Yeh, to about twenty-five miles from here - and then Carl Murray gets out.

RITA: What...what are you talking about?

VINCE: It just so happens he gets off at the place where timber wolf hunting is the best.

RITA: Vince! You can't --

VINCE: 'Course it won't do Carl Murray much good 'cause he won't have a gun. And wolf-hunting ain't much good without a gun, is it, Rita? (CHUCKLES) Except for the wolves.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

SOUND: (SHORT WAVE RADIO CALL SIGNAL)

MARGOT: Lamont, that must be George, calling on the short wave from Gold Nest.

CRANSTON: I'll get it, Margot.

SOUND: (CLICK...NOTE: SLIGHT STATIC ON SHORT WAVE FILTER SPEECHES BY GEORGE...ALSO LET HIS VOICE GAIN AND LOSE INTERMITTENTLY AS ON SHORT WAVE)

GEORGE: (FILTER) (SHORT WAVE)(THROUGHOUT SCENE) George Wallace, Gold Nest, calling Lamont Cranston, Bay City, Wallace calling Cranston.

SOUND: (CLICK)

CRANSTON: Cranston. Go ahead, George.

GEORGE: Got something.

CRANSTON: Shoot.

GEORGE: Man named Vince Regan runs the saloon here, The Lucky Seven. Came to this part of the country six months before the rush.

CRANSTON: Six months, huh? Anything else on Regan?

GEORGE: He tried to discourage the rush when it started.

CRANSTON: But gold rush should be a real boon to a saloon-keeper!

GEORGE: That's what I thought.

CRANSTON: I'll check him. Thanks, George. Margot and I will be standing by for your next call.

GEORGE: Right. This is Wallace signing off at Gold Nest.

SOUND: (CLICK)

CRANSTON: Hear that, Margot?

MARGOT: Yes, Lamont. Vince Regan. But how can we check him?



CRANSTON: By contacting Dave Fairfield. See if the Security Department has anything on Regan.

MARGOT: Oh, of course.

CRANSTON: And Margot.

MARGOT: Yes?

CRANSTON: Get all available information on all espionage agents who have been connected with radio communications work.

(MUSIC:.....IN AND UNDER)

VINCE: My horse and wagon is ready outside, Carl. You set for the trip to Bay City?

CARL: All set, Mr. Regan. And thanks very much for your trouble.

VINCE: No trouble, Carl. Believe me, the pleasure is all mine.

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

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSSES...STEPS BRIEFLY AS:)

MARGOT: I got the information from Washington, Lamont.

CRANSTON: And?

MARGOT: Nothing on Vince Regan.

CRANSTON: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh.

MARGOT: But here's something. Dave tells me, according to the department's records, there's an espionage agent named Rentlov, who is at large. Rentlov at one time was a radio communications expert.

CRANSTON: Any details as to Rentlov's description?

MARGOT: None.

CRANSTON: All right, Margot, now I'll contact George Wallace in Gold Nest.

MARGOT: To tell him the story?

CRANSTON: Not by radio. I'm going to arrange a rendezvous with George south of Gold Nest in the woods. We'll get there by horseback. Then, Margot, you and I are then going on to Gold Nest to do a little prospecting on our own.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

SOUND: (HORSE AND WAGON...SNAP OF WHIP)

VINCE: (UP) Come on, giddap, giddap!

CARL: (CUE) Say, Mr. Regan, ain't we kinda taking a roundabout way to Bay City.

VINCE: No, Carl, this is a shortcut. We'll be near the foot of Eagle Rock in another couple minutes.

CARL: (CURIOUS) Eagle Rock? They say that's wolf country through here.

VINCE: Yes, so they say. Come this way all the time but never spotted a wolf yet.

SOUND: (SNAP OF WHIP)

VINCE: (UP) Giddap! Giddap!

CARL: Well, if there were any wolves all that noise you're making would bring 'em out on us.

VINCE: I've got nothing to worry about.

SOUND: (CUE: HOWLING OF WOLVES OFF...FADE THEM IN UNDER)

CARL: (CUE) Hey, what's that I hear back there?

VINCE: Sounds like wolves to me.

CARL: You were wrong about this not being wolf territory.

VINCE: Guess I was. Just listen to 'em. They get pretty hungry this time of the year.

CARL: Regan, they're on our trail. Let's shift over to another route if we can.

