

[Microphone Plays](#) >

# The White Legion

The Shadow  
The White Legion  
Mar 20 1938

CAST:

ANNOUNCER, Ken Roberts

JOHN BARCLAY, Blue Coal's heating expert

LAMONT / THE SHADOW, mystery man (ORSON WELLES)

MARGOT (AGNES MOOREHEAD)

DEVINS

MISS SMITH

1ST LEGIONNAIRE

2ND LEGIONNAIRE

RECORDER

COMMANDER, of the White Legion / JUDGE ROSCOE

FLOORWALKER

ALTON PARKER, assistant district attorney

HELEN, Alton's wife

3RD LEGIONNAIRE

4TH LEGIONNAIRE

1ST SHOPPER

2ND SHOPPER

3RD SHOPPER

4TH SHOPPER

HARTNEY CLAYS, newspaper publisher

ASSISTANT

DELIVERY MAN

OFFICER

WESTON, police commissioner

D. A., the district attorney

DEFENSE, attorney

RED COLLINS, illiterate gangster

SERGEANT

and various CROWDS: OFFICE GIRLS, LEGIONNAIRES, SHOPPERS, and in a COURTROOM

MUSIC: THEME ... THEN IN BG

SHADOW: (SINISTER LAUGHTER) The Shadow knows. (MORE LAUGHTER)

MUSIC: THEME ... UP, THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: Again, Blue Coal dealers present radio's strangest adventurer, the Shadow, mystery man who strikes terror into the very hearts of sharpsters, lawbreakers, and criminals. Today, Blue Coal brings you the Shadow's latest adventure, "The White Legion."

MUSIC: THEME ... UP TO FILL A PAUSE, THEN OUT BEHIND--

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, in just a moment our last adventure with the Shadow for this season will begin. In the meantime, let's give a thought to the special heating problems of the spring season. Springtime means warm days, cool days, showers, and uneven temperatures that bring colds and sniffles. So guard against uncertain weather. Burn Blue Coal in your heating plant, for Blue Coal protects against varying temperatures. Its harmless blue color is your guarantee

of steadier, more dependable heat at less cost. So when you're buying fuel, insist on Blue Coal, Pennsylvania's finest anthracite. Order a trial ton from your nearest Blue Coal dealer tomorrow. And listen for the Shadow's important message at the end of the program.

MUSIC: FOR AN INTRODUCTION ... THEN IN BG

SOUND: TYPEWRITERS CLACK IN BG

DEVINS: Miss Smith, will you bring me those papers?

SMITH: Yes, Mr. Devins.

SOUND: OFFICE DOOR OPENS

1ST LEGIONNAIRE: Which one of you is William Devins?

DEVINS: Right here. What can I do for you?

2ND LEGIONNAIRE: (TENSE, THREATENING) We want you, Devins.

1ST LEGIONNAIRE: Stick 'em up!

SMITH: (SHRIEKS IN FEAR)

SOUND: TYPEWRITERS STOP

1ST LEGIONNAIRE: Drop that ledger and get your hat! I've got you all covered. Stand up against the wall.

SOUND: OF OFFICE GIRLS MURMURING TENSELY

SMITH: (TO OTHER GIRLS) Oh, they've got masks on.

DEVINS: Let go of me! What do you mean barging into my office?!

1ST LEGIONNAIRE: Do as you're told. The White Legion wants you, Devins, and we go in wherever we have business. Move!

DEVINS: Why, you--!

2ND LEGIONNAIRE: Shut up!

SOUND: WHACK! DEVINS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS ... OFFICE GIRLS SHRIEK IN HORROR

1ST LEGIONNAIRE: Now the rest of you stand back. We're the White Legion and Mr. Devins is gonna learn a lesson he'll never forget!

MUSIC: UP, FOR BRIDGE ... THEN IN BG

RECORDER: The prisoner William Devins has confessed his part in a conspiracy against the sacred institutions of the White Legion. We give him to the All-High Commander.

LEGIONNAIRES: (A SOLEMN CHANT) Let the accused know his fate.

COMMANDER: Have you anything to say, Devins?

DEVINS: (QUIETLY DESPERATE) I plead with you. Don't kill me. I've got a wife and children.

COMMANDER: Silence!

SOUND: CRACK! OF WHIP AGAINST DEVINS

DEVINS: (IN PAIN) Ahh! Please let me go!

COMMANDER: Give him another taste of the whip.

SOUND: CRACK! OF WHIP

DEVINS: (IN PAIN) Ahh-hah!

COMMANDER: That's better. Now secure the prisoner and stand him over the trap door.

