

The Shadow  
The Isle of Fear  
Oct 30 1938

CAST:

The Shadow Team:

ANNOUNCER

JOHN BARCLAY, Blue Coal's heating expert

ANTHONY M. LIVOTI, assistant district attorney of Queens County, New York

Dramatis Personae:

LAMONT / THE SHADOW, amateur criminologist

MARGOT, his lovely friend and companion

DUPREE, Haitian plantation owner; French

KAY-ON, voodoo priest

JUAN, Dupree's son

GAYOT, an old woman

SERVANT

HENRI

BABY, who cries

MOTHER

FATHER

TRIBESMAN

FRANCOIS

WORKER

PRIEST

NATIVE

and NATIVE CROWDS at religious ceremonies

MUSIC: SHADOW THEME

SHADOW: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows.  
(LAUGHS)

MUSIC: THEME, UP AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: Your local Blue Coal dealer presents "The Shadow." These half-hour dramatizations are designed to forcibly demonstrate to old and young alike that crime does not pay.

Before the Shadow's thrilling adventure begins, here's a money-saving suggestion for every homeowner. When you order anthracite, be sure and insist on Blue Coal. Unlike many other anthracites, Blue Coal is a medium, free-burning hard coal. Its square fracture permits more draft, causes it to burn steadily down to a fine, powdery ash, and give you more useful heat with less chimney and ash pit loss. You'll find that Blue Coal banks better, gives you longer firing periods, and requires less attention. So order your supply tomorrow, insist on Blue Coal for better heating results at less cost this winter. And be sure to listen at the close of today's program. We're fortunate

in having a very distinguished guest in our audience this afternoon, whom we wish to introduce to you.

MUSIC: TRANSITION ... THEN BEHIND ANNOUNCER, OUT AT [X]

ANNOUNCER: The Shadow, whose life is devoted to protecting the innocent, is in reality Lamont Cranston, wealthy young bachelor, amateur criminologist, master of other people's minds. Only his friend and companion, the lovely Margot Lane, knows that Cranston and the Shadow are one and the same. [X] Today's story, "The Isle of Fear."

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION

SOUND: THUNDER ... STORM CONTINUES IN BG

LAMONT: Monsieur Dupree, I am certainly glad you persuaded Miss Lane and me to leave the cruise ship at Port au Prince and spend a few days here on your plantation. I don't know when I've had such a wonderful dinner.

MARGOT: It's been grand, Monsieur Dupree, and I had no idea Haiti was so beautiful.

DUPREE: And I am delighted you could break your Caribbean cruise and allow me to return the hospitality you both extended me when I visited New York. I must apologize for this storm, Mademoiselle Lane. May I offer you more wine, Monsieur Cranston?

SOUND: BOTTLE ON GLASS BEHIND--

LAMONT: Thank you. By the way, Monsieur Dupree--

DUPREE: Yes?

LAMONT: While we were driving up from Port au Prince, I thought I heard drums in the hills -- drums strangely like the old drums of African voodoo.

DUPREE: You did, Monsieur. I had hoped you had not noticed.

MARGOT: But why, Monsieur Dupree?

DUPREE: Mademoiselle, Haiti is beautiful, but its people, in spite of centuries of French, English, and American influence -- in spite of the untiring efforts of educators and ceaseless devotion of ministers and priests -- remain at heart African. Their bodies are free, but their minds remain the slaves of voodoo.

LAMONT: But I thought voodooism had been stamped out of the West Indies.

DUPREE: Voodoo does not die, Monsieur Cranston. Its followers may think they have forgotten the old gods. They may wear civilized clothes, go to school and to the many Christian churches of the island, but voodoo is always there -- in their primitive minds and souls, waiting.

MARGOT: When was the last outbreak?

DUPREE: Only ten years ago, Mademoiselle Margot. It was on a night very much like this. For days, the drums had been calling from the hills, where in the grottos of Sans-Souci, the mad Prince Henri was paying his customary visit to Kay-On, the high priest of voodoo. Kay-On needed human victims for his ritual of the blood moon. And on this-- (FADES OUT)

SOUND: SCENE FADES OUT ... FADE IN VOODOO DRUMS ... DRUMS CONTINUE IN BG

SERVANT: (BREATHLESS) Kay-On? Kay-On! The Prince Henri pretender has come to the grotto of Sans-Souci.

