

THE SHADOW

screenplay by

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based on the character created by

Walter B. Gibson

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9/7/93 (blue)
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FADE IN:

1 EXT FIELD DAY 1

A snowcapped 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.

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 vulturously over the poppy fields below.

2 EXT PALACE DAY 2

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.

3 INT PALACE DAY 3 (X)

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.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

Around the room are scattered various WOMEN, GUESTS, and HANGERS-ON, all part of Cranston's court.

Some eat, some drink, some smoke. None seems 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 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! Send three more and I'll kill them too!

Cranston, still bathed in shadow, abruptly stops playing with the seed capsule.

LI PENG (cont'd)

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'd)

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

CRANSTON (o.s.)

And I promise 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 (cont'd)

-- that I'll bury them beside you.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

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.

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 pricks the skin of Wu's neck with the knife, a warning.

LI PENG (cont'd)

I'll cut his throat! He is your friend, Ying Ko, your right hand; even you wouldn't chance killing him!

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

LI PENG (cont'd)

Let me go! Your men aren't marksman enough to shoot around him!

CRANSTON

(annoyed)
You're right.
(to Wu)
You've been a wonderful friend, Wu.
(to the Guards)
Shoot through him.

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

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

3

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.

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'd)

Her.
(seeing another)
Her.

A Guard nods to the Women and they fall into step behind Cranston. Cranston points back over his shoulder to a third WOMAN.

CRANSTON (cont'd)

And her.

CUT TO:

4 INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

4

Cranston's bedroom is a lofty stone place with open French doors leading to a balcony. Sheer curtains stir slightly in the night breeze.

CRANSTON is in bed, 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.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

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

CRANSTON

Who's there?

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'd)

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.

Something big and heavy WHIZZES down toward Cranston's head from behind and --

CUT TO:

5 EXT MOUNTAIN DAY

5

-- 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'd)

Then who are you? Where are you taking me?

The Tibetan turns and looks up at the mountain in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

TIBETAN

A tulku wishes to see you. At his temple.

CRANSTON

A holy man? Wants to see me?

He LAUGHS, harder the longer he thinks about it, and settles in for the ride.

CUT TO:

6 EXT MOUNTAIN DAY

6

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

Nice temple, fellas.

TIBETAN

No.

(gesturing)
There.

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; there is no way he could've missed a thing like this, yet there it is.

CRANSTON

Where'd that come from?

TIBETAN

The clouded mind sees nothing.

7 INT TEMPLE DAY

7

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 nears the doors, they both swing open, inward.

8 THE THRONE ROOM

8

is heart-stopping. Gold glitters everywhere, the floor sparkles beneath Cranston's 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
You recognize me.

CRANSTON
(lying)
No.

TULKU
You have seen me, as pictures in your mind. I am 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. You've watched your spirit, your very face change when the beast claws its way out from inside you. You are in great pain. Aren't you?

(X)

Hey man, nobody talks about Cranston's pain. He lunges for the tulku, but just as he reaches him --

(X)

-- 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 room.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

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. I intend to make you even more powerful.

Cranston turns in circles, but the tulku is nowhere in the room. Only his voice.

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 --

Cranston turns and jumps, startled, for the tulku has materialized right next to him.

TULKU (o.s.)

-- this is yours.

CRANSTON

I'm not looking for redemption.

TULKU

You have no choice. 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'd)

(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. A carved face on the handle of the knife twists, as if alive. It growls --

-- and sinks its teeth into Cranston's wrist.

Cranston SCREAMS and the knife bucks out of his hand, PLUNGING itself into his thigh. Just as fast it rips free from his flesh and flips up, racing straight at his face.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 2

8

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.

The face turns back to stone. 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 by themselves.

TULKU

Not yet.

SLAM!

CUT TO:

9 EXT A BRIDGE NIGHT

9

Another legend:

NEW YORK CITY, SEVEN YEARS LATER.

(X

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 eddies around it.

The car SCREECHES to a stop and the doors pop open. DUKE ROLLINS and ENGLISH JOHNNY, mobsters, 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.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 2

9

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 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 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?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 3

9

MAXIE

Let's scram!

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

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. 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. He touches his hands to his nose and 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.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 4

9

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 out over the water.

DUKE (cont'd)
 I'll do it! I'll do it! I'll
 confess!

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 stands in the fog on the bridge.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 5

9

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 intent to stir fear.

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'd)

Who are you?

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

10 INT CAB NIGHT

10

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, 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, never looking at the road.

Tam turns back to The Shadow, but only a portion of his profile is visible behind the hat and cloak.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

As Tam watches, The Shadow pulls his sleeve down over his right hand, which is cut and bloodied from the fist fight.

TAM

Thank you.

(no answer)

Uh, you fellas are probably busy,
you can just drop me anywhere along
the --

(X)

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. It
now belongs to me.

(X)

TAM

It does?

(X)

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

Could I, uh -- ask my wife about
this?

(X)

SHADOW

No.

TAM

(swallows)

Okay.

(X)

Tam is thrown against the door as the car takes a hard right turn. Shrevnitz drives as if there's no time to lose.

SHADOW (cont'd)

(fast)

You'll go through your life as
always. Mr. Shrevnitz here will
instruct you in the way in which I
will contact you should I require
your help. When you hear one of my
agents say "the sun is shining" you
will respond "but the ice is
slippery." This will identify you to
each other. Do you understand?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 3

10

TAM

"The sun is shining?"

SHADOW

"But the ice is slippery."

TAM

What then?

SHADOW

You'll await my instructions. I demand one thing from my agents, Tam. Obedience. Absolute, unquestioning obedience.

(X)

TAM

Okay. Yeah. Sure. No problem.

(X)

(leans in)

Tell me one thing -- 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.

11 EXT STREET NIGHT

11

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

12 EXT STREET NIGHT

12

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! I mean, that's The Shadow!

SHREVNITZ

Hey, 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!

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SHREVNITZ
He doesn't. Get it?

Tam nods, understanding. Shrevnitz releases Tam's hand and the scientist lifts it up and looks at it. Shrevnitz has slipped a ring onto the third finger of his left hand, 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 own ring finger.

SHREVNITZ (cont'd)
Don't ever take it off.

He winks and turns to go.

TAM
Wait a minute. Who are you?

SHREVNITZ
Somebody who owes him his life. (X)
Somebody just --
(jabs a hard finger in
Tam's chest)
-- like you.

He gets back in the cab, which promptly pulls away from the curb and disappears into the fog. Tam is left in amazement.

13 INT TAXI NIGHT

13

SHREVNITZ drives the car uptown. He looks into 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:

14 EXT THE COBALT CLUB NIGHT

14

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

15 INT COBALT CLUB NIGHT 15

LAMONT CRANSTON 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. (X)

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.

CRANSTON comes up to the table of WAINWRIGHT BARTH, early sixties, proper, a gentleman in the 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.
There was a little -- accident on the
bridge.

Barth GRUNTS resentfully and keeps eating.

BARTH
I didn't think you'd want me to
wait. The prime rib is excellent,
by the way. (X)

A WAITER comes and places two martinis in front of Cranston.

WAITER
Your usual, Mr. Cranston.

CRANSTON
Thank you.

BARTH
I'm very upset with you, Lamont.

Cranston sighs and starts on the drinks.

CRANSTON
What is it this time?

BARTH
Mr. Hadley Richardson is 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.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

CRANSTON

I got caught up.

BARTH

(steamed)

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

Cranston shrugs and looks away, 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.

Cranston's not the only one who notices her. CHAD, thirtyish, the club set, looks up from his friends and sees Margo as well. He grins and waves. She musters a half-hearted wave back. (X)

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

Barth's VOICE chases after Cranston.

BARTH (cont'd)

Lamont? Lamont?

Cranston turns back.

CRANSTON

Sorry, what were we talking about?

BARTH

(sighs)

Lamont, I have 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 don't want to know what happened to you over there. To be perfectly honest, there's something about you that's always kind of frightened --

(me)

-- your Aunt Rose.

CRANSTON

(smiles)

Aunt Rose, huh?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 2

15

BARTH

But this is different. You are the sole trustee of the Cranston estate, which provides a monthly stipend for all of your living relatives.

CRANSTON

Including you, right?

BARTH

That's not the point. You're simply not qualified to choose investments by yourself. Like that fly-by-night company you just bought into. What is it? IBT? IBS?

CRANSTON

IBM.

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

(sighs)

Lamont, you never listen to me. 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.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 3

15

He looks over to where Margo is sitting. Chad has come over to her table and is pestering her, she endures him but finds her gaze drawn over to Cranston again. This time he's looking at her and she turns away, embarrassed. (X)

Cranston smiles and signals to a passing Waiter. He whispers something in his ear; the Waiter nods and hurries off.

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

Duke Rollins?

BARTH

A gangster we've been after. Walked right into the eighth precinct and confessed to murder, babbling about The Shadow. You know what? Tomorrow I'm going to appoint a special task force to investigate this person. We're going to find out exactly who he is and stop him from interfering with police business.

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.

BARTH

Ah, the hell with the task force.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 4

15

CRANSTON
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
I'm going to ignore these ridiculous
reports.

CRANSTON
There is no Shadow.

BARTH
If there's a Shadow, I'm Eleanor
Roosevelt.

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

BARTH (cont'd)
(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 as Chad, who has been rebuked, scurries away from
her table.

(X)

BARTH
Margo Lane. Her father's a scientist
doing research for the War
Department. Why, what's your
interest in her?

Cranston's been staring at her, oozing lust. He looks back at
Barth.

CRANSTON
Uncle Wainwright, are you positive
you're not dead?

BARTH
Ah! Of course. I see. Better keep
away from that one, Lamont. They say
she's -- strange.
(taps his head)
Up here.

CRANSTON
(intrigued)
Really?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 5

15

AT MARGO'S TABLE,

she flips through a menu, bored, just the same old things.
She signals to a passing WAITER.

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

The Waiter pours a glass of wine for her.

WAITER
(finishing)
-- Rothschild, 1928.

MARGO
(surprised, that was it)
Yes.

WAITER
(leaving the bottle)
From the gentleman.

MARGO
Gentleman?

CRANSTON (o.s.)
Lamont Cranston. May I sit?

(X)

Margo whirls. Cranston is standing directly to her left, and it seems he got there by magic. She nods, flustered, and he sits.

Chad, ever-present and ever-bothersome, returns and elbows his way in, leaning past Cranston to talk to Margo again.

CHAD
One thing I neglected to mention,
Margo --

(X)

He tosses a look over his shoulder at Cranston, whom he is practically elbowing in the face.

(X)

CHAD (cont'd)
(insincerely)
Sorry.

(X)

(back to Margo)
Some of us are going over to Billy
Reed's a little later. Why don't you
join us? You'll hear some great jazz
and --

He reaches out and picks up the bottle of wine. He opens his belt and pours it down his trousers while he talks.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 6

15

CHAD (cont'd)
 -- it'll give us a chance to talk,
 maybe get to know each other a little
 better. We never seem to be able to
 hook up, you and I, and I --

Margo just stares, shocked, while Chad dumps the last of his wine into his pants.

MARGO
Chad! What are you doing?!

He suddenly looks down, snapping out of it.

CHAD
 Oh my God. Excuse me.

He turns on his heel and leaves the restaurant, humiliated. Margo watches him go, astonished. She looks up at Cranston, as if to say "Did you see that?" He shrugs.

CRANSTON
 People.
 (new subject)
 You know, it's the strangest thing.
 I have a sudden craving for Peking
 duck.

MARGO
 (really thrown now)
 That's -- so odd. I was just
 thinking the exact same thing.

CRANSTON
 Imagine the coincidence. Care to
 join me?

CUT TO:

16 INT CHINESE RESTAURANT NIGHT

16

CRANSTON and MARGO are in an expensive uptown restaurant. Cranston finishes ordering, in perfect Chinese. The waiter SNAPS his book shut and hurries off to the kitchen.

MARGO
 You speak Chinese?

CRANSTON
 (modestly)
 Only Mandarin.

MARGO
 (impressed)
 Well. You're full of surprises,
 aren't you?

(X)

CRANSTON
One or two. (X)

MARGO
And secrets, I bet. Guilty secrets. (X)

CRANSTON
You think so? What does guilt look like? Can you read it on a face? (X)

MARGO
I can certainly read it on yours.

She delicately pulls her hand out from under his, which has crept over on top of it. She takes a sip of champagne, her eyes off him for a moment. He just looks at her. When she sets her glass down, she speaks, as if in response to something he said --

MARGO (cont'd)
Oh, thank you, I'm glad you like it. (X)
I got it at Bergdorf's the other day.

-- but Cranston hasn't said anything. He looks at her, confused.

CRANSTON
Why did you tell me that? (X)

MARGO
You said -- you just complimented me (X)
on my dress.
(pause)
Didn't you?

CRANSTON
No, I didn't. (X)
(he doesn't like this)
But I was thinking it.

Margo smiles, surprised, and sits back.

