

THE SHADOW

screenplay by

David Koepp

based on the character created by

Walter B. Gibson

FIRST DRAFT
June 12, 1990

Recommended for TV.

WALT DISNEY PICTURES

Type of Material: Screenplay
Number of Pages: 112 pp.
Number of Scenes:
Publisher/Date:

Title: THE SHADOW

Author: David Koepp

Submitted by: John Lesher

Submitted to: Donald De Line

Circa: 1926/33

Location: Tibet; New York

Analyst: David Deutsch

Drama Category: DRAMA/Fantasy

Date: August 13, 1990

Elements: WRITING SAMPLE

LOG LINE. After learning from a Tibetan holy man that he has mystical powers a wealthy New Yorker uses his gifts to control evil as the mysterious Shadow.

SHORT SYNOPSIS.

Rich Manhattanite LAMONT CRANSTON spends his time in seedy opium parlors trying to forget his unhappiness. In Barga, Tibet, Cranston is summoned to a mountain temple by holy man MARPA TULKU, 15, and accompanied by two Tibetan mystics, MAJORKAS with electrical powers and phenomenal strength. Kindly Tulku tells Cranston that he is about to become charged with mystical powers and must choose whether to use these gifts for evil or good. Cranston returns to Manhattan and pretends to be a dilettante while using his powers to help control evil in New York as the legendary SHADOW. As the Shadow, Cranston can control and cloud people's minds and often does so with arch criminals and mafia figures, forcing them to turn themselves in. Cranston then recruits the victims whose lives he has spared, to act as agents for him. After Cranston receives a vision that he is about to be visited by an unknown archrival from the East, he discovers a strange murder has been committed at the Oriental Museum in Chinatown. An ancient silver coffin (the long-lost sarcophagus of GENGHIS KHAN) has been delivered there and is now vacant. Cranston finds the coffin is the device by which the evil SHIWAN KHAN has entered the country. Intending to rule the world, Khan is Cranston's only living rival and has just killed their mutual teacher, the Marpa Tulku, with the aid of his band of Maljorpas. Beautiful, mildly psychic MARGO LANE becomes involved with Cranston when her scientist father, REINHARDT LANE is mesmerized and kidnapped by Khan into developing an atomic bomb to destroy Manhattan as a warning to the rest of the world. When Margo accidentally learns Cranston is the Shadow, she insists on helping him find her father and destroying Khan. Cranston's agents, cab driver MOE SHREVNITZ and doctor ROY TAM aid him in locating Khan's hideout in an apparently vacant lot. In truth, the lot houses an abandoned skyscraper but the Khan has mass-hypnotized the public to see only a vacant lot. Danger and shoot-outs ensue. Khan and his men are killed; the bomb disarmed. Cranston flees before the amiable COMMISSIONER learns he is the Shadow.

CHECK ONE:

	EXCELLENT	GOOD	FAIR	POOR
Idea		X		
Story Line		X		
Characterization	X			
Dialogue		X		
Setting/Production Values	X			

Budget ...High XMedium ...Low

COMMENT:

Screenwriter Koepp shows a deft hand at painting a dark and mystical portrait of the 1930's underworld of the legendary comic book figure, The Shadow. The settings evoke a rich, mysterious mood and pop right off the page with Koepp's extraordinary visual descriptions and accurate, in-depth period research. The characters are all distinct, play well off one another and are extremely engaging. The relationship between Cranston and the beautiful, insolent Margo is dynamic and allows for much delightful romantic tension. It would be easy to see filmmaker Tom Schiller (of Saturday Night Live's "Schiller's Reel") assembling the elements of THE SHADOW, with Alec Baldwin in place as the lead and Diane Lane as Margo. Though true to the comic books, the dialogue is at times a little too stiff and formal, though often right on target. The storyline somewhat tired but is also true to the essence of the comic books, complete with a madman who plans to rule the world. There are lots of nice details here, of the sort which make or break a story like this. The story, as a whole, is tight and well-constructed with no extraneous scenes; everything contributes to arming the audience with the necessary information to move the story along. I see few weaknesses to David Koepp's writing which couldn't be cleared up with a little skillful editing. A mood-evoking screenplay like this is a set designer's and cinematographer's dream.

CONSIDER WRITER

David Deutsch

8-13-90

FADE IN:

EXT STREET NIGHT

A snow-capped mountain looms over the small medieval town below. PEOPLE hurry down the street, wrapped in animal skins, leaning into the cold. The streets are frozen mud, the sidewalks and doors heavy wood.

A horse trots by, then rears up suddenly as an automobile, early model, ROARS past, smashing the medieval mood.

A legend places us:

BARGA, TIBET
1926.

A MAN walks past, the collar of his coat and the brim of his hat hiding his face from the wind. He walks slowly but directly, sure of his destination but seemingly unconcerned with when he gets there or even if he does at all.

He turns down a side street and pauses to light a cigarette. Catching a movement out of the corner of his eye, he looks behind him. Nothing there.

The Suspicious Type, the Man raises his arm again in the exact manner he did when lighting his cigarette. A confluence of light casts an exaggerated shadow from his arm down the length of the alley.

Satisfied, he moves on.

Behind him, TWO SHADOWS detach themselves from the pool of darkness at the foot of one of the buildings and glide after him, attaching themselves to the shadow of the next.

CUT TO:

EXT OPIUM DEN NIGHT

A panel slides open in a door. Eyes blink, then the panel slips shut again.

The door opens, spilling light into the alley and onto the Man's face for the first time. LAMONT CRANSTON is about thirty, dissipated, well-dressed but unshaven, average in most ways.

Except for his eyes. They're piercing, unhappy, restive eyes. One could, probably would, forget everything else about Cranston. But never those eyes.

CRANSTON
(Tibetan, subtitled)
There's a bite to the fog tonight.

The DOORMAN steps aside and Cranston goes in.

The SHADOWS, still following him, rise up from the street and fall against the door as it closes.

CUT TO:

INT OPIUM DEN NIGHT

CRANSTON, now pleasantly buzzed, is stretched out on a bier. His eyes are closed, but flick rapidly under the lids.

The SHADOWS return and fall over him. They belong to two enormous TIBETANS.

TIBETAN 1
Cranston.

Cranston's eyes stop moving, but he doesn't open them. The Tibetan slaps his face lightly. Cranston opens his eyes and looks at him.

TIBETAN 1 (cont.)
Lamont Cranston?

CRANSTON
No.

He closes his eyes again. The Tibetan moves to slap him a second time, but Cranston catches his hand, eyes still closed.

CRANSTON (cont.)
Good way to lose that.

TIBETAN 1
(pulls hand free)
A tulku wishes to see you. At his temple.

CRANSTON
I doubt it.

The Tibetans look at each other, taken aback.

TIBETAN 1
The tulku is not accustomed to being refused.

CRANSTON
Tell him new experiences broaden
the mind.

The Tibetan CLICKS his tongue to the other, who reaches down and picks Cranston up bodily. Cranston resists and pulls free. The Tibetans square off for battle. Cranston looks them up and down, sees just how enormous they are.

CRANSTON (cont.)
Come on, fellas. I don't want to
hurt you.

Tibetan 1 moves for Cranston, who takes a swing at his face. The Tibetan ducks it nimbly and comes up on the other side of his prey.

Cranston spins and lunges for him, getting his hands on the Tibetan's throat.

Immediately, Cranston GASPS, the air rushing out of him. He pulls back, staring at his hand, which shakes with spasms, as if electrified. His eyes widen, he sees a fist approaching his face but can't move to stop it and --

CUT TO:

EXT MOUNTAIN DAY

CRANSTON awakens in the back of an ox-cart, climbing a mountain road. One of the TIBETANS, standing guard over him, reacts.

Cranston puts his hands up, gesturing he'll be no trouble.

CRANSTON
(rubbing his chin)
You're a Naljorpa?

The Tibetan nods.

CRANSTON (cont.)
Thanks for telling me. Hell of
a shock you gave me.

He looks up ahead, at the mountain in the distance.

CRANSTON (cont.)
That where we're going? Mount
Kailas?

TIBETAN
It is sacrilege to say its name.

CRANSTON
(shrugs)
For you, maybe.

CUT TO:

EXT MOUNTAIN DAY

The ox cart stops at the edge of the foothills, where the gradual incline gives way to the sheer face of Mount Kailas. A small bado, or wood and earthen hut, stands humbly in the middle of a clearing.

The TIBETANS jump out and gesture to CRANSTON to do the same. He does, and looks around. He sees only the earthen hut.

CRANSTON
What exactly is your definition
of a temple?

TIBETAN
Anyplace blessed with the presence
of a tulku.

CRANSTON
(to himself)
Ask a stupid question --

He shrugs and starts toward the hut.

TIBETAN
Not there.

Cranston stops. The Naljorpa gestures in the opposite direction.

TIBETAN (cont.)
There.

Cranston turns and looks. The Temple of the Cobras is done in magnificent Mongol architecture. It glints in the sun, nestling into the rock base of the mountain. Its most striking feature is its main entrance, which is dramatically flanked by the giant carved hood of a cobra.

Cranston's jaw drops.

CRANSTON
Where'd that come from?

CUT TO:

INT TEMPLE DAY

The TIBETANS lead CRANSTON down a gold-gilded hallway, toward the impressive doors at the other end. Ten feet from the doors, they stop and bow their heads, leaving Cranston to trek the remaining distance alone.

He reaches for the door, but before he touches it they both swing open, inward.

If the doors were impressive, the throne room is heart-stopping. Gold glitters everywhere, the floor sparkles beneath his feet, and all sight lines lead to the throne, where the tulku himself is seated. MARPA TULKU is, as one would expect, short, bald, wise as hell --

-- and about fifteen years old.

He looks up at Cranston and smiles. Cranston does a double take, as if he recognizes him.

TULKU

Ying Ko. You have searched and searched and now I've found you.

CRANSTON

Excuse me?

TULKU

You do not recognize me?

CRANSTON

(lying)
No.

TULKU

You have not seen me, as pictures in your brain?

CRANSTON

No!

He turns and heads for the door.

TULKU

To run from me is to run from your own conscience.

Cranston stops and turns.

CRANSTON

What are you talking about?

The tulku smiles knowingly.

CRANSTON (cont.)

No one knows about that.

TULKU

You know.

CRANSTON

It was a war. I didn't do anything I didn't have to do.

TULKU

If that were true, you would not have wandered the continent for the last seven years, running from your own shadow. From the dark light cast by a guilty man's deeds. Your deeds, Ying Ko.

CRANSTON

Why do you keep calling me that?

TULKU

It is your true name.

Pause.

CRANSTON

What do you want?

TULKU

Every man pays a price to quiet the demons inside him. Yours is to learn to unlock the power of your mind for use against the forces of darkness.

Cranston laughs. This does not please the tulku.

TULKU (cont.)

If it were not inevitable, you would not be here. You know this to be true.

CRANSTON

(sobers)
I'm listening.

TULKU

I offer you one caution, Ying Ko. Once the power of your mind is unleashed, no one under heaven knows in what direction it will surge. What you will become.

CRANSTON,
I'm not afraid.

TULKU
I am.

With that, the doors to the Throne Room start to swing closed. Just before they meet, the tulku reaches out to him with a hand that glows blue --

-- and the doors CLANG shut.

CUT TO:

EXT A BRIDGE NIGHT

Another legend:

NEW YORK CITY
1933.

A lone arc light cuts the fog around this span of a bridge into Manhattan. A CAR, a Model A, shoots across the bridge, sending the fog swirling in eddys around it.

The car SCREECHES to a stop and the doors pop open. DUKE ROLLINS and ENGLISH JOHNNY, mobbies, mean and scarred, jump from the driver's seat and go to the railing. They look down. They can't see the water, but it's down there, dark and choppy.

ENGLISH JOHNNY
I hate bridges.

DUKE
Get him.

English Johnny goes back to the car. He and MAXIE, the driver, open one of the rear doors to reveal DR. ROY TAM, fortyish, Asian-American.

And scared out of his wits.

TAM
I didn't see anything, I swear!

MAXIE
Shut up, creep.

Maxie and English Johnny pull Tam to his feet. We see the reason he needs the help -- his feet are encased in two enormous globs of cement.

DUKE
Is it dry?

Maxie leans down and pokes the cement.

MAXIE
Perfect, Duke!

DUKE
Bring him to the rail.

Maxie and English Johnny each grab Tam under one arm and drag him to the railing. Tam grows hysterical.

TAM
I'll never tell anyone! I swear!

MAXIE
Don't listen to him, Duke! It was a cop! You killed a cop!

DUKE
(to Tam)
Wish I could trust you, sport. I really do. But you just picked the wrong alley to look down.

TAM
(to Duke)
Please -- I'm begging you! I have a family!

DUKE
They'll get over it.

TAM
I won't talk, I'm telling you!

DUKE
I know you won't.
(to the Mobbies)
Dump him.

Maxie and English Johnny grin sourly as they hoist a SCREAMING Tam up toward the rail.

ENGLISH JOHNNY
I hate heavy lifting.

They get him up, off his feet and are struggling to get him over the edge when --

-- a MALEVOLENT LAUGH echoes across the bridge. Deep. Resonant. Terrifying.

The mobsters stop what they're doing. Roy Tam even stops struggling.

Silence for a second.

MAXIE
What in Christ was that?

The LAUGH comes again, seemingly right out of the fog.

Duke whips a revolver from his belt.

DUKE
Who's there?! Show yourself, fella,
and I'll give it to you but good!

The voice of doom speaks up. The voice of THE SHADOW.

SHADOW (o.s.)
You forgot something, Duke.

The Mobbies' heads spin; they get an eyeful of a Big Lotta Nobody.

MAXIE
Who said that? Duke, who's sayin'
that?!

DUKE
Shut up!

SHADOW (o.s.)
Did you really think you could
get away with murder? You forgot
one little detail.

MAXIE
(panicky, to Duke)
This ain't good! This ain't good!
Diamond Bert told me him and a
couple other mugs got tagged good
by some guy down by South Street
Seaport. And they couldn't see him!

DUKE
Shut your hole! Diamond Bert's
outta his mind!

The Shadow's voice is mocking, frightening, and it seems to come at Duke from all sides -- now it WHISPERS sharply in his ear.

SHADOW (o.s.)
You forgot me, Duke.

MAXIE
Duke, let's scam!

DUKE
(to The Shadow)
Think you're pretty smart, don't
you, Friend? Well, take this!

He FIRES his revolver blindly, six times, emptying it into
the darkness in various directions.

The Shadow LAUGHS.

Duke runs to the car and pulls out a machine gun. The other
two Mobbies and Roy Tam hit the deck as he opens up, spinning
in a circle, riddling the night air with bullets, laughing
wildly.

The gun empties, ending with a series of dry CLICKS.

Silence for a second.

MAXIE
I think you got him, Duke!

DUKE
You're God damn right I --

CRUNCH!! Duke's head snaps back, hard. He tumbles forward,
to the ground. His hands go to his nose and he pulls them
away, covered with blood.

MAXIE
Duke! Duke, whatcha doin'?!
.

Panting hard, Duke scrambles to his feet, raising his fists
and turning in a circle, trying to get a line on his
attacker.

THUNK! He doubles over, clutching his stomach.

CRACK! His head snaps back again and he flies into the
bridge railing.

Maxie and English watch as Duke's jacket bunches up around
his neck. His face turns purple as he is raised up off the
ground by an invisible hand. His feet scramble for purchase,
but he's been lifted off them.

SHADOW (o.s.)
You're going to confess, Duke.

DUKE
(spitting out a tooth)
Like hell.

Duke's eyes widen as he finds himself sailing across the ridge. He lands, snorting for breath through his broken nose.

SHADOW (o.s.)
Confess. Or I'll be back. Every night. Around every corner. In your every thought. As inevitable as your guilty conscience.

DUKE
(sneering through blood)
You don't scare me. You --

This is not the proper attitude.

Duke is yanked to his feet, and now the invisible Shadow really puts him through his paces, riddling his body with punches, dancing him like a rag doll across the bridge and into the far railing, then over the far railing, dangling him dangerously far out over the water.

DUKE (cont.)
I'll do it! I'll do it!

SHADOW (o.s.)
You'll do it now.

Duke is pulled to his feet again and tossed with a CRASH through the windshield of the car. He lands in an unconscious heap in the front seat.

Maxie and English Johnny are about to run for it, but Maxie sees something and nudges English Johnny, pointing.

On the pavement, a shadow appears, elongating on the bridge at their feet. Disbelieving, the mobbies' eyes follow the shadow up to its source as it grows. A figure materializes in the fog across the bridge, vaguely a man. All at once it takes complete shape.

And what a shape.

It's a man, all right, a little over six feet tall. A black slouch hat is pulled low over his eyes, a black cloak drapes his entire body, concealing even his feet, giving him the illusion of floating in the mist on the bridge. A brisk breeze swirls his cloak; it SNAPS like firecrackers.

The Shadow.

