

THE SHADOW

screenplay by

David Koepp

based on the character created by

Walter B. Gibson

UNIVERSAL w/
Jeremy Irons as THE SHADOW

MARTIN BREGMAN PRODUCTIONS

January 17, 1991

All of what follows is true.

FADE IN:

EXT FIELD DAY

A snow-capped mountain looms over a brilliant field of flowers. They sway in the wind, all white, pink, and scarlet.

Poppies.

WORKERS wade through the ocean of color, SNAPPING off the hard, walnut-like seed capsules. They're carefully watched by MEN on horseback, big, scowling Far Eastern types. The setting is reminiscent of the middle ages, of serfs and their masters.

One of the horses, which is trotting alongside the field on a muddy road, rears up suddenly as an automobile, early model, HONKS and ROARS past, smashing the medieval mood.

A legend places us:

TIBET, 1926.

We follow the car and its three OCCUPANTS up the road to the foothills, toward their eventual destination --

-- the palace. It's a black, towering, evil thing that leans over the edge of the foothills, watching vultuously over the poppy fields below.

CUT TO:

EXT PALACE DAY

The car pulls up in front of the palace. The Driver, a burly TIBETAN, gets out and opens the passenger's door. He reaches in and pulls out LI PENG, a mean-looking bastard.

As the Driver grabs him, Li Peng shrugs off his hand violently and curls his fist to throw a punch.

The Driver quickly pulls a knife and puts it to Li Peng's throat. This quiets the Tibetan, who lets himself be led into the palace.

CUT TO:

INT PALACE NIGHT

CLOSE ON LAMONT CRANSTON's hand as he plays idly with one of the hardened seed capsules. He handles it like a magician, rolling it up and down the back of his knuckles.

Cranston's impressive chair is situated in deep shadow in a corner of the palace's large central room. His hand is out in the light, the rest of him is in darkness.

Cranston is flanked by WU, a slight Tibetan advisor who holds a large ledger book, and by several GUARDS, also Tibetans.

Around the room are scattered various WOMEN, GUESTS, and HANGERS-ON, all part of Cranston's court. Some eat, some drink, some smoke. None seem to be paying attention while Cranston takes care of business.

Business right now is LI PENG, who has been brought before Cranston. Li's face looks rough, as if he spent the afternoon being worked over. Li rants, addressing Wu but speaking of Cranston, who still sits in shadow in his chair.

LI PENG

Ying Ko asks too much. My poppy fields are like a glass of water in a rainstorm compared to his.

WU

You and your brothers murdered three of our men.

LI PENG

(of Cranston)

He would have done the same thing! Send three more and I'll kill them too!

Cranston, still bathed in shadow, abruptly stops playing with the seed capsule. Wu darts a look over at him, surprised at Li's impudence.

LI PENG (cont.)

The whole nation shrinks from the name Ying Ko, but not me. He already controls all of the land below Mount Kailas, and most of it beyond. The opium trade with Shanghai, London, Paris, Buenos Aires -- it's all his.

He turns, addressing this directly to Cranston.

LI PENG (cont.)

But I'm entitled to my piece. And if you kill me, I promise my brothers will come for you.

Cranston leans forward, into the light, giving us our first good look at him. He's in his mid-thirties, dressed all in black, but that's not what you remember --

-- it's the eyes. They're dark, piercing, frightening eyes. One might forget everything else about Cranston, but never those eyes.

CRANSTON

Then I promise you --

Li Peng smiles, sensing victory.

CRANSTON (cont.)

-- that I'll bury them beside you.

He waves his hand casually to the GUARD behind Li Peng, who pulls a dagger and puts it to Li Peng's throat.

Wu, satisfied with the decision, SNAPS his ledger book shut and starts for the door, preferring not to witness the execution.

Moving fast, Li Peng brings his heel down sharply on the instep of the Guard, then SLAMS his elbow into the Guard's groin.

In that moment, he rips the knife from the Guard's hand and grabs Wu, who is passing. He spins around behind him, the knife now at Wu's throat.

The Guards flanking Cranston draw guns and point them at Li Peng, but their aim is obstructed by his hostage. Cranston holds up one hand to stop them from shooting.

LI PENG

I only wish to leave! Let me go!

The Hangers-On grouped here and there around the room stop what they're doing and turn their attention to Li Peng's drama, watching as it plays itself out.

Li Peng starts backing toward the door. Cranston gets up and moves slowly after him, seething.

LI PENG (cont.)

(still backing away)

I'll kill him! I will! Even
you wouldn't chance losing your
oldest advisor, Ying Ko!

Cranston keeps coming. Li Peng pricks the skin of Wu's neck with the knife, a warning.

Cranston stops. He looks at the Guards. They are still without a clear shot.

LI PENG (cont.)
 Let me go! Your men aren't marksmen
 enough to shoot around him!

CRANSTON
 You're right.
 (to the Guards)
 Shoot through him.

Li Peng's eyes widen -- so do Wu's.

CRANSTON (cont.)
 Wu, you're a good friend.

There is a hail of GUNFIRE, and in a few seconds it's over.
 Li Peng and Wu lie dead.

The drama concluded, the others in the room turn back to what
 they were doing and the BUZZ of conversation picks up where
 it left off.

Cranston stares at the corpses on the floor for a moment --
 -- and then he yawns.

CRANSTON (cont.)
 Late, isn't it?

He stretches and heads for the door. Two Guards follow
 quickly behind him. En route to the door, Cranston eyes
 various WOMEN who are in his path. Finding one to his
 liking, he gestures to her.

CRANSTON (cont.)
 (to a Guard)
 Her.

The Guard nods to the Woman and she falls into step behind
 Cranston.

Cranston, almost at the door, stops for a moment, catching
 eyes with another WOMAN.

CRANSTON (cont.)
 And her.

The Guard allows the Second Woman to join Cranston as well,
 much to the chagrin of the First.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Cranston's bedroom is a lofty stone place with open French
 doors leading to a balcony.

Sheer curtains hanging in the French doors stir slightly in the night breeze.

CRANSTON is in bed, asleep, the WOMEN asleep on either side of him. His eyes are closed, but flick rapidly under the lids. Whatever dream he's having, it's a doozy. We move in closer to those eyes, and suddenly an image FLASHES on the screen -- the face of a BOY, maybe fifteen years old, his features placid and wise.

Cranston sits up sharply, awakening from the dream.

He turns his head, as if he heard something. It's very dark, but he can see faintly through the curtains out to the balcony -- two shadows seem to drop from the sky, alight briefly on the balcony, and then whisk off to nowhere.

Cranston, alarmed, gets out of bed. The Women continue to sleep.

Cranston is heading toward the balcony when he hears something behind him. He whirls in time to see the shadows slide across the ceiling of the room and down the far wall, then disappear again.

They're in the room, but where? Cranston grabs a gun from his nighttable.

CRANSTON

Who's there?

No answer, but he hears a faint sound -- something like an electrical ZAPPING.

He goes to the wall and turns on a light. Just as he turns around, a big, meaty fist CLUBS the gun from his hand and CRACKS him one across the face. Cranston crumples to the floor and looks up.

Two enormous TIBETANS loom over him.

CRANSTON (cont.)

Who are you?!

The First Tibetan doesn't answer, just CLICKS his tongue to the Second, who picks Cranston up bodily and BANGS him down on his feet.

Cranston doesn't like this. He PUNCHES the Tibetan in the stomach, hard, doubling him over, then KNEES him in the face.

The Women wake up and cower in the bed, terrified.

The First Tibetan lunges for Cranston, throwing a punch that Cranston ducks nimbly. Cranston SMASHES him on the back and pounces on him, hands on his throat, hate in his eyes.

Suddenly, BLUE SPARKS shoot out from the Tibetan's throat and whip around Cranston's hands.

Cranston GASPS, the air rushing out of him. He pulls back, staring at his hands, which shake with spasms.

Cranston's 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. He is bound hand and foot. One of the TIBETANS, standing guard over him, reacts.

Cranston assesses his situation, sees it's not good.

CRANSTON

You're Li Peng's brothers?

The Tibetan grins and shakes his head slowly from side to side as if to say "You should be so lucky."

CRANSTON (cont.)

Then who are you?

He looks to the Tibetan's hands. A blue spark CRACKS and zips around the big man's fingertips.

CRANSTON (cont.)

What are you?

TIBETAN

A Naljorpa can summon the energy from the air around him.

Cranston digests this. He looks up at the mountain in the distance.

CRANSTON

Where are you taking me?

TIBETAN

A tulku wishes to see you. At his temple.

CRANSTON

A holy man? Wants to see me?

He LAUGHS and settles in for the ride.

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.

The TIBETANS untie CRANSTON's feet, jump out, and gesture to him to do the same. He does, and looks around. There doesn't seem to be much of anything here, all he can spot is a small bado, a humble wood and earthen hut.

CRANSTON

This is your temple?

TIBETAN

No.

He gestures in the other direction.

TIBETAN (cont.)

That is.

Cranston turns. The Temple of the Cobras glints in the sun behind him. It's built into the rock face of the mountain, done in magnificent Mongol architecture. Its most striking feature is its main entrance, which is dramatically flanked by the giant carved hood of a cobra.

Cranston's jaw drops; he could swear it wasn't there a second ago.

CRANSTON

Where'd that come from?

TIBETAN

The clouded mind sees nothing.

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, untying Cranston's hands, leaving him to trek the remaining distance alone.

As he reaches for the doors, they both swing open, inward.

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 --

-- and about fifteen years old. His is the same face Cranston saw in his dream.

Cranston looks at him in disbelief.

CRANSTON

Who are you?

TULKU

Your teacher.

CRANSTON

Do you have any idea who you just kidnapped?

TULKU

Cranston. Lamont Cranston.

This quiets Cranston for a moment.

CRANSTON

You know my real name?

TULKU

Yes. I also know that for as long as you can remember you've struggled against your own black heart. And always lost.

CRANSTON

God damn you.

He lunges for the tulku, but just as he reaches him --

-- the boy disappears. Not in the wink of an eye, but in a rapid fade, as if Cranston's image of him just falls all to pieces.

Cranston lurches off balance, through where the tulku used to be. The tulku's disembodied voice echoes through the throne room.

TULKU (o.s.)

You know what evil lurks in the hearts of men, because you've seen the evil in your own. That makes you a powerful man.

Cranston turns his head to the right, and jumps. The tulku appears right there, his face inches from Cranston's.

TULKU (cont.)

I intend to make you even more powerful.

Cranston reaches for him, but the tulku immediately slips from his view again.

TULKU (o.s.)

But for my purposes. It may take a year, maybe more, but I will teach you to use your black shadow to fight evil. Every man pays a price for redemption, this is yours.

CRANSTON

I'm not looking for redemption.

TULKU (o.s.)

You have no choice.

He appears, right next to Cranston.

TULKU (cont.)

You will be redeemed.

Cranston sees a knife mounted on the wall next to him, a lethal-looking thing with a carved ivory handle and a long, curved blade.

TULKU (cont.)

(seeing his intent)

I wouldn't do that.

Cranston whips the knife out of its scabbard and turns on the tulku with it.

But the knife does something strange. It quivers in Cranston's hand, as if with a life of its own. Cranston looks down at it in amazement. He opens his palm and the knife hesitates there, vibrating.

In a second the knife bucks, PLUNGING itself into Cranston's thigh. Cranston SCREAMS as it pulls free from his flesh and flips up, racing straight at his face.

Cranston moves his head to the side at the last second and the blade ZIPS past him, SLICING along his cheek before embedding itself in the wall behind him.

Cranston crumples to the floor, clutching his leg.

The tulku goes to the knife, lays a hand gently on it, and pulls it from the wall. It seems to obey him. Cranston watches, shaking, bleeding, scared shitless, as the tulku replaces the knife in its scabbard.

CRANSTON

(a whisper)

Am I in hell?

The doors to the throne room start to swing shut.

TULKU

Not yet.

SLAM!

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 front 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, who climbs out of the back seat, open the other rear door 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!

DUKE
Wish I could trust you, sport.
I really do. I guess 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,
or I'll give it to you but good!