MARGO
(fast, excited)
Now that hasn't happened to me in (X)
a long, long time. Since I was a
little girl. With my cousin Harry, I
could hear what he was thinking, just
pick the thoughts right out of his
head, before he spoke a word. It was
the strangest thing, and I never --
is something bothering you?

Cranston has pulled away from her, he looks remote, detached.
Like she came too close.

No. Nothing. CRANSTON

(X)

CUT TO:

17 EXT STREET NIGHT

17

A taxi pulls to a stop at a corner on the Upper East Side. CRANSON and MARGO get out. Cranston holds the door for her, then follows her to the steps of a brownstone.

MARGO

Thank you. I had a wonderful time.

CRANSTON

I'm not sure I can recall an evening as stimulating.

MARGO

Shall we do it again?

Cranston looks at her a moment too long before answering, and his eyes seem to betray a hint of -- sadness?

CRANSTON

(not entirely convincing)
Yes. Let's.

They shake hands, politely and chastely, and turn away, he to the cab and she to the door.

But at the same moment, they stop. At exactly the same time, and in exactly the same way, they turn back, cover the two steps between them, and slip into each other's arms.

They kiss, deeply. After a moment, they both pull back, again at the same time.

They seem a little thrown by it, and try to regain their composure.

CRANSTON

Good night, Miss Lane.

MARGO

Good night, Mr. Cranston.

He turns, walks briskly to the cab, and gets inside.

17A IN THE CAB,

17A

SHREVNITZ, at the wheel, lets out a low whistle.

SHREVNITZ

I like her, Boss. She's different than your usual dames.

Cranston watches her too, musing.

CRANSTON

More so than even she knows.

(CONTINUED)

17A CONTINUED:

17A

SHREVNITZ

How's that?

CRANSTON

She has abilities she is completely unaware of.

SHREVNITZ

No kidding? You gonna see her again?

(X)

CRANSTON

No. It's much too dangerous.

SHREVNITZ

Dangerous? For who?

(X)

CRANSTON

For me, Moe. For me.

He gestures to the road, and Shrevnitz pulls away, shaking his head. Cranston turns back, for one last look at Margo --

-- who is staring at him from the top of the steps. Trying to figure him out.

(X)

CUT TO:

18 EXT CRANSTON MANSION STREET 18

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.

19 INT CRANSTON LIVING ROOM NIGHT 19

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

CRANSTON is asleep in front of the fire, a half-empty snifter of brandy cradled in one hand.

A BUTLER comes silently into the room, takes an empty plate from the table next to him and sweeps out again, just as silently.

We move closer to Cranston's intriguing face. His eyes are darting like crazy under the lids. A low RUMBLE fills the room. The brandy snifter vibrates, the flames in the fireplace lick higher, and suddenly the brandy ignites and the glass explodes.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

Cranston's eyes pop open just as a giant ball of flame shoots out from the fireplace and forms itself in a shape in the air in front of him. The shape is a face, leering, severe, Asian, but what we immediately notice is the eyes.

(X

Green, and like to look right through you. They stare down at Cranston, who is motionless.

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

(X

CRANSTON
(a whisper)
Somebody's coming.

CUT TO:

20 EXT MUSEUM NIGHT

20

(X

Not many lights are on at this hour in this ornate old museum up on Central Park West.

(X

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

21 INT MUSEUM NIGHT

21

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 passersby.

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

22 INT LOADING DOCK NIGHT

22

BERGER, a white-coated museum employee, 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?

(CONTINUED)

BERGER

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, Berger.

BERGER

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

NEWBOLDT

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

BERGER

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'd)

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'd)

Solid silver!

He turns and calls to NELSON, a museum guard, not the brightest bulb in the chandelier, who is eating an apple in the doorway. (X

NEWBOLDT (cont'd)

Nelson! Help us get the sides off! (X

Nelson picks up a crowbar and comes over. He 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.

(CONTINUED)

BERGER
What's it say?

NEWBOLDT
It's Latin.
(translating)
"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'd)
This is the silver coffin of Temujin!

BERGER
Who's Temujin?

(X)

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

BERGER
So how come I haven't heard of him?

(X)

NEWBOLDT
Temujin was the birth name --
(a look back at the
coffin)
-- of Genghis Khan!

The three of them look at each other. They're growing
alarmed.

NEWBOLDT (cont'd)
What was the shipper's address?

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

NEWBOLDT
Let me make a phone call.

He turns and hurries to the door. Berger and Nelson look at
each other and at the coffin, spooked.

BERGER
(to get out of there)
I'll help you.

He follows quickly.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 3

22

NEWBOLDT
Nelson! Whatever you do, don't open
it!

(X)

NELSON
No sir.

Newboldt and Berger leave.

Nelson 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.

NELSON (cont'd)
(singing softly)
"Come on along and listen to -- the
lullaby --"

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

NELSON (cont'd)
" -- of -- "

the SCRATCHING comes again. Seems to be from the coffin. Nelson turns.

NELSON (cont'd)
" -- Broadway."

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

NELSON (cont'd)
(calling out)
Uh -- Mr. Newboldt? Sir?

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

Nelson steps back. Satisfied, he holsters his gun.

The latch SNAPS open.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 4

22

Nelson 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.

NELSON (cont'd)

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 Nelson has no 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 Nelson 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.

Nelson stares in disbelief as a MAN rises 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.

NELSON

Uh -- we're closed.

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

KHAN

Join me or die.

NELSON

Excuse me?

KHAN

Join me --

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

KHAN (cont'd)

-- or die.

Nelson 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.

NELSON

This is -- this is private property.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 5

22

KHAN
(contempt)
Your mind is weak.

NELSON
Don't come any -- any --

Khan continues to move toward him.

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

KHAN
Fall to your knees.

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

KHAN (cont'd)
Put the gun to your temple.

Nelson, 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'd)
Sacrifice yourself to me.

NELSON
(without hesitation)
Yes, my Khan.

His finger tightens on the trigger.

23 INT MUSEUM NIGHT

23

NEWBOLDT and BERGER, hurrying back to the loading dock, miss a step as a GUNSHOT echoes through the museum. They look at each other -- and break into a run.

(X)

24 INT LOADING DOCK NIGHT

24

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

(X)

Strangely, they don't seem to see Khan, but they GASP as they see Nelson's dead body sprawled across the floor.

At the same time, Newboldt is struck by a 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 --

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24
 -- but there's nothing.

CUT TO:

25 OMITTED 25
 26 EXT FEDERAL BUILDING NIGHT 26

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

27 INT FEDERAL BUILDING HALLWAY NIGHT 27

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
 REINHARDT LANE AND
 AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.

28 INT REINHARDT LANE'S LAB NIGHT 28

Inside the lab, 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 is bent 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.

FARLEY CLAYMORE, a constant annoyance who never looks you in the eye, hovers around Lane.

CLAYMORE

Didn't you hear me? I'm all done with the sphere! I'm just doing some underwater tests to check pressure.

LANE

Farley, I've told you a dozen times, we're doing energy research. I'm not interested in any military application the project may have.

CLAYMORE

Yeah? So why'd you let the War Department pay the bills?

LANE

Because you talked me into it! I just wanted enough money to finish.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

CLAYMORE

Dr. Lane, you don't think big. If you'd only listen to me, the world could be our oyster!

Lane looks at him over the top of his glasses.

LANE

(back in his work)
Oysters? I get a rash from oysters.

29 INT HALLWAY NIGHT

29

At the end of the hallway, the elevator DINGS and MARGO steps off. FARLEY CLAYMORE, coming out of Lane's lab, meets her midway between. His eyes brighten; she rolls hers.

The entire time they talk, he never takes his eyes out of her cleavage.

CLAYMORE

Ooooh, Margo, what a beautiful dress!
Such a -- clever neckline.

MARGO

Excuse me, Mr. Claymore, I'd like to see my father. (X)

CLAYMORE

So when are you going to come down and see my beryllium sphere?

MARGO

I'm not interested in your spheres, Mr. Claymore.

CLAYMORE

Margo. You don't even return my calls any more.

MARGO

That's not true. I never did return your calls.

CLAYMORE

I know. I can't imagine why.

He's still staring at her breasts, practically licking his lips. She reaches down and grabs him by the chin, forcibly averting his eyes from them. She speaks loudly and slowly, as to a foreigner.

MARGO

It's because I don't like you.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

Claymore giggles lecherously, turned on by the rejection.

CLAYMORE

My God, you're a fascinating woman!

30 INT REINHARDT LANE'S LAB NIGHT

30

REINHARDT LANE works and MUTTERS over his lab bench. MARGO comes up behind him and gives him a kiss on the cheek. He turns and smiles.

LANE

Margo! What a nice surprise. Have you had your dinner?

She looks at what he's wearing -- a bright red shirt with a checked jacket.

MARGO

Yes, Dad, it's two a.m. Where did you get that shirt?

LANE

You said I looked good in green!

Margo is patient, but this is the hundredth time.

MARGO

(points to something green)

This is green.

(and to his shirt)

That's red.

LANE

Green, red -- to me it's a clean shirt.

Margo flops onto a couch and stares up at the ceiling contemplatively. After a moment:

MARGO

Dad, do you believe in telepathy? Do you think it exists between certain people?

LANE

What, you mean mind reading? Of course I don't, dear, I'm a scientist.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

MARGO

It's so strange. I've always had this feeling that there was this -- indescribable connection out there just waiting for me, and tonight, suddenly -- there it was.

(X)

LANE

That's nice, dear. What was it?

MARGO

It was a man. And I'm probably never going to see him again.

(X)

LANE

But why not?

MARGO

I just know. It was as though I could sense what he was feeling. Now I'm completely and utterly depressed.

(X)

LANE

That's nice, dear.

She smiles and looks at him, but he's distracted again, back to trying to figure out what to do with that strange, ominous-looking contraption . . .

CUT TO:

30A EXT STREET NIGHT

30A

A taxi pulls to a stop next to a vacant lot downtown. 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 cab.

KHAN

Here.

DRIVER

Four forty-five.

(X)

Khan ignores him, opening the door.

(CONTINUED)

30A CONTINUED:

30A

DRIVER (cont'd)

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'd)

-- I said 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. He drops it in gear and the taxi
SQUEALS away from the curb, down the street, straight for the
fuel truck.

(CONTINUED)

30A CONTINUED: 2

30A

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

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.

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

Back on the curb --

-- Khan is gone.

CUT TO:

31 EXT CRANSTON MANSION NIGHT 31

A single light burns on the upper floor of the Cranston mansion.

32 INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT 32

CRANSTON is in bed, reading "A Tale of Two Cities." He starts to turn a page as --

33 INT MARGO'S BEDROOM NIGHT 33

-- MARGO, in bed in her apartment, completes the action, turning a page in her own book.

Also "A Tale of Two Cities."

As she reads, she reaches for a pack of cigarettes on her night table --

34 INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT 34

-- and Cranston lights one that's in his mouth. He takes a puff --

35 INT MARGO'S BEDROOM NIGHT 35

-- and Margo exhales it. She looks at the cigarette, dissatisfied --

36 INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT 36

-- and Cranston stubs his out in the ashtray. He closes his book, reaches up to turn off his light --

37 INT MARGO'S BEDROOM 37

-- and Margo flicks the switch on hers, plunging her room into darkness.

38 INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT 38

Cranston lies on his side in bed, eyes wide open, trying to sleep, but no luck. He looks at the empty expanse of bed next to him.

He rolls over, to face away from the empty bed --

39 INT MARGO'S APARTMENT NIGHT 39

-- as does Margo. She stares into the darkness.

MARGO

Someday.

CUT TO:

40 EXT MUSEUM DAY 40

The next day. A number of police cars are parked in front of the museum, which is now a crime scene. (X

41 INT LOADING DOCK DAY 41

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

COMMISSIONER BARTH arrives and turns to the COP at the door.

BARTH

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 a ring on the third finger of his left hand. (X

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

The Cop slips out of the room unnoticed.

CUT TO:

42 EXT CHELSEA DISTRICT DAY 42

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.

43 INT HALLWAY DAY 43

The COP walks down a dingy hallway. Offices are on either side, the names of the occupants stencilled on the translucent 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.

44 INT OFFICE DAY 44

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.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

On its way to some unknown destination, the tube system bucks and winds through huge hunks of the city:

44A EXT ALLEY DAY 44A ()

With a rattle, a tube clatters along an alley wall, over the head of a sleeping DRUNK --

44B INT AN APARTMENT DAY 44B ()

The plaster vibrates in an OLD COUPLE's apartment as the letter blasts through what looks like a water or gas pipe along the ceiling.

A chunk of plaster falls in the Old Man's soup.

OLD MAN

Damn subway. ()

44C INT AN OFFICE DAY 44C ()

WORKERS are oblivious as the tube system cuts across the floor of an office building. A water cooler BUBBLES as the letter WHOOSHES through the tube beneath it.