: LAUGHS again, and this one's the granddaddy of all his laughs -- bitter, bone-chilling, and crystal clear in its purpose.

TAM

(amazed)

Yes.

SHADOW

I've saved your life, Roy Tam.
And now I will ask one thing in
return.

TAM

Anything.

SHADOW

Join me. Become my agent, like
dozens of others all over the
world, in all walks of life. Some
carry out missions for me every
day, others may carry out one in
their entire lives. But they are
lives with purpose, Tam. Purpose
and honor.

Tam swallows. He looks back up at the rear view mirror and
catches Shrevnitz' eye again. Shrevnitz does the last thing
in the world Tam expects.

He winks.

Tam looks back at the man beside him.

TAM

I'll do it.

Immediately, Tam is thrown against the door as the car
accelerates and turns sharply to the right, as if there's now
no time to lose.

SHADOW

(fast)

You'll go through your life as
always. The Driver will instruct
you in the only way in which you
are to communicate with me and
the ways in which I will contact
you should I require your help.
If I need you, rest assured I will
find you. I ask only one thing from
my agents -- obedience. Absolute,
unquestioning obedience.

Tam nods slowly, almost numb.

TAM

How did you know all this? Who
I am? What was happening to me?

1.

As Tam looks at The Shadow, he catches his eyes -- the cloaked man's are brilliant, piercing, true as a mirror.

SHADOW
The Shadow knows.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET NIGHT

The taxi stops abruptly at a corner in Manhattan. The rear door opens, TAM gets out, and the car speeds away, as quickly as it came.

Tam watches it go, amazed.

CUT TO:

INT TAXI NIGHT

In the back seat, THE SHADOW takes off his slouch hat to reveal LAMONT CRANSTON.

CRANSTON
(to SHREVNITZ)
The Cobalt Club.

CUT TO:

EXT THE COBALT CLUB NIGHT

The Cobalt Club, an exclusive enclave on the Upper East Side.

CUT TO:

INT COBALT CLUB NIGHT

CLOSE ON a bandaged right hand which protrudes from the sleeve of LAMONT CRANSTON's tuxedo as he walks down a black and white lit hallway. Glass doors we didn't even know were there WHOOSH open and he strides into The Cobalt Club.

It isn't hard to guess where it got its name. It's a snazzy Deco room, one side of it entirely occupied by a cobalt blue bar, shiny and sleek, just begging to have champagne flutes set on it. Tables dot the floor, booths rim the edges of the room. Some DINERS watch the floor show, others watch each other.

Cranston approaches a booth and joins COMMISSIONER WESTON, a middle-aged man, somewhat portly, tuxedo too tight at his neck. Weston is just finishing a considerable dinner.

CRANSTON
 Sorry I'm late. Lost track of the time.

WESTON
 Didn't think you'd want me to wait. Jesus, what happened to your hand?

CRANSTON
 Oh -- lousy bottle of Mouton broke on me.

WESTON
 For God's sake, Lamont, there are other pursuits in life besides getting drunk.

CRANSTON
 Dick, find yourself a new cause. Better men than you have tried to reform me.

WESTON
 You could take up cards or something. Bridge. Poker. Hell, even a woman is a valid interest. God knows they're time consuming enough.

CRANSTON
 Women find me elusive.

WESTON
 Don't get me wrong -- it's all well and good to be a man of leisure. God knows I would be too if I'd inherited the Cranston fortune. But you need a hobby, at least.

Cranston smiles and pours himself a tall glass of wine from the bottle on the table.

CRANSTON
 (of the drink)
 I've got one.

WESTON
 (sighs)
 I can't decide if I should pity you or envy you.

A BELLBOY glides up to them, a silver message tray seemingly glued to his hand.

BELLBOY
 Commissioner Weston?

WESTON

Yes?

BELLBOY

Urgent telephone message for you,
sir.

Weston sighs and takes the message. The Bellboy glides off.

WESTON

Excuse me, Lamont. Duty calls.

As Weston opens the message, Cranston politely looks the other way. A curious look sweeps across his face. His hand darts to his temple, as if it pains him. Confused as to the source of this sudden pain, he turns and looks toward the door to the club.

A WOMAN has just arrived, alone. MARGO LANE is thirtyish, beautiful, shimmering like ice. Some would find her demeanor intimidating. Others irresistible.

As Cranston looks at her, a look of pain flits across her face as well and she touches her temple. She is confused by this sudden headache as the MAITRE D' arrives and leads her to a table.

Crossing the room, she finds her gaze drawn over to Cranston. They lock eyes for a second; she has to forcibly avert them as she is seated.

Cranston appears a bit shaken.

Weston GRUNTS, displeased by whatever he read. Cranston turns his attention back to him.

CRANSTON

What's the matter? Police business good?

WESTON

Police business is always good.
It's a report of this damn Shadow character again.

CRANSTON

I thought he was just a rumor.

WESTON

(waving the note)
That's not what the gangster who confessed to murder said tonight.

Cranston stares at Weston, managing to catch his eye.

CRANSTON

Personally, you don't believe The Shadow exists.

WESTON

'Course, I don't believe he exists.

CRANSTON

And you'll make no special effort to inquire about him.

WESTON

And damned if we're going to break our necks checking out shadows.

Cranston breaks the eye contact. Weston goes back to his food, seemingly unaware of what has just transpired.

Cranston checks his watch.

CRANSTON

You know, let's have dinner tomorrow night. You've already finished and I don't want to hold you up.

He gets up to leave.

WESTON

What? Where will you eat?

CRANSTON

Oh, I don't know. Wherever the wind takes me.

WESTON

That's you, Lamont. Always rushing off to nowhere in particular.

CRANSTON

You've really got my number, haven't you, Dick?

Cranston winks and walks toward the door. As he goes, he steals another look at Margo, then pauses and says something to a WAITER before heading out.

AT MARGO'S TABLE,

she looks through the menu. Sensing a waiter, she looks up.

MARGO

I wonder if I could have --

The Waiter sets a glass down in front of her.

WAITER
Dom Perignon, 1928.

MARGO
(that was it)
Yes.

WAITER
From the gentleman.

He gestures over near the doorway. Margo turns to look, but no one is there.

CUT TO:

EXT CRANSTON MANSION NIGHT

An ornate letter "C" stands atop a wrought iron fence outside the Cranston mansion in the Carnegie Hill area of Manhattan's Upper East Side.

A light flickers in an upstairs window.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Cranston's bedroom is well-appointed, decorated with heavy woods and Important Furnishings. It has a look of permanence to it, as if he's only the latest in a long and continuing line of distinguished occupants.

CRANSTON sits in an easy chair next to the fireplace, a glass of scotch in hand.

He stares into the flames, thinking. The orange tongues lick up ever so slightly in his eyes. From his face, we can count ourselves lucky we're not inside his thoughts.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

CRANSTON is asleep by the fire, his eyes darting like crazy under the lids.

We move closer to his intriguing face. When we're nearly there, there is a sudden and blinding FLASH and a figure fills the screen.

It's a face, in close-up, flanked by flames. The face is leering, severe, Asian, but what we immediately notice is the eyes.

Green, and like to look right through you.

Just as quickly as the face appeared, it's gone, and Cranston's sitting up in the chair, wide-eyed.

CRANSTON
(a whisper)
Somebody's coming.

CUT TO:

EXT ORIENTAL MUSEUM NIGHT

Not many lights burn in New York's Oriental Museum, located on the outskirts of Chinatown.

A large, unmarked delivery truck ROARS up the driveway from the underground loading dock and takes off.

CUT TO:

INT MUSEUM NIGHT

FOOTSTEPS CLICK as ISAAC NEWBOLDT, sixtyish, curatorish, hurries through the Cloaks of War wing, dark at this hour. Samurais and Mongol warriors, dressed in the battle gear of the time, loom on either side of the hall, brandishing weapons at passers-by.

Newboldt looks up and gives the warriors a suspicious glance as he quickens his step.

CUT TO:

INT LOADING DOCK NIGHT

MATTHEWS, a guard, stands near the doorway of the loading dock, brow furrowed. He stares at a half opened crate that sits in the middle of the floor, taking up roughly seven feet by three feet of it.

The door opens and NEWBOLDT comes in.

NEWBOLDT
Well? What is it?

MATTHEWS
That's just it, sir. I don't know. I'd have labeled it a mummy case, you know, coming from Tibet as it did --

NEWBOLDT
Mummy cases come from Egypt, Matthews.

MATTHEWS

Right. Exactly. Besides, this thing's metal. That made me think it was a sar, sar --

NEWBOLDT

Sarcophagus. No. Tibetan sarcophagi were of stone. What happened to the truckmen who dropped it off?

MATTHEWS

Gone.

NEWBOLDT

Well, it's obviously an incorrect shipment. Call our customs broker and --

Newboldt has wandered over beside the crate and now really notices the object for the first time. It's a silver coffin, delicate engraving across the top, hinges along one side, a row of heavy silver latches along the other.

NEWBOLDT (cont.)

My God, it's beautiful.

He runs his hand over the top of it. He leans down, close to the coffin, and buffs a portion of it with his sleeve.

NEWBOLDT (cont.)

Solid silver! Here, help me get the sides off.

Matthews takes a crowbar and pries away the wood slats of the shipping crate.

Newboldt looks more closely at the engraving. He leans down, really close to the thing now, and breathes on that area. He rubs it again with his sleeve.

MATTHEWS

What's it say?

NEWBOLDT

It's Latin. It means, uh --

Obviously, Newboldt wasn't paying attention in Latin class.

NEWBOLDT (cont.)

Uh -- you wouldn't understand.
(still admiring)
Shame we can't keep it. What about the shipper's address?

MATTHEWS
The shipping label only has the
country of origin.

NEWBOLDT
Well, I'm not going to be responsible
for this. Let me make a phone
call.

He turns and hurries to the door.

NEWBOLDT (cont.)
Matthews -- whatever you do, don't
open it.

MATTHEWS
No sir.

Newboldt leaves.

Matthews takes a few steps back and assumes his best guard
position. He's not exactly positive who or what he might be
guarding the case from, but one thing's For God Damn Sure --
he's not opening it.

Nothing happens for a moment.

MATTHEWS (cont.)
(singing softly)
"Come on along and listen to --
The lullaby of -- "

There is a SCRATCHING sound. Matthews looks around, unable
to place it.

MATTHEWS (cont.)
(continuing)
" -- Broadway."

The SCRATCHING comes again. Matthews turns. Seems to be
from the coffin.

It comes again. As Matthews looks, one of the silver latches
SNAPS open.

Matthews blinks. The SCRATCHING continues.

MATTHEWS (cont.)
(calling out)
Uh -- sir?

But Newboldt's gone. Matthews draws his gun and walks over
to the coffin. Covering it with his gun hand, he reaches
down and SNAPS the latch shut.

The SCRATCHING stops.

Matthews steps back. Satisfied, he holsters his gun.

The latch SNAPS open again.

Matthews whips his gun out again, hurries over, and SNAPS it shut.

Down at the other end of the coffin, two more latches SNAP open.

Matthews hurries over to those and SNAPS them shut again.

Now the first one SNAPS open again, then one in the middle, then all three at the far end.

MATTHEWS (cont.)

Oh shit. Oh shit.

He holsters his gun and hurries up and down the length of the coffin, SNAPPING the latches shut as quickly as they open.

Now there's a heavy THUDDING as something bucks inside the coffin, something just dying to get out and Matthews has No Fucking Idea what to do and he gives up on the latches and jumps on top of the thing, trying his best to hold the lid down, but now the latches are POPPING like popcorn and it's like a damn lion's in there trying to get out so Matthews leaps from the coffin, drawing his gun again and pointing it straight at the thing from about ten feet away.

In one violent spasm, the last latch blows and the top of the coffin flips open, CREAKING back on its hinges.

Matthews stares in disbelief as a MAN rises up from inside. He's of medium height, lithe, clothed in gold and jewel-encrusted Oriental silks like the museum exhibits, and his face is the one Cranston saw in his dream.

MATTHEWS

Uh -- we're closed.

SHIWAN KHAN turns and looks at him, as if Matthews' presence is purely incidental.

KHAN

Join me or die.

MATTHEWS

Excuse me?

KHAN

Join me --

He steps out of the coffin and takes one step toward Matthews.

KHAN (cont.)

-- or die.

Matthews stares at him, into those eyes, and they're already having a powerful effect on him. He sways, but holds his gun in front of him.

MATTHEWS

This is -- this is private property.

KHAN

(contempt)

Your mind is weak.

MATTHEWS

Don't come any -- any --

Khan continues to move toward him, toward the door.

Matthews' finger tightens on the trigger. He desperately wants to pull it, but something --

KHAN

Fall to your knees.

Matthews' body lowers him to his knees. He watches himself do it, surprised.

KHAN (cont.)

Put the gun to your temple.

Matthews, horrified at what he's doing, places the gun at his own temple.

Khan continues past him to the door. He's about to step from the room, then turns back, as with an afterthought.

KHAN (cont.)

Sacrifice yourself to me.

MATTHEWS

(without hesitation)

Yes, my khan.

His finger tightens on the trigger.

CUT TO:

INT MUSEUM NIGHT

NEWBOLDT, hurrying back to the loading dock, misses a step as a GUNSHOT echoes through the museum. He breaks into a run.

CUT TO:

INT LOADING DOCK NIGHT

NEWBOLDT races into the loading dock, directly past SHIWAN KHAN, who stands just next to the doorway.

Strangely, Newboldt doesn't seem to see Khan, but he GASPS as he sees Matthews' dead body sprawled across the floor.

He turns in horror, and at the same time is struck by an age old survival instinct that tells him he saw something out of the ordinary as he came in, something that could mean danger to him.

He turns back to where Shiwan Khan was standing --
-- but there's nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT ORIENTAL MUSEUM NIGHT

A number of police cars are parked in front of the Oriental Museum.

CUT TO:

INT LOADING DOCK NIGHT

The loading dock is now a crime scene. Various COPS mill about doing various jobs. ISAAC NEWBOLDT stands off to the side, still shaking like a leaf.

COMMISSIONER WESTON arrives, looking dog tired.

WESTON
(to the COP at
the door)
Well? What's the story?

COP
Inspector Cardona's in charge,
sir. He's over there.

Weston GRUNTS and heads in the direction the Cop indicated.

We linger on the Cop, who looks both ways to see if he is being watched. Satisfied that he is not, he backs up a few steps, into the hallway, and strides briskly away.

CUT TO:

EXT CHELSEA DISTRICT NIGHT

The COP hurries down a deserted street in the Chelsea District.

He reaches an old office building near the corner of Seventh Avenue and Twenty-third Street. He looks both ways, then goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT HALLWAY NIGHT

The COP walks down a darkened, slightly dingy hallway. Offices are on either side, the names of the occupants stencilled on the translucent windows that make up the top halves of the doors.

He reaches one with a simple name, no title -- "B. Jonas."

The Cop steps forward, rubs a clean circle in the dirty glass, and peers inside.

The place is empty. Only an overturned trash can or two occupies the floor; there's certainly no sign of a "B. Jonas."

The Cop steps back. There is a mail slot in the bottom half of the door. He looks both ways once again, then pulls a creamy white envelope from his jacket. The envelope is blank, except for a faint outline stencilled on the outside.

That of The Shadow.

The Cop shoves the envelope into the slot. It gets halfway in, then is accepted with a quick SUCKING sound.

CUT TO:

INT OFFICE NIGHT

The Cop's profile is still visible through the glass as the letter is sucked into the office.

Or the tube, rather, for the other side of the mail slot empties directly into the mouth of an old-style pneumatic tube.

The letter hovers in the mouth of the tube for a second, suspended by the force of the suction --

-- and then it's off.

We go with it, and it's one hell of a trip.

We sail through the tube, along the wall of the office, then into the wall of the office, and before we know it we're traveling at nightmare speed through the infrastructure of the building itself.

The tube breaks out of the building and into the narrowest of spaces between it and the wall of the neighboring building. That lasts only a second, then most of the light blanks out again as the tube dives into another solid object.

Soon it's impossible to gain any perspective except for the sensation of incredibly rapid forward movement, as this tube system bucks and winds through huge hunks of the city on its way to some unknown destination.

Far ahead, a faint light glimmers at the end of the tube. The light grows rapidly larger and brighter, then a ROOM seems to swim into focus far ahead of us, and before we know it we're SPIT out into --

CUT TO:

INT BURBANK'S CONTROL ROOM NIGHT

-- a pair of waiting hands.

We're in a room in the middle of God knows where. The far wall of the room is an enormous map of New York City, colored pins stuck here and there. A desk below it is overwhelmed by a staggeringly large radio rig, all tube and wire.

Perhaps the most curious thing about the room is its sole occupant, who is seated in a swivel chair at the desk.

BURBANK.

He's seated with his back to us, so we can only guess his age is around fifty or so. He wears a vested suit, the jacket off and neatly hung over the back of his chair, banker's garters pinching his sleeves.

Pneumatic tubes which crawl over the ceiling and walls of the room all have their terminus somewhere within arm's reach of Burbank's chair.