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

SHADOW (o.s.)

You murdered a policeman, 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.)

The weed of your crime bears bitter
fruit.

MAXIE

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

DUKE

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

SHADOW (o.s.)

Did you think you'd get away with
it?

MAXIE

Let's scam!

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.)

Did you think I wouldn't know?

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 Johnny 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 committed murder, Duke. Now
you're going to confess to it.

DUKE
(spitting out a tooth)
Like hell I will.

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

SHADOW (o.s.)

You will, Duke. Because if you don't, I'll be there. Around every corner. In every empty room. 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 will go to the eighth precinct house on Second Avenue. You will surrender yourself to Desk Sergeant Noonan. And you will 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, a black slouch hat pulled low over his eyes, a black cloak draping 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.

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

ENGLISH JOHNNY

I hate this guy.

Without further delay, he and Maxie bolt for the car, start it up, and tear ass out of there.

The Shadow turns and walks toward Roy Tam. Tam is terrified as this apparition looms over him.

TAM

Please, don't --

The Shadow whips back his cloak. His hands dive inside and come out with two silver .45's, automatics.

Tam closes his eyes as the air around him is peppered with GUNSHOTS. He opens his eyes and looks down at his feet.

The two gobs of cement have been shot to pieces, freeing him.

TAM (cont.)

Who are you?

A taxi cab WHIRRS out of the fog, stopping beside them. The back door pops open.

CUT TO:

INT CAB NIGHT

TAM gets in and slides all the way to the far door. THE SHADOW glides in after him.

SHADOW

Drive.

The driver, MOE SHREVNITZ, fiftyish, Brooklyn belly, picture of his wife on the dashboard, drops the car in gear and pulls away. Tam looks up at him. Shrevnitz has one arm draped over the seat and is staring back at Tam, piloting his cab at top speed with his free hand.

Tam finds this unnerving. He turns back to The Shadow, but only a portion of his profile is visible behind the hat and cloak. As Tam watches, The Shadow pulls his sleeve down over his right hand, which is cut and bloodied from the fistfight.

TAM

Thank you.

SHADOW

You're Dr. Roy Tam, a professor
in the science department at NYU.

TAM

(amazed)

Yes.

SHADOW

I've saved your life, Roy Tam.
I own you.

TAM

You do?

SHADOW

You'll 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 just one in their entire lives.
But they are lives with purpose, Tam.
Purpose and honor.

He looks at Tam, as if waiting for a response. Tam looks
into those eyes.

TAM

Uh -- could I ask my wife?

SHADOW

No.

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

SHADOW (cont.)

(fast)

You'll go through your life as
always. The driver, Mr. Shrevnitz,
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. When you hear me say
"the sun is shining," you will
respond "but the ice is slippery."
Do you understand?

TAM

"The sun is shining?"

SHADOW

"But the ice is slippery."

TAM

What then?

SHADOW

You'll know. You'll need this.

The Shadow produces an old book and slides it across the seat to Tam.

SHADOW (cont.)

I demand one thing from my agents.
Obedience. Absolute, unquestioning
obedience.

Tam nods slowly, almost numb.

TAM

How did you know what was happening
to me? How did you know who I am?

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

As the cab races back into town, The Shadow's LAUGH echoes
over the empty streets.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET NIGHT

The cab SQUEALS to a halt on a remote Manhattan street. ROY
TAM gets out of the back. SHREVNITZ gets out of the front
and comes to the sidewalk with him.

TAM

My God -- that's The Shadow!

SHREVNITZ

You're a pretty smart fella.

Shrevnitz reaches out to shake Tam's hand. Tam shakes hands,
still trying to get a good look into the back of the cab.

TAM

I'd heard the rumors -- in the
papers, on the radio -- but I thought
it was just talk. I didn't think he
existed!

SHREVNITZ

(with meaning)

He doesn't.

Tam nods, understanding. Shrevnitz releases Tam's hand and the scientist lifts it up and looks at it. Shrevnitz has slipped a ring onto his little finger, a small setting with a bright green stone in the middle.

Shrevnitz holds his own hand up for Tam to see -- he has an identical ring on his little finger. He winks and turns to go.

TAM

Wait a minute. Who are you?

SHREVNITZ

Somebody who owes him my life.

Somebody just --

(jabs a hard finger
in Tam's chest)

-- like you.

He turns and gets back in the cab, which promptly pulls away from the curb and disappears into the fog.

Tam looks down at the book in his hands, the one The Shadow gave him. It's an ordinary dictionary.

He is left in amazement.

CUT TO:

INT TAXI NIGHT

SHREVNITZ drives the car uptown. He looks in the rear view mirror, into the back seat, but it's completely black. Faintly, in heavy shadow, he sees movement.

SHREVNITZ

Boss, you okay?

CRANSTON leans forward, into the light, and his face is pale and sweaty, as if he's just come down from a tremendous emotional ordeal. He's wearing a tuxedo.

CRANSTON

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 tiled 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 comes up to the table of WAINWRIGHT BARTH, early sixties, proper, a gentleman in the purest -- and most annoying -- sense of the word. Barth went ahead and ordered, in fact he's nearly finished his dinner.

CRANSTON

Sorry I'm late, Uncle Wainwright.
Got hung up on the bridge.

Barth GRUNTS resentfully and keeps eating.

BARTH

Didn't think you'd want me to
wait. Kitchen's closed.

A WAITER comes and places a drink in front of Cranston, clearly "the usual."

CRANSTON

Doesn't matter.

He gulps the drink.

BARTH

I'm a little upset with you, Lamont.

CRANSTON

(signalling for
another drink)
What is it this time?

BARTH

Mr. Hadley Richardson is a very
busy man, and one of New York's
most important financial counselors.
I had to pull a lot of strings to
get you that meeting, you could
have at least had the decency to
go and listen to him.

CRANSTON

I got caught up.

BARTH

(steamed)

You got caught up. Just too busy
for Mr. Hadley Richardson.

Cranston shrugs and looks away. As he does, 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 too 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.

MARGO

(to the Maitre D')

This is odd. I never get headaches.
Could you bring me an aspirin?

Back on the other side of the room, Cranston is a bit shaken. Barth's VOICE chases after him.

BARTH

Lamont? Lamont?

Cranston turns back.

CRANSTON

Sorry, what were we talking about?

BARTH

(sighs)

Lamont, your life is your business.
I've never meddled in your affairs.
When you disappeared for seven years
after the War --

Cranston looks up at him sharply; this is clearly forbidden ground. Barth throws up his hands defensively.

BARTH (cont.)

-- I didn't ask questions, and I won't now. I'm not sure I want to know. To be perfectly honest, there's something about you that's always kind of frightened --

(me)

-- your Aunt Rose.

CRANSTON

(smiles)

Aunt Rose?

BARTH

But this is different. I would respectfully remind you that you are the sole trustee of the Cranston estate, an estate that provides a monthly stipend for all of your living relatives.

CRANSTON

Including you, right?

BARTH

(flustered)

A small amount, yes. But I'm thinking of your best interests. All I'm suggesting is employing an advisor to help you choose investments for the trust.

CRANSTON

I buy stock.

BARTH

Sure, like that fly-by-night company you just bought into. What's it called?

CRANSTON

I.B.M.

BARTH

(scoffs)

"International Business Machines." Believe me, Lamont, the world will never be run by machines. That stock will be worthless.

CRANSTON

I have a hunch.

BARTH

A hunch. I see. You know, if you won't listen to me, Lamont, I don't know why you keep calling me for dinner.

VOICE (o.s.)

Police Commissioner Barth?

A BELLBOY stands over the table, silver message tray in hand. Cranston smiles, as if the Bellboy's appearance just answered Barth's question, but Barth doesn't notice.

BARTH

Yes?

BELLBOY

Urgent telephone message for you, sir.

Barth sighs, puts down his fork, and takes the message. He begins to open it, then notices Cranston is looking at him. He gives his nephew a "none of your business" look and Cranston turns the other way.

He looks over to where Margo is sitting. She's staring at him, openly, almost as if transfixed. Cranston returns the stare until she seems to snap out of it. She turns away, flustered.

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

CRANSTON

What's the matter? Cops and robbers business bad?

BARTH

It's a report of this damned Shadow character again.

CRANSTON

I thought you said he was just a rumor.

BARTH

(waving the note)

That's not what Duke Rollins said tonight.

CRANSTON

Who?

BARTH

A gangster we've been after. Walked right into the eighth precinct and confessed to murder. Just like that. This has to stop. Tomorrow I'm going to appoint a special task force to investigate this Shadow. We're going to find out exactly who he is.

Cranston catches Barth's eye. His voice suddenly drops, taking on The Shadow's tone.

CRANSTON

(The Shadow)

You're not going to appoint a task force.

Barth stares into Cranston's eyes, captivated. He speaks with real and sudden conviction.

BARTH

Come to think of it, to hell with the task force.

CRANSTON

(The Shadow)

You are not to pay attention to reports of The Shadow.

Barth crumples up the message he just received and dumps it in the ashtray.

BARTH

And I refuse to listen to any more of these ridiculous reports.

CRANSTON

There is no Shadow.

BARTH

(with finality)

There is no Shadow.

Cranston breaks the eye contact. Barth blinks and returns to normal.

BARTH (cont.)

(lost)

Sorry -- where was I?

CRANSTON

You were going to tell me who she is.

He jerks his thumb over his shoulder at Margo. Barth squints over at her.

BARTH

Margo Lane, I believe. Society.
Her father's Reinhardt Lane, a
scientist doing some research
for the War Department. Why?

CRANSTON

No reason.

Cranston gets up from the table.

BARTH

Where are you going?

Cranston points to Barth's empty plate.

CRANSTON

(grins)

Out for dinner, Uncle Wainwright.

He heads for the door. As he goes, he steals another look at Margo. As if sensing his glance, she looks up and they catch eyes again. Cranston pauses and says something to a WAITER before heading out.

AT MARGO'S TABLE,

she looks through a menu. She turns to the Waiter as he arrives.

MARGO

I wonder if I could have a glass
of Mouton --

The Waiter sets a glass down in front of her.

WAITER

(finishing)

-- Rothschild, 1928.

MARGO

(surprised,
that was it)

Yes.

WAITER

From the gentleman.

He gestures over near the doorway. Margo looks --

-- but there's no one 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.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON LIVING ROOM NIGHT

The Cranston mansion 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 is asleep in front of the fire, a snifter of brandy tilting precariously from his hand, 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 MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY NIGHT

Not many lights are on at this hour in the Museum of Natural History, up on Central Park West.

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 exhibit, dark at this hour.

Samurais and Mongol warriors, dressed in the battle gear of their 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.

(reading)

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

(looks up
in wonder)

Temujin!

He steps back from the coffin reverently, almost afraid of it.

NEWBOLDT (cont.)

This is the silver coffin of Temujin!

MATTHEWS

Who's Temujin?

NEWBOLDT

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

MATTHEWS

So how come I haven't heard of him?

NEWBOLDT

Temujin was the birthname --

(a look back
at the coffin)

-- of Genghis Khan!

He and Newboldt look at each other. They're growing alarmed.

NEWBOLDT (cont.)

We can't keep this. What was the shipper's address?

MATTHEWS

Didn't say. Label only has the country of origin.

NEWBOLDT

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 -- "

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

MATTHEWS (cont.)

" -- of -- "

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

MATTHEWS (cont.)

" -- Broadway."

As he looks at the coffin, one of its silver latches SNAPS open.

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.

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 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.

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.

He turns back to where Shiwan Khan was standing --

-- but there's nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT MUSEUM NIGHT

A number of police cars are parked in front of the museum.

CUT TO:

INT LOADING DOCK NIGHT

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

COMMISSIONER BARTH arrives, looking dog tired.

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

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

Barth 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. Moving in close on his hands, we notice his pinky ring.

It has a small, bright green stone set in the middle.

The Cop slips out of the room, unnoticed.