44D EXT ROOFTOP DAY 44D ()

Birds scatter as the letter flies through a rooftop tube.

44E INT TUBE DAY 44E ()

Back inside the tube, a faint light glimmers far ahead as the letter plows on. 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 --

45 INT BURBANK'S CONTROL ROOM DAY 45

-- a pair of waiting hands.

The far wall of this dark 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.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

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.

After a moment, he reaches to his right and pushes a green button.

46 INT CRANSTON MANSION DAY

46

LAMONT CRANSTON's ring flashes an urgent green. Cranston, who is getting dressed, sees it, whisks his coat from a wooden valet, and is out the door. (X

47 INT MOE SHREVNITZ' CAB DAY

47

MOE SHREVNITZ pilots his taxi through midday traffic. A middle-aged COUPLE ride in the back. Shrevnitz has his arm over the seat and is talking to them, cutting in and out of traffic, but just barely looking.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

SHREVNITZ

So I says to her, "Shirl, what do you need a washing machine for?"

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

MAN

(pointing)

Uh -- the, uh -- the --

SHREVNITZ

I says "We already have a washing machine! You!"

He laughs, loud. They don't.

SHREVNITZ (cont'd)

Get it? "You!"

(X)

Shrevnitz' ring suddenly starts to flash. He 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'd)

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.

MAN

You wanna walk home?

WOMAN

Yeah, let's walk.

48 EXT CRANSTON MANSION DAY 48

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

49 INT TAXI DAY 49

CRANSTON climbs into the cab. He seems agitated.

CRANSTON

The Sanctum.

SHREVNITZ

You got it, Boss.

He stomps on the gas.

CUT TO:

50 EXT TIMES SQUARE DAY 50

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

Shrevnitz' taxi stops in the middle of it all. CRANSTON gets out and hurries through the crowd. Nobody pays him any attention.

He turns down an empty blind alley, fairly unremarkable, its terminus three walls of smooth brick.

He moves to the back wall, checks over his shoulder, then 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 --

51 INT THE SHADOW'S SANCTUM DAY 51

-- 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 imaginable. At the far end of the room is a low table with an elaborate radio setup. 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.

52 INT BURBANK'S CONTROL ROOM DAY 52

BURBANK speaks.

BURBANK
(into microphone)
Our agent in the twenty-sixth precinct reports police investigation of murder at Museum of Asian Antiquities -- (X

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

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

BURBANK
 Agent advises inquiry.

53 INT SHADOW'S SANCTUM DAY 53

CRANSTON is already moving.

CRANSTON
 (into mike)
 Understood.

He SNAPS off the microphone, whirls to leave --

-- and stops dead in his tracks. 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'd)
 Don't feel obligated to introduce
 yourself, I already know who you are.
 Not this temporary version --

He gestures to a hat and cloak on a rack.

KHAN (cont'd)
 -- 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
 I don't know what you're talking
 about.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

KHAN

(waves him off)

Please. It is no more difficult for me to invade your mind than it was this room. May I sit?

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

KHAN (cont'd)

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

CRANSTON

You were a student of the Tulku?

(X)

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.

(he pulls a coin out of a pocket)

I'm happy to pay.

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

CRANSTON

You didn't by any chance visit the museum last night, did you?

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

KHAN

A wonderful collection of Tibetan tapestries.

(they drink)

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

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

KHAN (cont'd)

How nice. You remember it.

CRANSTON

It -- rings a bell.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 2

53

KHAN

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

CRANSTON

Uh huh. So what brings you to the
Big Apple?

(X)

KHAN

My destiny. Genghis Khan conquered
half the world in his lifetime. I
intend to finish the job.

(X)

CRANSTON

And how do you plan to do that?

KHAN

(rolls his eyes)
Well, if I told you, it wouldn't be a
surprise.

(pours another round)
I travelled to this country in
Genghis Khan's 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. That's a lovely tie, by
the way. May I ask where you
acquired it?

(X)

CRANSTON

Brooks Brothers.

KHAN

Is that midtown?

CRANSTON

Forty-fifth and Madison.
(back to business)
You -- are a barbarian.

(X)

KHAN

Thank you. We both are. I know
that inside you beats a heart of
darkness. You dip into it every time
you put on the hat and cloak.

(X)

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.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 3

53

KHAN (cont'd)

Join me. You are Ying Ko, the
Butcher of Lhasa. You, and only 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'd)

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. Be
my partner, Ying Ko.

CRANSTON

That's not my name any more.

KHAN

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

In a quick motion, Cranston kicks a wall panel, which flips
open, end over end, revealing a .45 neatly mounted in a
holster.

Khan smiles and flips the large, silvery coin he took from his
pocket into the air above the table --

KHAN (cont'd)

For the bourbon.

-- Cranston turns his attention away for a second, draws the
gun, and when he turns back with it --

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

KHAN (o.s.)

We'll meet again. Soon.

Offscreen, the bricks that mark the entrance to the sanctum
GRIND shut.

With a CLATTER, the coin lands on the table and spins there,
HUMMING. Cranston picks it up. The coin is strange, its
metal different than all others. It glows dully in the light,
alien.

Cranston examines it carefully.

CUT TO:

53A INT SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT 53A

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.

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 about a dozen enormous MONGOL WARRIORS, all dressed in their native garb and with huge, curved daggers hanging at their sides.

KHAN

The day of the Mongol warrior is once
again at hand! Soon, with wings
outstretched --

The Mongols don't speak, just put their lips together and HISS. The hisses grow louder and louder, and Khan throws his arms over his head rapturously.

KHAN (cont'd)

-- we fly to our destiny!

CUT TO:

53B EXT STREET DAY 53B

Morning on a quiet residential street in Queens. A RADIO ANNOUNCER's voice blares.

ANNOUNCER (o.s.)

Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. America
and all the ships at sea! Flash!
Manhattan reels from yet another
report of the elusive "Shadow" police
have been chasing for almost five
years!

(X)

53C INT A KITCHEN DAY 53C

A radio BLARES, the source of the Announcer's voice.

(CONTINUED)

53C CONTINUED:

53C

ANNOUNCER (o.s.)

This latest bizarre episode took place in full view of three witness on a Manhattan bridge!

A family scurries about the kitchen table at breakfast time. KIDS do last-minute homework in front of the radio.

The father lowers his newspaper, listening carefully to the report. It's ROY TAM, the scientist The Shadow rescued on the bridge.

ANNOUNCER (o.s.)

Some say this Shadow is a foe to sharpsters, charlatans and ne'er-do-wells wherever they may be! But others fear his motives are far more sinister! Where do you stand, Radioland?!

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 -- I'm sure your teacher -- well, I mean, it could -- of course, I would have no personal knowledge --

(X)

TAM'S WIFE gives him a confused look.

MRS. TAM

What's the matter, dear?

(X)

There is a KNOCK at the front door.

TAM

(leaping up)
I'll get it.

53D ON THE FRONT PORCH,

53D

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

TAM

Yes?

Cranston doesn't say anything, just holds up his hand, showing his ring.

CRANSTON

"The sun is shining."

(CONTINUED)

53D CONTINUED:

53D

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

TAM
"But the ice is slippery."

Cranston nods. Tam steps quickly outside, pulling the door halfway closed behind him.

TAM (cont'd)
(whispering)
You're an agent of The Shadow?

CRANSTON
Who?

TAM
Oh yeah. Right.
(he winks)
Gotcha. What do you need?

CRANSTON
A metal analysis.

He holds up the coin Khan left in the Sanctum.

CRANSTON (cont'd)
Of this.

CUT TO:

53E INT TAM'S LAB DAY

53E

TAM and CRANSTON are in Tam's laboratory. Tam hovers over the coin, MUTTERING to himself, thinking, poking the thing with a metal prod.

He seems puzzled. He reaches for a petri dish, fills it with tap water, and drops the coin into it. The water reacts violently, all of it evaporating in one giant PUFF.

Tam looks up, a wondrous grin on his face.

TAM
Bronzium! The metal is bronzium! I
didn't think it existed, but my God,
here it is!

(X)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53E CONTINUED:

53E

TAM (cont'd)

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

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

CRANSTON

Could bronzium conceivably be used for making some sort of weapon?

(X)

TAM

Theoretically, yes.

CRANSTON

How?

TAM

Well, supposedly, it's very unstable on the molecular level. Only the cell bonds hold it in check. But if those bonds were ever breached --

(X)

CRANSTON

What, by explosion?

TAM

Wouldn't do it. But if the power of the cell were turned on itself, in an implosion -- the molecular imbalance would be released! Then you'd have an explosion, all right!

(X)

CRANSTON

How powerful would it be?

(X)

Tam shakes his head ominously, and when he speaks this line, it's with the Voice of Doom.

(X)

TAM

No man can say.

Warming to the theoretical discussion, he goes to a blackboard and wipes a clean space.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

53E CONTINUED: 2

53E

TAM (cont'd)

The breakdown would spread rapidly 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.

(X)

CRANSTON

Or an atomic bomb.

TAM

Hey, that's catchy.
(sketching on the chalkboard)

(X)

(X)

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.

(his drawing taking shape)

(X)

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 looks familiar to us, awfully familiar --

TAM (o.s.)

Fortunately, such a device doesn't exist.

CUT TO:

53F INT REINHARDT LANE'S LAB NIGHT

53F

Oh, yes it does. And REINHARDT LANE is working on it. Carefully. MUTTERING to himself.

CUT TO:

54 OMITTED

54

55 INT PRAYER CHAMBER NIGHT 55

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

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

56 INT REINHARDT LANE'S LABORATORY NIGHT 56

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 twenty-five stories below.

Lane looks out over the balcony, at a huge "Llama" Cigarette billboard. The ad features 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.

57 OMITTED 57

58 EXT BALCONY NIGHT 58

LANE stares at the Llama 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 --

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

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

KHAN
(from the sign)
Reinhardt Lane.

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

LANE
Yes, my khan.

CUT TO:

59 INT COBALT CLUB NIGHT

59

COMMISSIONER BARTH is in the Cobalt Club, finishing his dinner. There is an empty place beside him and CRANSTON slides into it, late.

BARTH
You know what puzzles me, Lamont?
How a man with absolutely nothing to do can be late for every single engagement.

CRANSTON
Practice, Uncle Wainwright.

BARTH
Waiter! More sour cream!
(back to Cranston)
I suppose you've eaten.

(X)

CRANSTON
Do martini olives count?

Barth notices something over Cranston's shoulder.

BARTH
Oh, it's that damn Lane woman again.

(X)

Cranston turns and follows his eye. MARGO LANE is headed straight for their table.

BARTH (cont'd)
She's been calling me all day, I had to practically hide under my --
(she arrives)
-- Hello, Miss Lane! Delightful to, uh, see you, etcetera --

(X)

MARGO
You can drop the act, Commissioner.
What have you done about my father?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

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.

BARTH

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

MARGO

We've met.

CRANSTON

(standing)
Please, sit down.

Barth tries to look sharply at Cranston, but he's having none
of it. Margo slides into the booth, Cranston sits on the
outside. She watches him, out of the corner of her eye.

He does the same with her.

BARTH

Miss Lane, the fact that your father
is acting strangely does not justify
a police investigation.

MARGO

I just want to see him. The War
Department says he's suddenly decided
to have no visitors, not even his own
daughter. That's not like him.

BARTH

Perhaps his work is top secret. It
is the War Department.

MARGO

No, his project is harmless. Energy
research. Some kind of implosive
device.

Cranston looks up sharply. Margo notices, but he looks away,
a strange, dark look sweeping across his face.

MARGO (cont'd)

(back to Barth)

Something's wrong, I know it. I
spoke to him on the phone and he was
distant, confused, babbling. He
spoke to me in Chinese.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 2

59

BARTH
(draining his martini)
Waiter!

(X)

MARGO
He doesn't speak Chinese!

(X)

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
What's your opinion, Mr. Cran --

But she stops in the middle of her sentence.

Cranston is gone. Margo cranes her head, and sees Cranston
near the door of the club, heading out.

MARGO (cont'd)
Excuse me.

She jumps up and follows him.

60 EXT COBALT CLUB NIGHT

60

Outside the Cobalt Club, MARGO catches up with CRANSTON.

MARGO
Mr. Cranston! Mr. Cranston!

She grabs him by the arm and turns him around.

MARGO (cont'd)
Wait a minute, what's wrong, did I
say something to --

(X)

She suddenly finds herself face to face with him and their
eyes lock, hard. This is a different Cranston than the other
night, there's nothing carefree about him -- he's changing.

Margo steps away from him, frightened.

MARGO (cont'd)
Your eyes, they -- they're --

CRANSTON
I have to go.

MARGO
(blurting it out)
Ying Ko.

Cranston looks at her sharply.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

MARGO (cont'd)
 (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 me.

MARGO
 (unaffected)
 Why would I do that? (X)

CRANSTON
 You'll give me no further thought.