Burbank SLITS the envelope open neatly with a letter opener and studies its contents.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET NIGHT

MOE SHREVNITZ pilots his taxi through the traffic on Broadway. A middle-aged COUPLE ride in the back.

WOMAN

-- and you know it'll be just years before it comes to Teaneck. You didn't throw out the stubs, did you? Did you throw out the stubs?

MAN

I didn't throw out the stubs!

A round, green light suddenly flashes on Shrevnitz' dashboard. The driver sits bolt upright, like a soldier coming to attention.

He hauls the cab over to the curb, reaches back, and flings open the rear door.

SHREVNITZ

(to the couple)

Out.

MAN

Excuse me?

SHREVNITZ

Out.

The couple scrambles out of the cab and are left standing on the curb in puzzlement as it races back into traffic at breakneck speed.

WOMAN

You belched, didn't you?

MAN

I didn't belch!

CUT TO:

EXT CRANSTON MANSION NIGHT

Shrevnitz' taxi comes to a stop outside the Cranston mansion. LAMONT CRANSTON climbs in.

CUT TO:

INT TAXI NIGHT

SHREVNITZ looks at CRANSTON in the rear view mirror as he pulls away from the curb.

SHREVNITZ

Where to, Boss?

CRANSTON
The Sanctum.

SHREVNITZ
You got it.

CUT TO:

EXT TIMES SQUARE NIGHT

Times Square, 1933. STREET VENDORS, movie theatres, SAILORS on leave, OUT-OF-TOWNERS holding their kids and wallets close.

A taxi stops in the middle of it all. LAMONT CRANSTON gets out of the car and climbs the steps to an arcade.

CUT TO:

INT ARCADE NIGHT

Inside the arcade are CURIO VENDERS, the occasional skee-ball game, and a hell of a lot of SHARPSTERS. At one booth, labeled FLEA CIRCUS, some madman has tied tiny Roman chariots to actual fleas with sewing thread.

CRANSTON walks through the arcade and ducks out a door marked "EXIT."

CUT TO:

EXT ALLEY NIGHT

It's an empty blind alley, fairly unremarkable, its terminus three walls of smooth brick. CRANSTON emerges from the exit door of the arcade, glides to the back wall, and touches three bricks lightly, in quick sequence.

With a quick WHOOSH, the back wall of the alley leaps apart, its interlocked bricks parting along a jagged line just long enough for Cranston to slip through.

Immediately, the bricks ZIP shut again, coming together like clenched teeth, concealing the secret entrance to --

CUT TO:

INT THE SHADOW'S SANCTUM NIGHT

-- a corridor. It's a dark, narrow passageway, somewhere within the walls of the city. We follow Cranston down a darker, narrower staircase.

Descending that, we reach a heavy steel door just in the nick of time, for it CLANGS shut just as we duck inside.

Cranston stands in the middle of The Shadow's Sanctum.

It's a smallish room, one end a makeshift laboratory cluttered with scientific equipment, both walls covered floor to ceiling with books on every subject imaginable, and the other end a low table with an elaborate radio setup, a trifle advanced for 1933. The entire place is bathed in an eerie blue light.

It's to the radio setup that Cranston moves now. He sits at the table and turns a single dial. His long, thin finger presses the mike key on an old-fashioned heavy base microphone, and his lips move up next to the mike.

CRANSTON
(into microphone)
Report.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT BURBANK'S CONTROL ROOM NIGHT

As BURBANK speaks, he shuffles papers which cover the desk. When Burbank and Cranston converse, it is with extreme professionalism; with the air of two guys who actually appreciate the other's curtness.

BURBANK
(into microphone)
Our agent in the twenty-sixth precinct reports police investigation of murder at Oriental Museum and advises inquiry.

SHADOW
Understood.

CUT TO:

INT ORIENTAL MUSEUM NIGHT

The police investigation continues on the loading dock at the Oriental Museum.

COMMISSIONER WESTON is studying a report on a clipboard when a VOICE startles him from behind.

CRANSTON (o.s.)
Hello, Dick.

Weston jumps and turns. CRANSTON is there, once again in his dinner clothes, hair slightly mussed as if by carousing.

WESTON

Lamont! Didn't hear you come in.
What are you doing here?

CRANSTON

I was on my way home and saw your
car. Just bored, really.

WESTON

Well, you won't find anything
interesting here.

Weston steps to the side to hand the clipboard to an AIDE,
and in so doing affords Cranston his first clear view of the
silver coffin.

WESTON (cont.)

Looks like suicide to --

CRANSTON

Temujin!

Weston turns to him, surprised.

WESTON

How's that?

Cranston doesn't answer, just walks reverently across the
room. He steps over the dead guard's body as if it's not
even there and kneels beside the coffin. It's empty, of
course, but he gestures to one of the Cops to help him heft
the lid. They close it.

WESTON (cont.)

You know something, Lamont?

Cranston runs his hand over the writing on the lid. ISAAC
NEWBOLDT appears over his shoulder.

NEWBOLDT

At first I thought that was Latin,
but it must be some obscure dialect
of --

CRANSTON

It's Latin.

NEWBOLDT

-- or Latin.

WESTON

What's it say?

CRANSTON

(reading)

"The Kha Khan. The power of God on earth. The seal of the Emperor of Mankind."

Cranston turns to the others.

CRANSTON (cont.)

This is the silver coffin of Temujin.

WESTON

Who the hell's Temujin?

CRANSTON

A man who very nearly conquered the globe eight centuries ago.

WESTON

So how come I haven't heard of him?

CRANSTON

Temujin was the birthname of Genghis Khan.

NEWBOLDT

That's impossible. The coffin of Genghis Khan was never found. It was buried in an unmarked grave in a forest in Sianking.

CRANSTON

(to the others)

It's true. Temujin wished to be buried under a tree he'd planted as a youth. To prevent his grave being desecrated, his Mongol horde replanted the entire forest and guarded it for sixty-six years.

As Newboldt says the following, Cranston pries open the coffin again and runs his hands over the inside.

NEWBOLDT

Precisely. How could you possibly claim this to be his coffin if the burial place was lost to the ages?

CRANSTON

Off the top of my head, I would say somebody found it.

Cranston hasn't really been listening, as he's found something inside the coffin that intrigues him. Wedged into one of the cracks in the side of the coffin is a small, silvery coin, made of a strange looking metal.

Cranston palms it surreptitiously and stands.

WESTON

This is all fine, gentlemen, but we have a suicide to figure out.

CRANSTON

Don't look for reasons for suicide, Dick.

He looks back at the silver casket.

CRANSTON (cont.)

Look for whoever was in that coffin.

CUT TO:

INT SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT

Gold light floods everything. We're in some sort of throne room, all gold and jewel encrusted. The throne itself is situated in front of a tapestry against the far wall. A large gong hangs suspended by two wires next to the throne.

Other than the obvious, there's something unusual about the place, as if ordinary symmetrical lines don't quite add up to the right sum. People walking in the room will seem to have a strange, lopsided gait.

Or maybe it's just our eyes.

A figure steps forward from the tapestry, clad in robes that match its pattern, giving it the illusion of stepping out of the cloth itself.

SHIWAN KHAN.

He strides up and down, surveying a row of a dozen NALJORPAS, the same Tibetan enforcers Cranston met back in the Orient. But these Naljorpas have far more evil intentions, each of them armed with a long, curved dagger.

KHAN

Temujin was born in the Year of the Swine in the Calendar of the Twelve Beasts. In his lifetime, he conquered half the world.

As Shiwan Khan speaks, we move up the row of Naljorpas. Their arms hang at their sides, tiny, menacing blue sparks jumping and dancing from their fingertips.

KHAN (cont.)

On the night I completed my tulku training, the spirit of Temujin appeared to me and revealed my destiny -- to complete his work. I travelled to this country in his holy crypt to fully absorb his power. In three days, at midnight, it will again be the Year of the Swine and the work begun by my forefather will be finished by me.

The Naljorpas put their lips together and HISS. Apparently this is good, for Khan smiles before continuing.

KHAN (cont.)

We have come far, but our quest has two obstacles remaining. Then, with wings outstretched, we will fly to our destiny.

Khan raises his arms and the HISSING reaches a fever pitch as sparks and blue bolts of electricity fly from the Naljorpas' fingertips.

CUT TO:

INT PRAYER CHAMBER DAY

RIP!

Gold curtains are parted roughly. SHIWAN KHAN steps into this small prayer chamber and closes the curtains behind him.

He kneels in front of a thanka, a Tibetan wall scroll used for prayer and meditation. The thanka has an Esher-like pattern of interlocking circles and squares, each overlapping the other, creating the optical illusion of depth.

Khan furrows his brow and stares into it, concentrating.

KHAN

Reinhardt Lane.

CUT TO:

INT REINHARDT LANE'S LABORATORY DAY

A laboratory, crowded with scientific paraphernalia. Most of it is jammed onto a busy bench over which hangs a sign.

DANGER -- EXPLOSIVES

REINHARDT LANE, the scientist, works at the lab bench. He hovers over a strange football helmet sized contraption, with wires leading to small black lumps that dot the exterior, evenly spaced every four inches or so.

Lane looks up, suddenly, as if hearing someone call him.

He rubs his eyes, sets down his pen, and walks out through open French doors onto a balcony for a breath of air. The city lies about twenty-five stories below.

As Lane looks out over the balcony, strange lights reflect off his forehead -- red and white flashes, alternating. He is intrigued by them and looks closer.

The source of the lights is a Coca-Cola sign on top of the building across the street. There is a row of incandescent bulbs around the outside, and they flash in sequence to give the illusion of one light moving around the outer edge of the board.

Lane is interested.

CUT TO:

INT PRAYER CHAMBER DAY

SHIWAN KHAN stares into the thanka, concentrating ever harder.

His eyes roll back, exposing only the whites.

CUT TO:

EXT BALCONY DAY

LANE stares at the Coke sign. As he watches, the lights stop flashing in their regular pattern and adopt a highly irregular one.

Lane continues to look, curious.

CUT TO:

INT PRAYER CHAMBER DAY

As SHIWAN KHAN concentrates, the embedded circles and rectangles in the thanka lift up, acquiring a third dimension.

They move out, wrapping around him.

CUT TO:

EXT BALCONY DAY

The lights are now flashing rapidly, totally at random, but in a pattern so compelling that LANE finds it impossible to look away.

His eyes glaze over as he stares, his jaw slackens. He murmurs three familiar words:

LANE
Yes, my khan.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET DAY

Morning on a quiet, residential street in Queens. Orderly houses, orderly people.

From inside one of the houses, a phone RINGS.

CUT TO:

INT ROY TAM'S HOME DAY

A FAMILY scurries about at breakfast time on an ordinary day. KIDS do last-minute homework in front of the radio.

ROY TAM answers the wall telephone in the front hallway.

TAM
Hello?

A VOICE comes over the line -- that of THE SHADOW.

SHADOW (o.s.)
Doctor Tam?

TAM
Yes?

SHADOW (o.s.)
(slightly stilted)
I have an unusual request.

Tam swallows, recognizing a coded introduction. He picks up a pen and paper which are on a table next to the phone.

TAM
Go ahead.

As The Shadow speaks, he stresses certain words. Writing quickly, Tam jots down only the stressed words.

SHADOW (o.s.)
You don't know me, but I have
 your ballistics class as part
 of my academic package. I can't
 seem to analyze the contents
 of the data charts you assigned.
 I know my report is due Wednesday,
 but the soonest I can have it is
 Friday.

Tam looks at the words he's written down -- "You have
 package. Analyze contents. Report soonest."

TAM
 Yes, that's fine.

He hangs up the phone and goes to the front door. Outside, a
 parcel has been set on the porch. Tam picks it up, comes
 back inside, and heads down the hallway with it.

MRS. TAM (o.s.)
 Who was that, dear?

TAM
 Just a student. I'll be in the
 lab.

CUT TO:

INT TAM'S LAB NIGHT

TAM comes into his home laboratory, unwrapping the
 package. He removes the silvery coin Cranston found in the
 coffin at the museum and looks at it curiously.

He picks up a metal probe and pokes it gently.

CUT TO:

INT COBALT CLUB NIGHT

LAMONT CRANSTON and COMMISSIONER WESTON are at the Cobalt
 Club. They've finished dinner and are into coffee and
 brandy.

WESTON
 I've got it, Lamont. Off track
 betting.

CRANSTON
 How's that?

WESTON

Your hobby. Play the ponies, why don't you? Little action. Danger. That's what you need in your life.

CRANSTON

You know, you may have something there.

WESTON

Oh shit. Not her again.

Cranston turns and follows Weston's eye. He's looking at MARGO LANE, the woman Cranston saw the last time he was in the Cobalt Club. This time she's headed straight for Weston's table.

CRANSTON

Who's that?

WESTON

Margo Pain-In-The-Ass Lane. Society girl. Her father's Reinhardt Lane, a scientist doing some research for the War Department. Been avoiding her all day. She camped outside my office but I --

(cuts himself off
as Margo arrives)

Hello, Miss Lane! Delightful to --

MARGO

Cut the act, Commissioner. What have you done about my father?

WESTON

I told you before, Miss Lane, there is nothing we can do unless --

MARGO

Unless what? He goes completely insane?

WESTON

The simple fact that your father is acting strangely is not a criminal act.

MARGO

I just want to see him! This government project is so secret they keep him cooped up in that Federal Building and won't even let me near him. Believe me, I've tried.

WESTON

I believe you. You have a very inquisitive nature, Miss Lane.

MARGO

What makes you say that?

Cranston laughs quietly at her inadvertant joke, but her dirty look silences him.

MARGO (cont.)

(to Weston)

I spoke to him on the phone and he's ill, I tell you. He's not himself. I mean he is -- it's my father, but it's not my father. It's as if he were --

CRANSTON

Under someone's influence?

Margo turns to Cranston. She recognizes him.

MARGO

Yes. I'm sorry, we haven't --

WESTON

Oh, right. Lamont Cranston, Margo Lane. Margo Lane --

CRANSTON

My pleasure.

They shake hands lightly and a startled look crosses her face, the same look she had that first night they saw each other.

CRANSTON (cont.)

Your father is distant. If he answers a question at all, he answers it directly, with one or two words. He doesn't seem to remember his own identity. It is as if he were asleep on his feet.

MARGO

That's it.

WESTON

(mumbling)

Maybe he was listening to the game.

MARGO

(ignoring that)

The symptoms made me think he was having some sort of nervous breakdown.

CRANSTON

The symptoms are of a subject under hypnosis.

Weston, in the middle of a sip of brandy, nearly spits it out with a LAUGH.

WESTON

Sorry. Who do you think you are, Cranston, Sherlock Holmes? First the museum, now this? I know I told you to get a hobby, but --

MARGO

Mr. Cranston here is the first one who's put forth a decent theory.

CRANSTON

No, don't pay any attention to me.
(of Weston)
Like Watson here says -- my boredom is once again the culprit. Would you both excuse me? I think I'll call it a night.

MARGO

Where are you going?

CRANSTON

(a smile)
To find a bridge game.

He hefts the brandy bottle, to take with him.

CRANSTON (cont.)

And I believe I just found my partner.

He nods to Margo and Weston and leaves. Weston shakes his head.

WESTON

What a damn waste that poor man's made of himself.

Margo watches Cranston as he leaves the Club. She doesn't buy it for a second.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET NIGHT

Outside the Cobalt Club, CRANSTON SLAMS the door as he climbs into a taxi and it races off down the street.

CRANSTON
The Federal Building.

MOE SHREVNITZ is at the wheel.

SHREVNITZ
(thick Brooklyn accent)
Con mucho gusto.

Cranston gives him a funny look.

SHREVNITZ (cont.)
(shrugs)
Spanish class. Wife's idea.

Cranston leans down and opens a compartment under the back seat. A black slouch hat and cloak are inside, neatly folded. As he removes them we see something else, underneath.

His twin, silver .45's. Ready to roll.

CUT TO:

EXT FEDERAL BUILDING NIGHT

The Federal Building stands like a fortress among the other official buildings downtown. Lights burn in a window on the top floor.

CUT TO:

INT FEDERAL BUILDING NIGHT

TWO MARINES stand at attention, on guard outside a locked door at the end of a long hallway.

A sign on the door is clear.

LABORATORY
AUTHORIZED ACCESS ONLY

CUT TO:

INT LANE'S LABORATORY NIGHT

REINHARDT LANE stands on the balcony, again staring at the flashing Coke sign. He talks to himself.

LANE
But it's not ready.

His face changes, as if he's registering a response from someone we neither see nor hear.

LANE (cont.)
Yes. I understand.

He turns and comes back into the lab. He carefully lifts the football helmet device he is working on off of the workbench and sets it in a padded case.

CUT TO:

INT HALLWAY NIGHT

The GUARDS stand outside the door. The 1ST GUARD suddenly furrows his brow, bothered by something. He rubs his arm, irritated.

GUARD 1
You feel that?

GUARD 2
What?