DEVINS: No! Don't!

COMMANDER: Open the trap!

DEVINS: (FALLS THROUGH TRAP) Aaahhh!

MUSIC: UP, FOR BRIDGE ... OUT BEHIND--

SOUND: APARTMENT DOOR CLOSES

LAMONT: (LIGHTLY) Well, glad to find you in, Margot, and up.

MARGOT: (CHUCKLES)

LAMONT: How about a little shopping with me this morning?

MARGOT: I'd love it, Lamont, but isn't ten o'clock a trifle early for you?

LAMONT: Not this morning, at any rate. I've already paid a call on Commissioner Weston on my way over. Poor man's up to his neck as usual.

MARGOT: What's the trouble now?

LAMONT: Well, he's got quite a few things on his mind, one of them being William Devins.

MARGOT: William Devins? Isn't he the chief of the Bureau of Markets?

LAMONT: He was. But this morning his body was found far out at sea, bound hand and foot, and apparently thrown from a ship.

MARGOT: (HORRIFIED) Ohh!

LAMONT: A peculiarly atrocious murder.

MARGOT: Good heavens, Lamont! Any clues?

LAMONT: So far, none. Another thing bothering the Commissioner is the matter of this White Legion.

MARGOT: The White Legion?

LAMONT: Yes. It's a band of men calling themselves "avengers of injustice," who are taking the law into their own hands, terrorizing, assaulting, and abducting -- often in broad daylight and in the most unexpected places.

MARGOT: Well, that's strange. I haven't seen anything about it in the papers.

LAMONT: So far, it's been kept out of the papers, but in spite of that, enough has gotten out so that demands are being made of Weston that something be done immediately.

MARGOT: Poor Commissioner Weston. He seems to have his hands full.

LAMONT: And on top of all that, young Alton Parker's life has been threatened. He's the assistant district attorney, you know.

MARGOT: His life threatened? Why?

LAMONT: Well, Parker is prosecuting the case against Red Collins, the gangster accused of killing Boss Houseman a couple of months ago. His trial comes up this week. Oh, it's all sinister politics, I suppose. Weston seems to think the White Legion was mixed up in that, too.

MARGOT: Then the White Legion has some connection with politics?

LAMONT: It's possible. (LIGHTLY) However, if we're going to start suspecting people, we could begin at the top of the City Hall crowd and go to the bottom.

MARGOT: (CHUCKLES)

LAMONT: It's Weston's problem, not ours. Want to go shopping with me?

MARGOT: Why not? What are we going for?

LAMONT: Oh, a little exercise and a few shirts. Come along.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DEPARTMENT STORE BACKGROUND ... LARGE MURMURING CROWD OF SHOPPERS

FLOORWALKER: Linens and embroidery the next aisle over, madam.

SOUND: DEPARTMENT STORE BACKGROUND ... UP, TO FILL SLIGHT PAUSE

ALTON: Look, darling. Don't you think this airplane luggage is just the thing for our trip south?

HELEN: Oh, it's nice, dear. But I can't seem to enthuse about this trip somehow, Alton. We've planned so many times before and now this latest development. Oh, I - I'm terribly worried, dear.

ALTON: Oh, now, please, Helen. District attorneys are always getting threatening letters. They don't mean a thing.

HELEN: Yes, but--

ALTON: And Mr. Lawrence promised just as soon as this Red Collins case is finished, I can pack up and go. We start trial tomorrow. It can't last more than a week.

HELEN: I know. I'm sorry to be so spineless, but-- (SUDDENLY TENSE) Alton!

ALTON: What's the matter, dear?

HELEN: Those two men I saw when we came in the store! They're coming this way!

ALTON: Oh, now, Helen, please don't let your imagination--

3RD LEGIONNAIRE: All right, Parker, there's a gun in my pocket. Shut up and come with us.

HELEN: (SQUEALS WITH TERROR)

4TH LEGIONNAIRE: You keep your mouth shut, Mrs. Parker, and stand right here.

ALTON: What are you trying to do?

3RD LEGIONNAIRE: The White Legion wants to ask you some questions, Parker.

ALTON: Is that so? (THROWS A PUNCH, WITH EFFORT) Well, take this!

SOUND: BRIEF SCUFFLE ... IN BG

4TH LEGIONNAIRE: Slug him, Deke. I got her.

HELEN: Stop it! Stop it! Please!

SOUND: SCUFFLE ENDS ... CROWD OF SHOPPERS GATHER QUICKLY AND MURMUR EXCITEDLY, IN BG

3RD LEGIONNAIRE: (TO SHOPPERS) All right, stand back, the lot of ya! This is an arrest!