KAY-ON: What does he want, this fool who thinks the blood of the emperor Henri Christophe courses his shriveled veins?

SERVANT: He comes to offer us victims for the Festival of the Blood Moon -- children of his political enemies.

KAY-ON: Let him enter.

SERVANT: (CALLS) Enter, Prince Henri! Kay-On, Great Priest of Voodoo, will hear you!

PRINCE HENRI: (APPROACHES) Kay-On, in three days the Festival of the Blood Moon begins. Where are your victims, Kay-On? Where are the blood sacrifices you must offer the snake gods of voodoo?

KAY-ON: They will be found, Prince Henri.

PRINCE HENRI: You are sure, Kay-On?

KAY-ON: Yes. I know you have come, as always, to offer me the families of your enemies. And your enemies are many. Aye, like the trees of the jungle and the stalks of cane in the valley of Sans-Souci. You will find the sacrifices for me, Prince Henri. (POINTEDLY) You will find them.

SOUND: VOODOO DRUMS, UP FOR TRANSITION, THEN IN BG ... BABY CRIES, THEN GROWS QUIET BEHIND--

MOTHER: Hush, my baby, hush. Or Kay-On Diable will take you away to the grotto.

FATHER: Be quiet, woman. In two days the festival begins. And no one knows who Kay-On shall choose.

SOUND: KNOCKING AT DOOR ... BABY CRIES

MOTHER: (WORRIED) Oh.

FATHER: Who is there?

TRIBESMAN: (BEHIND DOOR) Open your door.

SOUND: DOOR CREAKS OPENS ... BABY CRIES

TRIBESMAN: Give me that child!

MOTHER: Nooo!

FATHER: No! No!

TRIBESMAN: Give us the child! Kay-On has chosen!

SOUND: VODOO DRUMS, UP FOR TRANSITION ... THEN IN BG

DUPREE: (TEN YEARS YOUNGER) Francois, you read me last month's report of shipment from the plantation warehouse.

FRANCOIS: Yes, Monsieur. (READS) Uh, "two hundred casks of rum, forty thousand pounds of raw sugar, twenty tons--"

SOUND: DOOR BURSTS OPEN

WORKER: (AGITATED) Master, master -- the mistress! Kay-On has taken her! Taken her to the hills at Sans-Souci!

SOUND: VODOO DRUMS, UP FOR TRANSITION ... SEGUE TO CHURCH BELLS, THEN IN BG

PRIEST: (RECITES LATIN PHRASE, THEN IN ENGLISH--) Merciful God, in thy power and wisdom, give me strength against the powers of evil. Help me, O Lord, to protect my innocent flock. Lead the erring from the paths to the hills where the devil's disciples of voodoo consecrate their worship of heathen gods with human blood.

SOUND: DOOR BATTERED DOWN ... CONGREGATION MURMURS UNEASILY

TRIBESMAN: Stand back, priest! Stand back, fairest chosen!

PRIEST: Nay! Thou shalt take no child from this house of God!

TRIBESMEN: Stand back, priest! Stand back!

PRIEST: Nay! Nay!

SOUND: THREE GUNSHOTS ... CONGREGATION MURMURS EXCITEDLY ("Wait! "The priest is dead!" et cetera)

SOUND: MORE GUNSHOTS ... FRENZIED CONGREGATION FADES OUT ... TRANSITIONAL PAUSE ... THEN FADE IN THUNDERSTORM INTERMINGLED WITH DISTANT VODOO DRUM, CONTINUES IN BG

DUPREE: That, Mademoiselle Lane and Monsieur Cranston, happened only ten years ago. It was very sad.

MARGOT: Oh, how horrible, Monsieur Dupree. Did the voodoo priest actually murder those children and that planter's wife?

DUPREE: They and many more were sacrificed to the snake gods of voodoo, Mademoiselle Lane.

MARGOT: Oh, how horrible!

LAMONT: Can't the authorities do anything?

DUPREE: They are helpless, Monsieur Cranston. Do you hear that drum? It is sundown. They are starting again. It may mean nothing. The drums often beat in the hills. But we live in constant dread of another orgy of blood such as we had ten years ago.

MARGOT: There is something sinister about it. Unearthly.

DUPREE: Quite, Mademoiselle Margot. To follow the sound of that drum would be to turn back the hands of time and civilization a thousand years.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

JUAN: Mon père?

DUPREE: Ah.

JUAN: I've come to say goodnight.