GUARD 1
I don't know, like -- tingly or somethin'.

GUARD 2
I didn't --
(feeling it)
Wait a minute. What is that?

The 1st Guard raises his arm and looks at it.

GUARD 1
Get a load of that -- my hair's all on end!

They both turn and look at the door to the lab, then back at each other. They take a long step away from the lab.

A faint SOUND comes from the other direction.

The 1st Guard turns.

GUARD 1
What was that?

The SOUND comes again, this time more recognizable -- a CRACKLING from somewhere far down the corridor, near the elevators.

They draw their guns. The 2nd Guard motions for the other to check it out.

The 1st Guard proceeds carefully down the hallway, gun in front of him.

The hair on the back of his neck stands up straight, vibrating gently. He rubs it, unnerved.

GUARD 1 (cont.)

It's stronger down here!

The CRACKLING sound comes again, louder, this time from somewhere directly above him. He looks up -- the moon is visible through a skylight over his head.

GUARD 1 (cont.)

It's coming from up --

With a CRASH, the skylight EXPLODES in a shower of glass and SOMETHING crashes down through it, kicking the gun from the 1st Guard's hand as it descends.

The Guard stands, transfixed, as the Something lands on its feet and draws itself up to its full, impressive height.

It's a NALJORPA.

The Guard at the other end of the hall sees it too.

GUARD 2

Jesus!

He raises his gun to shoot, but holds his fire as there is another series of CRASHES -- one by one FOUR MORE NALJORPAS crash through the skylight, dropping like flies around the 1st Guard.

Ready for battle.

GUARD 1

SHOOT 'EM!

The 2nd Guard regains himself and raises his gun again, but now BLUE SPARKS and BOLTS of electricity zip from his own hand and whip around the butt of the gun.

The Guard drops it, holding his hand in pain.

The 1st Guard knows he's doomed. He looks back at the 1st Naljorpa, who raises a long curved dagger and SCREAMS.

On that cue, the others move like the wind, their knives SNICKING through the air as the Guard is cut to pieces in a matter of seconds.

Before the body can even fall, the Naljorpas whirl as a unit and face the 2nd Guard.

Pause.

The 2nd Guard stands paralyzed, at a loss for a plan.

The 1st Naljorpa raises his knife again --

-- the Guard sucks in his breath --

-- and they descend on him.

CUT TO:

INT LANE'S LAB NIGHT

As the SOUND of the lopsided battle rages in the hallway, REINHARDT LANE stands in the middle of his lab, waiting patiently with a faraway look in his eyes. The case with the device in it rests on the floor beside him as he methodically buttons up his overcoat.

The doors to the lab burst open. The FIRST NALJORPA comes in, taking possession of the room with his eyes.

He CLICKS his tongue sharply to Lane, who obediently bends down to pick up the case.

Just as he does, the Naljorpa hears something. His body tenses and he CLICKS his tongue twice. Lane puts down the case and stands again, waiting.

The Naljorpa draws his dagger and walks out onto the balcony.

ON THE BALCONY,

There's nobody there.

Satisfied, the Naljorpa is turning to go when he hears something from above.

A BLACK GLOVED HAND lashes down, grabbing the Naljorpa by the hair, lifting him straight up into the air. SPARKS fly between the hand and the Naljorpa's hair.

The Naljorpa summons his strength and reaches up, grabbing the hand with both of his.

4-

Up above him, THE SHADOW struggles as the unexpected sparks fly between his hand and those of the Naljorpa. The Naljorpa pulls hard, flipping The Shadow off his perch and landing him on the balcony next to him.

Both of them struggle on the edge of the balcony, teetering on the brink.

The Shadow looks down, sees they are doomed to fall, and turns a half turn, putting the Naljorpa on the downside of the ledge.

They tumble over.

The Shadow and the Naljorpa fall through space, seemingly in for a twenty-five story drop, when --

-- CRUNCH!

They land, hard, on a protruding cement balcony two floors below. The Naljorpa, however, lands harder, as The Shadow has carefully preserved his position, using the other's body to cushion his blow.

The Shadow stands and regards his foe, who lies on the concrete, blood seeping from his head.

SHADOW

Next time you can be on top.

He turns and looks up, at the balcony to Lane's laboratory, now two floors up. He races over to a fire escape and quickly climbs the two floors.

Back on Lane's balcony, The Shadow flattens himself against a wall and peers into the room.

IN THE LAB,

the other FOUR NALJORPAS burst into the place, looking for their cohort.

OUT ON THE BALCONY,

The Shadow closes his eyes, concentrating deeply. As we watch, his body takes on the misty form of the night around him and disappears.

BACK IN THE LAB,

the Naljorpas are tearing the place apart when The Shadow steps into the room from out on the balcony. He is quite visible.

Something feels very funny here. This can't be his plan. He walks, unafraid, directly into the room and toward Reinhardt Lane, as the Naljorpas continue their search.

The Shadow reaches the dead center of the room, next to the still-waiting Lane, and grins slightly as he passes directly past one of his foemen. The Shadow looks at him curiously as the Naljorpa raises his dagger, draws it back --

-- and SLASHES right at The Shadow's face.

At the last second, a very surprised Shadow ducks, the dagger missing him by inches.

SHADOW

But -- ?

The Naljorpa rears for another blow.

The Shadow snaps into action. He takes on his adversary, crippling him with a precisely targeted punch that sends him sprawling.

But just as his fist connects, a BLUE BOLT of electricity shoots out from the Naljorpa and dances around The Shadow's hand. As the Naljorpa falls, The Shadow reels back two paces, slightly stunned.

Immediately, the others are upon him.

The Shadow accepts their lunge, spinning, turning, punching, but getting as good as he gives, for every time he lands a punch he takes punishment too, in the form of those strange blue jolts.

Two more Naljorpas go down momentarily, but The Shadow's clearly weakened and he staggers back against the far wall.

Another Naljorpa moves quickly, producing his dagger and shooting it out in The Shadow's direction.

The Shadow leans, but not enough. The dagger catches him in the side.

The Naljorpas pause, seeing if he'll fall, but instead The Shadow lunges forward.

And is promptly jerked back against the wall. He's trapped there, held by the dagger that has pierced his cloak, pinning him to the wall.

The Naljorpas grin and two more produce daggers.

With a quick but fluid-as-hell motion, The Shadow's hands dive into his cloak and come out, flipping the black shroud back on either side and revealing --

-- his fists, jammed full of silver .45s.

He opens up, cutting down one, two of the Naljorpas as the other two dive for cover.

Throughout the fray, Reinhardt Lane has stood implacably in the center of the room, blissfully unaware of all that has gone on around him. Now, while The Shadow is occupied, one of the quicker-thinking Naljorpas grabs Lane and the box and hustles them toward the door.

The Shadow directs his weapons that way, but the Naljorpa gets a break -- Lane is directly in The Shadow's line of fire and he pulls up at the last second.

THUNK! A knife from the remaining Naljorpa buries itself in the wall inches from The Shadow's head.

He turns his guns on the last Naljorpa, but dry CLICKS tell him they're empty. He holsters them.

Using all his strength, The Shadow RIPS free of the imprisoning knife and moves for the door, where the Naljorpa is escaping with Lane.

The last Naljorpa cuts him off, tackling him from behind with a terrifying SCREAM.

They both land on the floor, the Naljorpa on top, his knife just at The Shadow's throat.

The Shadow throws him off and the knife CLATTERS across the floor.

They both move at the same time, The Shadow getting to the knife first, but the Naljorpa, clearly playing for keeps, hurls himself on The Shadow before he can throw it.

The force of the tackle sends The Shadow sprawling back onto the balcony, where he THUDS against the railing.

The Naljorpa continues to struggle, fighting for the knife.

The Shadow twists it free and raises his arm back, but the Naljorpa puts all his weight into a suicide lunge that carries both of them over the ledge and down, into the black.

But no! Out over the ledge, The Shadow has landed on top of a large stone gargoyle. The Naljorpa dangles below him, holding onto The Shadow's free hand with only a few fingers.

SHADOW
Why are you here?!

The Naljorpa CURSES and spits at The Shadow. Blue sparks fly between their hands and The Shadow is clearly in pain.

SHADOW (cont.)
I can't hold on much longer! Why
are you here?!

The Naljorpa's face suddenly relaxes into a look of blissful serenity and he --

-- lets go.

He disappears, falling, that blissful expression our last glimpse of him as he vanishes.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET NIGHT

MOE SHREVNITZ is behind the wheel of his cab, waiting, bored.

SHREVNITZ
(practicing)
Uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco,
seis, siete, ocho, nueve --
(stuck)
-- siete, ocho, nueve --

He stops, still stuck, trying to remember the next one.

There is a soft WHOOSHING sound and the body of the Naljorpa SLAMS into the concrete in front of the cab.

SHREVNITZ (cont.)
Diez!

He leaps out of the car, checks the body, and lets out a low WHISTLE.

He hurries back to the cab.

He gets in and shuts the door, rattled. He looks over at the dead body nervously.

SHREVNITZ (cont.)
What the hell are you?

VOICE (o.s.)
A Naljorpa.

Shrevnitz jumps as the VOICE from the back seat nearly sends him through the roof. He turns around.

THE SHADOW is there, slumped in a corner, visibly drained.

SHADOW (cont.)

Drive.

Shrevnitz drops it into gear and pulls away.

SHADOW (cont.)

Tibetan mystics. Usually peaceful, but these were warriors. Well trained. They could see me.

SHREVNITZ

Jesus! What the hell are those bastards doin' in Manhattan?

No answer. Shrevnitz turns and looks back at The Shadow, who looks much worse for his ordeal.

SHADOW

He didn't seem to want to discuss it.

CUT TO:

INT SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT

SHIWAN KHAN sits on his throne, slouched petulantly. Half a dozen NALJORPAS are gathered, but Khan is staring at REINHARDT LANE and the lone remaining Naljorpa from the laboratory, who stand before him.

KHAN

(to the Naljorpa)

All of them?

The Naljorpa nods, terrified. Khan gets up.

KHAN (cont.)

It's Ying Ko. It has to be. I have felt his presence.

(to Lane)

Go to work. You have forty-eight hours.

LANE

Yes, my khan.

He picks up the case and heads for the door, walking in that strange off-kilter way the Naljorpas do when they're in the throne room.

The Naljorpa with Lane, somewhat relieved, turns to follow him.

KHAN

Not you.

The Naljorpa stops in his tracks.

Khan turns and walks to one of the far walls, where a phurba, a very lethal-looking dagger with an ivory handle, hangs encased in its sheath.

Khan removes the phurba delicately. He lays the handle in his right hand but does not close the hand. He walks across the room with the dagger resting that way, defying gravity.

He reaches the center of the room and sets the phurba on its point.

He withdraws his hand but the phurba remains standing, balanced on its pencil-like tip.

From the looks on the faces of the other Naljorpas they know this thing is no toy.

KHAN

(to the Naljorpa)

If you are able to place the phurba back in its sheath, now is not your appointed time to see the Bardo. If the phurba does not allow it --

He trails off. The Naljorpa swallows and looks down at the phurba, which seems to quiver slightly, as if with a life of its own.

KHAN (cont.)

Begin!

The Naljorpa approaches the phurba, leery.

He reaches down and rests one hand on it.

The phurba spins once, twisting out of his grip.

The Naljorpa jerks his hand back, frightened. He looks over at Khan, who is impassive.

The Naljorpa wipes his palms on his garment and reaches out again, his hands shaking just inches from the phurba. All at once, he grabs it.

And the fight is on.

The Naljorpa holds the phurba in a vise-like grip, his wiry hands locked around its handle with all his strength. The phurba responds, bucking, rattling, vibrating, trying to force its tip down, around, toward his midsection.

But the Naljorpa is strong, his concentration fierce, and he manages to resist, keeping the thing fairly level in front of him.

He makes his way across the room, toward the sheath mounted on the wall. He's winning the fight now, no question, but it's taking its toll. Sweat runs down his face, sinewy outlines jump out of his arms.

He reaches the wall. Summoning himself, he finally gets the phurba up, past his belt, and now the thing seems to lose a bit of its fight.

Biting his lip, the Naljorpa gets the tip of the blade just to the mouth of the sheath.

With an inch to go, the Naljorpa allows himself the faintest of smiles and just the tiniest, half-second glance over to the admiring others.

That's all it takes. In that half-second, the phurba abandons its downward pressure and drives itself up, at him.

The Naljorpa watches, terrified, as his arms fly up, completely out of his control, twist around, and SLICE the phurba across his own throat.

He drops to the floor, dead.

Shiwan Khan sighs. He walks over to the corpse and flicks the dead fingers one by one from the handle of the phurba. He wipes the blade on the Naljorpa's garment and replaces it easily in the sheath.

KHAN

Be happy for him. He has seen the Bardo.

The other Naljorpas look at each other and try to be happy for him.

Khan walks slowly back to the tapestry and takes his seat on the throne. He stares, working himself up into a state of pure rage.

He raises the index finger of his right hand, bending the other three at the knuckle in the Oriental battle gesture.

KHAN (cont.)

Ying Ko is left to me.

CUT TO:

INT FEDERAL BUILDING NIGHT

The hallway outside the laboratory stands empty; the bodies of both GUARDS still lie undisturbed.

The elevator DINGS and opens. MARGO LANE steps off. She recoils at the sight of the carnage in the hallway, but her horror is soon replaced by another thought. Her father.

She hurries to the end of the hall and throws open the door to the lab.

CUT TO:

INT LABORATORY NIGHT

The place is a mess, obviously the scene of a major battle. MARGO rushes in.

MARGO

No!

She turns in a circle, unable to believe it.

MARGO (cont.)

Dad, are you here?!

No answer. She hurries through the place, but it's clearly empty.

She goes out onto the balcony, hoping for something, anything that might tell her where her father is.

MARGO (cont.)

(softly)

Dad, please.

She brushes a tear away impatiently and stares out, off the balcony.

A white light flashes faintly, playing off her face. Then a red one.

She notices the Coke sign that hypnotized her father. As the lights take on the same pattern as before, she cocks her head, intrigued.

Soon she is trapped by the image of the flashing lights. As she stares at them, a transfixed look spreads across her face.

She is mesmerized.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET NIGHT

MARGO walks through the streets of Chinatown. She moves steadily, directly, as if dead certain in her mind of her eventual destination.

She finds an old, deserted five story building, its windows long since burned out. She goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT BUILDING NIGHT

MARGO reaches an antiquated elevator. She pushes a button and it opens. She steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT ELEVATOR NIGHT

MARGO pushes the last button on the panel and the elevator descends. Its doors begin to open on the basement floor, but Margo pushes the button again and holds it down.

The doors close and the elevator moves, still down. Margo continues to depress the button.

Finally, the doors open again, revealing a dark, foreboding earthen tunnel ahead. Still as if under a spell, she steps out of the elevator and starts off down the tunnel.

The elevator doors SLAM shut as she disappears into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT

SHIWAN KHAN sits on his throne, still of a mood. He stands and descends it to greet a new arrival in the room.

MARGO stands before him, hypnotized, now clad head to toe in jewel-encrusted robes, in the manner of a twelfth century Mongol princess. As she stands, she seems to swoon, as if she can't trust her own balance.

Transfixed, she bends to her knees before Shivan Khan.

Khan turns and opens an ornate wooden case. He withdraws a ceremonial pistol, its barrel at least a foot long. He breaks the breach of the gun, revealing it to be of the single-shot variety.

He pulls a long, silvery bullet from his robes and slides it into the barrel. He SNAPS it shut and holds the gun out to Margo.

KHAN
You know what to do.

She looks up and takes the gun in her hands.

CUT TO:

INT HALLWAY NIGHT

MARGO is escorted from the throne room by two NALJORPAS. As she is led off down the hallway, two more NALJORPAS come in the other direction, leading a charge of their own.

REINHARDT LANE.

The doctor and his daughter pass within a few feet of each other, but neither of them bats an eye. Under their spell, they fail to recognize even each other.

CUT TO:

EXT CRANSTON MANSION NIGHT

Again, a single light burns in an upstairs window of the Cranston mansion.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

CRANSTON sits in front of the fire in his bedroom. He turns his head, hearing a noise we don't.

CUT TO:

INT MANSION NIGHT

Elsewhere in the mansion, a pair of silk slipper-encased feet make their way silently up a staircase.

.. CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON'S ROOM NIGHT

CRANSTON's now sure someone's coming. He gets up and goes to an old-looking chest on the other side of the room. He opens it.

Inside are a variety of weapons of all kinds. He selects a pistol and is checking it for bullets when he is struck by a thought.

He touches his temple briefly in a gesture of uninvited concentration. He puts the pistol back and begins unbuttoning his shirt.

CUT TO:

INT MANSION NIGHT

MARGO reaches the top of the staircase. She starts down the hallway, toward a door that bleeds light from underneath.

She holds the pistol in front of her.

She reaches the door and opens it.

CRANSTON looks up from the chair by the fireplace, sitting in the same position he was before.