4TH LEGIONNAIRE: Drag 'em out, Deke. (TO SHOPPERS) Get back there! We're officers!

1ST SHOPPER: They arrested somebody.

2ND SHOPPER: That must be his wife! Say, she fainted! Look out, there she is.

FLOORWALKER: Will you please clear the aisle, please?

3RD SHOPPER: They put that guy in a car and drove off with him! The cop at the corner went after them!

4TH SHOPPER: Help the woman with him! She's fainted!

FLOORWALKER: Will somebody please look after her? I'd better phone the police.

MARGOT: Yes, I'll take care of her.

LAMONT: Is she all right, Margot?

MARGOT: I think so, Lamont. Just fainted.

SOUND: MURMUR OF SHOPPERS SUBSIDES BEHIND--

CLAYS: I beg your pardon. This must be her husband's briefcase. Papers scattered all over. I'll pick them up.

LAMONT: Here, let me help you.

HELEN: (WAKES IN A PANIC) Alton? Alton? Oh, my husband! Save him! Save him!

MARGOT: (SOOTHING) There now. They've notified the police. Who is your husband?

HELEN: He's the assistant district attorney, Alton Parker.

MARGOT: Alton Parker?

HELEN: Those men who took him away; they're from the White Legion. I heard them say it. Oh, please, please, do something!

FLOORWALKER: Will you come to the first aid room, madam? They're sending over detectives.

HELEN: Oh, yes, please; I-- Oh, I feel so weak.

CLAYS: Oh, excuse me, Mrs. Parker. I'm Hartney Clays, owner and publisher of The Globe. Is this your husband's briefcase?

HELEN: Yes. Yes, it is.

CLAYS: Well, I'll be very glad to deliver it to the district attorney's office, if you say so. There may be valuable papers, you know.

HELEN: Oh, yes, if you will, please. Thank you, Mr. Clays.

FLOORWALKER: Now, if you'll come right this way please, Mrs. Parker--

HELEN: (MOVING OFF) Thank you.

LAMONT: Er, excuse me, Mr. Clays.

CLAYS: (SURPRISED) Oh. Who are you?

LAMONT: My name is Lamont Cranston.

CLAYS: Oh. Well, uh, what do you make of this?

LAMONT: If what she says is true, it's more of the White Legion's handiwork.

CLAYS: Oh? Do you think so?

LAMONT: I understand they were mixed up in the murder of Boss Houseman.

CLAYS: Oh, that's pure hearsay. There was no real evidence.

LAMONT: Still, Red Collins is going to trial for shooting Boss Houseman and Alton Parker is slated to prosecute. It all hangs together, doesn't it?

CLAYS: Well, I suppose so. Anyway, I intend to take this matter up editorially in my paper this very afternoon. The Globe has kept away from the White Legion up till now; so much politics mixed up in it, you know.

LAMONT: Yes, I know.

CLAYS: Yes, but this is terrible. I'll see what Commissioner Weston is doing about it. Well, I must go along now. Oh, wait, let me see. Is that paper on the floor out of this briefcase?

LAMONT: This? Hmm. Seems to be nothing but a sales folder. (CHUCKLES, READS) "Special today -- white goods sale."

CLAYS: Oh, yes, I see. Well, I'll get this briefcase down to the district attorney's office. (MOVING OFF) Glad to have met you, sir.

LAMONT: Very glad to have met you, Mr. Clays. Oh, there you are, Margot. She all right now?

MARGOT: Yes, but suffering from shock, poor woman. Oh, this is an outrage, Lamont. You ought to do something. The Shadow ought to do something.

LAMONT: I imagine you're right. (INTERESTED IN PAPERS) Hm!

MARGOT: Where did you get those papers?

LAMONT: I think they fell out of Alton Parker's briefcase and they're rather important, I believe. You see the title on them?

MARGOT: Yes.

LAMONT: (READS) "Evidence -- The State versus Red Collins."

MARGOT: But why are you--? (REALIZES) Oh, I'm beginning to see.

LAMONT: Yes. The Shadow is doing something about the White Legion, Margot. What's more, I expect to have a very busy afternoon.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BEEP-BEEP-BEEP OF MORSE CODE ON TELEGRAPH KEY ... THEN IN BG

CLAYS: Hmm. A message from the Commander, isn't it?

ASSISTANT: Yeah. I've got it, Mr. Clays. (TRANSLATES, SLOWLY) S-U-N-M-A-R-two-oh-one-one.

SOUND: BEEPING STOPS .. CLICK! OF SWITCH

ASSISTANT: There you are, sir; I'll put it on your desk.