CUT TO:

EXT CHELSEA DISTRICT NIGHT

The COP hurries down a 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 dark 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. Again, The Shadow's profile is stencilled across it. A desk below the map is overwhelmed by a huge 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

A taxi pulls to a stop next to a vacant lot in an area just adjacent to Chinatown. 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 there's nothing here now.

The TAXI DRIVER barks into his rearview mirror.

DRIVER

Here?

SHIWAN KHAN looks at the lot from the back of the taxi cab.

KHAN

Here.

DRIVER

Buck forty-five.

Khan ignores him, opening the door.

DRIVER (cont.)

What's the matter, Peaches, you
don't savvy English? I said --

He looks up and catches eyes with Khan in the rear view mirror.

DRIVER (cont.)

(frightened by what
he sees in Khan's eyes)
Actually, this one's on me.

The Driver picks up his call sheet and begins writing down the address.

KHAN

What are you doing?

DRIVER

Writin' down the drop-off address.

KHAN

You're making a record of my
destination?

DRIVER

Yeah. Taxi commission rule.

Khan doesn't like this. He looks up, ahead, to the end of the block. A fuel truck is parked on the street, the sidewalk next to it is crowded.

KHAN
(to the Driver)
You need fuel.

Khan gets out of the car. As he slams the door, the Driver finishes recording the address and looks down at his gas gauge. The needle points clearly to "full."

DRIVER
Geez, I need gas.

He looks up, his eyes glassy. He sees the fuel truck, about a block ahead of him. He revs the engine, the car still in park.

Khan stands on the sidewalk next to the vacant lot, staring at the Driver. Thinking at him.

The Driver revs the engine even higher, until the whole cab shudders and vibrates. Suddenly he drops it in gear and the taxi SQUEALS away from the curb, down the street, straight for the fuel truck.

ON THE CURB,

Khan's mouth twists into a faint, strange smile as he hears the first alarmed SHOUTS of PEDESTRIANS near the fuel truck.

ON THE STREET,

the cab rockets ahead and SLAMS into the side of the truck, which blows sky-high, engulfing in flame those unfortunates who were too close to get away.

Panic reigns.

BACK ON THE CURB,

Khan is gone.

INSIDE THE FLAMING CAB,

the call sheet the Driver wrote the drop-off address on curls up in flame and is destroyed.

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, and the tapestries on the walls seem to be hung at odd angles -- one end is even with the floor, the other end has a two or three foot gap.

SHIWAN KHAN steps forward from the main tapestry, clad in robes that match its pattern, giving him the illusion of stepping out of the cloth itself.

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. Tiny, menacing blue sparks jump and dance from their fingertips.

KHAN

We have come far. Soon we will
be joined by a powerful warrior.
Then, with wings outstretched,
we will all fly to our destiny.

The Naljorpas put their lips together and HISS. 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 MOE SHREVNITZ' CAB NIGHT

MOE SHREVNITZ pilots his taxi through traffic. A middle-aged COUPLE ride in the back. Shrevnitz has his arm over the seat and is talking to them, only occasionally looking out at traffic.

SHREVNITZ

So I sez to myself "two hundred
bucks is ridiculous, if the wife
wants a screen porch, I'll build
a screen porch myself!"

The Couple cling to each other, terrified by this guy who seems to drive without looking.

MAN

Uh -- the, uh -- the --

SHREVNITZ

I mean, how hard can it be, right?

MAN

-- road, gotta look at the road --

SHREVNITZ
 (paying him
 no attention)
 Well, was I in for a surprise.

MAN
 -- gotta look at the TRUCK!

Sure enough, a truck has backed out into the road in front of the speeding cab. Giving it only the slightest glance, Shrevnitz tugs on the wheel and cuts neatly around it.

SHREVNITZ
 Now, I'll admit I'm no carpenter,
 but --

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 (cont.)
 (to the couple)
 Out.

Don't have to tell them twice. The petrified couple scrambles out of the cab. They barely make it to the curb before the taxi races back into traffic at breakneck speed.

CUT TO:

EXT CRANSTON MANSION NIGHT

Shrevnitz' taxi comes to a stop outside the Cranston mansion.

CUT TO:

INT TAXI NIGHT

CRANSTON climbs into the cab. He seems agitated.

SHREVNITZ
 Where to, Boss?

CRANSTON
 The Sanctum.

SHREVNITZ
 You got it.

He stomps on the gas.

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.

Shrevnitz' taxi stops in the middle of it all. CRANSTON gets out of the car and glides down the steps to a basement arcade.

CUT TO:

INT ARCADE NIGHT

Inside the arcade are CURIO VENDERS, SHARPSTERS, even a FREAK SHOW with a fake TWO-HEADED MAN and an aged BELLY DANCER. At one booth, labeled FLEA CIRCUS, some madman has tied tiny Roman chariots to actual fleas with sewing thread.

CRANSTON hurries through the crowd. Nobody pays him any attention.

He reaches the back door of the arcade and ducks out a little-used door.

CUT TO:

EXT ALLEY NIGHT

It's an empty blind alley, fairly unremarkable, its terminus three walls of smooth brick at the end of a descending driveway, apparently for deliveries. CRANSTON emerges from the exit door of the arcade, moves to the back wall, and touches three bricks lightly, in quick sequence.

With a WHOOSH, the back wall of the alley leaps apart, its interlocked bricks parting along a jagged line just long enough for him 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 dark, narrow corridor. We follow CRANSTON down a darker, narrower staircase.

Descending that, we reach a heavy steel door that CLANGS shut just as we duck inside.

We are in the middle of The Shadow's Sanctum.

It's a smallish room, the walls covered floor to ceiling with books on every subject imagineable. At the far end of the room is a low table with an elaborate radio setup, 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. He presses the mike key on an old-fashioned heavy base microphone, and his lips move up next to the mike.

CRANSTON
(into microphone)
Report.

CUT TO:

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 Museum of Natural
History.

CRANSTON (o.s.)
(musing)
Murder.

BURBANK
Agent advises inquiry.

CUT TO:

INT SHADOW'S SANCTUM NIGHT

CRANSTON is already moving.

CRANSTON
(into mike)
Understood.

He SNAPS off the microphone and is turning to leave when he hears an odd WHIRRING sound from overhead. A coin arcs through the air, sailing over his head and landing with a DING on the table in front of him, spinning perfectly.

Cranston reaches out and picks it up. It's silvery, brilliant, with an ornate "K" carved in the middle.

Cranston turns around slowly. There's someone in the doorway to his sanctum.

SHIWAN KHAN. Standing there like he owns the place.

KHAN

Hmm. I saw you as taller.

CRANSTON

Who are you?

KHAN

(affably enough)
Shiwan Khan, last descendant of
Genghis Khan. You are, naturally,
deeply honored.

Cranston remains frozen where he is, sizing up this intruder.

KHAN (cont.)

Don't feel obligated to introduce
yourself, I already know who you
are. Not this --

(gestures to a
hat and cloak
on a rack)

-- temporary version of yourself.

I know who you really are.

(bows almost
reverently)

Ying Ko. I am a great admirer.

Cranston's eyes widen at this jolt from his past.

CRANSTON

That's not my name any more.

KHAN

May I sit?

Cranston, still taken aback by Khan's appearance, doesn't answer for a moment.

KHAN (cont.)

I must admit, you're hurting my
feelings. I should have thought
you'd enjoy meeting another with
the unique ability to cloud men's
minds.

CRANSTON

(who the fuck
is this guy?)

I am sorry. Please sit down.

He gestures to a table on the other side of the room. Khan crosses and sits, arranging himself regally behind it.

Cranston gets up, circling around Khan, keeping himself about the same measured distance from him.

CRANSTON (cont.)

You studied under Marpa Tulku.

KHAN

Yes. He spoke of you constantly. But I'm afraid he wasn't able to turn me quite as easily. Would you happen to have some American bourbon? I have a bit of a taste for it.

Cranston smiles, willing to play along. He goes to a sideboard and takes a bottle and two glasses.

CRANSTON

(casually)

You were at the museum tonight, weren't you?

Cranston has poured two drinks and gives one to Khan. They CLINK glasses.

KHAN

(smiles)

Briefly.

They drink.

KHAN (cont.)

Ah, Ying Ko. You are, I have to confess, my idol. Grown men still shiver at the name. Do you remember your raid on the village of Barga? I studied it.

Cranston's face betrays a hint of -- a fond memory?

KHAN (cont.)

How nice. You do remember.

CRANSTON

It -- rings a bell.

KHAN

It was a master stroke. Swift. Vicious. Sudden. What genius.

CRANSTON

What do you want here?

KHAN

To paint my master stroke.
Genghis Khan conquered half the
world in his lifetime. I intend
to finish the job.

Khan takes the bottle and pours another round of drinks as he
speaks.

KHAN (cont.)

I travelled to this country in
his holy crypt to fully absorb
his power. In three days, on the
anniversary of his birth -- the
Year of the Swine -- the entire
world will hear my roar and
willingly fall subject to the lost
empire of Sianking.

They drink again.

CRANSTON

You're a savage.

KHAN

(flattered)

Thank you. Savagery is necessary
every four or five hundred years
or so, don't you think? Otherwise
the world would die of too much
civilization.

CRANSTON

I think we drew different morals
from our lessons.

KHAN

Did we? Maybe not. Inside you
beats a heart of darkness. You
dip into it every time you put on
the hat and cloak. The feeling of
hot blood running down your hands
is still fresh and good inside you,
isn't it?

Khan reaches out suddenly and grabs Cranston by the wrist.
He holds him tightly as he speaks -- HISSES really, his voice
fast, low, and urgent.

KHAN (cont.)

Join me. You are Ying Ko, the
Butcher of Lhasa, you deserve to
be by my side.

Cranston RIPS free. He backs across the room, to the far wall. As Khan continues talking, Cranston slides his foot slowly and surreptitiously up the wall behind him.

KHAN (cont.)

Together, we'll pit armies against one another like a chess game, we'll collect our due of pain, we'll wash our hands in blood. Your mouth still waters at real power, I'm offering you a chance to take it back. Ying Ko -- be my partner.

CRANSTON

I told you -- that's not my name any more.

KHAN

But it is, nevertheless, still who you are. Isn't it?

CRANSTON

No.

Cranston's foot is still moving, now toward the center of what looks like a secret panel, its outline just barely visible through the dust.

KHAN

Don't lie to me. It's no more difficult for me to invade your mind than it was this room.

Khan's eyes dart down to Cranston's foot. He smiles faintly, fully aware of what's going on.

KHAN (cont.)

I can see you're not ready yet.

In a quick motion, Cranston kicks the panel, which flips open, end over end, revealing a .45 neatly mounted in a holster. He turns his attention to it for a second, to draw it, and when he looks back, gun in hand --

-- Khan is gone. His VOICE echoes through the sanctum.

KHAN (o.s.)

We'll meet again. Soon.

From down the corridor, Cranston can hear the bricks that mark the entrance to his sanctum GRINDING shut. He replaces the gun in its holster and closes the panel.

He goes back to his desk and sits. He sees the coin Khan tossed earlier. He picks it up for a closer look. The coin is metal, similar to silver, but it glows strangely, dully in the light.

Cranston examines it.

CUT TO:

EXT FEDERAL BUILDING NIGHT

The Federal Building, about twenty-five stories tall, stands among the other official buildings downtown. A light burns in one of the top windows.

CUT TO:

INT FEDERAL BUILDING NIGHT

TWO MARINE GUARDS stand watch outside two swinging doors at the end of a long hallway. There's a sign on the door:

WAR DEPARTMENT
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.

The elevator DINGS and MARGO LANE steps off. She walks down the hall toward the doors and nods to the Guards.

GUARD 1
Evening, Miss Lane.

She stops at the doors, TAPS lightly, and goes in.

CUT TO:

INT REINHARDT LANE'S LAB NIGHT

REINHARDT LANE, sixty or so, works at a bench. The inside of Lane's head probably looks a lot like the inside of his lab -- an absolute mess, sketches and scribblings everywhere.

Lane 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. Over the bench is a sign:

DANGER -- EXPLOSIVES.

MARGO pokes her head in the door to the lab.

MARGO
(quietly)
Dad?