CRANSTON
Why, Miss Lane.

Margo doesn't answer, just sights the pistol directly on Cranston's heart. Her finger tenses on the trigger.

He raises an eyebrow.

And she FIRES.

The shot THUDS into Cranston's chest, sending both him and chair toppling backwards. He lands, feet skyward, motionless.

With the blast and its result, Margo suddenly comes around, snapping out of the trance she was in. She looks around in horror. At the unfamiliar room. At its dead occupant. And at the smoking gun in her hand.

She faints.

For a moment, we're left alone with these two stiff.

Then Cranston stirs. And COUGHS. And struggles to his feet.

He looks at Margo, unconscious on the floor. He notices her legs.

CRANSTON
Nice gams.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

MARGO lies on Cranston's bed. She stirs and opens her eyes. The first thing she sees is CRANSTON, standing above her, buttoning his shirt, just covering up the outline of a tattooed cobra on his chest.

She's confused. He smiles and extends his hand.

CRANSTON

Lamont Cranston. We've met.

MARGO

I -- I killed you.

CRANSTON

Certainly gave it the old college try.

He gestures to her right, to something on the bed.

CRANSTON (cont.)

My old flak jacket. Never thought I'd have use for it again.

Margo runs her hand over the heavy gray vest. A silver bullet protrudes from one of its ribs.

CRANSTON (cont.)

I'll have a hell of a bruise, but nothing more.

MARGO

I didn't -- I didn't mean to.

CRANSTON

Of course you didn't. You were hypnotized. I have to reason to believe by a Tibetan Khan. I had a feeling he'd send someone for me. I guessed -- correctly, it seems -- that the only thing which would arouse you from your hypnotic state would be the completion of your task. My death. When you saw me "die," you came around.

MARGO

Incredible.

CRANSTON

Thank you.

MARGO

No, this Khan person.

Oh. Him. CRANSTON

He gets up and goes across the room.

CRANSTON (cont.)
In any case, I needed you alive.
You now have some very valuable
information.

MARGO
I do?

CRANSTON
Where is he hiding?

MARGO
I don't know.

CRANSTON
(impatient)
He took you there, you must have
some idea.

MARGO
None, I swear. The last thing
I remember, I was in my father's
laboratory -- then, here. And
you were -- dead. I can't remember
anything else.

CRANSTON
There's a way.

CUT TO:

INT ANOTHER BEDROOM NIGHT

MARGO sits in front of a thanka, the same kind of Tibetan
wall scroll Shiwan Khan stared into earlier.

CRANSTON paces behind her.

CRANSTON
Just relax. Stare into the thanka.
Let its shapes turn in your head.
Let it help you see the pictures
in your own mind.

MARGO
I don't see --

CRANSTON
Shhh. Think. Let the pictures
flow. What do they say?

Margo stares into the scroll. Her face relaxes as she falls into a state of deepened concentration. The images start to come.

MARGO
Gold -- everything gold --

CRANSTON
Good. Let the sounds echo now.
Do you hear anything?

MARGO
A voice -- soft, commanding --
I'll do anything it says. I want
to. I want to please.

CRANSTON
Think of the place. Think of how
you got there. Concentrate. You're
walking --

MARGO
I am, I --

CRANSTON
Concentrate. What do you see?

She suddenly becomes frightened. Tears well in her eyes all at once.

MARGO
Oh God!

CRANSTON
What is it?

MARGO
My -- my father! I see my father!
He's being led somewhere, and I
want to reach out, to touch him,
but I can't -- the voice comes again,
the voice tells me I have to keep
moving, I have to, I have to --

CRANSTON
What?

MARGO
-- I have to kill --

CRANSTON
The place, Margo, think of --

She breaks from the trance she's in and looks Cranston full in the face for the first time.

MARGO
I have to kill The Shadow.

Cranston just looks at her.

MARGO (cont.)
And then I came here. And there was only you.

They stare at each other, and the resolution in both their faces is absolute. Finally, Cranston looks away.

CRANSTON
You're tired.

MARGO
You're him.

CRANSTON
You can sleep here for the night.

MARGO
Lamont --

CRANSTON
I'll call for a taxi to take you back in the morning. There are no servants, don't expect to be catered to.

He heads for the door.

MARGO
There's no other explanation.

CRANSTON
If you'd like to change out of that ridiculous outfit, you'll find women's clothes in the closet.

MARGO
I'd heard rumors, I thought they were just that, but -- you're the one they call The Shadow, aren't you?

He's at the door now.

CRANSTON

You're an uninvited guest in this house. I suggest you act like one.

MARGO

Please, just talk to --

He leaves, closing the door behind him. She hears the lock SNAP into place. From the outside.

CUT TO:

INT SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT

SHIWAN KAHN sits on his throne in meditation. His eyes snap open suddenly.

KHAN

He's still alive.

He SHOUTS a command in Tibetan and almost immediately a LUNG-GOM-PA RUNNER hurries into the room. Weird lookin' dudes, Lung-Gom-Pas stand nearly seven feet tall and are bone thin, but with a frighteningly determined cast to their features.

The Lung-Gom-Pa bows deeply before Khan.

KHAN (cont.)

Find Ying Ko. Bring him to me.

CUT TO:

INT MARGO'S ROOM NIGHT

MARGO lies in bed, awake. Thinking.

She hears a SOUND from offscreen, an anguished MOAN.

She listens.

She hears it again, a little louder.

She gets out of bed and goes to the door. It's locked, of course. She looks up, to the top. The transom is slightly ajar.

She grabs a chair and slides it under the door.

CUT TO:

INT HALLWAY NIGHT

MARGO squirms out through the transom and drops, as quietly as possible, onto the hallway carpet.

Out here, she can hear the MOANING more clearly. It's the sound of someone having a nightmare, and it's coming from Cranston's room.

She heads that way.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON'S ROOM NIGHT

CRANSTON is in bed, asleep, and from the sound of it the dream is one helluva nasty one.

MARGO pushes open the door and tiptoes in. She moves to the edge of his bed. As she draws close, she is startled by an oddity --

-- Cranston is dreaming with his eyes open.

Realizing he is in fact asleep, she watches him while he dreams, her face filling with sympathy. Almost involuntarily, her eyes are caught by his, drawn to them.

As she begins to lose herself in them, SOUNDS rise up and fill the room, or maybe just her head. SCREAMING. WAILING. The agony of war. She looks closer and now she raises one hand to his temple. As she makes contact, FLAMES fire up in his eyes, flames and faint, disturbing images that she simply must know more about but --

-- Cranston sits up. He grabs her by the neck and hurls her onto the bed, his fingers tightening on her throat.

MARGO

(choking it out)

Cranston, no! It's me! Stop!

Cranston wakes up, realizes what he's doing, and pulls his hands away. He turns away quickly, sitting on the edge of the bed, head in his hands.

A few seconds go by as they both regain themselves.

She moves over next to him. She puts a hand on his back; he winces at the touch.

MARGO (cont.)

I saw things.

CRANSTON

No you didn't.

MARGO

I did. It was incredible! It was as though I was in your mind. I could see your thoughts.

CRANSTON

Don't be ridiculous.

MARGO

You were in the War.

CRANSTON

I don't want to talk about this.

He gets to his feet and walks to the fireplace, agitated.

MARGO

Please. I'm -- I'm confused by this.

CRANSTON

That's not my problem.

MARGO

You can talk to me.

CRANSTON

No, I can't.

MARGO

Yes, Lamont, I --

CRANSTON

(furious)

I don't want to talk to you, can't you understand that? Every single one of my agents has been chosen with excruciating care. I have entrusted my identity to this select few only after exhaustive investigation. For you to have cheaply stumbled across it mocks the trust I've placed in all of the others.

MARGO

That's not true! It's more than that. It's obvious there's something important between us, it was there that first night at the Cobalt Club. I understand that now.

CRANSTON

You give me a headache, okay?
That's all. You've got an innate
psychic ability and I felt a slight
connection. I've felt the same with
hundreds of people.

MARGO

I'd say that "slight connection"
saved your life earlier, wouldn't
you?

CRANSTON

(exasperated)

Only a woman could attempt murder
and then use it against you in an
argument.

He turns and heads for the door.

MARGO

Wait a minute. Where are you going?

CRANSTON

To work, if you don't mind. Go to
sleep. And be gone in the morning.

He storms out, SLAMMING the door behind him.

She jumps up to follow him, but hears the door lock from the
outside just as she gets there. She SLAPS it in frustration.

CUT TO:

EXT TIMES SQUARE NIGHT

CRANSTON is upset, hurrying through the streets of Times
Square. As he walks, a shadow seems to follow him,
disengaging itself from the pool of darkness at the foot of
one building and scurrying along to blend into the next.

Cranston is about to turn in the doorway of the arcade that
leads to his Sanctum, but he hesitates, sensing something.

He casts a quick, sidelong glance to the windshield of a car
parked at the curb. He spots the LUNG-GOM-PA, reflected in
the glass, following him from a discreet distance. Forsaking
the arcade, Cranston continues on down the sidewalk.

There is a movie theatre up ahead. Cranston stops to buy a
ticket.

CRANSTON

One.

CLERK
Show's almost over.

CRANSTON
One.

The Clerk shrugs and sells him a ticket. Cranston goes inside.

The Lung-Gom-Pa reaches the front of the theatre and steps out into the light. He waits.

CUT TO:

INT MOVIE THEATRE NIGHT

CRANSTON passes quickly through the lobby and into the theatre itself.

He walks down the aisle, heading directly for a rear door with an exit sign over it.

CUT TO:

EXT FRONT OF THEATRE NIGHT

The show's letting out; PEOPLE spill out of the theatre. The LUNG-GOM-PA has taken a step back and is watching from the shadows.

He doesn't see Cranston. The last of the PATRONS leaves. The Lung-Gom-Pa is confused. He steps into the lobby and looks around.

The place is empty.

He comes out again, frustrated, puzzled.

Facing the fact that he lost him, the Lung-Gom-Pa turns and heads back the way he came.

But this time as he disappears down the dark street, a shadow is on his trail.

CRANSTON's.

CUT TO:

EXT CHINATOWN NIGHT

The LUNG-GOM-PA walks through Chinatown, the crowded, narrow streets near Pell and Mott.

CRANSTON follows, a safe distance back.

The Lung-Gom-Pa turns and ducks into one of the small basement restaurants popular in that district.

Cranston waits a few moments, then follows him down the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT RESTAURANT NIGHT

CRANSTON reaches the bottom of the stairs. He stops in a small, curtained anteroom.

He feels something. A Presence.

He steps back, clearly shaken, disturbed by something.

He continues through the anteroom and throws open the curtains that lead to the main room of the restaurant.

There are only five or six tables, but the place is empty, deserted except for a lone DINER whose back is turned to Cranston, his head bowed over his food.

The Lung-Gom-Pa is nowhere to be seen.

Cranston circles around the edge of the room to the back of the restaurant to come face to face with the diner. The diner looks up to meet his gaze.

It is SHIWAN KHAN. He smiles and looks Cranston up and down.

KHAN

Hmm. I saw you as taller.

Khan motions for Cranston to take a seat.

Cranston looks up as a SCRAPING sound comes from the anteroom and the LUNG-GOM-PA appears through the curtains, seemingly from nowhere, pointing two revolvers at Cranston.

KHAN (cont.)

The Lung-Gom-Pa runners aren't terribly bright, but they are loyal. I suggest you join me. . .

Left little choice, Cranston steps forward and sits at Khan's table. The Lung-Gom-Pa remains in the doorway, guns on him.

Khan sizes up Cranston as he continues to eat, picking meat from a large bone with a dagger and licking it off the blade.

KHAN (cont.)
You are Ying Ko. You are, of course, aware that I am Shiwan Khan, the last descendant of Genghis Khan, and you are, naturally, deeply honored.

CRANSTON
Where is Reinhardt Lane?

KHAN
You have a saying in this country.
(thinks)
"That's for me to know and you to find out."

CRANSTON
You tried to kill me.

KHAN
An affectionate gesture, I assure you.

CRANSTON
It was wasted. I'm quite certain our relationship is doomed from the start.

KHAN
Let's not bicker. I wanted only to meet another with the unique ability to cloud men's minds.
(smugly)
Some men's minds.

Cranston looks at Khan, digesting this information, assessing his foe.

CRANSTON
You were a student of Marpa Tulku.

KHAN
Oh yes. And I'm quite aware you were as well. He spoke of you constantly. Even as I killed him.

Cranston looks at him, hate filling his eyes.

CRANSTON
You should know that from this moment on I am your sworn enemy. I will stop at nothing to bring you down.

Over at the doorway, the Lung-Gom-Pa furrows his brow, as if possessed by a sudden headache.

KHAN

Such an American response. You don't even know what you're stopping yet.

CRANSTON

A madman.

KHAN

Really? What if I told you that in two days, when the Year of the Swine dawns again, the entire world will hear my roar and willingly fall subject to the dominion of the lost empire of Sianking. Would you still think me mad?

CRANSTON

Well, now that you put it that way --

With a quick motion, Khan brings the knife down, into the table. Cranston doesn't move, just estimates the path of the knife and spreads his fingers far enough to avoid contact. He never breaks eye contact with Khan.

KHAN

Do not mock me, Ying Ko. I brought you here out of respect.

Over in the doorway, the Lung-Gom-Pa is having a rough time of it, his headache turning into one King Hell Migraine. He's biting his lip, trying to fight it off, and a little blood runs down his chin.

KHAN (cont.)

(to Cranston)

Had you studied Temujin, you would know that before he laid siege to a city, he would confront its greatest power with an offer. I make you the same offer -- to surrender and rule with me. Or to oppose me and die. Choose.

CRANSTON

Had you studied Temujin, you would know that if his offer was accepted, he would have the ruler slain for treason to his own people.

KHAN

(smiles)

Very good. I knew you were nearly my equal.

CRANSTON

You're everything I hate.

KHAN

Please. You only hate in me what you fear in yourself.

CRANSTON

You're wrong.

KHAN

Am I? Is your conscience as clear as you pretend, Ying Ko?

Cranston doesn't answer.

KHAN (cont.)

Accept the truth. There can be no light without shadow, and you are that shadow. As am I. We desire the same thing. The domination of lesser minds.

CRANSTON

If you learned anything from the tulku, you learned your powers are a sacred trust, never to be abused.

KHAN

Please don't pretend to fight your nature, Ying Ko. Your mind is an open book to me.

CRANSTON

Is it?

With that Cranston leaps back, out of his seat, away from the table. The Lung-Gom-Pa, with an expression of absolute anguish on his face, turns and tosses his weapon to Cranston.

Khan hurls his knife at the last second, forcing Cranston to dive out of the way, disrupting his aim as he squeezes off the first shot.

The shot misses, and now Khan is on his feet too. He moves back to the door, pulls the other gun from the Lung-Gom-Pa, and pauses long enough to shoot the weakling in the head with it.

As the Lung-Gom-Pa falls, Cranston scrambles to his feet. Now on opposite sides of the room, he and Khan raise their guns simultaneously, aim at one another --

-- and FIRE.

Incredibly, they both miss.

Khan doesn't want to stick around for round two. He turns, ducks into the anteroom and, with the SCRAPE of a door offscreen, he disappears.

Cranston looks at the gun, not believing that he actually missed the son of a bitch, then turns and runs into the anteroom.

In the middle of the floor, midway between where the combatants were standing, two bullets lie fused together.

IN THE ANTEROOM,

Cranston turns in a confused circle. Khan didn't go up the stairs, he would have heard that, but he's certainly gone.

Cranston turns to the solid wall and applies pressure along one edge.

The wall SCRAPES open, revealing a secret passageway beyond.

Cranston steps through.

CUT TO:

INT UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY NIGHT

The door to the anteroom SCRAPES shut and CRANSTON finds himself in an underground passageway. There's only one direction the tunnel leads. He strikes a match and sets off.

CUT TO:

INT UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY NIGHT

CRANSTON's still walking, and it's apparently been some distance, as he now has his hat in his hand and his jacket draped over one arm.

The tunnel comes to an abrupt end at a solid earthen wall.

Cranston stops and looks around. He feels along the wall, but finds nothing. He feels along the adjacent wall, and at about belt height his fingers find an edge.

A hole in the wall. It can't be more than three feet high and the same wide. Faint sounds of the OCEAN drift through it.

Cranston crawls through.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL NIGHT

CRANSTON passes through the hole and stands up. He is immediately blinded by a searing white light and a thunderous ROAR.

He squints his eyes. The ocean sound wasn't water at all, but the sound of the SUBWAY, and the light is its headlight as a train bears down on him. Cranston kicks it into gear, bounding across the tracks and up onto the platform a split second before the train BLASTS by.

He looks around. Apparently this subway station is not yet completed, as there are no people, just a lot of construction equipment.

He crosses the platform and heads up the stairs to the street.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET NIGHT

CRANSTON comes up from the subway station, ducks under a barricade that closes it to the public, and out onto the sidewalk.