CLAYS: Thank you.

SOUND: DOORBELL RINGS

CLAYS: Oh, see who that is at the door.

ASSISTANT: Yes, sir.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, OFF

DELIVERY MAN: (OFF) Telegram for Mr. Clays.

ASSISTANT: (OFF) Thank you, I'll take it for him.

DELIVERY MAN: (OFF) Thank you.

SOUND: DOOR SHUTS, OFF

ASSISTANT: Telegram for you, Mr. Clays.

CLAYS: Telegram? Well, what can this mean?

SOUND: TELEGRAM OPENED

CLAYS: Oh, yes. (READS) "Congratulations on your splendid editorial in this afternoon's Globe. Was almost convincing."

ASSISTANT: (STARTLED) What?!

CLAYS: (READS) Signed, "The Shadow."

ASSISTANT: (NERVOUS) What?! The Shadow?!

CLAYS: Stop trembling, you fool.

ASSISTANT: But - but if the Shadow is after us--!

CLAYS: We'll take care of the Shadow just as we take care of the rest of them. He can't bluff me.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, OFF

ASSISTANT: But wait, the door's opening!

SHADOW: Pardon the intrusion, Mr. Clays.

CLAYS: Who--? Who is that? Who speaks?

SHADOW: I am the one they call - the Shadow.

ASSISTANT: He's here -- in this room!

CLAYS: I've heard of you and your tricks, Shadow. Where are you?

SHADOW: Here. In the shadows. But don't be alarmed because you can't see me, I've only come for a short visit, Mr. Clays.

CLAYS: Why honor me with your presence?

SHADOW: As a newspaper editor I thought you might like to hear the news.

CLAYS: What news?

SHADOW: The White Legion is about to be exposed.

CLAYS: The White Legion? Exposed?

SHADOW: I presume you'll want to run an extra on that.

CLAYS: Why, yes, of course. I'm sure I'll be very pleased if the fair-minded citizens of this city and state can force an exposé of that organization.

SHADOW: You sound like your own editorials, Mr. Clays.

CLAYS: If you're insinuating that I have some connection with the White Legion, you're very much mistaken.

SHADOW: I never insinuate, Mr. Clays. I simply wanted to keep you posted. The next time you hear my voice, Clays, be ready to run your extras. It will be the signal that the White Legion is doomed! (SINISTER LAUGHTER)

MUSIC: QUICK CURTAIN

ANNOUNCER: Before the Shadow continues his adventure, I want to give you a message from Blue Coal dealers throughout the country. As announced earlier, this is the final Shadow broadcast of the winter series. Blue Coal dealers take this opportunity to express their great appreciation for the many letters they have received praising these broadcasts. They are also deeply grateful to New England families who have favored Blue Coal with a volume of business which has created a sensation in the fuel industry in New England this winter. We are, of course, happy that so many families have learned through experience that Blue Coal, an American product, is Pennsylvania's finest anthracite. It is the best quality fuel that can be used. For not only is Blue Coal safe, clean, and convenient, it is economical, too. The Glen Alden Coal Company, who mine Blue Coal, have prepared it especially for home use. No wonder Blue Coal sales in New England have increased more than twenty-eight percent this winter compared to the same period a year ago. You may be sure that the high standards of quality which have been responsible for this increase in business will be maintained at all times. So take a tip from Blue Coal families and for better, more economical heat, switch to Blue Coal tomorrow. Ask for it by name. Order a trial ton from your nearest Blue Coal dealer. His name is listed in the "Where-to-Buy-It" section of your classified telephone directory under the name Blue Coal.

MUSIC: SECOND ACT INTRODUCTION

SOUND: CLOCK CHIMES SEVEN

LAMONT: (OVERLAPS WITH ABOVE) Let me see those notes, Margot.

MARGOT: What makes you think Hartney Clays is mixed up with this White Legion, Lamont?

LAMONT: Well, a little deductive reasoning, Margot. I've noticed that since this White Legion stuff has broken in the papers, Clays' paper, The Globe, has been deliberately playing it down. Clays' editorial policy seems to be that the atrocities of the White Legion have been greatly exaggerated.

MARGOT: It does sound peculiar.

LAMONT: Exactly. Clays seemed rather confused when I appeared to him this afternoon as the Shadow. Well, this may clean up matters.

MARGOT: What have you got there?

LAMONT: It's a copy I made of a memorandum that was on Clays' desk.

MARGOT: Let's see. Oh, what in the world does it mean, these two words, "Convocation, Waterchapel"? Then this string of letters and numbers: S-U-N-M-A-R-two-oh-one-one. Doesn't make sense.