DUPREE: Well, goodnight, my son. Oh, but wait. (TO LAMONT AND MARGOT) Mademoiselle Lane, Monsieur Cranston, this is my son Juan.

LAMONT: How do you do?

MARGOT: Hello, Juan.

JUAN: How do you do, Mademoiselle Lane? I'm glad to know you, Monsieur Cranston. My father has spoken of you. You are staying a few days?

LAMONT: Yes. Only a few days. We must hurry back to New York.

JUAN: Oh, but you will be here tomorrow? The storm will clear and we can ride. I have a fine horse for you, Miss Lane.

MARGOT: Oh, thank you, Juan, I'd love to ride with you.

JUAN: Then goodnight, Ma'm'selle, Monsieur. Until tomorrow.

MARGOT: Goodnight, Juan.

LAMONT: Goodnight, Juan.

JUAN: Goodnight, mon père.

DUPREE: Goodnight, my son. You tell Francois to make sure the garden gates are locked and the doors barred.

JUAN: (OFF) Oui, mon père.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

DUPREE: Some more wine, Monsieur Cranston?

LAMONT: No, thank you. Monsieur Dupree?

DUPREE: Yes?

LAMONT: You spoke of those drums as if there were some particular significance.

DUPREE: There is, Monsieur. Tonight of all nights. It is the eve of the Festival of the Blood Moon.

MARGOT: You - you mean voodoo?

DUPREE: Yes, Mademoiselle. Voodoo is like a plague. For years it may lie dormant, but sooner or later the priests of voodoo recall their own. And they slip into the jungles like ghosts. And the drums begin.

MARGOT: But surely there'll be no human sacrifices, not now?

DUPREE: Voodoo does not change, Mademoiselle Margot. That is why my gates are locked, the doors barred. Ah, but come, my friends, you have not interrupted your short holiday in the Caribbean to listen to tales of horror and death.

LAMONT: On the contrary, I'd like to get your first-hand opinion on the actual powers of these fanatic priests.

DUPREE: Forgive me, Monsieur Cranston. I can not speak of voodoo as an academic thing. It is too close.

MARGOT: Has - has this man, Kay-On, ever chosen anyone from your plantation?

DUPREE: Mademoiselle Margot, I think you will understand when I tell you that the planter's wife who was taken into the hills of Sans-Souci ten years ago tonight, was the mother of the boy you met a few moments ago -- my son, Juan.

MARGOT: Oh, forgive me.

DUPREE: You could not know.

LAMONT: Oh, forgive us, Monsieur Dupree. If we'd only stopped to think.

DUPREE: Oh, please. It was I who first spoke of voodoo. It is I who cannot forget Kay-On. Cannot rest until one day I find that murderous devil -- and kill him as he killed my beloved wife.

SOUND: DRUMS GROW BRIEFLY LOUDER ... THEN IN BG

DUPREE: The drums! Listen to them! Carrying a message into the hills! Another

victim! Another human sacrifice to the snake gods of voodoo!

SOUND: DOOR BURSTS OPEN

FRANCOIS: (AGITATED) Monsieur Dupree! Monsieur!

DUPREE: Oh, Francois, you are bleeding?

FRANCOIS: They sprang upon me at the gates! Juan has been chosen!

DUPREE: Oh, my son! Where is he?

FRANCOIS: Kay-On's men have taken him to the grottos of Sans-Souci!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: HORSE'S HOOVES AS LAMONT RIDES UP TO MARGOT ... HORSE SLOWS TO A STOP  
BEHIND--

MARGOT: Lamont!

LAMONT: (APPROACHES) Whoa.

MARGOT: Lamont!

LAMONT: Margot, you shouldn't be outside the gates.

MARGOT: Any news of Juan?

LAMONT: No. We've ridden all through the valleys the whole day. Even into the hills.

MARGOT: Where is Monsieur Dupree?

LAMONT: In the hills. He wouldn't come back.

MARGOT: Oh.

LAMONT: He hopes to follow the signal fires after sundown, but I'm afraid it's madness. They'll kill him. Where are all the servants, Margot?

MARGOT: Gone. The native quarters are deserted. Where have you been, Lamont?

LAMONT: We've been everywhere. It's like riding through a land of the dead. I'm afraid it's hopeless, Margot.

MARGOT: No, Lamont. There's one chance. One chance!

LAMONT: Well, what do you mean, Margot?