He's in an area just adjacent to Chinatown. Tall buildings surround him, but he's more concerned with the vacant lot that stands right next to the subway terminal he's just exited.

The lot is completely surrounded by a tall, barbed wire fence, but there certainly isn't anything to protect within. Maybe a building was here once, there's sure enough rubble and garbage to suggest it, but it's obvious there's nothing here now.

Cranston goes to the fence and stares at the lot, confused. He rubs his forehead. Something's not right here, but damned if he can figure it out.

Suddenly we're high above Cranston, watching as he turns in one final confused circle and heads off down the street.

CUT TO:

INT SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT

SHIWAN KHAN turns from the wall of his throne room.

KHAN

You are neither as bright nor as powerful as I'd hoped, Ying Ko. You know nothing.

He sits on his throne.

KHAN (cont.)

And you have less than two days to learn.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM DAY

The morning light shines on MARGO LANE, asleep on Cranston's bed in last night's clothes.

A skirt and blouse land softly on top of her and she wakes up.

CRANSTON is in the room, standing over her.

CRANSTON

Sleep well? Good. Your taxi's waiting downstairs.

MARGO

I'm very angry with you. What's the idea, locking me in here all night?

CRANSTON

You're right. I've really done it this time. Well, if this means our relationship is over, I guess I'll just have to learn to live with it.
(of the clothes)
They were a friend's. They should fit. She was -- trim. I'm late.

He heads for the door.

MARGO

Hold on. I want to come with you.

CRANSTON

You can't.

MARGO

I'll only be a minute.

She leaps up and slips behind a changing screen to put on the clothes. Cranston is frustrated.

CRANSTON

You're not coming with me, you're going home. Is there something about that that's not clear to you? I've tried to phrase it simply.

MARGO

Where are you going?

CRANSTON

Out. I have a meeting.

MARGO

A meeting with who?

CRANSTON

A guy. What am I, married here?

MARGO

You know, you have a real problem with women.

CRANSTON

Not all of 'em. Just you.

MARGO

You're the most arrogant man I've ever met. You say I'm an unwelcome guest in your house? Well, you're an unwelcome guest in my head. But you say you may know something about my father. If that's true, you're stuck with me until we find him.

With that, she steps out from behind the changing screen, clad in the clothes he gave her. She looks ravishing, the old fashioned clothes are perfectly suited to her classic beauty.

Cranston hides the fact that he is damn impressed.

MARGO (cont.)

Well?

Cranston sighs and gives in. He gestures to the open door, for her to go first.

CUT TO:

INT ROY TAM'S LABORATORY DAY

The silvery coin Cranston found at the museum sits on a lab bench in ROY TAM's laboratory. MARGO and CRANSTON stand across from him.

TAM

Now watch this.

He reaches for a small vial and fills it with tap water. He dumps the water on the coin. The water SIZZLES and dances, evaporating immediately.

Margo and Cranston exchange a look.

Tam reaches out and grabs the sizzling thing with his bare hands. Margo and Cranston lean forward to try to stop him, but it doesn't seem to cause him any pain. He looks up and grins.

TAM (cont.)

Bronzium.

CRANSTON

Excuse me?

TAM

The metal. It's bronzium. I didn't think it existed, but my God, here it is. The ancient Chinese believed this was the very stuff the universe was formed of. Where did you get it?

CRANSTON

I believe it came from Sianking.

TAM

Nowhere else it could have, if you believe the legends. The birthplace of the world.

CRANSTON

Could bronzium conceivably be used as a weapon?

TAM

Theoretically, maybe.

CRANSTON

How?

TAM

No one really knows. There's never been a sample to study before.

CRANSTON
Speculate.

TAM
Well -- supposedly, it's extremely unstable on the molecular level. Constantly given to expansion. Through some genius only God understands, the cell bonds hold it in check. But if those bonds were ever breached --

MARGO
What, by explosion?

TAM
(negative)
Wouldn't do it. The whole purpose of the cell construction is to resist explosion. But -- if the power of the cell were turned on itself, in an implosion -- the molecular imbalance would be released and the resulting explosion would know no bounds.

CRANSTON
An explosion from the molecular level?

TAM
Even worse. The breakdown would spread to all levels of the cell construction. Fashioned into a bomb, it would be catastrophic. I guess you'd call it an implosive-explosive sub-molecular device.

CRANSTON
Or an atomic bomb.

MARGO
Yeah, that's catchier.

TAM
(warming to the theoretical discussion)
But you'd have to have a beryllium sphere to contain the apparatus. No other metal would enhance the blast. In any case, it's all moot. None of this would be possible unless some genius figured out how to design the implosive device.

He goes to a nearby blackboard and draws a quick sketch to illustrate his point.

TAM (cont.)

It would have to be a sort of shell, with tiny, powerful implosive charges regularly spaced over its surface. Something like this.

Margo looks at the sketch on the board. It looks uncomfortably familiar, to her and to us.

MARGO

Some genius did figure it out.

(to Cranston)

My father.

Pause. The tension in the room increases.

TAM

Look, this isn't for real. We're years away from knowing how to combine these technologies.

CRANSTON

Say we could. How big would a small explosion be?

TAM

A small one? Big enough to level Manhattan.

CUT TO:

EXT EMPIRE STATE BUILDING NIGHT

Buildings and people are sprawled out over the island of Manhattan, visible from the observation deck of the recently completed Empire State Building.

Various TOURISTS mill about on the deck, some taking the official tour, others just marvelling at the view.

SHIWAN KHAN stands at the wire mesh railing, smiling as he looks down at the city below, supremely content with his future domain.

As he passes a THICKNECKED SAILOR, the Sailor takes note of Khan's unusual attire.

SAILOR

Nice dress, Toots.

Khan furrows his brow, genuinely taken aback by this lack of respect. He looks at the Sailor curiously.

The Sailor blows little kisses to him; his SAILOR BUDDIES nudge him and laugh, then they all turn back to the view.

Khan takes a few steps back. He puts one finger to his temple.

Over at the rail, the Sailor suddenly shivers, as if a sharp pain has run through him. His Buddies move down a few feet, looking out at the city, not noticing him.

Khan twists his finger in the air.

The Sailor turns and looks at the wire mesh, which extends to a few feet over his head.

Khan closes his finger into a fist.

The Sailor grabs onto the mesh. Horrified by what he's doing, he begins to climb it.

A few other Tourists notice what he's doing. A BUZZ rises up from the crowd.

Khan's fist tightens, his knuckles turn white.

The Sailor is now clearly climbing the mesh, almost at the top. The Crowd grows downright concerned, a few SHOUT warnings.

The Sailor's Buddies turn and take notice.

SAILOR 2

Bobby! What the hell you doin'?!

Bobby himself isn't even sure. He reaches the top of the wire mesh and swings one leg over it, balancing precariously on the top.

His friends turn and race toward him.

KHAN

(singing softly)

"Come on along and listen to -- "

Khan opens his fist, splaying his fingers dramatically.

From offscreen, dozens of voices spring up in HORRENDOUS SCREAMS as the Sailor tips himself over the edge and starts his long drop down to the pavement.

Khan moves forward, taking a good spot at the adjacent railing as people flock over to the Sailor's point of departure in shock.

Khan spreads his arms out over the city.

KHAN (cont.)

" -- the lullaby of Broadway."

CUT TO:

EXT STREET DAY

CRANSTON and MARGO walk hurriedly down a street on the Upper East Side.

MARGO

What are we going to do?

CRANSTON

Shiwan Khan still needs one element. The beryllium sphere. We've got to find out where he intends to get it and stop him.

MARGO

And if we can't?

CRANSTON

We move to Paris.

MARGO

How do you intend to find out?

CRANSTON

The way any good citizen would. Ask the police.

He stops and she notices they're outside the Cobalt Club.

CUT TO:

INT COBALT CLUB DAY

COMMISSIONER WESTON sits at the bar at the Cobalt Club, nursing a pitcher of martinis.

Cranston's voice calls from behind him.

CRANSTON

(jolly)

Dick!

Weston quickly tries to hide his drink as CRANSTON and MARGO draw up next to him.

CRANSTON (cont.)
I thought I'd find you here.
(of the drink)
Bit early, isn't it?

WESTON
I, uh -- had a dental appointment.

CRANSTON
I believe you know Margo Lane,
my, my --

He trails off, stuck. Margo looks at him, raising an eyebrow.

CRANSTON (cont.)
-- companion.

WESTON
Of course. Join me for a drink?

CRANSTON
No thanks. I had a question,
actually. I'm thinking of taking
you up on this off track betting
idea, but I'm afraid my underworld
connections are a bit limited.

WESTON
Oh, I couldn't possibly suggest --

Cranston cuts him off, peering closely at Weston's eyes.

CRANSTON
You know, I think you have something
in your eye.

WESTON
Really? I don't feel it.

CRANSTON
Let me have a look.

Weston leans forward obligingly and Cranston peers into his eyes. His voice drops in tone.

CRANSTON (cont.)
Has the department received any
more reports of erratic behavior
like Reinhardt Lane's?

Weston's tone changes as well, he becomes cooperative, pliant, as though his only purpose in life is to answer these questions, fully and immediately.

WESTON

Yes, we have.

CRANSTON

Tell me about it.

WESTON

A scientist named Farley Claymore, who was working on a beryllium diving bell.

Margo and Cranston exchange a concerned look.

WESTON (cont.)

We checked it out, but he seemed in control of himself to us.

CRANSTON

Where was he working?

WESTON

Mari-Tech Labs, down in the meat packing district. Shall I drive you there?

CRANSTON

No, thanks.

Cranston pulls back suddenly, breaking the eye contact with Weston.

Weston immediately returns to his former self. He looks confused.

WESTON

Sorry -- what was I saying?

CRANSTON

Off track betting.

WESTON

Oh, right. I couldn't possibly suggest a place myself, Lamont. It is illegal.

(with a wink)

But good luck!

CRANSTON

I guess you're right, Dick. Thanks anyway.

MARGO

Lamont, we really should go.

CRANSTON
Right, of course. 4

Cranston slips an arm casually around Margo's waist.

CRANSTON (cont.)
See you again, Dick.

Weston waves good bye and watches, satisfied, as the two of them walk off across the club, arm in arm.

The BARTENDER comes and fills his drink.

WESTON
(to the Bartender)
I knew he'd get his life in order.

He blinks suddenly and looks up, a hand going to his face.

WESTON (cont.)
Feels like I have something in my eye.

CUT TO:

EXT COBALT CLUB NIGHT

MARGO and CRANSTON hurry down a side street near the Cobalt Club.

MARGO
So now we go to see this Claymore.

CRANSTON
No, now I go to see Claymore. You go bake a cake or something.

MARGO
You know what your problem is?

CRANSTON
I love conversations that start this way.

MARGO
You find me threatening.

Cranston shakes his head and continues down the street ahead of her.

CRANSTON
Women.

MARGO
That's what threatens you.

Cranston stops and turns back.

CRANSTON
 (thinks)
 Maybe you're right. Do you have
 a nail file?

MARGO
 I think so.

She looks down, into her purse, only for a split second, then quickly back up.

MARGO (cont.)
 What do you --

She stops, as Cranston has vanished from sight. The Shadow's VOICE comes out of nowhere.

SHADOW (o.s.)
 Apply it to your left index finger.

MARGO
 No! Wait! He's my father, you
 swine, let me help!

But it's too late, as Cranston's not answering and is nowhere to be seen. Margo, supremely frustrated, addresses the following to the air around her. As she talks, PASSERSBY look strangely upon her as she shouts to no one in particular. Just another street crazy.

MARGO (cont.)
 You are one very screwed up
 individual, mister! I have some
 power, you can sense that, you
 can feel it in your head. But,
 I'm a woman. Well, listen here,
 Mac -- I do not intend to be put
 off, tied up, locked in rooms, or
 rescued. That should be a relief,
 instead it scares you to death.
 Well, too bad. Either you stop
 treating me like a ten year old
 and give me something real to do,
 or I'll give you a headache ten
 times worse and a hundred times
 longer than you've ever felt before.

Cranston's VOICE comes from right behind her, almost in her ear.

CRANSTON
You're making a scene.

Margo whirls. CRANSTON is standing there, fully visible.

MARGO
Well?

CRANSTON
(giving in)
I lost the trail to Shiwan Khan
at an empty lot at Fourteenth
Street and Sixth Avenue. Find
out why. Find out what's so special
about that vacant lot and we'll
find Khan. We'll find your father.

MARGO
How do I find out?

CRANSTON
How should I know? Threaten
somebody.

He turns and walks off.

MARGO
How will I get in touch with you?

CRANSTON
You'll know.

CUT TO:

EXT MARI-TECH LABS NIGHT

Mari-Tech Labs is a couple two story factory-like buildings
near the meat packing district on the lower West side.

CUT TO:

INT MARI-TECH LAB NIGHT

This particular lab is a windowless oval about forty feet
across and fifteen feet high. Its walls, ceiling and floor
seem to come together seamlessly at the corners.

The clear centerpiece of the lab is THE BERYLLIUM DIVING
BELL, a shiny, copper-silver sphere about seven feet in
diameter that rests like a jewel in the center of the room.

FARLEY CLAYMORE, a scientist, scurries around the bell like a
squirrel in November, making last minute adjustments and
notes on a pad. He CLUCKS and GIGGLES contentedly to
himself.

Finishing his checklist, he takes a huge knife off one of the walls and goes to the four leather anchor straps that hold the bell in place. He cuts them, one by one, his gleeful CHIRPS louder with each one.

Just as he cuts the final strap, a much louder, much more commanding LAUGH echoes through the room.

SHADOW (o.s.)
Farley Claymore.

CLAYMORE
Who's there?!

SHADOW (o.s.)
The beryllium sphere isn't going anywhere, Claymore.

CLAYMORE
Who's saying that?!

The Shadow LAUGHS again.

CLAYMORE (cont.)
Get away, whoever you are! I have work to do!

He hurries over to a far wall and reaches toward a large lever.

SHADOW (o.s.)
Listen to me, Claymore. You're not in your right mind. You're being manipulated by a madman.

CLAYMORE
Leave me alone!

But he stops, confused, as if his brain is trying to regain control of itself.

SHADOW (o.s.)
Secure the sphere, Claymore. Come with me.

CLAYMORE
Secure the -- ?

Claymore swoons, as if swayed by The Shadow, then suddenly he lurches back to the lever and YANKS down on it. The entire floor of the room drops away, opening up like an iris from the center. The ground below is conspicuously absent, it appears the lab goes some ways underground, like a missile silo.

As the floor drops away, Claymore jumps and grabs hold of a steel ladder that runs along the wall. He hangs there, watching as the beryllium sphere drops down, onto a ramp above the abyss, and rolls safely out through a door on the first floor of the building.

CLAYMORE (cont.)
 (shouting down, into
 the hole)
 Khan told me you'd come, Shadow!
 How did you like my little surprise?

He throws the lever again and the floor irises shut. He steps off the ladder and heads for a door.

The Shadow's LAUGH resonates through the room again.

Claymore whirls, agitated.

CLAYMORE (cont.)
 So, you're smart, aren't you Shadow?
 Well, it won't do you any good!

Claymore throws another switch on the wall and immediately water seeps out from ducts along the floor of the room.

SHADOW (o.s.)
 The game's over, Claymore. Give
 yourself up. I don't want to hurt
 you.

Claymore pulls a gun from his jacket and points it at -- well, at nothing, actually.

SHADOW (cont.)
 (sighs)
 And in what direction do you intend
 to fire that weapon?

CLAYMORE
 Khan told me you were an arrogant
 fool, Shadow.

Claymore looks around the room. The water is running evenly across the floor, except for a certain area on the other side, where it's swirling in two little eddys, each about a foot long.

Where two feet might be standing.

CLAYMORE (cont.)
 Now it's going to cost you.

He FIRES the gun at that area, emptying it into the far wall, laughing wildly. Silence for a second. Claymore scans the far wall, where there is a row of evenly spaced bullet holes, one every eighteen inches or so, except for a gap where one didn't hit.

Or did hit. Claymore drops his gaze to the water below that spot. As he watches, a few drops of blood spill into it, staining it red.

Claymore SHRIEKS with laughter.

CLAYMORE (cont.)

No one controls my brain, Shadow!
I gladly work for my Khan! There's
a new world order coming and I'm
going to be a king! You hear me?!
A king!

He throws some more switches on the wall and the water now GUSHES into the room. He hurries to a heavy metal door at one wall and turns a crank on it, opening it like a submarine hatch.

CLAYMORE (cont.)

You see, Shadow? You are only a
man. And now you can die like one.

He leaves, screwing the door shut behind him. A heavy lock SCRAPES into place.

On the other side of the room, THE SHADOW is now visible, lying gunshot in the swirling water around him. He drags himself to his feet, clutching his shoulder. He staggers across the room, through the already knee-deep water, to the door.

He tries the crank. No luck.

Below, he can hear the sound of a TRUCK STARTING and Claymore's deranged LAUGHTER as it drives away.