LAMONT: (AMUSED) Yes, it does. S-U-N is Sunday. M-A-R is March.

MARGOT: Yes.

LAMONT: And then twenty and eleven. "Convocation, Waterchapel, Sunday, March twentieth at eleven."

MARGOT: But that's today.

LAMONT: Yes, probably at eleven tonight. And I have an idea that the Waterchapel is the place where they're holding Alton Parker prisoner. We're going to find out. Bring the car and meet me in the block next to Clays' house at eight o'clock, Margot.

MARGOT: Yes.

LAMONT: If Clays is going to that meeting, we'll follow him.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: RUNNING AUTO INTERIOR BACKGROUND

LAMONT: Slow down, Margot. Don't want to get too close to Hartney Clays' car.

MARGOT: With this fog rolling in we'll be lucky if we don't lose them entirely. Can you see their car through the field glasses, Lamont?

LAMONT: Yes, it's turned down that side road toward the bay. There's a small shack on the edge of the water. Oh, the fog's getting heavy; it makes it hard to see.

MARGOT: Hmm. That shack must be the place they call the Waterchapel.

LAMONT: Yes. It's apparently right on the edge of the channel; it goes out to sea. Better stop here, Margot.

SOUND: AUTO SLOWS TO A HALT ... ENGINE SHUT OFF ... CAR DOORS OPEN AND SHUT AS LAMONT AND MARGO CLIMB OUT OF CAR, IN AGREEMENT WITH FOLLOWING--

LAMONT: Let's get out.

MARGOT: All right, Lamont. There's a small inlet here.

LAMONT: Yes.

MARGOT: We can see better now.

LAMONT: At least if that fog doesn't get any thicker.

SOUND: FOG HORN

LAMONT: There's a motorboat tied up at the wharf. Three cars parked nearby-- Wait! Clays and the man with him are getting out; they're going toward the shack.

MARGOT: I don't see any light in the place.

LAMONT: Someone's opening the door. Yes, there's a figure dressed in a long white robe and a mask with a white cap on his head.

MARGOT: (EXHALES WITH WORRY) Oh.

LAMONT: They've gone inside. Blast that fog. It's getting so thick I can't see the place any longer.

SOUND: FOG HORN

MARGOT: What are you going to do now?

LAMONT: Somehow I've got to get out there. And I'd just as soon not go by the front door.

MARGOT: Oh, look, Lamont. There's a rowboat lying in the inlet.

LAMONT: Good idea, Margot. There seems to be only one oar, but -- I can paddle with that. This inlet apparently leads down into the channel.

MARGOT: Oh, Lamont, please be careful. There's a terrible current rushing out to sea, and in that fog you won't be able to see anything.

LAMONT: Oh, I'll be all right, but if you don't hear from me by six o'clock in the morning, get in touch with Commissioner Weston. Give him the location of this place and warn him to bring a few men with him.

MARGOT: Yes.

LAMONT: But if I get what I expect, I won't need him.

MARGOT: What do you expect to get?

LAMONT: Enough evidence to wipe out the White Legion from top to bottom.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

OFFICER: All right, Parker, get yourself ready to meet the judgment of the White Legion.

ALTON: What judgment?

OFFICER: A judgment of death. (MOVING OFF) I'll be back for you in a minute.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES AS LEGIONNAIRE EXITS

ALTON: (TO HIMSELF) Judgment of death.

SHADOW: (QUIETLY) Alton Parker.

ALTON: Who--? Who's that?!

SHADOW: Quiet. I am the Shadow. I have come to help you.

ALTON: The Shadow!

SHADOW: Keep your chin up and do what they tell you. We'll see this through. Careful!

SOUND: DURING ABOVE, OFFICER'S STEPS APPROACH ... THEN DOOR OPENS ... MURMUR OF LEGIONNAIRES, IN BG

OFFICER: Step out, Parker, and follow me.

SOUND: MURMUR OF LEGIONNAIRES GROWS LOUDER ... THEN FALLS SILENT WITH THREE BANGS OF GAVEL

COMMANDER: This meeting of the Comrades of the White Legion will come to order. First Officer, present the accused.

OFFICER: The accused stands before you, All-High Commander.

COMMANDER: First Recorder?

RECORDER: The prisoner, Alton Parker, having committed acts against the order of the White Legion -- acts that we consider detrimental to the good of our city -- we have signed his order of punishment. With the consent of the comrades, we give him into your hands.

LEGIONNAIRES: (A SOLEMN CHANT) Let the accused know his fate.