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VINCE: I don't have to worry, I told you. This horse of mine  
can outrun anything on four legs. 'Course, Carl, you  
won't do so well.

CARL: Huh?

VINCE: (EFFORT) Here's where you get off, Carl.

CARL: (STRUGGLES) What's the matter with you, Regan, you  
crazy? I'll be killed.

VINCE: That's the idea, Carl. (FINAL EFFORT) So long.

CARL: (REACTS AS HE FALLS TO GROUND)

SOUND: (BODY FALL)

VINCE: (FADES) Giddap! Giddap!

SOUND: (HORSE AND WAGON FADE OFF...THEN FADE IN WOLVES TO  
ON MIKE)

(MUSIC:.....TAG AND UNDER)

ANNCR: We will return to The Shadow in just a moment.

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

(COMMERCIAL)



SECOND COMMERCIAL

ANNCR:           Here's a special message for you young women. Next time you see one of those WAFS...Women in the Air Force...take a good look. You're looking at the smartest woman of the year...in Air Force blue! It isn't just uniform...she's demonstrating her smartness in another way...even more important. She's found a career that means something. She's serving in the world's greatest Air Force...and she's proud of it. She's working on equal terms with the men of your United States Air Force...and loving it. She has good pay...comfortable quarters...travel...and the deep sense of personal accomplishment that goes with doing a badly needed job well! She's working in interesting fields...as a technician, in medical and dental fields, in air traffic, photography or one of many others. She's learning new ideas...new skills...and liking it a lot. In short...she's the smartest woman of the year in Air Force blue. And, if she has the qualifications...and a college background...she can go to Officer Candidate School. If you're qualified, you can join her in that smart uniform. All you have to do is stop in at your nearest U.S. Army and U.S. Air Force Recruiting Station.

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

ANNCR:            Now, back to The Shadow, brought to you by the United  
                 States Army and the United States Air Force.

(MUSIC. . . . . POINT AND UNDER.)

ANNCR:            In the belief that a gold rush in the Northwest woods is  
                 being used as a cover-up for espionage communication  
                 activities, Lamont and Margot have joined forces with  
                 Security Agent George Wallace in an effort to track down  
                 a dangerous spy. Now at a pre-arranged rendezvous in  
                 the woods Margot and Lamont contact George Wallace, and  
                 ride North, by horseback.

(MUSIC. . . . . OUT)

SOUND:            (WOODLAND EFFECTS IN BG)(OCCASIONAL NEIGH  
                 OF HORSES)(MULTIPLE HOOF BEATS UNDER)

CRANSTON:        That's all the information we have, George. Just the  
                 espionage agent's name.

GEORGE:          Just the last name Rentlov?

MARGOT:          That's all. And no available description at all.

GEORGE:          I don't have much information either. Just some hearsay.  
                 But, it seems that the saloon keeper, Vince Regan has  
                 been mixed up in a couple of "accidents" that happened  
                 to particularly lucky prospectors.

CRANSTON:        Oh?

GEORGE:          Two of them have been found dead - so far.

MARGOT:          Murder?

GEORGE:          They were called accidents.

CRANSTON: But no definite tie-in to Regan, eh?

GEORGE: Nothing definite -- (SUDDENLY) What's that?

CRANSTON: Huh?

GEORGE: Just ahead on the side of the trail.

MARGOT: Look's like a bundle of some kind.

CRANSTON: That's no bundle. I can see now - it's a man...or what's left of him.

MARGOT: (SICK) Ooooh.

CRANSTON: Whoa. We'll stop here, George, and walk the rest of the way.

GEORGE: Right. Whoa.

SOUND: (HORSES COME TO A STOP)

CRANSTON: (CLIMBING DOWN FROM HORSE) You wait here, Margot.

MARGOT: All right.

CRANSTON: Come on, George.

SOUND: (STEPS ON DIRT AND THEN STOP ON CUE)

GEORGE: (PAUSE) Not a pretty sight, Lamont.

CRANSTON: Not at all. I understand this is wolf country.

GEORGE: No doubt about it now. He must have wandered off and -- (STOPS) Say - I know this man.

CRANSTON: What?

GEORGE: That heavy beard, and his leather jacket. I remember that jacket. This is a prospector named Carl Murray.

CRANSTON: Sure?

GEORGE: Positive. He had struck it, was celebrating all over town.

CRANSTON: (POINTEDLY) Another lucky prospector, George.