The Shadow sags against the door, weakening.

The water is now waist-deep.

He looks around, at the windowless tank that will become his grave.

He closes his eyes.

He utters two words, weakly.

SHADOW

Margo Lane.

CUT TO:

INT CITY HALL NIGHT

Wavering gaslight throws its uncertain rays on a corridor in city hall. "CITY ASSESSOR" is stencilled on the translucent top of one of the doors.

A GUARD walks down the hall. If he bothered to look through the window of that office, he would see the dull flame of a cigarette lighter burning inside.

CUT TO:

INT CITY ASSESSOR'S OFFICE NIGHT

MARGO LANE is hunched over a file drawer inside the office, holding her lighter over a file as she studies it intently. The label reads "147 Sixth Avenue."

Her lips move as she flips through the pages, fascinated by whatever she's reading.

She turns the final page in the file. Still unsatisfied, she is flipping back to start over when it is as if someone suddenly drives a sixteen penny nail into her forebrain. The wind rushes out of her and she drops to her hands and knees on the floor, hard, rubbing at her head desperately, trying to wipe away the agony.

Just as quickly as it hit, the pain goes away and Margo looks up with an expression of pure terror on her face.

CUT TO:

INT MARI-TECH LAB NIGHT

LAMONT CRANSTON has stripped away The Shadow's garb as he fights for his life, and he's in one hell of a bind. The water in the room has risen up to within a foot of the ceiling, and he's treading water as best he can up there, pressing his head up near the top for precious oxygen.

He dives underwater and swims to the crank on the door, trying again to turn it.

It won't budge. He heads back to the top, but now there's only six inches of space. He cranks his head back, taking short, desperate breaths.

Then there's four inches.

Then two.

And then the room is completely filled with water.

Cranston, submerged, looks about to burst. But he has an idea.

He swims down to the row of bullet holes Claymore made in the wall as he shot at The Shadow. He works his finger into one of them, widening it as best he can. He plugs it with his finger.

OUTSIDE THE TANK,

six streams of water run from the six bullet holes, which have permeated the outside of the tank room. As Cranston plugs one of the holes from the inside, its stream stops suddenly.

INSIDE THE TANK,

Cranston lowers his mouth to the bullethole, covers it completely, and takes a breath.

It works. He treads water, knowing this won't be good for long. But for the moment it'll do.

CUT TO:

EXT MARI-TECH LABS NIGHT

MARGO LANE's car SQUEALS to a halt in front of one of the lab buildings. She gets out and races up the outer stairs to the tank room. She looks at it in confusion, this large, sealed egg that seems to have water seeping from all its edges.

She goes to the hatch, throws back a restraining bar that blocks the spokes of the crank, and puts all her strength into the superhuman task of turning that sucker.

Finally, it gives. She gives the crank one hard spin but doesn't need to bother to pull the hatch open, as a towering wall of water ROARS past her, engulfing her, sweeping her down the stairs and right back to the door of her car.

As the water dissipates on the ground she sees the inert form of LAMONT CRANSTON face down in the dirt some feet away.

She hurries to him and turns him over. He's not breathing. She gives him mouth to mouth resuscitation.

No response.

She tries again.

He comes to, spitting water and coughing, but alive.

He blinks his eyes, looks up, and sees her.

MARGO

You called?

CUT TO:

INT MARGO'S CAR NIGHT

MARGO and CRANSTON drive back to town. He sits, soaked, embarrassed, and gunshot, in the passenger seat.

A few moments go by.

CRANSTON

Thank you.

Margo smiles, but doesn't take undue advantage of the moment.

MARGO

Now what?

Cranston doesn't answer, which pretty well answers the question.

CUT TO:

INT SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT

The remaining NALJORPAS stand assembled before a triumphant SHIWAN KHAN, HISSING to their hearts' content, the evil noise rising up and filling the room.

He raises a finger and silences them.

KHAN

We are victorious. As victors,
we will collect the spoils of war.
I will remember each of you.

He steps off his throne and goes to FARLEY CLAYMORE, who's practically bursting with pride in the center of the room.

KHAN (cont.)

Especially my special servant.
The only American with genius enough
to join me of his own free will.

Claymore beams at this praise. Khan lays a hand tenderly on Claymore's cheek.

KHAN (cont.)

My loyal subject --

Khan lays his other hand just as tenderly on Claymore's other cheek.

KHAN (cont.)
-- who saw himself a king in my
new kingdom.

Claymore's face sobers into alarm.

CLAYMORE
King? Did I say king? Maybe that
wasn't the best choice of words.

With a single twist, Khan SNAPS Claymore's neck. He releases him and the scientist slithers to the ground, dead.

KHAN
No, it wasn't.
(to the Naljorpas)
Have Lane assemble the apparatus.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON MANSION DAY

CLOSE ON a newspaper. Its headline, printed in type large enough to announce the Second Coming, reads "MADMAN THREATENS TO BLOW CITY SKY-HIGH, DEMANDS BILLIONS IN RANSOM!" The sub-headline is "Tells President 'Join Me or Die'"

The newspaper is on a breakfast tray. MARGO LANE carries the tray up the considerable central staircase of the Cranston mansion.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

LAMONT CRANSTON lies in bed, sleeping off the effects of last night's close call. His shoulder has been bandaged. MARGO comes into the room and sets the tray next to him. He stirs.

- CRANSTON
Good morning.

MARGO
Good afternoon.

He looks at his watch, then leaps out of bed and jumps into his pants.

MARGO (cont.)
Lamont --

CRANSTON
Christ, why didn't you wake me
up?

MARGO
Lamont --

He shrugs into his shirt.

CRANSTON
We may not have much time left.

MARGO
Lamont, it's over.

She hands him the newspaper. He sees the headline.

MARGO (cont.)
He's given them till midnight tonight.
The Chinese New Year. But they don't
believe him. They've refused to pay.

CRANSTON
Wouldn't matter if they did. It's
tribute.

MARGO
What?

CRANSTON
Tribute. Genghis Khan used to
demand the same thing. After he
got all that was precious from
a kingdom, he'd still level it.

MARGO
You did your best, Lamont.

Cranston sits down next to her as he ties his shoes.

CRANSTON
Tempting though it may be, please
resist the urge to comfort me in
defeat. It's nauseating.

MARGO
Why, you --

CRANSTON
-- conceited son of a bitch. Right,
I know. Just tell me what you found
out about the vacant lot.

MARGO

(swallowing her pride)

The lot used to be the site of an old hotel, the Hotel Monolith. Actually, "old" isn't quite the right word, it was finished back in the early twenties but never opened.

Cranston stands, thinking and pacing as she speaks.

CRANSTON

The Monolith. I remember it, vaguely.

MARGO

Seems like that's the only way anybody remembers it. Anyway, just before the hotel was to open, the developer went bankrupt and committed suicide. The hotel and the land around it were tied up in probate court for years, and then -- nothing.

CRANSTON

What do you mean?

MARGO

Well, that's where the city records get spotty. The last known entry is regarding a sale to a far Eastern buyer six years ago, and there's no record of anything since.

CRANSTON

When was it torn down?

MARGO

There's no notation of it in the city files. I made a few calls this morning -- to newspapers and such -- and all anybody could remember about it was up to roughly the time it was bought. Everyone seems to know it was torn down, but they can't remember when or by whom --

CRANSTON

Or if.

MARGO

What?

CRANSTON

Come on.

He grabs his coat and leaves. Margo follows.

CUT TO:

EXT VACANT LOT DAY

MARGO and CRANSTON hurry down the sidewalk and stop across the street from the vacant lot.

CRANSTON

I can't believe he did it.

MARGO

Did what?

CRANSTON

It's absolutely incredible.

MARGO

What is?

But Cranston's not going to be answering any more questions, as he has half-closed his eyes and is putting himself into a deep trance, staring across Sixth Avenue at the fence that surrounds the rubble strewn lot.

Margo looks at it too, curious.

As Cranston concentrates, beads of sweat break out on his forehead. The veins in his neck jump out. His whole head starts to vibrate ever so slightly. Still he persists.

MARGO

Lamont!

A trickle of blood runs out of his eye and slides down his cheek.

MARGO (cont.)

Lamont, stop!

But if there's a point of no return, Cranston's passed it, and the strain becomes even worse, if possible. Margo's just about to grab him by the shoulders and shake him out of it when --

CRANSTON

My God! It's beautiful!

Margo turns and looks, but sees only the vacant lot.

MARGO

What?

Cranston, who is near collapse, reaches out and grabs her by the hand. Immediately on making contact with him, her attention is drawn by a RUMBLING sound from across the street.

She looks. The air above the vacant lot takes on a shiny, shimmery quality. It thickens, grays, obscuring her view of the buildings beyond, then all at once the air itself seems to part, revealing a glorious, shining, twenty story art deco building that stands smack dab in the middle of what is not a vacant lot at all.

PASSERSBY on the street continue to hurry on their way, still oblivious to the building. Cranston sags and looks at them in wonder.

CRANSTON

Amazing. Shiwan Khan has convinced the entire city of New York to deny what it sees with its own eyes.

He wipes the blood from his face.

CRANSTON (cont.)

The Hotel Monolith.

MARGO

Let's go!

She starts across the street but he stops her.

CRANSTON

No.

He grins and raises his fist to the building in the same battle gesture Shiwan Khan made earlier.

CRANSTON (cont.)

Tonight!

CUT TO:

EXT CHINATOWN NIGHT

A CROWD is packed into the streets of Chinatown to celebrate the new year. The air is thick with anticipation of some grand event to come.

From down the street, the grand event commences. An HONORABLE LION, a two-man Chinese parade character, rounds the corner and winds its herky-jerky way through the street.

FIRECRACKERS pop. FIREWORKS shoot off.

Now other characters follow the Honorable Lion -- GOBLINS and DEMONS, their enormous, garish heads bobbing unnaturally on their human bearers.

Finally, a tremendous ROAR goes up from the crowd as the main attraction peeks its head around the corner.

The DRAGON. First, only the head comes around the corner, and it must take five men just to hold that up. Fire and smoke billow from the dragons nose and mouth, it even seems to ROAR, or maybe it's the crowd.

The thing keeps coming around the corner, longer and longer, and by the time its tail is finally in sight it would be safe to say sixty or seventy men are needed to support the thing.

The crowd is delighted, SCREAMING with joy, as the dragon slithers down the street, weaving from side to side.

INSIDE THE HEAD,

we see the MEN at the controls. In the very front of the head, working the fire and smoke controls, is DR. ROY TAM. He looks out through the eyes, barking out commands in Chinese to the others, who pass the word back, directing the thing.

CUT TO:

INT HOTEL MONOLITH NIGHT

In the basement of the Hotel Monolith, Reinhardt Lane's implosive device hangs, ingeniously suspended in the central portion of the beryllium diving bell.

LANE himself stands beside it. His face is still an obedient blank, but half a dozen NALJORPAS stand guard over him.

SHIWAN KHAN stands in the doorway of the room, surveying the fruits of his labor.

KHAN

Activate the device.

Without hesitation, Lane pushes a button on the side of the device. It flashes red.

KHAN (cont.)

(to the Naljorpas)

We leave in one hour. Bring the device to the throne room and take your positions.

He points to Lane.

KHAN (cont.)

Secure him in a room. He can die
with his invention.

He runs a hand lovingly over the outside of the atomic bomb.

KHAN (cont.)

In the name of Temujin!

CUT TO:

EXT STREET NIGHT

The dragon continues to make its way through the crowded streets.

INSIDE THE HEAD,

TAM is monitoring his position carefully. As they turn a corner, he sees something up ahead and gestures to the GUY next to him.

TAM

There! Number one!

The Guy turns and shouts something into the heart of the dragon.

ON THE STREET,

the dragon makes a sharp turn. Like a whip cracking, its rear flank BANGS up against the shops on the corner. At that moment, a flap pops open on the side of the dragon, disgorging MARGO LANE and MOE SHREVNITZ. Shrevnitz carries a small case of some kind.

They slip unnoticed through the doorway of the run-down building, the same one Margo went into earlier.

BACK IN THE HEAD,

Roy Tam turns over the control of the dragon to the Guy, giving a few last-minute words of advice before making his way back into its flanks.

ON THE STREET,

the dragon lurches again, sending its tail the other way. The dragon BANGS up against a restaurant, another flap flips open and Tam slips out, carrying a small air tank similar to the kind a scuba diver might use.

He hurries down the stairs of the restaurant.

IN THE RESTAURANT,

It's the same one Cranston and Shiwan Khan met in. Tam has obviously been briefed, as he goes directly to the anteroom and SCRAPES open the hidden door.

He disappears into the tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT

The atomic bomb is tucked securely in a corner of the room, in a reinforced alcove.

SHIWAN KHAN takes a seat on his throne, waiting for the attack he knows will come. His NALJORPAS scurry about, four of them protecting a steep spiral staircase that leads to a trap door in the ceiling above.

CUT TO:

INT OLD ELEVATOR NIGHT

MARGO and MOE SHREVNITZ come out of the dilapidated elevator at the same underground passage she was led to before. They set off into the dark.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL NIGHT

TAM has reached the wall that marks the end of the tunnel, the same spot near the subway tunnel where The Shadow lost Shiwan Khan's trail.

Tam checks his watch and pulls a stick of dynamite from his bag. He wedges it into the earthen wall.

CUT TO:

INT ANOTHER TUNNEL NIGHT

MARGO and MOE SHREVNITZ have also reached their tunnel's end and are planting dynamite.

SHREVNITZ

Is it time?

Margo checks her watch.

MARGO

Almost.

SHREVNITZ 4
Where the hell's the Boss?

CUT TO:

EXT CITY NIGHT

A strange WHIRRING sound disrupts the air over Chinatown. For a moment it's impossible to identify, but it quickly grows to a ROAR as its source rears up over a building.

The autoqiro.

If you've never seen one of these things, go look it up. It's an early prototype of the helicopter, a truly creepy, other-worldly, prehistoric-bird-lookin' thing.

THE SHADOW is at the controls, which are a series of vertical levers one pulls in careful sequence, something like operating a bulldozer. The Shadow pulls one and lifts this queer duck up over a building, setting his sights on the Hotel Monolith, dead ahead.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL NIGHT

ROY TAM crouches safely around a corner in the tunnel, eyes on his wristwatch.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL NIGHT

MARGO and MOE SHREVNITZ are in a similar position. Margo's watch reads eleven thirty, exactly. The sweep second hand whisks across the twelve and --

MARGO

Now!

Shrevnitz connects two wires.

KABLOOM!!

Earth and wood spray everywhere as the dynamite blows a hole clean through the secret door.

CUT TO:

INT SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT

A second BLAST rocks the hotel. KHAN leaps to his feet, startled, and SHOUTS in anger to the Naljorpas.

KHAN
From below! He's coming from
below! Get him!

The Naljorpas abandon their guard of the ladder and take off out of the room.

Khan follows them, but lingers in the doorway. Something doesn't feel right about this.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL NIGHT

MARGO and SHREVNITZ, who were thrown by the blast, get to their feet. The doorway is gone, obliterated, and up ahead is a clear tunnel to the basement of the Hotel.

Shrevnitz picks up the case he brought and they head into the tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL NIGHT

ROY TAM straps the air tank he brought to his back and heads into his section of the tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT STAIRWELL NIGHT

The NALJORPAS race down the stairs of the hotel, headed for the basement.

CUT TO:

EXT HOTEL ROOF NIGHT

THE SHADOW sets the autogiro down on the roof of the hotel.

CUT TO:

INT THRONE ROOM NIGHT

SHIWAN KHAN, still waiting in the doorway, senses the presence above. He grins and calmly takes his seat on the throne.

CUT TO:

INT HOTEL BASEMENT NIGHT

MARGO, SHREVNITZ, and ROY TAM all meet up in a central area in the hotel basement.

Margo looks up, at the sound of THUNDERING feet from the end of the corridor.

MARGO

They're coming!

She readies her weapon.

TAM

Stand back!

The scientist moves in front of the other three and produces a hose that was clipped along the side of the air tank he carries on his back.

TAM (cont.)

Now!

Margo throws a valve on the back of the tank and a thick, gooey purple liquid squirts out. Tam sprays it liberally, covering the entire floor in front of him with the jello-like substance.

The FOOTSTEPS are closer, now the SHRIEKS and HISSES of the coming Naljorpas can be heard.

MARGO

That's enough!

She grabs the scientist by the shoulders and pulls him back. She and Tam dive for cover behind some packing boxes, leaving Moe Shrevnitz in the middle of the floor, backing up to about twenty feet beyond the sticky goo.

He just stands there, waiting for it. He unsnaps the buckles on the small case he carries.

The Naljorpas finally leap into view, and my God, they're a fearsome lot, blue sparks jumping from their hands menacingly.

They pause for a second, eyeing their sole opposition -- an unarmed Brooklyn cab driver.

Then, with a SCREAM, they charge.

As they reach the goo, they stop in their tracks. The sparks from their hands stretch, jumping into the goo itself and growing, winding around their bodies.