MARGOT: About an hour ago an old woman came out of the canebrakes and spoke to me. She said she would take me to see Kay-On, and the Festival of the Blood Moon, if I would give her my diamond ring.

LAMONT: It's a trick to get you into the jungle!

MARGOT: I know it's a trap, but I told her I'd meet her on the jungle trail an hour after sundown.

LAMONT: Are you mad, Margot?

MARGOT: But, Lamont, it's a chance -- a slim chance of finding poor little Juan.

LAMONT: What good would it do for you to find him, Margot? You'd only die with him in the hidden grottos of Sans-Souci.

MARGOT: I'll risk it to save Juan. I'll risk it if you'll come with me -- as the Shadow.

LAMONT: As the Shadow?

MARGOT: If the Shadow could humble their priests, they'd listen to you. Let me meet the old woman in the jungle. Let the Shadow follow us to the grottos. If you don't, poor Juan will be murdered just as they murdered his mother. Oh, please. Please, Lamont.

LAMONT: It's madness, Margot -- sheer madness. But we'll try it.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: OMINOUS VOODOO DRUMS ... THEN IN BG

MARGOT: Lamont, this jungle -- it's like a black pit.

LAMONT: This is nothing, Margot, to what lies ahead. Do you want to go back?

MARGOT: More than anything in this world, Lamont, but we can't.

LAMONT: I know. Be careful, Margot. The old woman may be near here.

MARGOT: What are you going to do when we meet her?

LAMONT: I'm going to make her fear you more than she fears Kay-On. I'm going to-- Ssh!

MARGOT: Huh?

LAMONT: Quiet, Margot.

GAYOT: (CACKLING)

MARGOT: (STARTLED GASP)

GAYOT: (CACKLING) Don't be afraid, Ma'm'selle. Old Gayot will not hurt you. Give me the flashing white stone and I will show you things which no white woman has ever looked upon before -- and lived.



MARGOT: Well-- Here. Here's the ring.

GAYOT: (SATISFIED) Ahhh. Even in the dark, it flashes like the fires of the blood moon, which comes soon to the hills. Hurry! Follow! You must not be late!

SHADOW: (A LONG SINISTER LAUGH)

GAYOT: (STARTLED GASP)

SHADOW: Wait, Gayot! Wait!

GAYOT: Hah? Who laughs? Who speaks? Ah, dog of a woman, you have not come alone!

MARGOT: I - I am alone, Gayot.

GAYOT: You lie! I heard a voice, the voice of a man.

MARGOT: No, Gayot. I am alone.

SHADOW: Alone, Gayot. But, in the darkness beside her, walks - a shadow.

GAYOT: A shadow?!

SHADOW: Yes. A shadow stronger than the voodoo of Kay-On, your master.

GAYOT: (DISMISSIVE) Ahhh, it is a trick, a lie. For that, you will die!

MARGOT: (STARTLED CRY)

SHADOW: Don't move, Gayot!

GAYOT: Wha--?

SHADOW: Don't raise that knife. Let it fall to the ground, Gayot.

GAYOT: (EXCLAMATION AS SHE STRUGGLES TO RESIST THE HYPNOSIS)

SHADOW: Your fingers cannot hold it. Cannot hold the knife. Let it fall to the ground.

SOUND: KNIFE FALLS TO GROUND

GAYOT: (TERRIFIED, ON HER KNEES) Ma'm'selle! Ma'm'selle, forgive. You are a priestess, a priestess of many forces. Ah! Take back your ring! Forgive! Have mercy, forgive!

SHADOW: Get up, Gayot.

GAYOT: (EXCLAMATION AS SHE RISES)

SHADOW: Lead the way to the grotto of Kay-On.

GAYOT: Yes.

SHADOW: Go.

GAYOT: Yes.