Lane doesn't look up, just keeps working and MUMBLING to himself.

MARGO (cont.)
(louder)
Dad?

LANE
(still not looking up)
Dad.

Margo smiles and goes to a couch on the other side of the room. She clears a space and flops onto it, staring up at the ceiling contemplatively.

After a moment:

MARGO
Do you believe in telepathy?

Lane turns and looks at her as if she's new in the room.

LANE
What was the question?

MARGO
Telepathy. Do you think it exists between certain people?

LANE
What, you mean mind reading? Of course not. I'm a physicist. Why do you ask?

MARGO
I met the strangest man tonight.

LANE
(going back to his work)
That's nice, dear.

Margo smiles. She gets up, gives him a kiss on the forehead, and heads for the door.

MARGO
Don't work too late.

He MUMBLES a response as she leaves, but he's distracted again, back to trying to figure out what to do with that strange, ominous-looking contraption . . .

CUT TO:

INT PRAYER CHAMBER NIGHT

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 Escher-like pattern of interlocking circles and squares, each overlapping the other, creating the illusion of depth.

Khan furrows his brow and stares into it, concentrating.

As he stares, the circles and squares seem to lift up out of the thanka, acquiring a third dimension. They move out into space and wrap around Khan.

KHAN
Reinhardt Lane.

CUT TO:

INT REINHARDT LANE'S LABORATORY NIGHT

REINHARDT LANE looks up suddenly, as if hearing someone call him.

But nobody's there. He looks behind him. Nothing.

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.

Lane looks out over the balcony, at a huge Camel cigarette billboard, the old one that featured the enormous head of a Contented Smoker blowing a synthetic lazy smoke ring every few seconds.

Lane looks at the sign and lights a cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT PRAYER CHAMBER NIGHT

SHIWAN KHAN stares into the thanka, concentrating ever harder.

As he meditates, one of the geometric shapes hovering in front of him changes color. Details pop out. It takes on the appearance of the Camel sign.

CUT TO:

EXT BALCONY NIGHT

LANE stares at the Camel sign. As he watches, the face of the Contented Smoker begins to shimmer, to grow blurry around the edges.

Lane rubs his eyes and looks back. As he watches, the face of the Contented Smoker changes completely, blurring out of focus and then returning in sharp, frightening relief --

-- as the face of SHIWAN KHAN. His green eyes burn out of the sign, straight into Lane's:

Lane's eyes glaze over, his jaw slackens. He is hypnotized.

LANE

Yes, my khan.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT A KITCHEN DAY

A radio BLARES.

ANNOUNCER (o.s.)

-- yet another report of the elusive "Shadow" New Yorkers have been chasing for almost five years.

A FAMILY scurries about the kitchen table at breakfast time. KIDS do last-minute homework in front of the radio. The FATHER is parked behind a newspaper which hides his face. On the report of The Shadow, he lowers the paper.

It's ROY TAM.

ANNOUNCER (cont.)

But guess what, Radioland? There's still no proof of his existence!

TAM'S KID

My teacher says they just made up The Shadow so we'd listen to the radio more. Is that true, Dad?

TAM

No, it's -- well, I mean, it could -- I mean, I'm sure your teacher --

His wife gives him a confused look.

MRS. TAM
What's the matter with you, Roy?

The phone RINGS from the other room.

TAM
(too eager)
I'll get it.

He excuses himself and answers the wall telephone in the front hallway.

TAM
Hello?

SHADOW (o.s.)
(on phone)
"The sun is shining."

Tam swallows as he recognizes The Shadow's voice and his coded introduction.

TAM
"But the ice is slippery."

SHADOW (o.s.)
Are you ready?

Trembling slightly, Tam picks up a pad and pencil.

TAM
Go ahead.

SHADOW (o.s.)
Eighty-three -- ten. Eight hundred
forty-five -- thirty-seven.

As The Shadow reels off the pairs of numbers, Tam jots them down quicky.

SHADOW (cont.)
Four hundred ninety-four -- four.
Three hundred seventy-five -- eight.
Nine hundred ninety-nine -- twenty-six.
Eleven hundred twenty-five -- thirty-three.

The Shadow finishes and hangs up without another word. Tam looks up, notices his wife staring at him from the doorway to the kitchen.

TAM.
 (into phone)
 Yes, that's right. The final will
 be cumulative.

His wife goes back into the kitchen.

Tam hangs up the phone and pulls a book out of the telephone table. It's the dictionary The Shadow gave him. Consulting the list of numbers The Shadow read, Tam flips around in the dictionary, finding the page number and word number that correspond to the first and second number of each pair. He writes down the word that appears there.

He finishes and looks at the words he's written down --

-- "Analyze package front door. Report soonest." He turns and goes to his front door. He opens it.

Outside, a parcel has been set on his porch. Tam picks it up, comes back inside, and heads down the hallway with it.

MRS. TAM
 Who was on the phone, dear?

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

In the kitchen, the radio still blares gossip about The Shadow.

TAM (cont.)
 Turn that nonsense off, will you?

CUT TO:

INT TAM'S LAB DAY

TAM comes into his home laboratory, unwrapping the package. He removes the silvery coin Cranston got from Khan and looks at it curiously.

He picks up a metal probe and pokes it.

CUT TO:

INT COBALT CLUB NIGHT

CRANSTON and COMMISSIONER BARTH are having dinner in the Cobalt Club.

BARTH

Trust me, Lamont. Rutledge Mann and I were at Dartmouth together. He's brilliant. A financial genius.

CRANSTON

I don't know. Maybe I can squeeze him in.

BARTH

Squeeze him in?! What can you be so busy with? What do you do with your time?

CRANSTON

(shrugs)
I have hobbies.

Barth notices something over Cranston's shoulder and SIGHS. Cranston turns and follows his eye. MARGO LANE is headed straight for their table.

BARTH

It's that Lane woman again. She's been calling me all day, but I --
(she arrives)
-- Hello, Miss Lane! Delightful to --

MARGO

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

BARTH

My secretary told you this morning, Miss Lane, there is nothing we can do unless --

MARGO

Unless what? He blows himself up?

She notices Cranston at the table and remembers him from the previous night.

BARTH

Oh, sorry. Miss Margo Lane, my nephew, Lamont Cranston.

MARGO

(still suspicious
of him)
How do you do?

They shake. As their hands touch, she looks up at him, strangely, feeling something odd. He tugs his hand away and nips their eye contact in the bud.

BARTH

(back to Margo)
The fact that your father is acting strangely does not justify a police investigation.

MARGO

I just want you to get me into the Federal Building to see him. The government says he's suddenly decided to live at the lab. No visitors, not even his own daughter. Something's wrong. I know it. I spoke to him on the phone and he was distant. Confused. He spoke to me in Chinese or something.

BARTH

So?

MARGO

Commissioner, my father doesn't speak Chinese.

Cranston looks up sharply. Margo notices his sudden interest.

BARTH

All right. I'll have a policeman drop round the Federal Building tomorrow and see if he's all right. Will that be enough?

MARGO

No, I want --

As Barth spoke, Margo directed her attention back to him from Cranston. Now she looks back to where Cranston is sitting.

Or was sitting. He's gone.

MARGO (cont.)

Wait a minute. Where did your nephew go?

BARTH

Go?

He turns. Cranston is in fact gone, and it seems almost impossible that they wouldn't have noticed his exit.

BARTH (cont.)
Well, I'll be damned.

Margo looks across the club. Cranston is whisking toward the exit.

MARGO
(to Barth)
Excuse me.

BARTH
Where are you going?

But Margo's gone, after Cranston, hurrying through the club and catching up to him at the hat check.

MARGO
Mr. Cranston.

Cranston keeps walking.

MARGO (cont.)
Excuse me!

She grabs him by the arm and turns him around. She suddenly finds herself face to face with him and their eyes lock, hard.

Cranston doesn't look away, just stares directly into her eyes. Margo doesn't look away either. Suddenly her breath draws in, almost involuntarily, she shoots a hand to her mouth and she steps away from him, frightened.

MARGO (cont.)
Your eyes, I -- I've never seen
anything like that!

CRANSTON
Excuse me?

MARGO
I don't know, I -- I had the most
bizarre feeling come over me.

CRANSTON
Well, if you'll excuse --

MARGO
(suddenly, blurting
it out)
Ying Ko.

Cranston looks at her sharply.

- - - - -

MARGO (cont.)
 (confused)
 Who is Ying Ko?

Alarmed, Cranston catches her eyes in the same way he caught Barth's the first time he was in the Cobalt Club. His voice drops in pitch, taking on The Shadow's tone.

CRANSTON
 (The Shadow)
 You'll forget this.

Margo looks at him. She is unaffected.

MARGO
 What?

CRANSTON
 (The Shadow)
 You'll give me no further thought.

MARGO
 (still unaffected)
 What are you talking about?

Cranston realizes it's not working with her, and this is way too close for comfort. Without another word he turns and walks swiftly out of the club.

MARGO (cont.)
 Hey!

CUT TO:

EXT COBALT CLUB NIGHT

CRANSTON comes out of the Cobalt Club. He pauses, looking back inside, shaken by his encounter with Margo.

He goes to the curb. MOE SHREVNITZ' cab is there and Cranston climbs in quickly.

After a second, MARGO hurries out of the club after him. She gets a good look at Shrevnitz, his cab, and Cranston in the back seat as they rip off into the night.

CUT TO:

INT CAB NIGHT

CRANSTON turns his attention to SHREVNITZ.

CRANSTON
 The Federal Building.

SHREVNITZ
 (thick Brooklyn accent)
 Con mucho gusto.

Cranston gives him a funny look.

SHREVNITZ (cont.)
 (shrugs)
 Spanish class. Wife's idea. She
 wants to go to Acapulco this winter.

He's got the cab up to cruising speed, but all the while he's still staring back at Cranston over the seat. Cranston gestures for him to look at the road.

CRANSTON
 Moe --

SHREVNITZ
 Me, I say sure, but everybody goes
 to Acapulco, why not Cuernavaca?
 Just as nice, no crazy prices, right?

Cranston's desperately trying to point to the road in front of them, where PEOPLE are crossing the street.

CRANSTON
 MOE!

With the slightest of glances, Shrevnitz hits the brakes, halting the cab inches from the Pedestrians.

SHREVNITZ
 I mean, am I right or am I right?

CRANSTON
 (tired)
 The Federal Building, Moe?

Shrevnitz shrugs and stomps on the gas. As the car takes off, Cranston leans down and opens a compartment under the back seat. A black slouch hat and cloak are inside, neatly folded.

In the front seat, Shrevnitz hears the SCRAPE of the drawer and looks up at the rear view mirror for a glimpse into the darkened back seat. He can't see much, but he can hear Cranston's breathing, which has taken on a low, RASPING, almost inhuman sound.

Shrevnitz jumps as there is a sudden SNAP and flash of black cloak. He reaches up and flicks the rear view mirror away from Cranston's image, too frightened to watch as a man is transformed into --

-- a SHADOW.

CUT TO:

EXT REINHARDT LANE'S BALCONY NIGHT

REINHARDT LANE stands on the balcony of his lab again, staring out at the Camel sign. He speaks, apparently to the sign, his face a hypnotized blank.

LANE

But it's not ready yet.

His face changes, registering a response we don't hear.

LANE (cont.)

Yes. I understand. I will wait
and go with them.

He turns and goes to his work bench. He carefully lifts the football helmet device he is working on and sets it in a padded case.

CUT TO:

INT HALLWAY NIGHT

The MARINE GUARDS stand outside the door. The FIRST 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. Yeah! I felt
somethin'!

The First 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 First Guard turns.

GUARD 1 (cont.)

What was that?

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

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

The First 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 First Guard's hand as it descends.

The Guard stands, amazed, 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 First Guard.

Ready for battle.

GUARD 1

SHOOT 'EM!

The Second 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 First Guard knows he's doomed. He looks back at the First 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.

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 and picks up the case.

Just as he does, the Naljorpa hears something. He CLICKS his tongue twice and Lane puts down the case. He waits.