MARGO
 (still unaffected)
 Look, Mr. Cranston, I don't know (X)
 what kind of women you're used to
 dealing with, but I certainly do not
 appreciate being --

Cranston realizes it's not working with her, and this is way too close for comfort. MOE pulls up in the cab and, without another word, Cranston turns, gets in, and ROARS off.

MARGO (cont'd)
 Hey!

But she is left on the curb, thoroughly confused.

61 INT CAB NIGHT

61

CRANSTON is in the back seat, all business now. SHREVNITZ drives.

CRANSTON
 The Federal Building.

Shrevnitz tugs on the wheel, hard, and SQUEALS around a corner. As the car races through the streets, 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.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

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:

62 EXT REINHARDT LANE'S BALCONY NIGHT

62

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

LANE

But it's not ready yet.

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

LANE (cont'd)

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.

63 INT HALLWAY NIGHT

63

The MARINE GUARDS stand outside the door.

FIRST GUARD

Pizza?

SECOND GUARD

Yecch.

FIRST GUARD

Well, I'm not gonna eat a burger again.

SECOND GUARD

I'm not askin' you to eat a burger.

The elevator DINGS at the end of the hall. Both of them put their hands over their sidearms in a ready position, but when the doors open, the elevators are empty.

They relax.

FIRST GUARD

You like fish?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

SECOND GUARD
What about a burger?

SSSSSSSICK!

The First Guard looks down at his chest in surprise. There is an arrow in it.

FIRST GUARD
Oh.

SSSSSSSICK!

The Second Guard looks down, at his own chest. Same deal. They look at each other for a second, confused, then fall over backwards. Dead.

At the end of the hall, five of Khan's MONGOL WARRIORS stand in front of the elevator.

Two of them hold crossbows.

64 INT LANE'S LAB NIGHT

64

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 MONGOL comes in and CLICKS his tongue once. Lane obediently bends down and picks up the case.

Just as he does, the Mongol hears something from the balcony. He CLICKS his tongue twice and Lane puts down the case and stands, waiting.

The Mongol walks out on the balcony, crossbow in front of him.

64A THE BALCONY

64A

is on the corner of the building. The Mongol takes one step outside and a black gloved hand lashes down from above, grabbing him by the hair, lifting him straight up into the air.

The Mongol SCREAMS and kicks his feet, dropping his crossbow, which falls over the ledge and into the endless black below one corner of the balcony.

With all his strength, the Mongol reaches up, grabbing the hand with both of his. He pulls hard, flipping THE SHADOW off his perch above and landing him on the balcony next to him.

(CONTINUED)

64A CONTINUED:

64A

Both of them struggle on the edge of the platform, teetering on the brink of the other corner.

The Shadow looks down, sees they are doomed to fall, and turns a half turn, putting the Mongol 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 Mongol, however, lands harder, as The Shadow has carefully preserved his position, using the other's body to cushion the impact.

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.

64B BACK IN LANE'S LAB,

64B

the other four MONGOLS are in the lab now, waiting for the first to return.

Suddenly the Second Mongol's chin SNAPS shut as if hit by a tremendous blow and he sails across the room. He lands in a heap and looks up in wounded disbelief.

THE SHADOW'S LAUGH echoes through the room.

The other three Mongols turn to the general area the Second Mongol occupied. They all start taking punches, hard, and it looks like no contest for The Shadow, except --

-- the Second Mongol spots a flashlight, on one of the workbenches.

He gets an idea. He runs to the wall switch and kills the overhead lights in the room. Grabbing the flashlight, he turns it on and flashes it around the room, in the area where the other three Mongols are getting beaten. He doesn't see anything unusual for a second.

But then, with nothing between the flashlight and the wall, the beam catches something, and casts an unmistakable shadow on the far wall -- a man in a cloak and hat.

The Second Mongol grins and loads an arrow into his crossbow.

(CONTINUED)

64B CONTINUED:

64B

The shadow on the wall darts left and right, to get out of the beam of light, but the Mongol follows it, aiming.

SSSSSSSICK!

The arrow THUDS into the wall, and a scrap of black cloak becomes visible, pinned there.

The Second Mongol draws another arrow from his quiver and fires that one as well.

It THUDS into the wall, a few feet to the left of the first one, pinning another scrap of cloak.

The other Mongols scramble to their feet and WHOOP with joy, looking at the Second Mongol in amazement, but his eyes suddenly widen and he points to the wall and SHOUTS.

The other Mongols whirl. The Shadow, weakened and fully visible now, leans against the far wall, pinned to it by his cloak, which has been pierced just above both shoulders.

The Second Mongol SCREAMS their battle cry and reaches for another arrow.

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 Second Mongol stops screaming.

The Shadow opens up, cutting down one, two of the Mongols in succession.

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

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

The Second Mongol escapes with Reinhardt Lane.

65 ON THE BALCONY,

65

the Mongol pulls a dagger and drives it at The Shadow. The Shadow ducks it and the Mongol sails over the ledge.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

The Shadow catches his arm and is nearly pulled over himself, but keeps his ground on the balcony, holding onto the Mongol as he dangles in space. The Mongol twists, trying to pull free.

SHADOW
What are you doing?! Hold on! Hold
on or you'll die!

The Mongol's face relaxes into a look of blissful serenity --

MONGOL
Yes. To serve my khan.

(X)

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

66 EXT FEDERAL BUILDING NIGHT

66

MOE SHREVNITZ is leaning on the front of his cab, reading a book called "Developing Psychic Ability." He closes his eyes, working on it. He concentrates for a second, then his eyes pop open as there is a strange WHOOSHING sound near him.

(X)

SHREVNITZ
Hey! I sense somebody coming!

(X)

He looks up.

The Mongol is falling straight at him, SCREAMING.

Shrevnitz dives out of the way at the last second and the Mongol's body SLAMS into the concrete in front of the cab.

Shrevnitz scrambles to his feet and stares, wide-eyed. He gathers himself, goes to the body, and inspects it -- the long dagger, the strange attire. He shivers and pulls his coat in close around him.

He looks both ways and walks back to the cab. He gets in and closes the door, rattled.

67 IN THE CAB,

67

Shrevnitz is still getting over his close call when a VOICE comes from the back seat.

SHADOW
Drive.

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

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

SHREVNITZ
 (pointing to the body)
 What the hell was that?

SHADOW
 A Mongol warrior. Strong. Well
 trained.

Shrevnitz shakes his head and drops the car in gear.

SHREVNITZ
 Sure don't fly too good though.

CUT TO:

68 INT SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT

68

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

KHAN
 (to the Mongol)
All of them?!

The Mongol nods, terrified. Khan gets up.

KHAN (cont'd)
 It's Ying Ko. It has to be.

Making a decision, he turns to Reinhardt Lane.

KHAN (cont'd)
 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'd)
 -- I would appreciate your making a
 telephone call for me.

CUT TO:

69 INT MARGO'S APARTMENT NIGHT 69

The phone is RINGING as MARGO comes in the door to her apartment. She dumps her bag and answers it.

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

CUT TO:

70 EXT PHONE BOOTH NIGHT 70

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.)
Are you there now?

LANE
Hurry.

He hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

71 INT FEDERAL BUILDING NIGHT 71

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.

72 INT LAB NIGHT 72

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'd)
Dad!? Where are you?!

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

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

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

MARGO (cont'd)

Dad, please.

She looks out, over the balcony. She notices the intriguing Llama sign across the street. (X

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

KHAN

Margo Lane.

She is transfixed.

CUT TO:

73 INT SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT

73

MARGO stands before SHIWAN KHAN, hypnotized. She seems to teeter, as if she can't trust her balance. Khan is close to her, admiring her, running a finger lovingly down her cheek. She doesn't seem to feel it.

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:

74 INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

74

CRANSTON is in his bedroom, dressing a wound on his shoulder where one of the Mongol's arrows gashed him. The only light is from a fire in the fireplace.

He stops suddenly, turning his head, hearing a noise we don't. He pulls his shirt on, quickly.

75 INT MANSION NIGHT

75

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.

75A INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

75A

MARGO enters. She looks to the bed and sees CRANSTON sitting upright, looking at her, unarmed.

She points the 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.

But Lamont Cranston sits calmly in a chair. The image she fired at was a reflection of him in the large mirror in the headboard over his bed.

Cranston stands 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 it 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?

(no answer)

Who sent you?

MARGO

I don't know! There was this -- voice. Over and over in my head. It said I had to kill -- The Shadow. I had to kill The Shadow. And I came here.

Cranston becomes agitated.

(CONTINUED)

75A CONTINUED:

75A

CRANSTON

Get out.

MARGO

And there was only you.

CRANSTON

GO! NOW!

She looks at him, now clearly suspecting the truth.

MARGO

Let me see into your eyes!

CRANSTON

You won't like what you see.

MARGO

I think --

CRANSTON

Please!

MARGO

I know something, I knew before --

(X)

Cranston is like a cornered animal. Something awful is rising up in him, and it's frightening.

MARGO (cont'd)

Something strange about you, I could feel it, I could feel it!

(X)

CRANSTON

Please --

(X)

MARGO

That static in my head, whenever I was near you! I knew it!

CRANSTON

You're in danger!

MARGO

You're The Shadow!

And just as those words come out of her mouth Cranston springs, grabbing her and pinning her against the wall. He's terrifying. He rears back, curling his hand into a fist and SMASHING IT --

-- through the wall next to her head. Just as quickly, he releases her, tearing away, shocked at himself. Although trembling with fright, Margo continues to appeal.

(CONTINUED)

75A CONTINUED: 2

75A

MARGO

My father has disappeared. The police are useless. If you're The Shadow, you're the only one who can help me find him!

(X)

CRANSTON

Just 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

I know.

(X)

He turns and leaves. She doesn't follow.

CUT TO:

76 EXT STREET NIGHT

76

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

But someone is watching him. A car starts and follows.

77 EXT TIMES SQUARE NIGHT

77

The taxi comes to a stop. CRANSTON, still visibly shaken from his encounter with Margo, gets out.

The following car glides to a stop a safe distance behind.

77A FURTHER DOWN THE STREET,

77A

Cranston hurries on. He is about to turn in the doorway of the alley 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 a MONGOL WARRIOR, reflected in the glass. Forsaking the alley, Cranston steps into a shadowy doorway.

(CONTINUED)

77A CONTINUED:

77A

The Mongol Warrior hurries after him. He reaches the doorway and peers inside, but there's no one there, only the inky shadows and a locked door.

Puzzled, the Mongol continues on down the street.

But as he leaves, the shadows stir in the doorway, and a black pool glides out from the darkness.

A shadow -- The Shadow -- follows the Mongol down the street.

CUT TO:

78
THRU OMITTED
79

78
THRU
79

80 EXT CHINATOWN NIGHT

80

The MONGOL walks through Chinatown, the crowded, narrow streets near Pell and Mott. CRANSTON follows at a discreet distance.

The Mongol climbs the steps into a second floor restaurant. Cranston waits a few moments, then follows him up the stairs.

80A INT STAIRCASE NIGHT

80A

CRANSTON walks carefully up the narrow staircase.

81 INT RESTAURANT NIGHT

81

CRANSTON reaches the top 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 Mongol 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, now dapper in a modern suit and the same Brooks Brothers tie Cranston wore the other day. He continues eating, picking meat off a bone with a large dagger.

CRANSTON

Nice tie.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

KHAN

Thank you.

(X)

CRANSTON

Oh, by the way -- you sent Margo Lane to kill me.

(X)

KHAN

Kill you? 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?

(X)

CRANSTON

She's alive.

(X)

KHAN

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

(X)

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

CRANSTON

I know your plan, Khan. But you still don't have a beryllium sphere, and without it you can't complete the bomb. You know I'll stop you.

(X)

KHAN

You Americans are sooooo confident. You think your meaningless, decadent country is the new cradle of civilization, but let me tell you something -- the civilization of one era is the manure of the next.

(X)

CRANSTON

That's the U.S. of A. you're talking about, pal.

(X)

KHAN

(rapturously)
I'm talking about RULING THE WORLD!

(X)

Cranston just looks at him for a moment. Finally:

CRANSTON

I'd like to give you a name -- Leonard Levinsky. Brilliant psychiatrist. You'll talk, he'll listen, you'll feel better when you get some of these things off your --

(X)

KHAN
You're BORING ME! (X)

He 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.

KHAN (cont'd)
(impressed)
Ooooooh. (X)

Cranston's eyes go to the blade in the table.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 3

81

CRANSTON

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 a vicious stone face carved in its 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. No, I correct myself. I took it out of the tulku. After I ran it through his heart.

(X)

Cranston grabs the knife and turns it quickly in his hand, to plunge it into Khan. But the knife comes alive. The carved face growls, it SNAPS at Cranston, it sinks its stone teeth into his wrist.

Cranston shouts and drops it, clutching his bleeding wrist.

Khan smiles.

KHAN (cont'd)

You never mastered the phurba, did you?

Khan shoots a look at the dagger. It scoots across the table to him obediently and ZIPS into his hand, handle first.