They struggle there, riddled with electricity, trying desperately to continue their charge, slogging along toward Shrevnitz single-mindedly.

Shrevnitz flips open the case he carries and produces a Thompson submachine gun.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! He cuts them down.

When the last Naljorpa falls at his feet, Shrevnitz holds his fire and pulls the gun back like a bullfighter's cape.

SHREVNITZ
(still Brooklyn
accent)

Ole.

MARGO

Come on! We've got to find my
father!

Shrevnitz and Tam grab a couple of wooden planks that lean against the wall and drop them over the goo.

The group scurries over the planks, past the bodies of the Naljorpas, and further into the hotel.

CUT TO:

INT THRONE ROOM NIGHT

The passageway through the ceiling EXPLODES in a shower of dust and debris. A black cloak swirls the dust and THE SHADOW whisks through the smoking portal, sweeps down the spiral staircase, and lands on his feet in Shiwan Khan's throne room.

He turns around. Seated directly across the room from him, alarmingly calm, is SHIWAN KHAN.

The Shadow swoons slightly, as if dizzy, the way Margo did when in the throne room.

Khan smiles. He extends his hands, as if to be handcuffed, in a mocking gesture of surrender.

The Shadow doesn't have time to screw around. He flips back his cloak, produces both .45's, and lets loose, sending a hail of bullets across the room until both guns are empty.

Every single shot misses Shiwan Khan, instead making a patchwork of the wall just to the right and a little below him.

The Shadow is amazed.

KHAN

Didn't I give you a broad enough
target, Ying Ko?

Khan's laugh fills the room, hysterical, practically weeping with mirth.

Again, The Shadow sways on his feet. His left foot involuntarily shoots out to keep his balance, but why on earth should he be losing it?

He looks quickly to the side of the room, near the floor. The tapestries on the wall are hung at an odd angle, the gap between their bottom and the floor at least three feet larger at one end than the other.

He looks back to Khan. A chunk of the throne, knicked by one of his bullets, has hit the floor and is actually sliding on the level surface.

KHAN

The room is built at an angle, you fool! A parlor trick, for God's sake!

Enraged, The Shadow sets off across the room toward Khan, adopting the loping, sideways gait the Maljorpas use whenever in this chamber.

He is halfway there when Khan leaps to his feet, grabs an enormous hammer from the floor, and BANGS the gong that hangs suspended next to his throne.

A RUMBLING immediately reverberates through the room. The Shadow stops in the middle of the floor, fighting again to keep his feet. The entire place starts to shake apart as the gong's tones echo through the building.

Khan RIPS open the tapestry behind the throne, revealing the upright silver coffin of Temujin. He steps inside, pulling the lid shut behind him.

The Shadow shifts his stance to face the coffin, but now the RUMBLE is more intense and the entire room seems to be coming apart. He looks down at his feet. Tiny curls of smoke rise up from the floor.

The Shadow's eyes widen and he dives for the side of the room just as the center of the floor EXPLODES in a volcanic shower from below. Great geysers of flame flow up from below as the entire throne room begins to shake apart.

CUT TO:

INT HOTEL CORRIDOR NIGHT

The explosion isn't contained to the throne room. TONGUES OF FLAME lick out of the ventilators in the hotel corridors, setting the carpets ablaze.

MARGO and the others hurry down one corridor, KICKING open each door, looking for her father.

ROY TAM suddenly stops in his tracks.

TAM

Knife.

He spins around halfway, revealing a Naljorpa's blade stuck in his back.

SHREVNITZ whirls and aims right at him.

TAM (cont.)

I'm on your side!

SHREVNITZ

(a command)

Fall.

As Tam obligingly falls, he clears Shrevnitz' line of fire. The cabbie squeezes the trigger and his bullets cut down the NALJORPA behind Tam who flung the knife.

Shrevnitz drops to one knee and pulls the knife from Tam's back.

SHREVNITZ

(to Margo)

We've got to get out of here!

MARGO

You go! Take him!

Shrevnitz helps Tam to his feet and they head out. Margo hits the stairs, heading up.

CUT TO:

INT THRONE ROOM NIGHT

The throne room is falling apart. Great beams and chunks of masonry fall everywhere, but the atomic bomb is protected, safely situated under the reinforced alcove.

Shiwan Khan, too, is safe. Chunks of burning embers bounce harmlessly off the crypt he has secured himself in.

THE SHADOW, however, struggles desperately in the middle of the room, defenseless as he is slowly buried under rubble.

After a few moments, the disintegration stops, although the fire still rages.

The lid to the coffin SLAPS open and an unharmed SHIWAN KHAN steps out. He casts a quick glance over to the bomb. Its red light is still flashing.

He sees a scrap of The Shadow's cloak protruding from the rubble.

KHAN

What a disappointment you were.

He turns and starts for the stairs which lead to the roof.

From under the rubble, there is movement. The Shadow is struggling. He throws off some of the debris that pins him down and crawls out onto the floor.

Khan turns, surprised. He draws a dagger from within his robes.

The Shadow gets to his feet and looks around desperately, searching for a weapon.

His eyes falls on the phurba the Naljorpa battled with earlier, still encased in its sheath on the wall. He draws it out and points it at Khan.

KHAN (cont.)

Not the best choice of weapons,
I'm afraid.

So it would seem. The phurba immediately bucks in The Shadow's hand, and, in his weakened state, it's more than he can handle. In a second the blade is at his throat, his own strength the only thing keeping it from slicing him open.

Khan advances on The Shadow, ready to finish him off himself.

The Shadow desperately tries to postpone his own death. But the phurba's winning, and the blade moves closer.

He summons himself and wrenches it away, just in time to use it to fend off Khan's first lunge. Now, as the burning room disintegrates around them, The Shadow and Khan do battle, using their daggers to

LUNGE

SWIPE

CUT

and BLOCK.

But it's clear the battle's not going well for The Shadow, as every time he seems to have an advantage, the phurba seizes the opportunity to try to do him in.

One of Khan's passes actually slices The Shadow's leg, drawing blood. The Shadow goes down.

Khan presses in for the kill, but The Shadow KICKS the blade out of his hand, across the room.

Khan goes after it, but The Shadow is back to doing battle with the phurba, which is at his throat again, its tip actually piercing his skin, drawing a rivulet of blood.

The Shadow casts a desperate look up at Khan, who has his knife again and is on his way.

Time for a risk. The Shadow closes his eyes. He allows his face to relax completely, he stops fighting the phurba, and he --

-- opens his hand.

The phurba quivers there for a moment, held of its own accord, as if debating whether or not to do him in, then suddenly it pivots on The Shadow's palm and sails across the room, burying itself in Shiwan Khan's guts.

Khan GASPS in agony and falls to his knees.

The Shadow collapses on the floor in a state of exhausted semi-consciousness.

CUT TO:

INT HOTEL ROOM NIGHT

REINHARDT LANE sits tranquilly on a bed in one of the hotel rooms. With Khan injured, his trance suddenly lifts and he looks around himself, thoroughly confused.

He smells smoke!

CUT TO:

INT HOTEL CORRIDOR NIGHT

MARGO's still patrolling the corridors, but the fire is worse, the air thicker. Suddenly a VOICE comes from behind her.

LANE
Hello!? Where am I?!

MARGO

Dad!

She whirls and heads for the source of the voice, bursting through the cloud of smoke and flame and into her father's arms.

LANE

Margo? What's going on?

MARGO

Well, there's this --
 (realizing it's a
 very long story)
 I'll tell you on the way out.

CUT TO:

EXT CHINATOWN NIGHT

The CROWD in the street is distracted from the parade, their attention captivated by the now-very-visible and now-very-burning Hotel Monolith.

Fire rages elsewhere in Chinatown -- flames burst from sewer caps, from store fronts, from anywhere connected to Shiwan Khan's intricate underground system.

Sirens WAIL in the distance.

Pandemonium.

CUT TO:

INT THRONE ROOM NIGHT

SHIWAN KHAN drags himself to his agonized feet. With an extremely gross SNICKING sound, he draws the phurba from his stomach and chucks it across the floor.

KHAN

Good bye, Ying Ko.

He staggers to the stairs to the roof to make good his escape.

THE SHADOW tries to get to his feet, but, in his weakened condition, fails.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET NIGHT

MARGO and REINHARDT LANE race out of the burning building and join TAM and SHREVNITZ on the corner.

LANE

No! I've got to go back in!

SHREVNITZ

What?!

(to Margo)

Is he crazy?

(to Lane)

Are you crazy?

LANE

Margo, if I did what you just said I did, we would have all been better off dying in that fire! I've got to get to that device!

Margo hesitates for about a second, then grabs her father by the arm and heads back into the building as FIREFIGHTERS begin to arrive.

CUT TO:

EXT ROOF NIGHT

SHIWAN KHAN has reached the autogiro and engaged the rotors. He selects a lever at random and pulls it toward him. Nothing happens. He picks another, tugs on it, and the autogiro lifts off, straight up.

THE SHADOW bursts out of the doorway as the thing rises off the roof. He races toward it and leaps, just catching hold of one of the landing runners.

The autogiro continues to rise, straight up off the building.

Ten feet.

Twenty.

Fifty.

CUT TO:

INT ELEVATOR NIGHT

MARGO and REINHARDT LANE burst into the flaming throne room and run over to the atomic device.

Lane flips open a small door, revealing a maze of wiring.

LANE
 (admiringly, it's
 all new to him.)
 Hey, this is good work.

MARGO
 Dad.

LANE
 This is very, very good.

MARGO
Dad!

His fingers snake among the wires and make a few judicious pulls. The flashing red light goes off.

He opens another panel and reaches inside, YANKING out the implosive device of his own design. He pulls the chunk of silvery bronzium from within and tosses it to the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT AUTOGIRO NIGHT

The autogiro continues to rise, now some two hundred feet over the building, THE SHADOW still hanging perilously from one of its runners.

KHAN is at the controls, befuddled by the array of levers before him.

KHAN
 Forward! I wish to go forward!

He pulls a lever at random and the autogiro immediately begins to drop, straight down. Khan shoves the lever back and pulls the original one. The autogiro rises again, straight up.

KHAN (cont.)
 (to The Shadow)
 Which one?! Tell me which one!

But The Shadow's got other problems as he struggles to hold on.

CUT TO:

INT HOTEL NIGHT

MARGO and LANE race out of the throne room and into the hallway. A BLAZING TIMBER crashes in front of them.

They duck around it and into the stairwell.

CUT TO:

EXT AUTOGIRO NIGHT

As the autogiro continues to rise, SHIWAN KHAN swipes a knife at THE SHADOW's hands, which still struggle for a hold on the runner. He misses.

KHAN
Which lever?!

The Shadow doesn't answer. Khan SLASHES with the knife again, this time cutting a gash in The Shadow's knuckles.

KHAN (cont.)
Tell me WHICH ONE!!!

But The Shadow's not doing any talking, as his hand, wet with blood and weakened by pain, slips from the runner, leaving him hanging by one hand, fully three hundred feet directly above the hotel.

Khan has an idea.

KHAN (cont.)
Think it, Shadow!

The Shadow looks at him, alarmed by this tack.

KHAN (cont.)
You can't resist, you're too weak
to keep it from your thoughts! Tell
me which lever!

The Shadow closes his eyes, trying at all costs to keep the information Khan craves from his own mind.

KHAN (cont.)
THINK IT!!

The Shadow winces, exhausted by the effort. And unable.

Khan's eyes brighten as he lifts the thoughts right from The Shadow's brain.

KHAN (cont.)
Weakling! Your mind is an open
book to me!

He reaches with confidence for one of the levers.

The Shadow reaches up and solidifies his grip, holding with both hands again.

Khan pulls the lever.

Immediately, the autogiro maws dramatically to the right, pitching a SCREAMING Shiwan Khan out of the open cockpit.

The sudden tilt also lifts The Shadow up, and with little additional effort, he lands himself in the driver's seat, pushes the lever back, and stabilizes the craft.

He looks down, watching as Khan sails toward the burning building below.

SHADOW

Then you should have learned how to read.

Shiwan Khan falls, twisting, SCREAMING the whole way, and finally CRASHES through the red-hot roof of the building, caving it in.

CUT TO:

EXT HOTEL NIGHT

MARGO and REINHARDT LANE race out the front door of the hotel, COUGHING and weak.

Seconds later, the whole thing collapses, falling in on itself in a single burning core.

The FIREFIGHTERS are driven back by the flames, able only to aim their hoses at the first several floors.

Margo and her father embrace tearfully, then Lane pulls back and looks at the implosive device in his hands.

He hurls it into the flames.

LANE

Thank God the world will never see anything like that again.

The heat is now overwhelming, and Margo and her father back away as dozens of police cars WAIL to a stop at the curb.

COMMISSIONER WESTON leaps out of the front car and stares in shock at the inferno in front of him. He points to the blazing hotel.

WESTON

When did that get there?! And how come it's on fire!?

But his attention, and that of the crowd, quickly turns.

From somewhere down the street, the distinctive WHOOP WHOOP WHOOP of the autogiro drowns out everything else. The flying machine rounds a corner, flying at treetop level, and BUZZES right over the heads of the assembled throng. As it passes, they all crane their heads for a look.

But no one is flying it.

The Shadow's familiar LAUGH resounds through the cavern of the downtown buildings, a tired but finally triumphant laugh that echoes as the autogiro disappears uptown, into the heart of the city.

WESTON (cont.)

Who is that?! Who is that?! Who
is that maniac?!

Margo whirls on him, enraged.

MARGO

That's no maniac! That man just --

But she cuts herself off, catching sight of someone over Weston's shoulder.

It's MOE SHREVNITZ, at the edge of the crowd, looking much the worse for the battle. As he catches Margo's eyes, he shakes his head slowly from side to side.

Margo understands.

Shrevnitz raises his chin proudly. He gives Margo a little wink, then takes a single step backwards. He disappears into the crowd.

Weston turns, following her gaze, but sees nothing. It is as if Shrevnitz were never there.

WESTON

(to Margo)
What?

Margo looks over Weston's other shoulder. ROY TAM is there, looking at her, silently victorious. He raises his right hand in the Oriental battle gesture, takes a step back, and vanishes into the throng.

In this way, The Shadow's agents disappear. Until next time.

Weston turns and looks in Tam's direction, but too late. He sees no one.

WESTON (cont.)
(to Margo)
That man just what?! ' .

MARGO
Just ran a red light.

She turns and puts an arm around her father. They walk off down the street together.

The Hotel Monolith crumbles into ash.

CUT TO:

INT MARGO'S ROOM NIGHT

MARGO sits at a dressing table in her bedroom. She stares into the mirror, at her ash-smeared face. She still wears the torn and charred clothes she wore in the hotel.

She looks completely drained, as if incapable of another moment's action.

She looks over to the door. It stands ajar.

Something stirs her hair from behind. She closes her eyes, relishing the touch of the wind.

Her head is turned, back to the mirror, as if by some other force than her own.

MARGO
(to the mirror)
Show me.

Again, her hair is brushed, but there is still no one in the room.

Margo takes a deep breath. She furrows her brow in concentration, much the same way Cranston did outside the Hotel Monolith.

Still nothing is in the room, but a VOICE whispers in her ear.

SHADOW (o.s.)
Please -- no.

Margo continues to concentrate, applying all of whatever energy she has left. Slowly, a SHAPE materializes in the mirror. It's CRANSTON, of course, but now he's not wearing the cloak and hat, only an ordinary pair of pants and a badly torn shirt. As he materializes, his face is contorted, as if this slow appearance is actually physically painful and against everything he feels deep inside.

Finally, he is fully visible. Margo leaps up and embraces him, hard. They kiss.

Some kiss.

She pulls back and looks into his eyes. They're as deep and as indefatigable as ever. She stares into them. She raises a hand slowly to his temple.

CRANSTON

(stop)

Margo.

The tongues of fire lick up in his eyes, the revelation of his thoughts begins.

MARGO

It's all right, Lamont.

As the familiar, horrifying SCREAMS begin, Cranston reaches up and pulls her hand away, hard, ending the images abruptly.

CRANSTON

(a whisper)

Know this. As long as you are with me, you will never fully know what is in me. What I saw -- what I did -- made me into what I need to be now. I don't wish the same for you.

MARGO

But you've done it. It's over. The Shadow doesn't need to exist any more.

CRANSTON

No?

MARGO

Khan's dead. We can live in a world free from madmen who want to conquer the globe. After all, Lamont, this is 1933.

CRANSTON

(The Shadow knows)

Yes, Margo. It is.

CUT TO:

INT SHADOW'S INNER SANCTUM NIGHT

Blue light bathes the screen. THE SHADOW's dark outline hovers over the microphone at his radio console.

A thin finger snakes across the tabletop and depresses the "send" key of the microphone.

SHADOW

Report.

And as he waits for a response, The Shadow's eyes peer out over the top of his cloak and below the brim of his hat.

Ever watchful. Ever vigilant.

Ever troubled.

FADE OUT.