COMMANDER: Alton Parker, have you anything to say?

ALTON: Yes. Yes, I have. I was to have prosecuted a murderer tomorrow, a man known as Red Collins, who by your help and instigation killed Al Houseman, your political rival.

LEGIONNAIRES: (REACT DISAGREEABLY)

ALTON: It's common knowledge that this White Legion of yours sides with the party in power at City Hall, and all your sanctimonious chatter about the good of our city doesn't fool anybody. Prosecuting criminals is my job, and if that prosecution endangers the lives and reputations of one political clique or another, it's no concern of mine.

COMMANDER: Cut it short, Parker. You have one more minute.

ALTON: I know why you're getting rid of me. Because your White Legion is mixed up in the worst scandal this state has ever known. And I know what that scandal is.

LEGIONNAIRES: (REACT DISAGREEABLY)

ALTON: (TO LEGIONNAIRES) If you with your robes and masks knew what that scandal is, you wouldn't be members of this gang. You'd ask your leaders what kind of money-grafting racket they're running. Ask him, the one that sits there on his mock throne.

LEGIONNAIRES: (REACT DISAGREEABLY; THEIR MURMURING CONTINUES IN BG, IN AGREEMENT WITH FOLLOWING--)

COMMANDER: Who tore off my mask? You fools, get back!

RECORDER: Here it is, Commander, the strap broke.

COMMANDER: That's odd. I could've sworn I felt someone tearing it.

LEGIONNAIRES: (THEIR MURMURING FILLS A PAUSE ... THEN OUT BEHIND--)

COMMANDER: Come to order, men. Stand the accused over the trap.

SOUND: ALTON'S STEPS TO TRAP DOOR

COMMANDER: You are sentenced to die, Alton Parker.

ALTON: You'll pay for this, all of you. There's a power beyond your reach that'll make you pay.

CLAYS: If you mean the Shadow-- (CHUCKLES) When the time comes, we'll deal with the Shadow in a way he won't forget.

COMMANDER: Silence. Stand ready at the trap.

CLAYS: Give me that rope. I want to dispose of Mr. Parker myself. Ready?!

OFFICER: The trap is ready.

CLAYS: Good!

ALTON: (FALLS THROUGH TRAP) Aaahhh!

CLAYS: (CHUCKLES) In another half-hour Alton Parker's body will be far at sea. The vengeance of the White Legion is now completed. We've called the Shadow's bluff!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: PHONE RINGS ... RECEIVER UP

WESTON: Commissioner Weston speaking.

SHADOW: (FILTER) Good morning, Commissioner.

WESTON: Oh, it's you, Shadow.

SHADOW: (FILTER) This morning they're bringing Red Collins to trial for the murder of Boss Houseman.

WESTON: Do you think I don't know about--?

SHADOW: (FILTER) Please, Commissioner, this is urgent. When the trial starts, have a man stationed at each entrance to the courtroom. Don't let anyone in or out without your authority and wait yourself by the main entrance. I think you'll have a surprise.

WESTON: What's the idea? I'll do it if you tell me what--

SHADOW: (FILTER) I can't tell you anything more now, Commissioner, except this: If you don't do it, you'll regret it the rest of your life.

WESTON: Well, I don't know what you're planning, but it better be good.

SHADOW: (FILTER) Oh, it'll be good, Commissioner. I'll promise you that. It'll be good.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: COURTROOM CROWD MURMURS ... GAVEL BANGS THREE TIMES ... CROWD QUIETS BEHIND--

JUDGE: Order! Order in the court.

D. A.: Your Honor, I request that this man who calls himself Red Collins be reprimanded for his insults to me, the district attorney.

JUDGE: Proceed with the case, please.

D. A.: Very well. Collins, who paid you to murder Boss Houseman?

DEFENSE: Defense objects, Your Honor!

JUDGE: Objection sustained.

D. A.: All right, Your Honor. (TO COLLINS) Perhaps you'll answer this question, Collins. Were you ever a member of the White Legion?

COLLINS: I was not. I told you that once before already.

DEFENSE: Defense requests that the prosecutor stick to the case at hand, the murder of Al Houseman.

D. A.: The case at hand, as the defense and everybody else knows, goes far beyond the prosecution of this gangster!

DEFENSE: Why, that's irrelevant and immaterial!

SOUND: DURING ABOVE, CROWD REACTS ... GAVEL BANGS ... CROWD QUIETS BEHIND--

JUDGE: Order! Order!

D. A.: I intend to prove, Your Honor, that this man Collins killed Al Houseman, but that Collins acted under the instructions of the notorious gang known as the White Legion--!