(X)

KHAN (cont'd)

You still expect it to respond to brute force. When will you listen to your instincts?

(X)

Cranston lunges forward, grabbing Khan by the throat with one hand and squeezing for all he's worth.

CRANSTON

Instincts? Here. Let me show you my instincts.

(X)

His fingers tighten.

A SCRAPING sound comes from the anteroom and the MONGOL appears through the curtains. He points two old fashioned single-shot pistols at Cranston.

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

He COCKS the weapon.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 4

81

Cranston, seeing his position, releases his hold. (X)

The Mongol pulls back but remains in the doorway, guns trained on Cranston.

KHAN

My Mongol warriors aren't terribly bright, but they are loyal. (X)

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

KHAN (cont'd)

Accept the truth. There is no light without shadow, and you and I are that shadow.

Cranston looks quickly to the doorway again. The Mongol is having a rough time of it, his headache turning into one King Hell Migraine.

KHAN (cont'd)

I would sooner destroy a Rembrandt than kill you, but I will, here, now, unless you give me the answer I crave. For the last time -- will you join me?

Cranston doesn't answer. The Mongol bites his lip, hard, fighting his headache.

KHAN (cont'd)

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 Mongol, 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 Mongol.

KHAN

Weakling.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 5

81

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

-- and FIRE at the same time. The bullets ROAR out of the gun barrels, spiraling forward, straight at the hearts of both Cranston and Shiwan Khan, but instead of killing them, the bullets SLAM together in the middle of the room --

-- and fuse together in midair!

They drop to the floor, now a single misshapen lump of lead.

Khan doesn't stick around to ask questions. He turns, stares at a plate glass window, in intense concentration --

(X)

-- and the glass explodes!

(X)

He jumps through the empty space and is gone.

82 EXT RESTAURANT NIGHT

82

KHAN CRASHES through the window, RIPS through an awning, and lands on his feet on the sidewalk. CRANSTON races out the door of the restaurant just as Khan jumps in the sidecar of a waiting motorcycle and ROARS off, a MONGOL behind the wheel.

MOE screeches to a halt in his cab and Cranston jumps in.

CRANSTON

Follow them!

The taxi rockets away from the curb.

82A EXT CHINATOWN NIGHT

82A

The motorcycle plows through the streets of Chinatown with no regard for life or property. PEOPLE scream and leap out of the way, others aren't so lucky.

82B INT MOE'S CAB NIGHT

82B

Moe does his best to keep up without hitting anyone. Through the windshield, he sees the motorcycle heading right for a bridge pillar. Just before it crashes, the motorcycle and sidecar separate, going on either side of the pillar before hooking up again further down the road.

Moe stomps on the brakes and SCREECHES to a halt inches short of the pillar. He shakes his head in disapproval.

(X)

SHREVNITZ

Ten to one that driver's from New Jersey.

(X)

82C EXT STREET NIGHT 82C

Moe's cab races around a corner, out of Chinatown, and down a long, empty street. But the motorcycle is nowhere to be seen. They fly past a vacant lot.

82D INT CAB NIGHT 82D

Moe keeps driving, but it's clear the motorcycle has given them the slip. Cranston senses something and turns back in his seat.

CRANSTON

Wait a minute, Moe. Turn around.

82E EXT VACANT LOT NIGHT 82E

The cab, now heading the other way, glides to a stop in front of the vacant lot. Cranston gets out, crosses the sidewalk, and goes to the high chain link fence that surrounds the lot.

Cranston looks at the empty lot, confused. Something here doesn't quite add up, but damned if he knows what it is. It's just a vacant lot. Right?

Finally, he turns away and walks slowly back to the cab.

CUT TO:

83 INT CRANSTON'S LIVING ROOM NIGHT 83

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.

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

MARGO

I can't help that I know what I know about you. And I can't forget it, either, because my father is all I've got -- and right now you're all he's got.

(X)

CRANSTON

I'll do what I can. But alone.

MARGO

Why? We have some sort of connection. I could help you.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

CRANSTON

You wouldn't be safe with me. I think I'm losing control. I might -- harm you in some way.

MARGO

I don't think you're capable of that.

CRANSTON

You have no idea what I'm capable of.

She just looks at him. Cranston goes to the fire and pokes it. The flames lick up in his eyes as he starts his story. (X)

CRANSTON (cont'd)

I was thirteen years old the first time it happened. One morning at school a cousin of mine told the teacher I'd cheated on a test. Which I had. But after school, I caught up with my cousin. (X)

83A INT SCHOOL BATHROOM DAY 83A (X)

With a SMACK, a BLONDE KID, a trust-fund type, is thrown violently to the floor on his back. YOUNG CRANSTON, thirteen, a dark, brooding kid, descends on him, wrapping his fingers around his throat, choking the life out of him.

CRANSTON (v.o.)

I remember it so clearly. My fingers on his throat. His face changing color. His arms waving. Hard at first, then -- not as hard. The fear in his eyes, his panic was -- extraordinary. (X)

BACK IN CRANSTON'S LIVING ROOM,

Adult Cranston turns to Margo, who is growing frightened.

CRANSTON

I had never felt such power in all my life. (X)
 (back to the fire, his expression darkens)
 But something deep inside me was -- changing. Or, rather -- showing itself.

IN THE BATHROOM, (X)

Young Cranston's face is a mask of horror as he continues to choke the Blonde Kid.

CRANSTON (o.s.)
It was ugly. And evil. And it was
clawing its way out. (X)

Young Cranston tears himself away, leaving the Blonde Kid gasping, but alive.

83B INT SCHOOL BATHROOM DAY 83B (X)

Young Cranston, panicky, splashes water on his ashen face.

CRANSTON (v.o.)
That was when I first knew that
inside me -- (X)

Young Cranston looks up, into the mirror, water dripping from his features.

CRANSTON (v.o.)
-- there is another face. (X)

With a horrible GRINDING sound, the mirror cracks, a vertical split dividing Young Cranston's face in half.

83C IN THE LIVING ROOM, 83C (X)

Cranston turns back to Margo.

CRANSTON
As I got older, I tried to run from
myself, but it was no good. What I
became in Tibet I don't want anyone
to know. I do what I do to fight
back the evil in me, but it hasn't
gone away. Some part of it is still
there. Waiting. Ready to hurt
people. Maybe even someone I love. (X)

MARGO
Is there someone you love?

(CONTINUED)

83C CONTINUED:

83C

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

CRANSTON

(soft)
No.

MARGO

Then how do you know?

She moves toward him. 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. The fire SPITS and CRACKS, reflected in the ring.

CRANSTON

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

MARGO

I'm not afraid of you.

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

CRANSTON

But I am.

(X)

CUT TO:

84 INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT 84

The middle of the night. CRANSTON is awake, lying on his bed, still in his clothes. A wavering gaslight on his night table throws its uncertain rays over his face.

Restless, he gets up.

85 INT ANOTHER BEDROOM NIGHT 85

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.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

He looks at himself for a moment. He notices a smudge on his cheek, like a speck of newsprint, and brushes it away with his finger.

But it doesn't go away. He wets his thumb and rubs the spot, but the speck grows larger and turns red. Cranston presses harder, rubbing at the spot, and to his horror --

-- the skin peels away from his face.

He looks down at the bloody strip of skin he holds in his hand, then back at the mirror. Underneath where the skin came off, there seems to be something else there, something underneath.

With growing dread, Cranston peels at the skin of his face, faster and faster, now pulling off his entire nose, as if pulling off a bloody, fleshy mask, and when he finally rips his very image away from his skull, he sees what lies underneath --

-- the face of Shiwan Khan.

A SCREAM comes from the bed. Cranston, now Khan, whirls. Margo is sitting upright, staring at him, terrified. Unable to control himself, he snatches up a knife from the dresser, hurls it at her, and as it sails across the room toward her heart --

86 INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

86

-- CRANSTON awakens from the dream. He sits bolt upright on the bed, covered in sweat, breathing hard.

CRANSTON

Jesus Christ.

CUT TO:

87 EXT CRANSTON MANSION DAY

87

The sun comes up over the Cranston mansion.

88 INT MARGO'S BEDROOM DAY

88

MARGO wakes and sees CRANSTON standing over her, fully dressed.

CRANSTON

Good morning.

MARGO

(stretching)

Good morning. God, I dreamed.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

CRANSTON

Really? So did I. What was yours?

(X)

MARGO

I was lying naked on a beach in the South Seas with the tide just coming in over my toes. The sun was beating down, my skin was cool and hot at the same time, it was wonderful. What was your dream?

(X)

CRANSTON

I ripped all the flesh off my face and there was someone else underneath.

MARGO

(pause)

You have problems.

CRANSTON

I'm aware of that. I'll wait outside while you dress.

MARGO

That's okay.

She flips back the blanket and gets out of bed, in her slip. Cranston politely looks the other way. Well, most of the way. She picks up her clothes from yesterday.

MARGO (cont'd)

Oh, these are all rumpled.

He gestures to a large wardrobe.

CRANSTON

There are some things in there you can try. They belonged, uh -- to my Aunt Rose.

(X)

She opens it, revealing a wide array of women's clothing.

MARGO

Oh, really?

CRANSTON

Quite a fashionable woman, my Aunt Rose.

Margo holds up a very sexy dress, clearly nothing an Aunt Rose would wear.

MARGO

Kept her figure, too.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: 2

88

She slips behind a changing screen with the dress.

CRANSTON
Listen, I've got a --

(X)

MARGO
-- taxi waiting downstairs?

CRANSTON
What?

MARGO
I just sensed that's what you were
going to say. It is, isn't it?

CRANSTON
(pissed)
Yes.

MARGO
Hey, this is getting easier the more
I'm around you. You're like reading
a book.

Cranston's getting tired of that remark.

MARGO (cont'd)
Well, thank you very much, but I
don't need the taxi.

CRANSTON
Yes, you do. I have to --

MARGO
Great! I'll come with you.

CRANSTON
But last night we --

MARGO
I didn't agree to anything.

CRANSTON
Could I just finish a sentence here?
(she waits)
Last night we agreed you were going
to leave this morning.

MARGO
You agreed I was going to leave. I
agreed to no such thing. We need
each other.

CRANSTON
No, we don't.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: 3

88

MARGO
We have a connection.

CRANSTON
No, we don't.

MARGO
Then how do you explain that I can read your thoughts?

(X)

CRANSTON
My thoughts are hard to miss.

MARGO
And why is that?

CRANSTON
Psychically, I'm very well-endowed.

MARGO
I'll bet you are. Okay, you don't need me, but I need you to find my father and I am coming with you.

She steps out from behind the changing screen, clad in the dress. She looks ravishing, and doesn't notice that Cranston is extremely impressed. He does a complete about-face.

CRANSTON
Okay.

MARGO
Where do we start?

CRANSTON
You tell me.

(X)

CUT TO:

88A
THRU OMITTED
93

88A
THRU
93

94 EXT EMPIRE STATE BUILDING DAY

94

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.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

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.

KHAN

That will be the range of destruction?

LANE

No. That's just the explosion itself. The destruction will be -- incalculable.

KHAN

(absolutely delighted)
Ah, what a day.

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

SAILOR

Nice dress, Toots.

Khan raises an eyebrow, taken aback by this impudence. The Sailor blows little kisses to Khan. His Sailor Buddies laugh and turn back to the railing, but the Sailor keeps looking at Khan, holding eye contact.

Khan furrows his brow. 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.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: 2

94

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)

"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 smiles and cups a hand to his ear, the better to hear the screams.

KHAN (cont'd)

" -- the lullaby of Broadway!"

CUT TO:

95 OMITTED

95

95A EXT STREET DAY

95A (X

As the SAILOR plummets to his death far in the background, CRANSTON and MARGO walk hurriedly down a street near The Shadow's sanctum.

(X

CRANSTON

Shiwan Khan still needs one element to complete the bomb. A beryllium sphere. If we can find out where he intends to get it --

Margo stops dead in her tracks.

MARGO

Farley Claymore!

CRANSTON

Who?

(CONTINUED)

95A CONTINUED:

95A

MARGO

My father's assistant. He was working on a beryllium sphere, I'm sure of it!

(X)

Cranston's expression hardens.

CRANSTON

In your father's lab?

MARGO

No, he was working on his own. The Mari-Tech labs, down on the South Side.

CRANSTON

Good. Very good. Can you do something else for me?

MARGO

Of course. What?

CRANSTON

I was trailing Khan when I suddenly lost him at the corner of Houston and Second Avenue. There's something strange about that corner. It's a vacant lot now, but -- find out what was there before.

(X)

MARGO

(repeating)

Houston and Second Avenue. What about Farley Claymore?

CRANSTON

Mr. Claymore is going to receive a little visit. From The Shadow.

CUT TO:

96 EXT MARI-TECH LABS DAY

96

A modern neon sign hangs over the Mari-Tech Labs, a couple of factory-like buildings on the Lower West Side.