SHADOW: Or you will stand forever like a stone image in the jungle, and the snake gods will burn your soul in the fires of the mountains! (SINISTER LAUGH)

MUSIC: CURTAIN

ANNOUNCER: Before we continue the second part of the Shadow's exciting adventure, here's a question for every homeowner. When you buy a vacuum cleaner or any other household product, you always make sure it's trademarked, and therefore guaranteed by a responsible company. Then why not take the same precaution when you're ordering your supply of anthracite? Don't order just any coal. Insist on Blue Coal, the only trademarked anthracite. Then you'll be sure of getting better, more economical heat from a coal which actually is better in quality. For Blue Coal is a guaranteed product of America's largest anthracite producer, the Glen Alden Coal Company. Their mines are located in the heart of northern Pennsylvania's richest anthracite deposits, and their coal is screened and rescreened many times for proper sizing, then carefully tested for any possible impurities by inspectors. Only upon passing that thorough laboratory test is Blue Coal accepted for shipment to the Blue Coal dealers. Remember, furnaces in this part of the country were especially designed to burn anthracite. And the finest anthracite money can buy is Blue Coal. Call your dealer tomorrow. His name is listed in the "Where to Buy It" section of your classified telephone directory under the name Blue Coal. And ask him about Blue Coal's automatic heat regulator. This thermostat controls your furnace dampers and enables you to keep your home at a steadier, more even heat, with a minimum of effort and furnace attention. A Blue Coal heat regulator costs but eighteen dollars and ninety-five cents, plus a nominal installation charge. And it will pay for itself in time and fuel savings for you.

MUSIC: SECOND ACT INTRODUCTION

SOUND: VODOO DRUMS AND NATIVES CHANTING ... THEN IN BG, FADES OUT AT [X]

GAYOT: (CACKLES) Look! Look, Ma'm'selle Lane! See? I have not disobeyed you. You hear the natives chant? I have brought you to the grotto.

MARGOT: Where is Kay-On? Where are the victims who are to be sacrificed to the snake gods?

GAYOT: Ahhh, come along the Great Ledge beyond the Altar of Sacrifice. Kay-On is there with the victims bound in chains. Oh, but wait, Ma'm'selle, wait! [X]

MARGOT: Be careful, Gayot. You've been warned.

GAYOT: Oh, Ma'm'selle, you go alone. Do not make me take you to Kay-On! If your powers are not greater than his, he will slay you! Ah, he will slay me.

Oh mercy, Ma'm'selle, mercy! No, no!

MARGOT: (CALLS GENTLY) Shadow? Shadow, what shall I do?

GAYOT: (SUSPICIOUS) Eh? Ma'm'selle? Why don't the voice answer you, huh? Where is this power of the darkness? Has it fled in terror before the fires of Kay-On? It has! It has! (CALLS) Kay-On! Kay-On! I have brought you another victim, a beautiful woman!

SOUND: DRUMS BEAT ... NATIVES MURMUR WITH APPROVAL AND CONTINUE IN BG

MARGOT: (CALLS NERVOUSLY) Lamont?! Lamont!

SHADOW: Steady, Margot! The time has come. Don't show fear or they'll kill you.

GAYOT: Look, Kay-On, look! A beautiful woman with skin like ivory!

SOUND: NATIVES CHEER

KAY-ON: The hour has come! The old gods await the proud blood of this woman! Hear me! By all the powers of Kay-On, this flower shall be our first sacrifice!

SOUND: NATIVES CHEER

KAY-ON: Bring the woman to the altar! Let the mountain hear, and the dead stones of the grotto see her die!

SOUND: NATIVES CHANT ... THEN IN BG

GAYOT: Beware, Kay-On. That girl is not afraid. In the darkness of the jungle I heard a voice -- a voice of the shadows!

KAY-ON: Be still, old woman.

SOUND: DRUMS AND NATIVES FALL SILENT WITH--

MARGOT: (WITH GREAT CONFIDENCE) Gayot speaks the truth, Kay-On. Listen to her. She's right. I am not afraid of your voodoo gods. I have come to guide one who is stronger than all your powers of voodoo.

SOUND: THE FOLLOWING IS GREGORIAN-STYLE CALL-AND-RESPONSE CHANTING--

KAY-ON: Where Kay-On walks, the earth is forever barren.

NATIVES: Barren.

KAY-ON: Kay-On is the ageless one.

NATIVES: Ageless one.

KAY-ON: Kay-On is nothing of the earth, the sea, or sky.

NATIVES: Sea or sky.

KAY-ON: (TO MARGOT) Where is this voice, woman? Let Kay-On hear it speak. Call it from the shadows! Let it try its strength against Kay-On -- against the gods of voodoo who cry for blood!

SHADOW: (SINISTER LAUGH) I am here, Kay-On.

GAYOT: The voice, Kay-On!

KAY-ON: (PUZZLED) What? What white devil's magic have you brought to this hidden place, Gayot?