SOUND: CROWD REACTS ... GAVEL BANGS ... CROWD QUIETS BEHIND--

D. A.: --the same gang who caused the mysterious disappearance of my able assistant, Mr. Alton Parker!

JUDGE: Confine yourself to the case at hand.

DEFENSE: (SARCASTIC) The district attorney seems to have some trouble doing that.

D. A.: Here. Look at this note, Collins. (BEAT) Do you deny sending that to Houseman the day before he was killed?

COLLINS: Sure. I wrote the letter and sent it to him. I told you that once already, too.

D. A.: Why? Why did you write him such a threatening letter?

COLLINS: To scare him into paying me the money he owed me, that's why. I told you that once, too.

SOUND: CROWD REACTS ... THEN FALLS SILENT BEHIND--

SHADOW: (SINISTER LAUGHTER) Mr. Collins is lying.

COLLINS: Hey, who's that?

SHADOW: He can neither read nor write.

DEFENSE: Who is speaking? I demand that he identify himself.

SOUND: GAVEL BANGS ONCE

JUDGE: Is there someone in this courtroom who wishes to be sworn as a witness? Where are you? Who are you?

SHADOW: I am the Shadow, Judge Roscoe.

SOUND: CROWD REACTS BRIEFLY

SHADOW: I have some unsworn testimony that may interest you. The men who paid Red Collins to commit murder are in this room!

SOUND: CROWD REACTS BRIEFLY

SHADOW: They are the leaders of the White Legion! They have secretly milked the city treasury of over ten million dollars in the past three years! Their hands are red with blood!

DEFENSE: I protest at this ridiculous procedure!

SOUND: GAVEL BANGS ONCE

SHADOW: One of those men is sitting here in this courtroom! His name has been honored in the past, but he is a murderer!

JUDGE: Silence, I tell you!

SOUND: CROWD MURMURS EXCITEDLY, AND SOME YELL TO THE SHADOW: "Who is it?!" "Tell us who it is!" "Who is it?!" ... FALLS SILENT WITH--

SHADOW: His name - is Hartney Clays--

SOUND: CROWD REACTS BRIEFLY ("Hartney Clays?")

SHADOW: --the sanctimonious crusading editor who used his influence and position to learn the movements of the law and keep suspicion away from himself!

SOUND: ASTONISHED CROWD REACTS BRIEFLY ("What do ya know about that?") ... GAVEL BANGS THREE TIMES

JUDGE: If there is any further disturbance, I will order the courtroom cleared.

CLAYS: Judge Roscoe?

JUDGE: Yes, Mr. Clays?

CLAYS: I insist this farce be concluded. If this Shadow accuses me, let him present evidence!

SHADOW: The evidence is ready.

SOUND: CROWD REACTS BRIEFLY ... GAVEL BANGS FOUR TIMES

JUDGE: Order! Order in the court! You are making a farce of this court of justice, whoever you are. If you don't stop, I will suspend the hearing.

SOUND: CROWD REACTS BRIEFLY ... ("No!" "No, let the Shadow talk!" "Yes, talk!" "Let him talk!")

SHADOW: I have talked enough. I now call your attention to the young man who is just entering the door with Commissioner Weston.

SOUND: CROWD REACTS ... THEN MURMURS IN BG

D. A.: Parker? It's Alton Parker! (EXPLAINS TO CROWD) It's Parker, the assistant district attorney that disappeared!

DEFENSE: I demand a suspension of this trial!

SOUND: CROWD FALLS SILENT WITH--

ALTON: No! This trial won't be suspended until I present the evidence for conviction. You couldn't find that evidence, could you, Mr. Clays? It wasn't in my briefcase. Killing me wouldn't have destroyed it, because it's right here.

After I was kidnapped in the store, these papers were sent to Commissioner Weston -- enough evidence to send Red Collins to the electric chair; to put an end forever to this murdering gang of hypocrites who call themselves the White Legion. I order the arrest of Hartney Clays!

SOUND: CROWD REACTS BRIEFLY

ALTON: Commissioner Weston?

WESTON: Right here, Mr. Parker. Stick out your hands, Clays.

CLAYS: (FURIOUS) Do you realize what you're doing?!

WESTON: Yes, I'm slipping a pair of handcuffs on you, mister. You'll be locked up and charged with the murder of William Devins, among others.

SOUND: CROWD REACTS FAVORABLY ("Go to it, Parker! Rout out the rats!" "Yeah!")  
... GAVEL BANGS TWICE ... CROWD FALLS SILENT BEHIND--

JUDGE: I relinquish the bench.