One of the Mari-Tech 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, Reinhardt Lane's assistant, paces up and down on top of the tank building, CLUCKING and GIGGLING to himself, eyes searching the horizon for any sign of anyone.

96 CONTINUED:

96

There's something we notice about Claymore this time that we didn't before.

He's nuts.

Suddenly, from below there is a SCRAPING sound. Claymore rushes to the edge of the room 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.

97 INT TANK ROOM DAY

97

The tank room is a windowless oval about forty feet across and fifteen feet high.

Its walls, ceiling and floor come together seamlessly. CLAYMORE hurries in through the open hatch and looks around frantically.

But the room is completely empty.

SHADOW (o.s.)
Farley Claymore!

Claymore jumps and whirls.

CLAYMORE
Who's there?

SHADOW (o.s.)
Where is the beryllium sphere,
Claymore?

CLAYMORE
Sphere? What sphere?

Claymore runs around the room, panicky, looking for the source of the voice, but it echoes all around him.

SHADOW (o.s.)
Claymore, you idiot! You're being
manipulated! Your mind is being
controlled by hypnosis!

CLAYMORE
(wavering)
My mind -- controlled?

SHADOW (o.s.)
The sphere, Claymore! What have you
done with it?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

CLAYMORE

It's too late! I loaded it on a truck!

SHADOW (o.s.).

Take me to it! Now!

Claymore suddenly drops his act and SHRIEKS with laughter.

CLAYMORE

Never!

He runs to the wall and throws a large lever in a control panel. Immediately, water seeps out from ducts along the floor of the room.

CLAYMORE (cont'd)

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

He pulls a gun from his jacket pocket. He aims it at -- well, at nothing, actually.

SHADOW (o.s.)

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

Claymore scans the room, gun held in front of him. The water is running evenly across the floor, except for a certain area on the other side, where it's swirling in two little eddies, each about a foot long.

Where two feet might be standing. Claymore smiles.

CLAYMORE

Khan told me you were an arrogant fool, Shadow! Now it's going to cost you!

He empties the gun into the far wall, LAUGHING wildly. Silence for a second. Claymore scans the wall, where there is a row of evenly spaced bullet holes, one every eighteen inches or so, except for the 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. He throws some more switches on the wall and the water now GUSHES into the room.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: 2

97

CLAYMORE (cont'd)
I'll be gone for a while, Shadow! I
might be back --

(X)

He steps into the doorway of the open hatch.

CLAYMORE (cont'd)
-- but don't hold your breath!

(X)

He LAUGHS 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:

98 INT CITY HALL DAY 98

In a corridor of city hall, "CITY ASSESSOR" is stencilled
across the translucent top of one of the doors.

99 INT CITY ASSESSOR'S OFFICE DAY 99

MARGO is in the middle of stacks and stacks of records. She's
plowing through a thick file, the label of which reads "158
Second Avenue."

She flips through the pages quickly, fascinated by whatever
she's reading.

She turns the final page in the file. Still unsatisfied, she
is flipping back to start over --

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

-- 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, holding her head.

She hears a whispered VOICE.

SHADOW (o.s.)

I need you.

100 INT TANK ROOM DAY

100

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 breathes.

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.

101 OUTSIDE THE TANK,

101

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.

102 INSIDE THE TANK,

102

Cranston lowers his mouth to the bullet hole, 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.

103 EXT MARI-TECH LABS DAY 103

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. Through a porthole, she sees --

-- Cranston's drowning face!

She runs 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 semiconscious, but alive.

MARGO

You called?

CRANSTON

(weakly)
You heard.

CUT TO:

104 OMITTED 104

105 INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT 105

CRANSTON is unconscious on his bed, sweating, having a rough time of it. MARGO has dressed his wound and is doing her best to make him comfortable.

106 INT MANSION HALLWAY NIGHT 106

Later. MARGO comes down the upstairs hallway of the mansion, carrying some more towels and a fresh basin of water. She hears a SOUND from off screen, an anguished MOAN.

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.

107 INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT 107

CRANSTON is still out on the bed, in a state of turbulent unconsciousness. 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.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

MARGO 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 peers into his eyes, they fill up with flame, and we move toward the flame, into it, through it, and when we come out the other side --

107A INT THE PALACE NIGHT

107A

-- the flame now comes from a fireplace in the main room of Cranston's palace, the one we saw in the opening.

MARGO stands next to the fireplace, in billowy white, an observer in this dream. She looks across the darkened, flame-licked room and sees a chair on the far side. Someone's sitting in it, his back to her.

She walks slowly across the room, drawing closer to the chair. She sees just an arm, resting on the arm of the chair, and whoever's arm it is rolls a poppy seed capsule down over his knuckles, over and over again, like a magician.

Margo edges slowly around the chair, to see who's in it. She comes around --

-- and sees it's CRANSTON, dressed all in black, slouched in the chair like Khan on his throne. He catches the seed capsule and looks up at her sharply, his face severe and stark; dark pools under his eyes.

CRANSTON

You're not supposed to be here!

A log falls in the fireplace, Margo whirls, and flames shoot up, turning the entire image to one of fire, and in that fire she sees lurid, indistinct, dreamlike images --

-- of a medieval-looking battlefield, strewn with blood and bodies --

-- of a horde of SOLDIERS on horseback, pouring over a hillside --

-- and of Cranston himself, sword in hand, his face streaked with blood and dirt, SCREAMING.

The flames rise higher, we fly through them again, and this time when we come out the other side --

107B INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM NIGHT 107B

-- they're just a tiny flicker in CRANSTON's eye. He awakens and sits up. MARGO is sitting on the edge of the bed, just staring at him.

CRANSTON
What's going on?

MARGO
You were dreaming.

CRANSTON
You saw?

She nods. He sits up on the bed and turns away from her, ashamed. A moment passes. (X)

CRANSTON (cont'd)
(softly)
Do you have any idea what it feels like to have done things you can never forgive yourself for? (X)

MARGO
Whoever you were -- whatever you did -- it's in the past.

CRANSTON
Not for me, Margo. Never for me.

CUT TO:

108 INT SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT 108

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

Khan raises a finger and silences them.

KHAN.
We are victorious -- and as victors, we will collect the spoils of war. I will remember each of you. (X)

He steps off the throne and goes to FARLEY CLAYMORE, who's practically bursting with pride in the center of the room, standing next to his beryllium sphere, a shiny metal orb three feet in diameter. (X)

KHAN (cont'd)
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.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

Khan lays a hand tenderly on Claymore's cheek.

KHAN (cont'd)
My loyal subject --

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

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

Claymore's face sobers into alarm.

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

Khan's hands tighten --

KHAN
No.

-- he begins to twist Claymore's head --

KHAN (cont'd)
It wasn't.

CLAYMORE
(choking)
Because actually, I was thinking
Prince, tops. Not even, necessarily.
Duke? Baron? Your choice. Your
choice.

Khan pulls his hands away, letting Claymore go, but holding a finger out to him in warning. Claymore melts with relief.

KHAN (cont'd)
Get Dr. Lane. Assemble the bomb.
(to the Mongols)
In the name of the new Kha Khan! The
power of God on earth -- the emperor
of mankind!

CUT TO:

108A EXT NEW YORK CITY DAY 108A (X)

Over a long shot of New York, a newspaper spins out at us, its 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'"

108B EXT NEW YORK STREET DAY 108B (X)

A NEWSBOY stands on a corner, CRYING OUT the extra issue of the paper. PEOPLE buy them as fast as he can sell them.

At the newsstand behind him, CUSTOMERS snap them up like crazy, snagging them right off the line.

108C INT WESTERN UNION DAY 108C (X)

A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR taps out the incredible story.

108D EXT PLAINS STATES DAY 108D (X)

The electronic message blasts across the telegraph lines.

108E INT RADIO STATION DAY 108E (X)

A RADIO ANNOUNCER, an "On Air" sign lit behind him, reads the frightful news into a microphone.

108F INT A LIVING ROOM DAY 108F (X)

A FAMILY listens to the news over its Philco.

109 OMITTED 109

110 INT CRANSTON MANSION DAY 110

MARGO walks up the main staircase of the Cranston mansion, newspaper in hand. Her eyes widen in horror as she reads.

CUT TO:

111 INT CRANSTON'S BEDROOM DAY

111

The headlines are 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 the government doesn't believe a bomb like this exists. They've refused to pay!

CRANSTON

Find Khan and we'll find the bomb. What did you find out about the vacant lot?

MARGO

Not much, I'm afraid. It was the site of the old Hotel Monolith. It was finished nearly ten years ago, but it never opened.

CRANSTON

The Monolith. I vaguely remember it.

MARGO

Seems like that's the only way anybody remembers it. Before the hotel was completed, the developer went bankrupt and committed suicide. The last record is a sale to a far Eastern buyer six years ago.

CRANSTON

When was it torn down?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

MARGO

It doesn't say. I made a few calls this morning -- to newspapers and such -- and all anybody could remember was up to the time it was sold. Everyone seems to know it was torn down, but they can't remember when or by whom --

CRANSTON

Or if.

(X)

CUT TO:

112 EXT VACANT LOT DAY

112

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 Cranston saw before. 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 the street at the tall, chain-link fence with barbed wire across the top that surrounds the rubble strewn lot.

Margo looks at it too, curious.

As Cranston concentrates, the veins in his neck jump out.

MARGO (cont'd)

Lamont!

But he concentrates harder. Now the veins in his forehead are visible, and his whole head seems to vibrate. Still he persists.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

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 --

(X)

CRANSTON

My God!

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

MARGO

What?

CRANSTON

It's beautiful!

MARGO

What is?!

Finally, we take Cranston's point of view. The air above the vacant lot takes on a shiny, shimmery quality. It thickens, grays, obscuring the building 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

Shiwan Khan has hypnotized the entire city! They don't see it! None of them see it!

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'd)

But I see.

MARGO

What? The hotel? Lamont, talk to me!

He turns to her, and he's like a different person.

(CONTINUED)

CRANSTON

You and Shrevnitz will receive instructions. Follow them exactly.

He whirls and goes to Shrevnitz' cab. He opens the back door and slips something out from under the back seat.

MARGO

Lamont, if you know where he is, we can get help!

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'd)

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. 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 (cont'd)

(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 an ear-rending THUNDERCLAP. Margo blinks at the lightning, struggling to regain her vision.

(X)

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

This is who I am!

Margo stumbles back against the alley wall.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: 3 112

The Shadow moves away from her, floating down the alley and disappearing into the darkening day.

His LAUGH echoes over the storm, just as another blinding bolt of lightning FLASHES --

CUT TO:

113 EXT NEW YORK CITY NIGHT 113

-- and the following thunder BOOMS. Day has turned to night; a torrential rain now pounds Manhattan. It's a fit night for neither man nor beast.

But both are out.

CUT TO:

114 INT SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT 114

Reinhard Lane's implosive device hangs suspended in the beryllium sphere in Shiwan Khan's throne room. KHAN watches as LANE stands beside it, his face an obedient blank. He's got a panel off the side and is working quickly, his hands a blur, wiring and rewiring.

FARLEY CLAYMORE stands next to him, harassing him, SLAPPING him on the back of the head again and again while Lane, oblivious, keeps working.

CLAYMORE

Betcha wish you'd been a little nicer to me now, don't you? Betcha wish you'd listened to my ideas. Betcha didn't count on me bein' friends with a conqueror.

(X)

KHAN

That's enough.

Claymore stops and Lane stands, finished.

KHAN (cont'd)

Activate the bomb.

(X)

There is a clock set into the bomb's face, the old-fashioned kind with flip cards for the digits. Lane CLICKS a panel closed and the cards start flipping down from 2:00:00.

That's two hours. No minutes. No seconds.

Khan steps forward and runs his hands lovingly over the outside of the device as the seconds FLIP FLIP FLIP by.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

KHAN (cont'd)
(to Claymore)
You're certain you can duplicate the bomb's design any time I require?

CLAYMORE
Definitely. No problem.

KHAN
That makes Dr. Lane obsolete.
(to a Mongol)
Secure him in a room. He will die at the hands of his own invention.

LANE
(in the trance)
That's nice, dear.

(X)

The Mongol hurries off, dragging Lane behind him. Claymore and the other three are left with Khan. Claymore oozes over to Khan.

CLAYMORE
Listen, I know you must have this covered, but shouldn't we be getting out of here?

(X)

KHAN
There is an airplane waiting to take us all to safety. We leave in one hour!

CUT TO:

115 INT BURBANK'S CONTROL ROOM NIGHT

115

The ever-vigilant BURBANK sits at his desk in The Shadow's control nexus. He's speaking into his microphone, radio headset over his ears.

BURBANK
Understood.

He CLICKS the radio off and grabs a pen and pad. We peer over his shoulder as he writes on a piece of rich, creamy Shadow stationary. His hand moves quickly, his pen flies across the page. But there's something odd.

No words come out on the paper. It stays blank.

He finishes with it, apparently, and grabs another piece of paper.