SHADOW: (LAUGHS) Take care, Kay-On. You have challenged me, and I am here. Show sign of fear and this savage rabble would turn upon you like beasts of prey.

SOUND: NATIVES MURMUR UNEASILY

GAYOT: Quick, Kay-On. Show thou art stronger than this voice of the shadow's. Take the sword of Christophe and slay the girl. Her blood upon the altar stone will prove thy power. Take the sword! Look, her white frock gleams in the light of the fires. Strike!

SHADOW: (LAUGHS) Yes. Prove your strength, Kay-On. Try to raise the sword of Christophe from the altar. Try to kill this girl who has come to take your victims from you. Strike her if you can.

KAY-ON: (SINGS A SHORT CHANT, THEN BREAKS OFF, STRUGGLES) Buh-- Uh--

SOUND: NATIVES MURMUR UNEASILY IN BG

KAY-ON: My arm!

GAYOT: The sword! Lift it from the rocks! Try it!

SOUND: NATIVES FALL SILENT

KAY-ON: It will not move. It is as if chains held it to the rock. What power is this that drains all strength from the body of Kay-On like water from a broken gourd?

SHADOW: A power as old as voodoo, Kay-On. The power of the mind. The power white men call hypnosis. The power you call "the evil eye."

KAY-ON: (WHISPERS) The evil eye! (MURMURS AN OATH TO HIMSELF, THEN CALLS) Voice! Voice of the shadows, what angry god of voodoo sends you?

SHADOW: I am more than a voice, Kay-On. I am here in the shadows, though you cannot see me, because I will it. Watch, Kay-On! I will prove to your murderous slaves the white man's magic is stronger than all your voodoo sorcery. Watch the sword of Christophe. I will raise the sword you could not move. Watch!

SOUND: SCRAPE OF SWORD AS IT IS LIFTED FROM STONE ... NATIVES MURMUR IN ASTONISHMENT

GAYOT: Kay-On, look! The sword rises from the rock, but no hands lift it. Ah, but the people have seen. They no longer fear you. Kill the girl or they will murder you!

KAY-ON: Murder me? Oh, voice of the shadows, who are you?

SHADOW: I will answer your question, Kay-On. I am the Shadow. (WITH EFFORT) And here is the answer to your challenge, Kay-On.

SOUND: SNAP! OF SWORD BROKEN IN TWO

SHADOW: The broken sword of Christophe!

SOUND: SWORD DROPPED ON GROUND ... EXCITED NATIVES MURMUR AND DRUMS BEAT, THEN IN BG

SHADOW: (LOW) Margot, they believe you are a sorceress with greater powers than Kay-On. Pretend you are, Margot. Tell them the snake gods are angry, and want no more human sacrifice.

MARGOT: (NERVOUS) I'll try. I'll try.

SHADOW: (LOW) They're closing in on Kay-On. Don't try to stop them! Don't move, Margot! Watch and wait!

NATIVE: The old gods have sent this white priestess to destroy Kay-On!

SOUND: ANGRY NATIVES RISE UP AND KILL KAY-ON ... THEN IN BG

MARGOT: (UNDER GREAT STRAIN) Lamont! I can't stand it! I can't!

SHADOW: (LOW) You must! They've slain Kay-On and his murderers. Now they'll turn to you. Command them to go back to their valleys, to their Christian churches. Tell them no harm must come to Juan Dupree or any of the prisoners, or this grotto will become a furnace of fire. They'll believe you now.

SOUND: NATIVES AND DRUMS FALL SILENT WITH--

NATIVE: (SHOUTS) Kay-On is dead! (TO MARGOT) Great white priestess, let the sacrifice begin. The blood moon grows pale in the sky beyond the mouth of the grotto.

MARGOT: (EMOTIONAL) No! There must be no more human sacrifice. The old gods are sick of blood. They command you to go back to your homes. Back to the churches of the one God.

SOUND: NATIVES MURMUR IN DISAGREEMENT

MARGOT: Hear me! If harm comes to one of Kay-On's victims, or to the boy Juan

Dupree, this grotto will be filled with fire! The rocks will melt! The earth will tremble!

SOUND: NATIVES MURMUR UNEASILY

SHADOW: (LOW) They're wavering, Margot. Quick! Take the broken sword. Slash the Great Drum; it is the heart of voodoo. Hurry! Then they will obey you.

SOUND: MARGOT PICKS UP THE SWORD

MARGOT: Get out! Get out of the grotto! Voodoo is dead!

