

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN *Inc.* ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

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PROGRAM: 'BLUE COAL'

NETWORK: WOR



Devil's Horn, the horn that is used to summon your dark presence. Hear me, Satan, in this secret place, I call on you to blot out the life of my enemy Edward Heller before the hour of midnight has struck and of his sister, Deborah, before the hour of midnight has flown! Oh, Master, tonight, this very night when you come up upon the earth, bring death to Edward and Deborah Heller.

## THE SHADOW

(RUSTLE IN UNDERBUSH)

PROTZ: What was "THE DEVIL'S HOUR"  
(OFF)

NAOMI: Witch! Witch! I heard you. I heard you hexin' them!

PROTZ: Who's there? Who are you?

NAOMI: Naomi. Naomi's my name. I been one of the Heller's servants for fifteen years and they's good people, I tell you, good people!

(HEAVY FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL UNDER. FADE NAOMI ON GRADUALLY DURING))

PROTZ: But they aren't good people...they've wronged me time and again, Naomi.

NAOMI: You take that spell off or I'll tell everybody I heard you hexin' 'em!

PROTZ: (WHISPERING) I didn't say I wouldn't take it off, did I now?



(CRACKLING OF GREAT BONFIRE. EXTERIOR NIGHT SOUNDS.  
BRING IN, OVER ALL, THE NOTES OF A RAM'S HORN. (THREE  
SHORT G SHARPS FOLLOWED BY SUSTAINED E FLAT. REPEAT  
PHRASE THREE TIMES)

PROTZ: Satan! Alone in the forest here, I have sounded the  
Devil's Horn, the horn that is used to summon your dark  
presence. Hear me, Satan! In this secret place, I call  
on you to blot out the life of my enemy Edvard Heller  
before the hour of midnight has struck and of his  
sister, Deborah, before the hour of midnight has flown!  
Oh, Master, tonight, this very night when you come  
up upon the earth, bring death to Edvard and Deborah  
Heller.

(RUSTLE IN UNDERBRUSH)

PROTZ: What was that?

(OFF)

NAOMI: Witch! Witch! I heerd you. I heerd you hexin' them!

PROTZ: Who's there? Who are you?

NAOMI: Naomi. Nacmi's my name. I been one of the Heller's  
servants for fifteen years and they's good people, I  
tell you, good people!

(HEAVY FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL UNDER..FADE NAOMI ON  
GRADUALLY DURING) )

PROTZ: But they aren't good people..they've wronged me time  
and again, Nacmi.

NAOMI: You take that spell off or I'll tell everybody I heerd  
you hexin' 'em!

PROTZ: (WHEELDLING) I didn't say I wouldn't take it off, did  
I now?



NAOMI: Don't you come no closer to me! Don' come no closer,  
I say!

3 PROTZ: But we must talk together about this thing, Naomi.

4 NAOMI: (FADE ON) I can hear you from where you is, witch!

5 PROTZ: (CHUCKLING) I won't hurt you, Naomi. Are you afraid  
6 I'll hurt you?

7 NAOMI: (ON) Leave me be! Stop where you is now! I say don'  
8 come no.....(GASP AND STRUGGLE AS HER THROAT IS SEIZED)  
9 (STRUGGLE...EFFORT...FALL OF BODY)

10 PROTZ: There! Spy on me, will you? That's what you all are!  
11 Spies! Spies! (CHANGING MOOD AND PROJECTING) Satan!  
12 Satan, help your faithful servant! Visit death on Edvard  
13 and Deborah Heller this night in the midnight hour!  
14 Bring death and destruction on the house of my enemies!  
15 (WILD LAUGHTER)  
16 (RAM'S HORN AS BEFORE...ONLY ONE PHRASE)

17 MUSIC: (QUICK CUE ON MACABRE TRANSITION... THEN DOWN AND OUT)  
18 (DOOR OPEN CREAKILY. EFFECT OF DANCING AND GAIETY WELL  
19 OFF)

20 DEBCRAH: Is that you, Badiyah?

21 BADIAH: Yes, Miss Deborah. It's Badiyah, Ma'am.  
22 (DOOR CLOSE...EFFECT OUT)

23 BADIAH: Them farm people is sure havin' a fine time for  
24 themselves out there. It was mighty grand of you and  
25 Mr. Edvard to let 'em use the big barn for their  
26 Halloween huskin' party, it was.