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

A BLACK GLOVED HAND suddenly lashes down from above, 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.

Up above him, THE SHADOW struggles as the unexpected sparks fly between his hand and those of the Naljorpa. The Tibetan 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 platform, 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 fall through space, seemingly in for a twenty-five story drop, when --

-- CRUNCH!

They land, hard, on a protruding 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 cement, blood seeping from his head.

SHADOW

Next time you can be on top.

The Shadow turns and looks back up, above him.

BACK IN LANE'S LAB,

the other four Naljorpas are still waiting for their Fifth to return. Suddenly the First Naljorpa's chin SNAPS shut as if hit by a tremendous blow and he crumples to the floor.

THE SHADOW'S LAUGH echoes through the room.

The other three Naljorpas turn to the general area the First Naljorpa occupied. But they're helpless. They each start taking punches, hard, and it looks like no contest for The Shadow, except --

-- something's happening. Every time one of the Naljorpas receives a punch, there's a sharp CRACK and a blue bolt of electricity dances out in front of them.

The First Naljorpa struggles to his feet again, receives a punch in the face, and this time as the blue bolt lashes out, a gloved hand is briefly, faintly visible. The bolt whips around the hand, then it disappears again.

SECOND NALJORPA

There! He's losing his concentration!

The Second Naljorpa lunges in the area of the hand and wraps himself around their invisible foe. Electricity flares, the invisible form bucks and struggles, and finally the two are thrown apart.

But The Shadow, weakened, is now completely visible as he falls back against a wall. The Naljorpas regroup, fall into formation, and face off against him.

The First Naljorpa SCREAMS their battle cry.

With a quick and 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.

The First Naljorpa stops screaming.

The Shadow opens up, cutting down one, two, of the Naljorpas in succession while the other two dive for cover.

Throughout the fray, Reinhardt Lane has stood passively in the middle of the room. Now, as The Shadow fires on his cohorts, the Third Naljorpa races over to Lane, grabs him by the arm, and drags him out of the room.

The Shadow's guns run out. He holsters them and turns to give chase, but the Fourth Naljorpa, the only other one remaining, tackles him, sending both of them careening out onto the balcony.

The Naljorpa pulls a knife and drives it at The Shadow. The Shadow ducks it and the Naljorpa sails over the ledge.

The Shadow catches his arm and is nearly pulled over himself, but keeps his ground on the balcony, holding onto the Naljorpa as he dangles in space.

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.)

Tell me! Why are you here?!

NALJORPA

To serve my Khan.

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

-- pulls free. He disappears, falling into the black.

CUT TO:

EXT FEDERAL BUILDING 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 --

There is a soft WHOOSHING sound as 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 was that?

VOICE (o.s.)

A Naljorpa.

Shrevnitz jumps at the voice and turns around. THE SHADOW is in the back seat, slumped in a corner, visibly drained.

SHADOW (cont.)

Drive.

Shrevnitz drops it into gear and pulls away.

SHADOW (cont.)

They're Tibetan mystics. These were warriors. Powerful. Well trained.

SHREVNITZ

Sure don't fly too good though.

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.

Making a decision, he turns to Reinhardt Lane.

KHAN (cont.)

Begin your work. You have forty-eight hours.

LANE

Yes, my Khan.

He bends to pick up the case.

KHAN

But first --

Lane straightens up obediently.

KHAN (cont.)

-- I would appreciate your making
a telephone call for me.

CUT TO:

INT MARGO'S APARTMENT NIGHT

The phone is RINGING as MARGO comes in the door to her apartment, a tastefully furnished midtown place. She dumps her bag and answers it.

MARGO

Hello? Dad! Dad, are you
all right? What's going on?!

CUT TO:

EXT PHONE BOOTH NIGHT

REINHARDT LANE stands at a phone booth on the street. His eyes are still glazed over, he speaks like a zombie.

LANE

I'm fine, dear. I need to see
you right away. At the lab.

MARGO (o.s.)

Good! I want to see you. Are
you there now?

LANE

Right away.

He hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

INT FEDERAL BUILDING NIGHT

The elevator DINGS open and MARGO hurries into the hallway outside Lane's lab. She sees the dead bodies of the GUARDS.

MARGO

Oh, God!

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

CUT TO:

INT LAB NIGHT

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

MARGO

God, no!

She turns in a circle, unable to believe it.

MARGO (cont.)

Dad? Where are you?!

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.)

Dad, please.

She looks out, over the balcony. She notices the intriguing Camel sign across the street.

She looks at it curiously. All at once the outline of the Contented Smoker shivers, then SLAMS into focus as the face of SHIWAN KHAN.

Margo is taken aback, but before she has a chance to turn away, she is caught by his eyes and another disturbing fact.

Khan's lips are moving. He speaks, the words echoing out over the city.

KHAN

Margo Lane.

She is transfixed.

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.

SHIWAN KHAN's VOICE echoes in Margo's head, rich and mellifluous.

KHAN (o.s.)

Press the button again. Hold it down.

Margo does.

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

KHAN (o.s.)

That's good, Miss Lane. You're doing fine.

Finally, the doors open again, revealing an earthen tunnel ahead. Margo steps out of the elevator and the doors SLAM shut as she disappears into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT

MARGO stands before SHIWAN KHAN, hypnotized. She seems to teeter, as if she can't trust her balance.

She bends to her knees before Shiwan 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

I have a mission for you, my dear.

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 Khan's spell, they fail to recognize even each other.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

CRANSTON is in his bedroom, sitting up on the bed, reading. The only light is from a fire in the fireplace.

He raises his head, hearing a noise we don't.

CUT TO:

INT MANSION NIGHT

Elsewhere in the mansion, two feet make their way silently up a staircase.

It's MARGO. She reaches the top of the staircase and starts down the hallway, toward Cranston's room.

She pulls out the pistol and holds it in front of her.

She reaches for the doorknob and turns it.

She pushes open the door and walks in. She looks to the bed and sees CRANSTON sitting upright, looking at her, unarmed.

She points her gun directly at him and FIRES.

The shot hits him squarely in the heart, but instead of killing him, there is a tremendous CRASH and Cranston's image SPIDERWEBS.

Margo looks, confused, then turns quickly to her left --

-- to where Cranston sits in a chair. The image she fired at was his, but only a reflection of him in the large mirror in the headboard over his bed.

Cranston stares at her from the chair, crazy with rage. Something seems to have taken control of him.

Margo, still hypnotized, is powerless as he lowers his book and slowly raises a gun from his lap. He points it at her and COCKS it.

He's tense, crazy with anger, and for a moment, it seems he could shoot her, just from revenge or white hate, and then --

-- he lowers the gun.

He stands up and circles Margo, sizing her up while she's still under her spell. He slips the gun from her hand and examines it. He goes across the room and puts both weapons in a drawer.

He turns back to Margo.

CRANSTON

Margo Lane.

The sound of her own name snaps her out of it. She turns, confused.

MARGO

What are you doing here?

CRANSTON

You're in my home. Who sent you?

MARGO

I think I --

CRANSTON

WHO SENT YOU?!

MARGO

There was a voice. I remember it clearly. Over and over in my head. It said I had to kill -- The Shadow. I had to kill The Shadow.

Cranston tries to show as little reaction to this as possible, but he becomes agitated, like a caged animal.

CRANSTON

Get out.

MARGO

And I came here.

CRANSTON
I said go.

MARGO
And there was only you.

CRANSTON
GO! NOW!

She looks at him, now clearly suspecting the truth. She speaks, brave despite the quaver in her voice.

MARGO
Your eyes. I want to look into your eyes.

CRANSTON
(ready to blow)
I told you to go, for your own sake, leave!

MARGO
Let me see into your eyes!

That's the breaking point. Cranston springs, grabbing her and pushing her across the room, pinning her against the far wall.

He's absolutely livid, and absolutely terrifying.

CRANSTON
You won't like what you see.

MARGO
I know --

CRANSTON
Please!

MARGO
I know who --

CRANSTON
STOP!

MARGO
You're The Shadow!

And just as those words come out of her mouth he rears back, curling his hand into a fist and SMASHING it --

-- through the wall next to her head.

He releases her and pulls away. If he was a caged animal before, he's a cornered one now. Something awful is rising up in him, and it's frightening.

MARGO (cont.)

I knew something was strange about you. I could feel it. It's like I was you.

CRANSTON

Get out. Now. Please.

MARGO

My father has disappeared. The Shadow is the only one who can help me find him.

CRANSTON

You don't know the danger you're in. I almost --
(stops himself)
I'm leaving. Be gone when I get back.

He turns and heads for the door.

MARGO

(a clear threat)
How do you know I won't tell anyone who you really are?

Cranston stops. He walks back, slowly, until he is right in front of her. He looks at her from under his brow, scary as hell, his eyes digging right into hers.

CRANSTON

You won't.

He turns and leaves. She doesn't follow.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET NIGHT

Seen from down the block, CRANSTON leaves his house, gets into MOE SHREVNITZ' cab, and takes off down the street.

Someone is watching him.

CUT TO:

INT TAXI NIGHT

CRANSTON is in the darkened back of the cab, still half-crazed from his run-in with Margo.

He fails to notice something strange, out the back window --
 -- a NALJORPA. Keeping pace with the cab.
 At thirty miles an hour.

CUT TO:

EXT TIMES SQUARE NIGHT

The taxi comes to a stop and CRANSTON gets out. The NALJORPA glides to a stop a safe distance behind. He's not even winded.

Just determined.

Up ahead, we catch up with Cranston, who is hurrying through the streets. He 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 Naljorpa, reflected in the glass. 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

(staring him down)

One.

The Clerk obediently gives him a ticket. Cranston goes inside.

The Naljorpa reaches the front of the theatre. 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 NALJORPA has taken a step back and is watching from the shadows.

He doesn't see Cranston. The last of the PATRONS leaves. The Naljorpa steps into the lobby and looks around.

The place is empty.

He comes out again. He 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 NALJORPA walks through Chinatown, the crowded, narrow streets near Pell and Mott.

CRANSTON follows at a discreet distance.

The Naljorpa turns and casts a surreptitious glance over his shoulder. He catches sight of Cranston, grins tightly, 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 disturbed. 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 Naljorpa 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, who looks up.

It's SHIWAN KHAN. He continues eating, picking meat off a bone with a large dagger.

CRANSTON

You sent the girl to kill me.

KHAN

If I wanted you dead, Ying Ko, I would have your liver on a pole by now. I sent the girl to be killed. And -- how did you kill her?

CRANSTON

I didn't.

KHAN

What a shame. I'd hoped to reacquaint you with the pleasures you've denied yourself.

CRANSTON

I am no longer that person.

KHAN

She's still alive, is she? Then she's a danger to you. She knows who you really are. How long will you let her live? How long before your pure instincts take over?

Cranston leans down over the table, face to face with Khan.

CRANSTON

Where is Reinhardt Lane?

KHAN

You're boring me!

Khan JAMS the knife down hard, into the table where Cranston's hand is. Cranston doesn't move, just estimates the path of the blade and spreads his fingers far enough to avoid contact. His eyes go to the knife in the table.

He recognizes it.

CRANSTON

Where did you get that knife?

Khan smiles and runs a finger up the side of the knife. It's old, Asian in design, with a long, curved blade and an ivory handle. It's the same knife Cranston had the run-in with in the tulku's throne room.

KHAN

You recognize it? I took it from the tulku. Out of the tulku, actually --

He plucks the knife out of the table.

KHAN (cont.)

-- after I ran it through his heart.

Cranston lunges forward, CLAMPING one hand down over the knife, immobilizing it, and wrapping the other hand around Khan's throat.

CRANSTON

(crazy with rage)

It has been a long time since I felt hot blood on my hands. Too long.

His fingers tighten on Khan's throat.

A SCRAPING sound comes from the anteroom and the NALJORPA appears through the curtains, seemingly from nowhere, and points two old fashioned, single-shot pistols at Cranston.

Cranston doesn't release Khan. The Naljorpa moves forward, pressing the barrel of one of the guns against Cranston's temple.

He COCKS the weapon.