CUT TO:

116 EXT TIMES SQUARE NIGHT

116

BURBANK holds two blank envelopes in his hand as he walks down a crowded sidewalk in Times Square, holding an umbrella.

He reaches a corner and, although the rain is still pouring down, he closes his umbrella.

He walks to the corner and pauses there, ever so slightly extending one of the envelopes. He doesn't even look up as a BICYCLE MESSENGER rides past him, like the wind, and sweeps it out of his hand.

Burbank continues on, across the street, and reaches the other sidewalk, where another MESSENGER, coming from the other direction, whisks past him and snatches the other envelope.

In a flash, he's gone too.

Burbank grins tightly to himself, opens his umbrella again, and goes back the way he came.

Nobody is the wiser.

CUT TO:

117 INT SHREVNITZ' HOUSE NIGHT

117

ZIP!

One of the envelopes slides like a missile under the front door of Moe Shrevnitz' house, a modest place out in Brooklyn.

SHREVNITZ looks up quickly from his chair and hurries to the door, picking up the envelope and RIPPING it open. MRS.

SHREVNITZ, who is eating a dish of ice cream and listening to the radio, notices.

MRS. SHREVNITZ

What is it, Moe? One of those things from the bowling league?

Shrevnitz doesn't answer, as his eyes are tearing across the page.

MRS. SHREVNITZ (cont'd)

Moe?

Shrevnitz finishes reading and looks up.

SHREVNITZ

Huh? Oh, yeah. Gotta fill in for somebody again.

He seems calm now, determined. She watches him, narrowing her eyes, as he goes to the closet and gets his jacket and bowling ball.

SHREVNITZ (cont'd)

(a bad liar)

After the game we may go out for a beer or somethin', you know how it is, if all the guys are goin' I can't really say no, so --

(X)

He kisses her on the forehead.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

SHREVNITZ (cont'd)

Don't wait up.

He chucks the letter in the fireplace and leaves, closing the door behind him.

Mrs. Shrevnitz doesn't waste any time. She dashes to the fireplace, grabs the letter out of the flame before it starts to burn, and reads it eagerly.

But before her very eyes, the words disappear, leaving only a blank page again.

CUT TO:

118 INT MARGO'S APARTMENT NIGHT

118

In Margo's apartment, the other envelope lies torn open on her coffee table, next to a half-drunk cup of coffee and a still-burning cigarette.

The page lies next to the envelope, the words fade away even as we watch. In the background, MARGO herself hurries into her overcoat and out the door.

As if there's no time to lose.

CUT TO:

119 EXT HOTEL NIGHT

119

As the storm rages and the rain pours down, two unlucky MONGOLS stand guard at the front door of the hotel. There is a strange SQUISHING sound, off in the distance.

The First looks to the Second curiously. The Second didn't seem to hear it.

The First Mongol listens again. The SQUISHING is faster, louder, and closer.

This time the Second heard it. His face goes white and he points to something ahead.

They turn and see the source of the noise --

-- footprints are being made, deep in the mud, as someone they can't see runs toward them, fast, and they barely have time to SCREAM and raise their crossbows when the footprints go right in between them, they're peppered with punches, and they collapse in the mud, unconscious.

120 INT HOTEL LOBBY NIGHT 120

The huge double doors to the hotel lobby BANG open, as if blown by a great wind.

THE SHADOW, for the first time, materializes before our very eyes, standing in the massive doorway, his cloak rippling around him, the rain driving behind him, the thunder and lightning CRASHING and flashing outside.

He LAUGHS.

121 INT SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM NIGHT 121

SHIWAN KHAN, seated on his throne, looks up in alarm.

KHAN

Ying Ko!

FARLEY CLAYMORE whirls around.

CLAYMORE

The Shadow?! Where?! Where?!

KHAN

Not here, you idiot. In the building.

CLAYMORE

Can you tell if he's mad at me? I think he might be mad at me. We had a little misunderstanding yesterday and I think there might be some hard feelings --

(X)

KHAN

Find him and kill him.

(X)

CLAYMORE

Kill him? Me?!

(X)

KHAN

All of you!

CLAYMORE

I'd rather stay here and help you --

(X)

KHAN

GO!

He gives Claymore a large Tommy gun. The THREE MONGOLS grab Claymore by the arms and hustle him out of the room. Khan settles back on the throne, arranging himself properly. He looks over at the clock. One hour, twenty-six minutes, fourteen seconds. And flipping.

(X)

KHAN (cont'd)

Plenty of time. I wouldn't miss this for the world.

122 INT HOTEL CORRIDOR NIGHT 122

CLAYMORE and the last THREE MONGOLS race down a corridor, looking for The Shadow. Claymore notices one of the Mongols, the one from the Federal Building fight, has a flashlight he shines this way and that, hoping to cast a telltale shadow.

They reach a fork in the hallway.

Faintly, from one end of the corridor, they hear The Shadow's LAUGH. Claymore points in that direction, tears the flashlight from the Mongol's hand --

CLAYMORE

You guys go that way!

-- and takes off running in the other direction. The three Mongols reluctantly head toward the laughter.

123 INT KITCHEN NIGHT 123 (X)

The THREE MONGOLS come into a large, dark kitchen. (X)

They take a deep breath and spread out, prowling among the racks of pots and pans. (X)

They WHISPER sharply to each other from across the room, in Mongolian, on the lookout.

The Shadow's LAUGH echoes through the kitchen.

The First Mongol, really quaking in his boots, creeps along, curved blade extended in front of him, eyes darting left and right.

He reaches the intersection of several racks and peers carefully around the corner, weapon at the ready.

Nobody there. He steps out.

CRACK!

An unseen hand belts him across the face and he crumples to the floor.

A black cloak flashes over him and then WHISKS down another aisle.

ELSEWHERE,

the Second Mongol creeps down an aisle, alert. He's got a crossbow, primed and ready, the arrow trembling.

From the end of the aisle, we can see that in an aisle four or five rows down, the Third Mongol is creeping in the same direction, also with a loaded crossbow, but they are unaware of each other's presence.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

They both reach the end of their respective aisles, listening attentively, just feet from each other, but still oblivious.

An inky shadow flows down an aisle between them. As the shadow passes, two wine glasses fall from a rack, CRASHING on the floor. (X)

The Mongols whirl at the same time, around the corner of the racks, turning toward the middle, FIRING blindly --

-- into each other.

124 INT BALLROOM NIGHT

124

FARLEY CLAYMORE, still running for his life, is in a large, empty ballroom. He's tearing ass across the floor, heading for an open door on the other side, when the open door slams shut of its own accord.

The Shadow's LAUGH fills the ballroom.

Claymore SCREAMS and spins in circles, frantic, shining his light this way and that.

The door on the other side of the ballroom SLAMS shut too.

SHADOW (o.s.)
Did you think you'd never see me
again, Claymore?

Claymore's light stops, pinning a shadow on the far wall.

SHADOW (o.s.)
I'm right here.

Claymore FIRES on the shadow. The Shadow LAUGHS.

Another shadow springs up to the right of the first one. Claymore FIRES on that too.

SHADOW (o.s.)
All around you.

A third shadow springs up on the wall, then a fourth, then a fifth, then dozens of silhouettes of The Shadow, all over the walls of the ballroom, completely surrounding Farley Claymore, who fires until his gun is empty.

SHADOW (o.s.)
Everywhere around you.

Claymore drops the gun and falls to his knees, sobbing in terror, as The Shadow LAUGHS again.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

CLAYMORE

(hysterical)

Coward! Chicken! Sissy! Come on
out and fight like a man, why
doncha?!

Someone behind Claymore politely clears their throat.
Claymore whirls.

THE SHADOW is standing right there, looking down at Claymore
beneath the brim of his slouch hat.

Claymore is out of his mind with fear. The Shadow reaches
down and picks him up, lifting him off his feet and pulling
him close, face to face, eye to eye.

SHADOW

Claymore, you're -- you're --

Claymore is GURGLING with fear now, his mind snapped like a
wet towel.

SHADOW (cont'd)

(finding him pathetic)

-- you're drooling, Claymore.

Claymore SCREAMS, tears away, bounds twice across the room,
and hurls himself through a plate glass window.

The wind and rain lash inside as Claymore's SCREAMS fade and
he SPLATS to the ground far below.

The Shadow looks up, to the ceiling, and sweeps out of the
ballroom.

CUT TO:

125 EXT VACANT LOT NIGHT

125

MARGO and MOE SHREVNITZ are standing at the edge of the vacant
lot. Neither of them see the hotel, so to them they're just
standing at the edge of nothing in the pouring rain.

SHREVNITZ

Know what I love about this job? The
excitement.

Margo nods and the two of them go back to waiting in the rain.

A moment goes by.

SHREVNITZ (cont'd)

Is it just me, or are we staring at a
vacant lot?

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: 125

Margo looks at him.

MARGO

We're staring at a vacant lot.

She goes back to staring. Shrevnitz shrugs and does the same.

CUT TO:

126 OMITTED 126

127 INT HOTEL CORRIDOR NIGHT 127

THE SHADOW is on the top floor of the building, in an ornate hallway, all glittery and gold. There are two massive doors at the other end.

He starts down the hallway. As he approaches the doors at the far end of the hall, they sweep open before him.

The Shadow steps into --

127A SHIWAN KHAN'S THRONE ROOM. 127A

Seated directly across the room, alarmingly calm, is SHIWAN KHAN. The Shadow loses his footing, 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 .45s, 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 laughs, practically weeping with mirth.

The Shadow sways, 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

You fool! The room is built at an angle!

(X)

(CONTINUED)

127A CONTINUED:

127A

The Shadow looks quickly to his right, where a dagger is mounted in a sheath on the wall. (X)

Feeling something strange, The Shadow stops and looks down. The knife he holds is the phurba, the long, curved blade with a mind of its own.

With a SNARL, the stone face in the phurba's handle awakens. The blade jumps in The Shadow's hand, bucking and diving, slicing his leg, cutting his arm, jabbing his thigh. The Shadow holds tight, pointing the wavering thing at Khan.

But now the phurba really takes off, sailing across the room, pulling The Shadow with it, slamming him into a wall, bouncing him off the ceiling, playing crack the whip with him.

In the chaos, The Shadow loses his hat, his cloak, his scarf, and when finally the knife spikes him into the floor in the middle of the room, knocking the wind out of him -- (X)

-- he is Cranston again. (X)

In a second, the blade is at Cranston's throat, his dwindling strength the only thing keeping it from slicing him open.

KHAN

Look at you. You can't even control
your self, how can you hope to
control the phurba? (X)

Cranston 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, who is advancing on him. Time for a risk.

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

-- opens his hand.

(CONTINUED)

127A CONTINUED: 2

127A

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

Khan GASPS in agony.

128 EXT HOTEL NIGHT

128

As Khan's spell lifts, the Hotel Monolith, in all its shimmering grandeur, suddenly reveals itself to MARGO and SHREVNITZ, still standing at the edge of the lot.

SHREVNITZ

My God!

MARGO

That's what he saw!

But they're not the only ones who see it. Most of the rest of the city of New York does as well. PEDESTRIANS point and SHOUT, cars SCREECH to a stop and SLAM into one another, general chaos reigns.

CRUNCH! Using a crowbar, Shrevnitz SNAPS the lock off a gate in the fence and he and Margo bolt across the lot toward the hotel.

129 INT HOTEL ROOM NIGHT

129

In one of the unfinished hotel rooms, REINHARDT LANE, who is seated in a corner, suddenly looks up as Khan's spell lifts.

LANE

Where am I?

130 INT THRONE ROOM NIGHT

130

KHAN and CRANSTON are both down on the floor, wounded by the phurba, but Khan is much worse off. He pulls the blade from his guts, staggers over to the wall, and ducks behind a tapestry.

Cranston follows, confidently CLICKING a fresh clip into one of his .45s. (X)

CRANSTON

Come out, Khan.

No answer. Cranston grabs the tapestry and RIPS it from the wall. There's nothing behind it. No Khan, no doorway, only the upright silver coffin of Temujin.

Cranston raises the gun in front of him and flings open the coffin.

But it's empty.

131 INT HOTEL CORRIDOR NIGHT 131

REINHARDT LANE races down a corridor just as SHREVNITZ and MARGO come the other way.

MARGO
Dad!

LANE
Margo!

They rush together, into each other's arms.

LANE (cont'd)
Where am I? What's going on?!

MARGO
Well, there's this guy, and --
(realizing it's a long story)
Tell you later. Moe, go call the police! Dad -- you have to do something!

132 THRU OMITTED 132 THRU
134 134

135 INT THRONE ROOM NIGHT 135

Cranston runs his hand over the smooth inside of the empty coffin. He thinks.

He steps inside the coffin. Still nothing. Carefully, he pulls the lid shut behind him.

135A INSIDE THE COFFIN, 135A

as the lid closes, a latch on the back of the coffin CLICKS and the door swings open under Cranston's weight. He SHOUTS as he falls.