GEORGE: Yes, Lamont - and another "accident". (PAUSE) Vince Regan.



CRANSTON: I was thinking of Regan.

GEORGE: Think it's about time to tackle him outright?

CRANSTON: Not outright. The time isn't ripe to hit him in the face with the suspicions we have.

GEORGE: Then what do we do?

CRANSTON: I think the time has come for Regan to face a little -- well, let's call it...shadow boxing.

(MUSIC...\_...\_)

VINCE: (JUST SLIGHTLY TIPSY) Have another one with me, Rita.

RITA: Not now, Vince. I gotta get outside and do my number.

VINCE: Come on, we've got something to celebrate about, haven't we?

SOUND: (STEPS GO OFF)

RITA: (GOES OFF) I'll be back when I finish.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS OFF)

RITA: And you'd better go easy on that whiskey.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

VINCE: (LAUGHS) Easy? She's crazy. Got to celebrate, don't I? Yes, sir.

SOUND: (POURS DRINK AND PUTS BOTTLE DOWN AS)

VINCE: Got to celebrate. (LIFTING GLASS) Here's to me, Vince Regan.

SHADOW: Are you sure that's the name?

SOUND: (GLASS DROPS TO FLOOR)

VINCE: (SHOCKED) Who said that?

SHADOW: (LAUGHS)

VINCE: Who's in here with me. I can't see you.

SHADOW: No one sees the Shadow, Regan.

VINCE: This whiskey, it's lousy. I'm hearing things.

SHADOW: What is your real name, Regan. Answer!

VINCE: My name's Regan, Vince Regan.

SHADOW: Rentlov begins with an "R" just like Regan. Could it be that your real name is Rentlov?

VINCE: Never heard of that name.

SHADOW: But you've heard of the name Carl Murray, haven't you, and the other prospectors who met accidental deaths. If you're really Rentlov, there's a good reason for you to discourage prospecting up here.

VINCE: I must be going crazy. That rotten whiskey.

SHADOW: If you were Rentlov you wouldn't want anyone to uncover your espionage transmitter hidden in the woods. (LAUGHS AS:)

VINCE: You don't make sense. None of this makes sense. Let me alone! Get out of here and let me alone!

SHADOW: (LAUGHTER CONTINUES A BIT THEN OUT SUDDEN)

VINCE: (PAUSE) It stopped. (PAUSE) It's gone. (PAUSE) Just in my mind.

SOUND: (PICKS UP BOTTLE)

VINCE: It was just this stinking whiskey. Never again.

SOUND: (SMASH BOTTLE ON FLOOR)

VINCE: Never again!

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

MARGOT: You mean, the Shadow didn't get anything out of Vince Regan, Lamont?

CRANSTON: Not a thing -- except a promise to lay off cheap whiskey.

MARGOT: Then -- you didn't get anywhere?

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CRANSTON: Oh, I didn't say that, Margot.

MARGOT: But you --

CRANSTON: I learned some very interesting things from what Vince Regan didn't say.

MARGOT: What?

CRANSTON: (LAUGHS) I don't mean to talk in riddles, Margot. I don't mean to talk at all. Right now, what we need is action.

MARGOT: What kind of action?

CRANSTON: I've just been talking it over with George. So far there've been three lucky prospectors in Gold Nest. And all three have suffered -- accidents.

MARGOT: So?

CRANSTON: So, George and I have decided that it's time for him, as a prospector, to strike gold.

MARGOT: You mean -- as bait?

CRANSTON: Right. With George as bait -- I think we're going to hit our own kind of pay dirt...and soon.

(MUSIC. \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE INTO HONKEY TONK PIANO B.G.)

SOUND: (BAR ROOM EFFECTS B.G.)

GEORGE: (CALLS) Hey, bartender. Bring another drink over here to my table. And set up another one for everybody in the house.

RITA: (IN QUICK) Does that include me, big boy?

GEORGE: Sure does, sweetheart, includes you 'specially.

RITA: Mind if I have mine here at this table with you?

GEORGE: My pleasure. Sit yourself down.

SOUND: (CHAIR SCRAPE)



RITA: (SITS DOWN) Thanks. The name's Rita. Yours?

GEORGE: George Wallace. George to you.

RITA: I hear you struck pay dirt, George.

GEORGE: That's right. Got me some nuggets as big as those beautiful eyes of yours. Say, how about you and me doing a little private celebrating of our own?

RITA: I could think of nothing better.