KHAN

(slight change
of pitch)

The Naljorpas aren't terribly bright, but they are loyal. I suggest you sit.

Cranston releases his hold. The Naljorpa pulls back but remains in the doorway, guns trained on him.

Cranston sits down, dragging Khan's dagger across the table with him as he does.

KHAN (cont.)

You never mastered the phurba, did you?

Khan shoots a look at the dagger. As if in response, it quivers slightly, then slides out from under Cranston's hand and scoots across the table to Khan, seemingly of its own accord.

KHAN (cont.)
 (picking up
 the knife)
 You still expect it to respond to
 brute force.

Cranston darts a piercing look over to the doorway. The Naljorpa furrows his brow, as if possessed by a sudden headache.

CRANSTON
 (back to Khan)
 I'm going to kill you. And enjoy
 it.

KHAN
 There! That's the quality I
 seek in you! Do you really
 think you can resist it? Forever?
 Accept the truth. There is no
 light without shadow, and you
 and I are that shadow.

Cranston looks quickly to the doorway again. The Naljorpa is having a rough time of it, his headache turning into one King Hell Migraine. He bites his lip, hard, and a little blood runs down his chin.

KHAN (cont.)
 You cannot defeat me. You cannot
 fool me. Your mind is an open
 book to me.

CRANSTON
 Then learn how to read.

With that Cranston leaps back, out of his seat, away from the table. The Naljorpa, with an expression of absolute anguish, turns and tosses his weapon to Cranston.

Khan sees what's happening and upends the table, forcing Cranston to dive out of the way, disrupting his aim.

Khan moves back to the door and pulls the other gun from the Naljorpa.

KHAN
 Weakling.

He stabs him in the heart with the phurba. As the Naljorpa falls, Cranston scrambles to his feet. Now on opposite sides of the room, he and Khan raise their dueling pistols, aim at one another --

-- and FIRE at the same time.

Incredibly, they both miss.

They both look at their weapons, amazed. Khan doesn't stick around. He turns, ducks into the anteroom and, with the SCRAPE of a door offscreen, he disappears.

Cranston curses the gun, still not believing he actually missed the son of a bitch, then turns and gives chase.

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT STREET NIGHT

CRANSTON comes up from the subway station.

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.

It's the same vacant lot Khan first came to when he arrived in the city.

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. The overhead image bends, distorting at the corners, and we --

CUT TO:

INT SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT

-- the image, now completely distorted. Pulling back, we see the image is contained in a circle, a circle that almost looks like an eye. In fact, it is an eye.

SHIWAN KHAN's eye, as he sits on his throne.

KHAN

You continue to disappoint me,
Ying Ko. You know nothing.

(satisfied)

And in two days it will be too
late.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON'S LIVING ROOM NIGHT

CRANSTON comes in the front door of his mansion, looking tired and beaten. There are no lights on, but a new fire burns brightly in the fireplace.

A couch faces the fireplace. He walks around it and sees MARGO curled up on it, asleep.

Cranston sighs and sits down on the coffee table just opposite her. He reaches out and touches her once on the shoulder, quickly, as if she'd bite.

She wakes.

She sits up slowly and looks at him, rubbing her eyes.

MARGO

I'm sorry. I'm sorry I'm still here.
I'm sorry I know what I know about
you. Believe me, I'd prefer not
to know it. But my father is all
I've got, and right now you're all
he's got.

CRANSTON

I'll do what I can. But you have
to go.

MARGO

Why? I can help you. We have some
kind of strange connection.

CRANSTON

You wouldn't be safe with me.

MARGO

Why not?

CRANSTON

I think I'm -- losing control. I
came close to killing you; I may
try again.

MARGO

I don't believe that.

He looks at her, thinks, then gets up and stirs the fire. He
speaks softly, just over its CRACKLE.

CRANSTON

Once a cousin of mine and I were
playing tennis. At my family's
place in the country. He was
cheating. Not much. Just line
calls, that sort of thing. Cheating.
As it went on, I felt something
burning in me. Something black. I
won the game, and then I climbed
over the net, knocked him to the

CRANSTON (cont.)

court, and started to choke him. I remember it clearly. My hands on his throat. His face changing color. His arms waving. Hard at first, then -- not as hard. I would have killed him if they hadn't pulled me off. I was nine years old.

Margo looks at him. A response does not spring readily to mind. She listens, frightened but fatally intrigued.

CRANSTON (cont.)

I do what I do, but the evil in me hasn't gone away. I know some part of it is still there. Waiting. Ready to hurt people. Maybe even someone I love.

MARGO

Is there someone you love?

Cranston looks at her, resistant to her probing, but tempted by it.

CRANSTON

(soft)

No.

MARGO

Then how do you know?

She gets up and walks across the room to him. She steps toward him bravely. He stays where he is. She moves closer, she raises her arms, she reaches out to him --

-- and he grabs her hands, stopping them, holding them forbiddingly in his own. She looks down at his hands and sees the brilliant green fire opal on his little finger.

CRANSTON

It's late. Sleep here if you like. There are guest rooms. But you'll go in the morning.

MARGO

I'm not afraid of you.

Cranston just looks at her, his eyes huge with sadness.

CRANSTON

I am.

The fire SPITS and CRACKS, and the burst of flame is caught and reflected in Cranston's ring. Margo's eyes are drawn back to it.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

The middle of the night. Moonlight provides the only light. CRANSTON lies awake on top of his bed, still in his clothes, staring up at the ceiling.

Making a decision, he tosses off the blanket and gets up.

CUT TO:

INT ANOTHER BEDROOM NIGHT

MARGO is asleep in another bedroom. It's warm, she's loosely tangled up in the sheets. One leg is almost completely revealed, perfectly shaped, sexy.

CRANSTON opens the door to the room quietly and comes in. He looks at her for a moment, torn.

He turns and goes across the room, to a bureau with a large mirror over it. He switches on a small light next to it, throwing light on his reflection --

-- SHIWAN KHAN looks back at him.

Cranston GASPS and runs his hands over the bureau, trying to find a weapon -- something, anything. He comes across a knife, snatches it up, and PLUNGES it into Khan's heart.

The mirror doesn't smash, instead it accepts the thrust, like an open window or a pool of water.

Cranston pulls back in surprise and looks more closely at Khan. He is the mirror image of Cranston, right down to the knife in his hand.

Now, over Cranston's shoulder, we see the image of Khan in the mirror, which moves as Cranston does. The mirror-Khan reaches up to its face and rips off his long moustache --

-- pulls off his hat and the wig attached --

-- and tears off the silk tunic he wears.

The real-Cranston stares in shock as the figure in the mirror that he thought was Shiwan Khan becomes his own perfect reflection.

Cranston looks down at the knife he still holds in his hands. It's the phurba, the one Shiwan Khan had earlier.

Suddenly the knife spins on Cranston's palm. He yanks his hand from it in fright and it leaps to the floor a few feet away.

Cranston stares at it as the knife stands in the middle of the floor, upright on its pencil-point tip, quivering.

Cranston hears the TULKU's voice:

TULKU (v.o.)

The phurba has a mind and a will
of its own.

Cranston walks slowly to the knife. He reaches down and rests one hand on it.

TULKU (v.o.)

Perhaps your will is stronger.

The phurba spins once, twisting out of his grip.

TULKU (v.o.)

Perhaps not.

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

And the fight is on.

Cranston 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 Cranston is strong, his concentration fierce, and he resists. Sweat breaks out on his forehead, sinewy outlines jump out of his arms, but he manages to keep the thing fairly level in front of him.

He's pleased. He allows himself a tiny, half-second smile of accomplishment.

On the bed, Margo sits up.

MARGO

Lamont?

Cranston looks up at her, alarmed, then down at the knife, which seems to react almost as if it heard her. Cranston's eyes go wide in terror.

CRANSTON

NO!!

But even as he shouts, the phurba RIPS out of his hands and flies across the room, sailing straight toward Margo's heart.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

CRANSTON wakes up. He sits bolt upright on the bed, covered in sweat, breathing hard.

CRANSTON

Jesus Christ.

CUT TO:

EXT CRANSTON MANSION DAY

The sun comes up over the Cranston mansion.

CUT TO:

INT MARGO'S BEDROOM DAY

MARGO wakes up. She grabs a clock off the night table to check the time and in so doing finds a note, neatly folded, her name on the front. As she reads it, CRANSTON'S VOICE comes over:

CRANSTON (o.s.)

"To love someone is to want them to live. I'm begging you -- please -- don't ever contact me again."

Margo gets up and races out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM DAY

MARGO throws open the door to Cranston's bedroom. He's gone.

MARGO

Damn.

CUT TO:

EXT CRANSTON MANSION DAY

MARGO comes out of the Cranston mansion and starts off down the street. A cab is parked at the curb in front, the DRIVER reading a paper, his left arm resting on the window ledge.

Margo pays him little attention, continuing on past.

She slows, thinking of something, then she turns quickly back to the cab, her eyes going straight to the Driver's arm, to his little finger, to --

-- his ring. It's a brilliant green fire opal, identical to Cranston's. Margo looks up at the driver. It's MOE SHREVNITZ. She recognizes him from outside the Cobalt Club.

She goes to the cab.

MARGO
(casually)
You free?

SHREVNITZ
Yeah, sure.

He puts away his paper and she gets in.

CUT TO:

INT CAB DAY

MARGO closes the door and SHREVNITZ starts the meter.

SHREVNITZ
Where to?

MARGO
Oh, just -- around.

Shrevnitz shrugs and pulls away from the curb.

CUT TO:

EXT ROY TAM'S HOUSE DAY

ROY TAM opens the front door of his house. CRANSTON stands on his porch. Tam, of course, does not recognize him as The Shadow.

TAM
Yes?

Cranston doesn't say anything, just holds up his right hand and shows his ring.

Tam opens the door wide.

CUT TO:

INT ROY TAM'S LABORATORY DAY

TAM and CRANSTON come into Tam's laboratory. Tam closes the door behind them.

TAM
You're one of The Shadow's agents?

CRANSTON
Who?

TAM
Oh yeah. Right.
(he winks)
Gotcha.

He goes to the lab bench and pulls out a tray with the silvery coin Cranston sent him.

TAM (cont.)
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.

Tam reaches out and grabs the sizzling thing with his bare hands, 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 it come from?

CRANSTON
I believe from Sianking.

TAM
It had to come from Sianking, if you believe the legends. They called it the birthplace of the world.

CRANSTON

Could bronzium conceivably be used in making 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 -- it's supposedly very unstable on the molecular level. Constantly given to expansion. Only the cell bonds hold it in check. But if those bonds were ever breached --

CRANSTON

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 greater. The breakdown would spread to all levels of the cell's atomic 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.

TAM

Yeah, that's catchier.

(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.

Cranston looks at the sketch on the board. It is an exact replica of the football helmet device Reinhardt Lane was working on.

CRANSTON

And if some genius did figure it out?

TAM

Look, we're years away from knowing how to combine these technologies.

CRANSTON

Say we knew how. How big would a small explosion be?

CUT TO:

EXT EMPIRE STATE BUILDING DAY

From the top of the newly completed Empire State Building, AN ARM points out toward the Atlantic Ocean.

LANE (o.s.)

From there --

The arm sweeps across the island of Manhattan and ends pointing the other way, toward New Jersey.

LANE (o.s.)

-- to there.

The arm is REINHARDT LANE's. He stands on the observation deck, still under a spell, referring to figures he's jotted down in a small notebook.

SHIWAN KHAN stands next to him, looking out at the city, pleased as punch with his new toy.

KHAN

That will be the range of destruction?

LANE

No.

KHAN

No?

LANE

That's just the explosion itself.
The destruction will be -- massive.

KHAN

(delighted)

I see.

Various TOURISTS are milling around the observation deck. A THICKNECKED SAILOR walks past Khan and takes note of his unusual attire.

SAILOR

Nice dress, Toots.

Khan turns. He furrows his brow, genuinely taken aback by this lack of respect.

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 runs through him. His Buddies move down a few feet, not noticing him.

Khan twists his finger in the air.