135B THRU OMITTED 135B THRU
136 136

137 INT BLACK SPACE NIGHT 137

Cranston CRUNCHES to the ground and scrambles to his feet, finding himself --

-- in a black space. He whirls around, to get his bearings. He's in a large, darkened room, dotted with pools of light.

He takes a step forward and CRACKS his head on something hard. He falls.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

SHIWAN KHAN'S CACKLE echoes around him.

Cranston struggles to his feet and feels in front of him, for whatever he walked into. It's a thick pane of glass, perfectly transparent, seven feet high, four feet wide.

He steps around it and continues on, toward a faint light in the distance.

He rounds a corner and sees --

-- SHIWAN KHAN, standing right out in the open at the end of a long corridor.

Without hesitation, Cranston raises his gun and FIRES.

It's a hell of a long shot, but the bullet BLASTS a neat hole right between Khan's eyes.

But the image just spiderwebs.

Khan LAUGHS wildly, and now light seems to flood from everywhere.

Cranston winces from the light, which just keeps getting brighter and brighter, and now the corridor seems longer and longer and longer, and if the problem before was no Shiwan Khan, now the problem is one hundred Shiwan Khans, all around him, everywhere, and Cranston realizes he's standing right in the middle --

-- of A HALL OF MIRRORS!

Khan's image flickers across the mirrors, disappearing for a second, then reappearing, SCREAMING. Cranston whirls just as Khan's figure jumps, seemingly right out of the mirrors, and slashes at Cranston with the razor-sharp phurba.

Cranston pulls himself back at the last second, but the blade cuts through his shirt, slicing the skin of his stomach.

By the time Cranston looks up, Khan is gone.

138 INT THRONE ROOM NIGHT

138

FLIP FLIP FLIP! One hour, eleven minutes, twenty-six seconds.

MARGO and REINHARDT LANE burst into the throne room. She spots the atomic device, suspended from a cable in a corner of the room. They hurry over to it.

Lane looks at it curiously and flips open the small door, revealing the maze of wiring.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

LANE
(admiringly, it's all new
to him)
My God, this is impressive work!
Who did it?!

MARGO
You did.

LANE
(proud)
I did? Really?!

MARGO
Disconnect it!

LANE
Just look at the craftsmanship!

MARGO
Dad!

139 INT HALL OF MIRRORS NIGHT 139

Cranston drags himself to his feet, guns at the ready, looking for Khan, whose reflection is still in all of the mirrors.

KHAN
Come no further, Ying Ko. This is
the last place you wish to be.

Cranston runs toward the end of the corridor, to where Khan's voice seems to be coming from.

He moves fast, but as he runs, he gets no closer -- Khan (X)
seems to be receding in the distance.

KHAN (cont'd)
This is a place that tells the
truth.

Cranston abruptly stops, as the images around him have suddenly changed. Khan his gone, and his image has been replaced --

-- by an image of Cranston himself, from long ago, seated on his throne in Tibet, ordering his henchmen to shoot through the body of his advisor.

Cranston freezes in his tracks, staring at the image.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: 139

Khan speaks, but he's nowhere to be seen, and this should worry Cranston, but he's distracted.

KHAN (o.s.)
Go on, Ying Ko -- look into your
past! (X)

140 INT THRONE ROOM NIGHT 140

At the bomb, Reinhardt Lane is muttering to himself.

LANE
-- cut this off -- close that circuit
-- disconnect the other --

He pulls two wires apart and turns his attention to another part of the wiring.

Margo GASPS and points to the timer. The numbers are FLIPPING like crazy, seconds and minutes sailing past in a blur. Fifty minutes, forty, thirty --

MARGO
DAD!

LANE
Oh, dear.

-- twenty minutes, ten, five, four, three, two --

Desperately, he puts the wires back together again. The cards resume flipping at a normal pace. But with one minute and seven seconds left.

LANE (cont'd)
Okay, so it's not that one --

141 INT HALL OF MIRRORS NIGHT 141

Images flash in the mirrors all around Cranston, and they are terrifying --

-- Ying Ko, on horseback, leads an attack --

-- Cranston, age nine, strangles his cousin on a tennis court --

-- Cranston, in his bedroom, pins Margo up against the wall.

Cranston cries out, agonized.

CRANSTON
NOOO!

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

Suddenly, Khan's image streaks across the mirrors, dancing out from nowhere, hurtling at Cranston with the phurba.

Cranston throws up a hand to block the blow, and Khan drives the blade right through his palm.

Khan rears back for another blow, Cranston raises the other hand, and Khan's blade pierces that palm as well.

And then he's gone again. Cranston slumps, bleeding, weakened.

141A INT THRONE ROOM NIGHT

141A

Lane pulls apart two other wires. With an automated WHIRR, the clamping device that attaches the sphere to the cable that suspends it unclamps.

MARGO

Uh -- wrong again.

She and her father jump out of the way as the whole sphere drops to the floor with a CLANG and starts to roll on the inclined surface. There is less than a minute left.

And still flipping.

Lane and Margo scramble to their feet and go after the bomb as it picks up speed on the slanted floor and rolls toward the door to the throne room.

141B INT BLACK SPACE NIGHT

141B

Cranston RIPS a strip of cloth from his shirt and wraps it around one bloody hand. Khan appears in the mirrors again. (X)

KHAN

Poor Ying Ko. You could never decide who you were. Now I decide -- (X)

He raises the dagger high.

KHAN (cont'd)

-- you will be nothing. (X)

Cranston closes his eyes. A low RUMBLING echoes through the Hall of Mirrors.

KHAN

What are you doing?!

141C INT HALLWAY NIGHT 141C

The bomb THUNDERS down the hallway. Margo and Lane race after it as it rolls away from them, toward --

-- an opening at the end of the hall! The unfinished hotel has a gaping hole in its wall, nearly six feet high and as many feet wide, and there's nothing but night sky and twenty floors straight down beyond.

MARGO

Oh God.

As the bomb rolls, the timer flips down to thirty seconds.

141D INT HALL OF MIRRORS NIGHT 141D

A blue vein has lept out on Cranston's forehead as he concentrates. His eyes bulge, as if they want to leap from their sockets. Blood seeps from one, then from the other, and rolls down his cheeks.

KHAN

(in the mirrors)

STOP!

141E INT HALLWAY NIGHT 141E

Margo throws herself at the bomb, clutching, pawing at it, but her hands only slide off its polished, smooth surface and she falls to the floor.

The bomb rolls free, into the opening --

-- and sticks there, just a tiny bit too big to roll through. Lane catches up and pounces on the wires again.

Twenty-six seconds left.

141F INT HALL OF MIRRORS NIGHT 141F

The RUMBLING is much louder now as Cranston's neck goes taut, every vein stands rigid on his face, Khan SHOUTS from the mirrors, there is a horrible GRINDING sound --

-- and the mirrors start to smash!

Khan dives for cover as the glass cracks, collapses, flies apart. Shards of mirror zoom like missiles around the room; it's like standing in the middle of a glass tornado. Several fragments slice Cranston's arms and legs, one cuts across his back, a couple narrowly miss Khan's head. They're slowly being cut to ribbons.

(CONTINUED)

141F CONTINUED:

141F

As the mirrors explode, one particular piece of glass, the longest, sharpest, nastiest piece of all, levitates right up off the ground.

Cranston's head trembles with the effort.

We go with the chunk of glass as it starts to move. Shiwan Khan SCREAMS as the chunk sails across the room, flying straight and fast as hell until it --

-- buries itself in his forehead.

He goes over, on his back, and hits the floor, blood flowing from the wound.

141G INT HALLWAY NIGHT

141G

The bomb's timer is down to six -- five --

Lane's hands are shaking, sorting through the wires.

MARGO

Pick one!

LANE

I don't remember, I just don't remember --

-- three --

MARGO

PICK ONE!

LANE

What the hell, it's usually green --

-- one --

He reaches for a wire, to pull it, but it's a red wire!

-- the card starts to flip --

-- Margo grabs his hand, stops it, and with her other hand she disconnects the green wire.

The last card stops, frozen in midair.

Margo sighs and looks at her father, exhausted. She points to the wire's one at a time.

MARGO

(how many times have I told you?)

This is green. That's red.

(CONTINUED)

141G CONTINUED:

141G

Lane sags against the side of the bomb.

LANE

I've got to try to remember that.

141H INT HALL OF MIRRORS NIGHT

141H

Cranston bends over Khan. He pulls the glass out of his forehead, takes the torn piece of cloth from his own hand, and presses it over the wound, to staunch the flow of blood.

CUT TO:

142 EXT HOTEL NIGHT

142

The rain has finally stopped. There is still pandemonium around the newly-noticed hotel, with COPS, FIREMEN, and ONLOOKERS everywhere.

MARGO and REINHARDT LANE stagger out of the hotel just as COMMISSIONER BARTH pulls up in front. He stares at the hotel in awe.

BARTH

Where the hell did that come from?!

(X)

He sees Margo.

BARTH (cont'd)

Miss Lane! What's going on?! Is that maniac The Shadow behind this?!

(X)

MARGO

(angry)
He's no maniac! That man is --

But she cuts herself off, catching sight of someone over Barth's shoulder.

It's MOE SHREVNITZ, standing at the edge of the crowd. 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 winks, takes a single step backwards, and disappears into the crowd.

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

BARTH

He's what?

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

MARGO
A myth, Commissioner. Just a myth.

Margo and her father walk off down the sidewalk, arms around one another.

CUT TO:

143 INT PADDED CELL DAY

143

SHIWAN KHAN'S eyes SNAP open, blazing as bright green as ever. Unfortunately, he's in a straitjacket, lying on a cot in a white padded cell.

(X)

KHAN-
What's going on?! Where am I?!

He leaps to his feet, but has to struggle for balance with his arms lashed to his sides this way.

He spins around in a circle, getting his bearings, but there isn't much to see, just the white walls.

A door in one of the walls opens and a DOCTOR comes in, also dressed in white, carrying a tray with a bowl of soup.

Khan whirls around to him.

KHAN
You! Look at me! Look into my eyes!

The Doctor puts the tray down on the floor and looks into Khan's eyes, humoring him.

KHAN (cont'd)
Release me at once!

DOCTOR
(laughs, unaffected)
No, we won't have any of that, Mr. Khan. Let's just have a look at those stitches, shall we?

(X)

He pushes Khan's hat back and inspects a long, horizontal row of stitches in the middle of his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

KHAN

Stitches?! What have you done?!

DOCTOR

Saved your life, that's what.
'Course, we had to take out a little
chunk of your frontal lobe. But
you'll never miss it, believe me.
It's a part nobody ever uses.
(joking)
Unless you believe in telepathy.

The Doctor gets up and heads for the door, laughing at his own
joke. Khan's eyes widen in panic as he realizes the gravity
of his situation.

KHAN

Wait! Come back!

144 INT ASYLUM CORRIDOR DAY

144

As the DOCTOR leaves the cell and relocks the door, we move
in, close enough to see the ring he wears on his left ring
finger.

Shiny. Green. You know the type.

From down the corridor outside his cell, Khan's cries are
muffled, muted, and very unimportant as the Doctor wanders off
down the hall, WHISTLING to himself.

KHAN (o.s.)

I AM THE LAST DESCENDANT OF GENGHIS
KHAN!!

(X)

Down the hall, a SECOND INMATE takes up Khan's cry.

SECOND INMATE

I'm the last descendant of Genghis
Khan!

(X)

THIRD INMATE

No, I am!

FOURTH INMATE

The hell you are! I am!

And then a fifth inmate joins in, and a sixth, and pretty soon
everybody in the asylum is SHOUTING about their Uncle Genghis.

Shiwan Khan SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

144A EXT STREET NIGHT

144A

Some time later. CRANSTON and MARGO walk down the street at night, dressed for dinner. They look good together.

CRANSTON

I'm starving.

MARGO

Me too. How about that wonderful Chinese restaurant you took me to?

CRANSTON

(a look)

Let's try Italian this time.

She smiles and starts to walk again, but he has stopped, staring into the mouth of an alley. She walks back and sees it's the alley that leads to the entrance to his sanctum.

She puts one hand on his shoulder, as if to hold him back. (X)

MARGO

(softly)

Lamont, there's no need for The Shadow any more. You won. The world is safe from madmen who want to conquer the globe.

CRANSTON

Is it?

MARGO

Of course. After all, Lamont, this is the twentieth century. (X)

He takes her hand from his shoulder and looks her deep in the eyes.

CRANSTON

Yes, Margo. I know it is. (X)

He kisses her, deeply, deftly sliding a ring onto her left ring finger at the same time. Margo raises her hand, she sees the ring, a beautiful, luminous ring, a shining green fire opal set dead in its center.

She smiles, the ring FLASHES brilliantly and --

CUT TO:

145 INT SHADOW'S INNER SANCTUM NIGHT

145

Blue light bathes THE SHADOW's dark outline as he hovers over his radio console. A thin finger snakes across the table top 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.