SOUND: MARGOT SLASHES THE DRUM WITH THE SWORD

NATIVE: The white priestess has destroyed the Great Drum! Run for your lives!

SOUND: NATIVES MURMUR IN PANIC AND FLEE

SHADOW: (LOW) Margot, they're fleeing. Don't faint! Hold on to the altar! Hold on! Don't let them see you fall!

MARGOT: (WEAKLY, BUT WITH RELIEF) Lamont! Oh, Lamont.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: AIRPLANE INTERIOR BACKGROUND

LAMONT: Well, Margot, it's goodbye to Haiti. In twelve hours this plane will be in New York. (LIGHTLY) How do you feel, priestess?

MARGOT: (CHUCKLES) I don't think I'll ever be the same, Lamont. But I don't regret it. Taking those children back to their parents and Juan back to his father. It was worth it even if I have nightmares for the rest of my life.

LAMONT: And look, Margot! Cap-Haïtien. And the ruins of King Christophe's citadel. From here it look like - like a tropical paradise.

MARGOT: Maybe it will be, Lamont, now that that the Shadow has broken the spell of voodoo.

LAMONT: No, Margot. No one man can dispel the power of voodoo. Education, the Christian churches, are doing all in their power. But Dupree was right. Voodoo doesn't die, it merely slumbers. We have found, once more, that one of the greatest causes of human misery is ignorance.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

ANNOUNCER: In just a moment, you will hear from our surprise guest. But first John Barclay, Blue Coal's heating expert has some timely advice for householders.

BARCLAY: Thank you, Ken Roberts, and good evening, friends. Many householders, when firing their furnaces, shovel in what they think is the right amount of coal, then close the door and leave the fire. This is by no means the most

economical way to fire a furnace. To get the most satisfactory results, follow these simple rules. First shake the grates gently when it's necessary to make room for fresh coal. Stop shaking as soon as you see the first red glow in the ash pit. Next, with a shovel or hoe, pull the live coals forward so that the fire bed is level with the fire door in front and slopes downward toward the back of the furnace. Be careful not to stir up the layer of ash underneath the coal. Put the first charge of coal into the hollow thus formed, filling it up to the level of the fire door. Always leave a spot of live coals directly in front of the fire door. This hot spot will ignite the gases rising from the fresh coal and prevent them from escaping into the chimney unconsumed. I thank you.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

ANNOUNCER: And now, ladies and gentlemen, "The Shadow" program has the honor to present a man who has spent his life bringing criminals to justice. It's with great pleasure that I introduce to you the assistant district attorney of Queens County New York, Mr. Anthony Livoti.

LIVOTI: Thank you, Mr. Roberts. I don't know anything about crime in Haiti, but there are times when we could use a fellow like the Shadow here in New York. You couldn't lend him to us by any chance, could you?

ANNOUNCER: Well, I'm not so sure that you really need him, Mr. Livoti. Law enforcement has made such marvelous strides here in the past few years. However, I'll ask the Shadow if he's available.

LIVOTI: Do that. But, seriously, Mr. Roberts. I'm grateful for this opportunity to congratulate Blue Coal and its dealers for sponsoring the Shadow programs. They're doing really a great job -- not only in entertaining the public, but in showing people the folly and absolute uselessness of crime. In fact, Mr. Roberts, all of us in the business of law enforcement appreciate the splendid cooperation we've been getting from the Shadow broadcasts.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Mr. Livoti. It's very gratifying to know that our efforts to show that crime does not pay meet with the approval of you and your associates. And I'm sure our listening audience joins me in congratulating you on the successful war your department is waging on crime in New York. It's been a real privilege to have you in our audience this afternoon, and I hope you'll stop in again.

LIVOTI: Thank you, I shall.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

ANNOUNCER: This program has been a dramatized version of one of the many copyrighted stories which appear in The Shadow Magazine now on sale at your local newsstands. All the characters and all the incidents named are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

MUSIC: SHADOW THEME ... THEN IN BG

SHADOW: (SINISTER LAUGH) The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. (SINISTER LAUGH)

MUSIC: THEME UP ... THEN FADES OUT BEHIND--

ANNOUNCER: Next week, same time, same station, Blue Coal, America's finest anthracite, will again present another thrilling adventure of the Shadow. Be sure to listen, and be sure to burn Blue Coal, the solid fuel for solid comfort.