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

Khan closes his hand 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

I got no idea! Get me down! Get me down from here!

But he continues to climb. He reaches the top of the wire mesh and swings one leg over it, balancing precariously on the top.

His friends race toward him.

Khan opens his fist, splaying his fingers.

KHAN

(singing softly)

"Come on along and listen to -- "

HORRENDOUS SCREAMS echo as the Sailor tips himself over the edge and starts his long drop down to the pavement.

Khan cups a hand to his ear, the better to hear the screams.

KHAN (cont.)

" -- the lullaby of Broadway."

CUT TO:

INT SHREVNITZ' CAB DAY

MARGO is still riding in the back of MOE SHREVNITZ' cab. The meter has reached an astronomical sum.

SHREVNITZ

Look, you wanna ride around all day, that's your business, but are you sure you can pay for this?

MARGO

I can pay. Keep driving.

The green light on Shrevnitz' dashboard suddenly lights up and Shrevnitz sits up straight. Margo notices. She leans forward and sees the light as he hauls the cab over to the curb.

SHREVNITZ
(fast, all business)
It's your lucky day. Forget the
fare. Out.

MARGO
(and it's clear now
this was her plan)
No.

SHREVNITZ
What?

MARGO
I'm not leaving. I want you to
take me to The Shadow.

SHREVNITZ
Who?

MARGO
You know perfectly well who.

The green light seems to blink more urgently. Shrevnitz looks from her to it, agitated.

SHREVNITZ
Come on, lady, I gotta be somewhere.

MARGO
Then let's go.

SHREVNITZ
Are you gettin' outta this cab or
do I drag you out?

MARGO
Try it.

Shrevnitz GRUMBLES an obscenity and SLAMS the car into gear. It rockets down the street, throwing Margo up against the far door.

She holds on to a hand strap for dear life as Shrevnitz BLASTS the cab through the streets on a death ride.

CUT TO:

EXT ROY TAM'S HOME DAY

CRANSTON moves up to Shrevnitz' cab as it jerks to a stop outside Roy Tam's home. He pulls the door open --

-- and stops, seeing MARGO in the back seat. SHREVNITZ calls out from the front, covering.

SHREVNITZ
(winking like crazy)
Need a cab, pal?

Cranston looks at Margo and SIGHS.

CRANSTON
Forget it, Moe. She knows.

SHREVNITZ
(dropping the act)
Sorry, Boss, she wouldn't budge.

CRANSTON
(to Margo)
Didn't you get my note?

MARGO
I don't scare easy. What did you
find out about my father?

Cranston gets in the cab, SLAMS the door and the car pulls away.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET DAY

The cab SCREECHES to a stop on a street on the Upper East Side. CRANSTON gets out and MARGO hurries after him.

CRANSTON
Shiwan Khan still needs one element.
The beryllium sphere. I've got to
find out where he intends to get it.

MARGO
How?

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 BARTH is in his familiar booth at the Cobalt Club, reading the paper with his lunch. He brings the paper down to turn to the sports page --

-- and jumps. CRANSTON is standing in front of him, staring at him. MARGO is next to him.

BARTH
Lamont! You startled me.

CRANSTON
I'm very upset with you, Uncle Wainwright.

BARTH
(nervous)
Oh? Really?

Cranston pulls Margo forward.

CRANSTON
You have done nothing to help Miss Lane find her father.

BARTH
Oh. Well, I --

Cranston suddenly peers closely at Barth's eyes.

CRANSTON
What's the matter with your eye?

BARTH
Nothing. Why?

CRANSTON
Let me see.

Barth leans forward obligingly and Cranston peers into his eyes. His voice drops in tone. He is The Shadow.

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

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

BARTH
Yes, we have.

CRANSTON
(The Shadow)
Tell me.

BARTH
A scientist named Farley Claymore.
He's working on a beryllium diving
bell.

Margo and Cranston exchange a concerned look.

BARTH (cont.)
We checked it out, but he seemed
in control of himself to us.

CRANSTON
(The Shadow)
Where is his laboratory?

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

CRANSTON
(The Shadow)
No. Forget you saw us. Forget
we were here.

Cranston finishes Barth's coffee and leaves. Margo stares at
Barth for a moment, amazed, then hurries after Cranston.

After a moment, Barth seems to come to. He reaches for his
coffee cup, finds it empty, and sets it down. He looks
around, confused.

A BUSBOY comes to clear away his plate.

Barth blinks and puts a hand to his face.

BARTH
That's odd. Feels like I have
something in my eye.

CUT TO:

EXT COBALT CLUB DAY

CRANSTON and MARGO hurry out of the Cobalt Club, Cranston in
the lead.

MARGO
You're going to see this scientist,
aren't you?

Cranston doesn't answer, just keeps walking. A deep rage is rising up from inside him; throughout the following he seems about to lose control.

CRANSTON

(fast)

I lost Shiwan Khan's trail at a vacant lot. Fourteenth Street at Sixth Avenue. Find out why. Find out what's so special about that lot and we'll find Khan. We'll find your father.

MARGO

Let me come with you.

He keeps walking, faster.

CRANSTON

Just do what I asked!

MARGO

Lamont --

But he's still drawing ahead of her. She steps up her pace and SMACKS into somebody headed the other way.

MARGO (cont.)

Excuse me.

By the time she regains and looks up to where Cranston was -- -- he's gone. She turns in a circle, looking for him.

MARGO (cont.)

Lamont? Lamont?!

But there's no trace.

CUT TO:

EXT MARI-TECH LABS NIGHT

The dark day is giving over to a darker night at Mari-Tech Labs, a couple of factory-like buildings on the Lower West Side.

One of the buildings is a round laboratory that looks like a two-story propane tank, its only entrance a submarine-hatch type thing in the front center.

FARLEY CLAYMORE, a scientist, paces up and down on top of the tank building, CLUCKING and GIGGLING to himself, eyes searching the horizon for any sign of anyone.

Claymore is mad as a hatter.

Suddenly, from below, there is a SCRAPING sound. Claymore rushes to the edge of the roof and looks down, to the hatchway opening to the tank. The crank handle spins as if of its own accord and the hatch flies open with a BANG.

CLAYMORE

It's him! It's him!

He scurries down a ladder on the side of the tank.

CUT TO:

INT TANK ROOM NIGHT

The tank room is a windowless oval about forty feet across and fifteen feet high. Its walls, ceiling and floor come together seamlessly.

But the room is completely empty.

CLAYMORE hurries in through the hatch. He throws a large lever in a control panel. Immediately, water seeps out from ducts along the floor of the room.

SHADOW (o.s.)

Farley Claymore!

Claymore runs to the center of the room, actually enjoying this.

CLAYMORE

Who's there?

SHADOW (o.s.)

Where is the sphere, Claymore?

CLAYMORE

(playing)

Sphere? What sphere?

He LAUGHS wildly. Suddenly his shirt bunches up into a knot and he finds himself lifted off his feet.

SHADOW (o.s.)

You're being manipulated by a madman, Claymore! The sphere! Now!

CLAYMORE

You're too late! It's already loaded on a truck!

Claymore suddenly sails across the room, CRASHING into the wall next to the hatch. He hurries to his feet and pulls a gun from his jacket pocket. He aims it at -- well, at nothing, actually.

SHADOW (o.s.)

(sighs)

And who do you think you're going to shoot with that, Claymore?

CLAYMORE

You walked right into a trap! 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 me! 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 steps into the doorway of the open hatch.

CLAYMORE (cont.)

I'll be gone a while. Don't hold your breath!

He SHRIEKS with laughter again and 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.

SHADOW
(weakly)
Margo. I need you.

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 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."

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 forehead. 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.

She hears a whispered VOICE.

SHADOW (o.s.)

I need you.

CUT TO:

INT TANK 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's car SQUEALS to a halt in front of the tank building. She gets out and races up the outer stairs. She looks at the tank room 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 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 semi-conscious, but alive.

MARGO

You called?

CUT TO:

EXT CRANSTON MANSION NIGHT

MARGO helps the weakened CRANSTON into the mansion, his arm draped over her shoulders for support.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON MANSION NIGHT

MARGO is coming down the upstairs hallway of the Cranston mansion, carrying some towels and a basin of water. She hears a SOUND from offscreen, an anguished MOAN.

She listens and hears it again, a little louder.

It's the sound of someone having a nightmare, and it's coming from Cranston's room at the end of the hall. She continues toward it.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

CRANSTON is asleep on the bed. His wound has been dressed with a fresh bandage; some blood has seeped through. From the sound of him, the dream he's having 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 drawn to his.

As she begins to lose herself in them, SOUNDS rise up and fill the room, or maybe just her head. SCREAMING. WAILING.

Pain.

Margo looks closer and now she raises one hand to his temple. As she makes contact, FLAMES fire up in his eyes. Her own eyes widen in horror but she doesn't look away, she simply must know more and --

-- Cranston sits up.

He's wild-eyed, sweating, breathing hard. Margo jumps, but she stays where she is, looking him full in the face.

MARGO

You were dreaming.

CRANSTON

What did you see?

MARGO

Death.

CRANSTON

And you're still not afraid?

There is a pause --

-- and then, as if in answer, Margo moves to him, with absolute conviction and without the slightest sense of awkwardness or fear. Clothes and blankets are pulled away, their mouths meet in a kiss, and they make aggressive, needy, determined love.

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, standing next to his beryllium diving bell, a shiny metal orb five feet in diameter.

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. He polishes a dirty spot on the side of the beryllium sphere.

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)
Ying Ko is still alive. I almost
prefer it. So he can taste his
defeat. Have Doctor Lane assemble
the apparatus.

CUT TO:

EXT CRANSTON MANSION DAY

CLOSE ON a newspaper as it sails through the air and lands with a THUD on the front step of the Cranston mansion.

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON MANSION DAY

MARGO walks up the main staircase of the Cranston mansion, newspaper in hand. Her eyes widen in horror as she reads. She flips to the inside pages, allowing us a glimpse of the headlines, printed in type large enough to announce the Second Coming:

"MADMAN THREATENS TO BLOW CITY SKY-HIGH,
DEMANDS BILLIONS IN RANSOM!"

The sub-headline is:

"Tells President 'Join Me or Die'"

CUT TO:

INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

CLOSE ON the headlines again, but they're suddenly CRUNCHED into a ball as CRANSTON reads what he needs to know and tosses the paper aside.

He turns to the window and stares out.

MARGO

He's demanded works of art, famous jewels, even silks. He wants it all by midnight tonight, the Chinese New Year. But they don't believe a bomb like this exists. They've refused to pay. Lamont, we have to convince them it's true!

CRANSTON

It wouldn't matter. After looting everything of value, he'd just destroy whatever's left. We have to find him. What did you find out about the vacant lot?

MARGO

It 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

The Monolith. I vaguely remember it.

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?

He grabs his coat and leaves. Margo follows.

CUT TO:

EXT VACANT LOT DAY

It's daytime, but the weather is cloudy, the day dark.

MOE SHREVNITZ' taxi pulls to a stop across the street from the vacant lot. MARGO and CRANSTON get out.

CRANSTON

I can't believe he did it.

MARGO

Did what?

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 seems 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 physical contact with him, Margo's attention is drawn 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.

The Hotel Monolith.

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

CRANSTON

They don't see it. None of them see it!

He wipes the blood from his face, slowly, not noticing the deep red streak he leaves. He takes on that familiar look, like there's something awful building inside him, but this is the closest we've ever been to actually seeing it come out, and it's not pretty.

CRANSTON (cont.)

But I see.

He turns to Margo.

CRANSTON (cont.)

You and the others will receive instructions. Follow them exactly.

Margo watches him, alarmed, as he turns and goes to Shrevnitz' cab. He opens the back door and leans inside. Shrevnitz doesn't even look up as Cranston slips something out from under the back seat and under his arm.

MARGO

Lamont, wait.

He SLAMS the door of the cab and starts down the street, a heavy parcel of fabric tucked under his arm. Margo follows him.

MARGO (cont.)

We found him. We can get help.
You don't have to do this yourself.