GEORGE: Say, we're gonng to be great friends, Rita.

RITA: Aren't we? By the way, George, did you stake your claim yet?

GEORGE: Not yet. Figured I'd go down to Bay City in a day or two. Hey, Rita, would you like me to bring you back something nice from Bay City?

RITA: Yeh, the First National Bank.

GEORGE: (LAUGHS) Hey, you're all right. No doubt about it, Rita, you and I are going to get along fine.

RITA: You're certainly right, George, no doubt about it at all.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

VINCE: He's still out in the barroom, Rita?

RITA: Yes, Vince. He's waiting for me to come back to his table.

VINCE: Okay, you go out there and bring this George Wallace in to see me.

RITA: He said he's going to stake his claim down in Bay City in a couple of days.

VINCE: He's going to stake his claim tonight.

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RITA: Vince, you're taking too many chances.

VINCE: It's going to be tonight.

RITA: Why don't you wait till he starts for Bay City? Then you can arrange the accident, so....

VINCE: This, Rita, ain't going to be an accident.

RITA: But --

VINCE: Another "accident" right now isn't gonna look good for me. That George Wallace is gonna disappear.

RITA: Disappear?

VINCE: Yeh. On my way back from the trip with Carl Murray, my horse got a gimpy foot. I stopped right alongside Eagle Rock. And you know what?

RITA: What?

VINCE: I stumbled on to a cave.

RITA: Cave?

VINCE: Uh huh. It leads right under the rock. It's hidden so no one would find it.

RITA: But what's the cave got to do with George Wallace?

VINCE: That's where I'm going to keep Wallace on ice.

RITA: But why bother bringing him there? There are lots of other ways and...

VINCE: Look, I'm running this operation. I want you to spread the word around that Wallace took his load and quit. Get that rumor circulating. Got that?

RITA: All right, Vince.

VINCE: Now go outside and bring George Wallace in here to me.

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(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...STEPS A BIT AS:)

CRANSTON: (WORRIED) No luck, Margot. Not a sign of George.

MARGOT: I don't understand it, Lamont. He was supposed to come back here to report to you over two hours ago.

CRANSTON: I know.

MARGOT: You checked thoroughly at "The Lucky Seven" saloon.

CRANSTON: Yes. He was seen there an hour ago. But no one knows where he went from there.

MARGOT: What could have happened to him?

CRANSTON: I have an idea, Margot -- but it's not a pleasant one.

MARGOT: (FEELING TERRIBLY) Oh, Lamont.

CRANSTON: You stay here. I'm going back to "The Lucky Seven" and dig and dig until I get some line on George Wallace.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

SOUND: (BAR ROOM EFFECTS OFF...KNOCK ON DOOR)

RITA: (MUFFLED) Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

CRANSTON: (ACTING THE PART OF A ROUGH AND TUMBLE PROSPECTOR) You Rita Karen?

RITA: (BIT OFF) That's me.

SOUND: (CLOSE DOOR...KILL BARROOM EFFECTS...FEW STEPS)

RITA: (COMES ON) What can I do for you, handsome?

CRANSTON: I'm looking for my pardner.

RITA: My dressing room here isn't the missing persons bureau, handsome, but you're welcome to stay.

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CRANSTON: My partner's name is George Wallace.

RITA: Nice guy, George. I'm going to miss him.

CRANSTON: Miss him? What's that supposed to mean?

RITA: I was talking to him outside couple hours ago.

CRANSTON: Yeh. One of the boys at the bar said he saw you tow together. That's why I came here to see you.

RITA: You say he's your partner.

CRANSTON: That's right. Now what you said before about missing him --

RITA: Just getting to that. George told me he was packing up his load and clearing out.

CRANSTON: He told you that?

RITA: He told me that. But he didn't tell me he had a partner -- a good looking one like you. What's your name, handsome?

CRANSTON: Lamont Cranston.

RITA: Real fancy name.

CRANSTON: But I'm not a fancy guy.

RITA: You'll do fine. How about having a drink with me. You go for that?

CRANSTON: I go.

SOUND: (OPEN BOTTLE...POUR DRINKS AS:)

RITA: Okay if it's straight?

CRANSTON: Straight's the only way.

RITA: (HANDS HIM DRINK) Here.

CRANSTON: Thanks.

RITA: (TOASTING) To you, Lamont.

lm

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CRANSTON: (TOASTING) No, to you, Rita -- 'cause you got just what I want.