ALTON: Just a moment, sir. Now I move a suspension for the presentment of new charges to the grand jury. Those charges will show that the city funds have been tampered with. They will name the six leaders of the White Legion, including its All-High Commander, the brains and moving force of its murderous atrocities, the man who sits on the bench at this moment, Judge Matthew Roscoe!

SOUND: CROWD REACTS BRIEFLY

WESTON: Stay where you are, all of you! The doors are guarded! Sergeant, have your men place Judge Roscoe under arrest and all four men at the defense table.

SERGEANT: Right, sir.

SOUND: CROWD REACTS BRIEFLY ... CROWD FALLS SILENT BEHIND--

ALTON: Quiet please; quiet! Quiet! There's one thing more. I want to pay this public tribute to the one who, more than any other, is responsible for this triumph of justice, the one who calls himself the Shadow.

SOUND: CROWD REACTS BRIEFLY WITH CHEERS AND APPLAUSE

SHADOW: My fellow citizens-- I thank you, but let me remain a voice -- a voice that wakes the guilty conscience, brings terror to the wrongdoer, and comfort to the oppressed. Know me only - as the Shadow. (LAUGHTER)

MUSIC: CURTAIN

ANNOUNCER: And now, ladies and gentlemen, we bring you John Barclay, Blue Coal's heating expert. But before we hear Mr. Barclay, we want to remind you that at the close of the program the Shadow himself has an interesting message for you. Be sure to listen. And now Mr. Barclay.

BARCLAY: Thank you, Ken. And now a word about heating hot water this summer. Many listeners have had the experience of preparing to take a shower only to discover the hot water supply's been exhausted. Now, this condition should not exist in any home. There can always be an unlimited supply of hot water when you heat it with the efficient and up-to-date, hot-water-tank heaters that manufacturers are turning out today. These heaters are still known in many communities as bucket-a-day or pot stoves. Their cost is trifling, even when installed with automatic draft regulators which make their operation semi-automatic. They guarantee a generous supply of really hot water at a cost of about one-third present gas bills. I suggest that you ask your Blue Coal dealer about this hot water heating equipment. He'll be very glad to quote a price on the size best suited to your requirements.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Mr. Barclay. And now, ladies and gentlemen, that interesting message we promised you. The part of Lamont Cranston and the Shadow has been played by one of the most distinguished figures in the theater today, Mr. Orson Welles, famous for his production of Shakespeare in modern dress, a director of the Mercury Theatre, producer of Broadway hits like "Julius Caesar" and "The Shoemaker's Holiday." Mr. Welles, still a very young man, is making for himself a unique place in the field of dramatic art. We have been indeed fortunate in having Mr. Welles on our Shadow programs. And now, I know all of you would like to hear a few words from Mr. Welles.

SOUND: APPLAUSE

WELLES: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Words can hardly express my great enjoyment in doing this program for you. And now, before I leave you, I want to thank our sponsors, Blue Coal, for giving me the opportunity of doing this show. I want to thank our cast for the wonderful work they've done throughout our entire season. But above all I want to thank you, our listeners, for your loyalty. We all hope you've enjoyed listening to the shows as much as we have playing them. You know, in the theater we can see our audience and we're able to tell how well we're received by the applause we get, but unfortunately we have no way of knowing how much you've enjoyed us over the air.

MOOREHEAD: Wait, Orson, may I make a suggestion?

WELLES: Why, certainly, Agnes Moorehead, or should I say "Margot Lane"?

MOOREHEAD: (CHUCKLES) There is a way. If you've enjoyed this program and would like to let Mr. Welles and all of us know about it, simply phone your nearest Blue Coal dealer and tell him so tomorrow morning. Tell him how much you've enjoyed the adventures of the Shadow.

WELLES: A very fine idea, Agnes. And now, ladies and gentlemen, goodnight and goodbye.

SOUND: APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Mr. Welles. And let's all take Agnes Moorehead's suggestion and give the cast the volume of applause they deserve: phone your nearest Blue Coal dealer tomorrow morning. Tell him how much you've enjoyed the adventures of the Shadow, and that you'd like the Shadow programs to resume again in the fall.

MUSIC: TAG

ANNOUNCER: You have just heard a dramatized version of one of the many copyrighted stories which appear in The Shadow magazine. All the characters and all the persons named are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

MUSIC: THEME ... THEN IN BG UNTIL END

SHADOW: (SINISTER LAUGHTER) As you sow evil, so shall you reap evil. Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. (MORE LAUGHTER)

## Comments

You do not have permission to add comments.