Cranston doesn't answer, just walks faster. The day grows steadily darker; a heavy thundershower seems imminent.

MARGO (cont.)

Lamont, you're frightening me.

He stops at the mouth of an alley, halting so abruptly she nearly bumps into him. He heads down the alley and she follows.

The afternoon grows darker still.

In the middle of the alley, Cranston stops and takes a black slouch hat from inside the folds of the cloak he carries.

Margo watches, drawn, as he tilts his head forward and slips the slouch hat over his face, obscuring it entirely.

MARGO

(growing horror)
Lamont, this isn't who you are!

Cranston starts to raise his face to her. Just as the angle is such that she'll be able to see under the brim of the hat and into his eyes --

-- there is a blinding flash of lightning, accompanied by a THUNDERCLAP and the first burst of a torrential rainfall. Margo blinks at the lightning, struggling to regain her vision.

By the time her vision clears, Lamont Cranston is no longer standing in front of her. THE SHADOW is. His cape rips across his face and billows straight out to the side next to him.

SHADOW
(sibilant, penetrating)
This is who I am!

Margo stumbles back against the alley wall.

The Shadow moves, away from her, floating down the alley and disappearing into the driving gray rain.

His LAUGH echoes over the storm.

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.

Here and there, a NALJORPA stands on a street corner, keeping a watchful eye on things.

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 pokes its head around the corner.

The DRAGON. First, only the head is visible, and it must take five men just to hold that up. Fire and smoke billow from the dragon's 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 SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT

Reinhardt Lane's implosive device hangs 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 surveys 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, through the tunnels. Speedboats are waiting at the docks to take us all to safety. Take your positions.

(of Lane)

Secure him in a room. We have his design. He's obsolete. He can die at the hands of his own invention.

He runs a hand lovingly over the outside of the atomic bomb as it is tucked securely into an alcove in a corner of the room.

KHAN (cont.)

In the name of the new Kha Khan!

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 through the doorway of a run-down building, the same one Margo went into when she was hypnotized by Khan. They are unnoticed by a NALJORPA who stands nearby.

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 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 busy planting dynamite.

Shrevnitz chatters away while they work.

SHREVNITZ

So she just goes ahead and buys the thing when I'm at work, can you believe that? "Shirley," I says, "what do you need a washing machine for?"

MARGO

Moe --

SHREVNITZ

I tell her, "You are a washing machine!"

MARGO

Moe --

SHREVNITZ

Is it time?

Margo checks her watch.

MARGO

Almost.

SHREVNITZ

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 autogiro.

If you've never seen one of these things, go look it up. It's an early prototype of the helicopter, a creepy, 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

Below! Someone is coming from
below!

The Naljorpas 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:

EXT STREET NIGHT

Down on the street, two PASSERS-BY look up at the sky curiously.

MAN 1

Now what the hell is that?

MAN 2

Looks like an autogiro.

MAN 1

It's just hangin' in mid-air!

MAN 2

So what? It's supposed to.

MAN 1
Yeah, but its blades ain't
spinnin'!

The Second Man looks more closely, and now we take their perspective -- the hotel is of course still invisible to them, and from their point of view the autogiro sits, perfectly still, suspended in mid-air twenty floors up.

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.

MARGO
What is that stuff?

TAM
An electrical super-conductor!

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)
olé.

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 back to Khan. A chunk of the throne, nicked by one of The Shadow's bullets, has hit the floor and is actually sliding on the level surface.

KHAN (cont.)

The room is built at an angle! A parlor trick, you fool!

Enraged, The Shadow sets off across the room toward Khan, adopting the loping, sideways gait the Naljorpas 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 shoulder.

SHREVNITZ whirls and aims right at him. Tam's eyes widen in shock.

SHREVNITZ

(a command)

Fall down.

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.

MARGO

Get him out of here! I'll go upstairs!

Shrevnitz helps Tam to his feet and they head out. Margo hits the stairs, heading up.

Tam looks up at Shrevnitz weakly.

TAM

Where does your wife think you are right now?

SHREVNITZ

Bowling.

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

Good bye, Ying Ko.

He turns and heads up the stairs which lead to the roof.

The Shadow struggles under the rubble.

CUT TO:

INT HOTEL NIGHT

MARGO races down a hallway, checking rooms. Finally, she throws one open and sees REINHARDT LANE seated peacefully on a bed, staring straight ahead as he is slowly enshrouded in smoke.

MARGO

Dad!

She goes to him, but he is unresponsive, still hypnotized.

MARGO (cont.)

Dad, come out of it!

She SLAPS him. Still nothing.

MARGO (cont.)

Damn. Come on.

She drapes one of his arms over her shoulders and helps him up.

CUT TO:

EXT ROOF NIGHT

SHIWAN KHAN has reached the autogiro and engaged the rotors. He is studying the array of levers in front of him, ready to take off, when a BLACK BLUR races across the roof and sets upon him.

THE SHADOW. He hauls Khan from the autogiro and they tumble to the rooftop.

The Shadow sees the hilt of a dagger in Khan's robes and grabs it, rolling away from Khan at the same time. They both scramble to their feet, facing each other off while the autogiro's engine WHINES and its blades spin.

KHAN

Do you really think you have the strength to fight me --

He looks at the knife in The Shadow's hands and smiles.

KHAN (cont.)

-- and the phurba?

The Shadow looks down. Sure enough, the knife he holds is the phurba, the long, curved blade with a mind of its own.

SHADOW

Damn.

The phurba immediately jumps in The Shadow's hand, bucking and diving like a bronco, SLICING his leg, CUTTING his arm, JABBING his thigh. The Shadow collapses to his knees and in a second the blade is at his throat, his dwindling strength the only thing keeping it from slicing him open.

KHAN

You can't even control your self,
how can you hope to control it?

The Shadow looks at the knife he holds at his own throat. Its tip actually pierces his skin, drawing a rivulet of blood.

He looks at Khan, advancing on him. Time for a risk.

He closes his eyes, allowing his face to relax completely. Khan stops and looks at him curiously as The Shadow stops fighting the phurba with brute force and --

-- opens his hand.

The phurba quivers there for a moment, then suddenly pivots on The Shadow's palm and sails across the roof, burying itself in Shiwan Khan's guts.

Khan GASPS in agony and falls to his knees.

CUT TO:

INT KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT

MARGO is dragging REINHARDT LANE into Shiwan Khan's throne room. With Khan injured, the scientist's trance suddenly lifts and he looks around himself, thoroughly confused.

LANE

Where am I?!

Margo looks at him, overjoyed. They embrace.

LANE (cont.)

What's going on?

MARGO

Well, there's this --

(realizing it's

a long story)

Tell you later. You have to do something.

She drags him over to the atomic device. Lane looks at it curiously and flips open a small door, revealing a maze of wiring.

LANE

(admiringly, it's
all new to him)

Hey! This is outstanding work!
Who did this?

MARGO

You did. Disconnect it.

LANE

(proud)

I did? Really?!

MARGO

Dad! Disconnect it!

His fingers snake uncertainly into the wiring. He furrows his brow, confused, MUTTERING to himself.

CUT TO:

EXT ROOF NIGHT

KHAN struggles to his feet and staggers back, across the roof, toward the autogiro. He tugs painfully at the phurba, RIPPING it out of his flesh.

THE SHADOW pulls himself from his own pool of blood and heads toward Khan.

Khan gets to the autogiro first. 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 leaps for the autogiro, 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 THRONE ROOM NIGHT

LANE is still fussing with the wiring of the atomic bomb. MARGO hears the WHINE of the autogiro from up on the roof.

MARGO

Just hurry!

She turns and races up the stairs to the roof.

CUT TO:

EXT ROOF NIGHT

MARGO bursts out the door to the roof and looks up. She sees the autogiro, now some two hundred feet over her head, and the flowing black of The Shadow's cloak hanging precariously from it.

MARGO

Oh, God, Lamont!

ON THE AUTOGIRO,

KHAN is at the controls, befuddled by the array of levers before him.

KHAN

Forward! I wish to go forward!

THE SHADOW has his own problems, hanging precariously from one of the runners.

Khan pulls a lever and the autogiro 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!

The Shadow doesn't answer. Khan swipes the bloody phurba at The Shadow's hands, cutting a gash in his knuckles.

KHAN (cont.)

Which lever?!

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'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 from his 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.)

I have it! Weakling!

He reaches with confidence for one of the levers and pulls it. Immediately, the autogiro maws dramatically to the right, pitching a SCREAMING Shiwan Khan out of the open cockpit. He grabs onto the opposite runner and hangs there.

At the same time, the sudden tilt also lifts The Shadow up. He uses the momentum to vault himself into the driver's seat. Khan, hanging from the runner, looks up at The Shadow.

KHAN (cont.)

You tricked me!

SHADOW

You're right.

With that, The Shadow JERKS the autogiro violently. Khan's hands slip from the runner and he falls, twisting, SCREAMING the whole way.

ON THE ROOF,

Margo sees the form tumbling straight at her and she leaps out of the way at the last second.

Shiwan Khan's body CRASHES through the roof of the hotel and plummets inside. A geyser of flame BLASTS up through the new hole.

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 as fire trucks pull up in front of the hotel. The FIRE CHIEF jumps out of the lead car and stares at the hotel in wonder.

FIRE CHIEF

When did that that get here?!
And how come it's on fire?!

CUT TO:

INT THRONE ROOM NIGHT

REINHARDT LANE has finally selected a single wire. He closes his fingers around it, tugs hard --

-- and the red light blinks off.

CUT TO:

EXT ROOF NIGHT

MARGO is still on the roof, looking up at the autogiro, which has stabilized and swooped low over her. THE SHADOW is at the controls, and he hovers not thirty feet over Margo's head, looking down at her, his cloak billowing in the prop wash.

REINHARDT LANE bursts out the door to the roof.

LANE

Margo! We've got to get out of here!

She doesn't respond, just looks back up to the autogiro --

-- but now it's moving away from her, disappearing into the night.

Lane runs to his daughter and drags her from the edge of the roof, back into the burning hotel.

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 takes off his jacket and wraps the device in it, tucking it securely under his arm.

LANE

Thank God the world will never see anything like this 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 BARTH leaps out of the front car and stares in shock at the inferno in front of him.

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.

BARTH

Who is that?! Who is that?! Who
is that maniac?!

Margo whirls on him, enraged.

MARGO

That's no maniac, that's The --

But she cuts herself off, catching sight of someone over Barth'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 and puts one finger silently to his lips -- "shhhh."

Margo understands.

Shrevnitz raises his chin proudly. He gives Margo a little wink, then takes a single step backwards. He disappears into the crowd.

Barth turns, following her gaze, but sees nothing. It is as if Shrevnitz were never there.

Margo looks over Barth's other shoulder. ROY TAM is there, looking at her, silently victorious. He too takes a step back and vanishes into the throng.

In this way, The Shadow's agents disappear. Until next time.

Barth turns and looks in Tam's direction, but too late. He sees no one.

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.

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, exposing much of his bare and burned flesh.

When he is fully visible, Margo leaps up and embraces him, hard. They kiss.

Some kiss.

MARGO

You came back.

CRANSTON

You brought me.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET NIGHT

CRANSTON and MARGO walk, arm in arm, in Times Square. Time has gone by, maybe a week. They're in a good mood.

MARGO

Where shall we eat? I'm starving.

Cranston slows, letting his arm slip from hers. He looks to his right.

She follows his gaze. He's looking down, at the entrance to the arcade that leads to his Sanctum.

MARGO (cont.)

You don't have to go.

He looks from her to the arcade, torn.

MARGO (cont.)

Khan's dead. The world is safe.

CRANSTON

Is it?

MARGO

Of course. Come on, this is 1933.

CRANSTON

(The Shadow knows)

Yes, Margo. It is.

He looks back to the arcade.

CRANSTON (cont.)

You go on ahead. I'll find you later.

He turns and descends the steps to the arcade. Margo watches as he goes down. She watches until the top of his hat dips out of her sight.

CUT TO:

INT SHADOW'S INNER SANCTUM NIGHT

Blue light bathes THE SHADOW's dark outline as he 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.