RITA: Bottoms up.

BIZ: (THEY DRINK)

SOUND: (GLASSES PLACED ON TABLE)

CRANSTON: Well, Rita, now that we've got acquainted, let's get down to business about George.

RITA: I never mix business with pleasure.

CRANSTON: Where is he?

RITA: Who?

CRANSTON: George. Come on, where is he?

RITA: How should I know? I told you just what he told me. He's getting out.

CRANSTON: You're a liar!

RITA: Takes one to know one. George Wallace doesn't have a partner. He would've told me.

SOUND: (FLING CHAIR ASIDE)

CRANSTON: Look, you, you're going to tell me what happened to George.

RITA: Get away from me!

CRANSTON: You're going to tell me -- if I have to -- (STOPS IN SUDDEN CHOKING PAIN) -- if I -- I --

RITA: (TAUNTING) What's the matter, handsome, cat got your tongue?

CRANSTON: (PAIN) That...drink you gave me --

RITA: Uh huh.

CRANSTON: Poison...

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RITA: You didn't have me fooled, handsome, not for one minute.

SOUND: (FEW HEAVY, LABORED STEPS)

CRANSTON: I...I'll get you...I'll get you for that --

RITA: (MOVES OFF JUST A BIT) (LAUGHS) That's it, handsome, use up your last bit of strength.

CRANSTON: I'll get --

RITA: The faster you use it up, the faster you're finished.

SOUND: (FEW MORE HEAVY STEPS)

RITA: Come on! Try to get me! Try! (LAUGHS)

CRANSTON: You rotten...you rotten little -- (SHARP PAINFUL INTAKE)

SOUND: (BODY FALL) (STEPS IN FROM BIT OFF)

RITA: (PAUSE) So long, handsome. I'll give your regards to George.

(MUSIC:.....HARSH TAG AND UNDER)

ANNCR: We will return to The Shadow in just a moment.

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

(BREAK)



THIRD COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Here's some vital news for you trained specialists ... you veterans of any service. Did you know the way is clear for you to get into your United States Air Force? That's right ... because of the critical need for men with the right technical skills, Air Force enlistments are very simple for you service trained veterans. Many men want to join the Air Force. That's only natural ... it's a great outfit. But the quotas are tight these days. In spite of that, there's no problem for you trained veterans. You find out before you enlist what your grade will be ... and if you're qualified, you get the equivalent of your former grade ... or better. You skip basic training ... and you get your initial assignment to a nearby Air Force Base. What's more ... you get the new Air Force pay ... and that special pride that goes with a job well done in a great outfit you'll be proud to serve in! So ... if you're a trained veteran with technical skill the Air Force needs ... in radar, radio, maintenance, weather, armament, or any of a hundred others ... there's a good deal waiting for you! Get all the details ... at your nearest U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Station.

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

ANNCR: Now, back to The Shadow.

(MUSIC:.....POINT AND UNDER)

ANNCR: In the search for missing security agent George Wallace, Lamont Cranston has run into serious trouble of his own. Now, in a secret cave deep in the Northwest woods, George Wallace lies, bound and tied.

(MUSIC:.....OUT)

BIZ: (ECHO EFFECT)

GEORGE: (EFFORT) Regan, you won't get away with this.

VINCE: No use struggling against those ropes, Wallace. You'll never get out.

GEORGE: I'm warning you, I have friends who'll be looking for me.

VINCE: Let 'em look. No one will ever find this cave.

GEORGE: (FEROCIOUSLY) If wasn't tied I'd give you such a beating...

VINCE: Yeh, yeh, sure. Well, I'll be seeing you, Wallace.

GEORGE: You're not going to leave me -- (EFFORT) -- here!

VINCE: (REACTS) Try to trip me, huh?

GEORGE: Sure.

VINCE: Okay, then here's something -- (EFFORT) for you!

SOUND: (SHARP BLOW)

GEORGE: (REACTS)

SOUND: (BODY TUMBLES OVER)

VINCE: And now, wise guy, you're going feel shoe leather in your face.

RITA: (OFF) Vince!

VINCE: (SURPRISED) Huh? Rita!

SOUND: (STEPS COME IN ON STONE)

RITA: (COMES ON) We've got trouble, Vince.

VINCE: What are you doing here?

RITA: (GOES RIGHT ON) This man, George Wallace, is a security agent.

VINCE: What!

RITA: Yes, Vince.

VINCE: How do you know?

RITA: A man named Lamont Cranston came to the place looking for Wallace, said he was Wallace's partner.

VINCE: Partner?

RITA: I knew right away something was up, so I got him to take a drink --

VINCE: Did you spike it?

RITA: Yes.

VINCE: Smart girl. Go ahead.

RITA: After he passed out I went through his clothes and found out everything on a paper he was carrying.

VINCE: Security agents!

RITA: Yes, and now we've got to take care of this one.

VINCE: Take care --? You crazy!? I'm not touching it! You don't go round knocking off Federal men if you're in your right mind.

RITA: It's his life or ours, Vince.

VINCE: I'm clearing out of here fast. I'm not -- (STOPS) Hey, what's the idea of the gun? I told you, we can't get away with this.



RITA: Stand where you are, Vince. I'm taking care of him -- and you, too.

VINCE: Me!? You're not making sense!

RITA: It'd make sense if you could see what's hidden deeper in this cave.

VINCE: What're you talking about?

RITA: A complete shortwave transmitter.

VINCE: Transmitter?

RITA: That's what I was working to protect. And you were helping me. Your idea about taking over all the big stakes around Gold Nest fitted in with my plans just fine. I wanted those prospectors kept out of here as much as you did.

VINCE: Look, Rita, give me a break, will ya?

RITA: Sorry, Vince, I can't afford it. I've got to close you're mouth for good.

VINCE: Rita, please.

RITA: The name isn't Rita. It's --

SHADOW: It's Rentlov.

RITA: (REACTS)

SHADOW: And I'll take that gun.

RITA: No you won't, whoever you are! You'll take this!

SOUND: (SHOT)

SHADOW: (LAUGHS)

RITA: (TURNS) Where...where are you?

SHADOW: (EFFORT) Right here!

RITA: (PAIN) My wrist...

SHADOW: (EFFORT) It'll just hurt for a moment till I get this gun. (BEAT) Now both of you stand where you are, don't dare move.

RITA: Who...who are you?

SHADOW: Ask Regan. He's already had a visit from me.

VINCE: I...I thought it was just in my mind. But you are real.

SHADOW: As real as life --and death -- your deaths, Regan and Rentlov.

RITA: How...How did you find me here?

SHADOW: Through Lamont Cranston.

RITA: No, Cranston is dead.

SHADOW: When it comes to poisoning drinks you have an obvious hand. Luckily, the fact that Cranston didn't drink it wasn't so obvious. Otherwise you'd have never led me here. And now we'll wait for George Wallace to have the most pleasant awakening of his life. (LAUGHS)

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

SOUND: (HORSES HOOF BEATS. WOODLAND EFFECTS IN B.G.)

MARGOT: So the mysterious Rentlov was a woman. I never would have suspected that.

CRANSTON: Really not?

MARGOT: (A BIT ACID) No, really not. And Lamont Cranston don't you dare pull one of those "I knew it all the time" lines on me.

CRANSTON: All right. (MEEKLY) But I did.

MARGOT: Did what?

CRANSTON: Know it all the time. Or at least, after the Shadow visited Vince Regan.

MARGOT: I meant to ask you about that. You said you didn't get a thing out of Regan.

CRANSTON: Have you forgotten, Margot? No one can lie to The Shadow. The very fact that Regan could tell me nothing about Rentlov -- that he was genuinely amazed when The Shadow accused him of being Rentlov...proved he was innocent -- of espionage at any rate. He'll pay for the murder of the prospectors.

MARGOT: And Rita will pay for espionage.

CRANSTON: The female -- deadliest of the species.

MARGOT: Oh, come on, Lamont, why do you always say horrible things about women? Don't you think women are nice?

CRANSTON: Nice? Oh -- sure.

MARGOT: And -- indispensable to happiness? (PAUSE) Hmmm, Lamont?

SOUND: (HORSE WHINNIES LOUDLY)

MARGOT: Lamont, I asked you, not your horse.



(MUSIC \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN INTO THEME AND UNDER:)

ANNCR: This story is copyrighted by Street and Smith Publications, Incorporated. All names and places 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 has been brought to you every Sunday at this time by the United States Army and the United States Air Force Recruiting Service. 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. (BEAT) Men, go to your nearest U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Station. Do it now!

(MUSIC \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME TO FILL)

ANNCR: Carl Caruso speaking.  
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