27 Miss Deborah!

28 DEBORAH: Where is it coming from?

29 BADIAH: Sounds...sounds like Mr. Edvard's room!



DEBORAH: Yes, perhaps, but we shouldn't have done it, Badiah.

Mr. Edvard is in no condition to be lyin' in his bed upstairs, tossing and turning, while that infernal fiddling and stomping goes on.

BADIAH: Yes'm. But they'll be leavin' soon, Ma'am, and us poor folks sure appreciates how good you and Mr. Edvard treats us..I got all the windows and doors locked for the night and, if you ain't got no more chores for me, Miss Deborah, I reckon I'll be goin' to my bed.

(DOOR OPEN..BRING IN WIND SOUND BIG AND DISTANT CRASH)

DEBORAH: There's nothing else for you to...(PAUSE)..what was that,

Badiah?

BADIAH: Just the wind, Ma'am.

DEBORAH: But it came up so suddenly. There's been no wind all day..Oh, Badiah, you mustn't leave me alone down here.. Don't go yet, Badiah..don't!

BADIAH: Now just you don' take on, Ma'am. There ain't nothin' to be...

DEBORAH: But I felt cold..cold all over..just as if something were..

(THE RAM'S HORN WELL OFF...ONE PHRASE)

DEBORAH: Badiah!

BADIAH: Miss Deborah!

DEBORAH: That sounded like..

(RAM'S HORN OFF...ONE PHRASE)

BADIAH: (TERROR-STRICKEN, WHISPERING) It's the Devil's Horn, Miss Deborah!

DEBORAH: ...Where is it coming from?

BADIAH: Sounds.....sounds like Mr. Edvard's room!



1 DEBORAH: Mr. Edvard's...Oh, get up there quick! Hurry up, hurry  
2 up, Badiah!

3 BADIAH: Y-yes'm, Miss Deborah..yes'm...I'm goin'...(FADE)  
4 (FOOTSTEPS OFF ASCENDING STAIRS HOLLOWLY..RAM'S HORN  
5 OFF...ONE PHRASE)  
(FAR OFF)

6 EDVARD: Heaven protect me..merciful Heaven deliver me! Help!

7 DEBORAH: (PROJECTING) Edvard! Edvard!  
8 (UP VIOLENTLY WITH WIND. THREE SUCCESSIVE SHOTS. SCREAM  
9 OFF..HUGE CLOCK STRIKES HEAVILY TWELVE TIMES UNDER...)

10 DEBORAH: Badiah! Badiah! What is it? What's happened up there.  
11 In the name of..

12 BADIAH: (OFF) Mr. Edvard..Mr. Edvard...

13 DEBORAH: Badiah!

14 BADIAH: (OFF) Mr. Edvard..He's...he's.....dead..

15 DEBORAH: (PIERCING SCREAM)  
16 (CLAMOROUS KNOCKING ON DOOR OFF..FADE IN SMALL MOB  
17 NOISE OFF)

18 BADIAH: (FADE ON WITH FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING STAIRS) They  
19 heerd the shots out back. They's at the door,  
20 Miss Deborah!

21 DEBORAH: Open it! Open it, Badiah!  
22 (KNOCKING AND SHOUTS OFF..DOOR CREAK HEAVILY OPEN..  
23 WIND AND MOB UP)

24 BADIAH: (OFF) Oh, our Mr. Edvard..our Mr. Edvard...(GRIEF-  
25 STRICKEN)



1 JARKINS: Out of my way...(FADE ON WITH FOOTSTEPS)..What did  
2 we hear, Miss Deborah? What was it, Ma'am? Sounded  
3 like pistol shots!

4 DEBORAH: Who are you, sir?

5 JARKINS: My name is Jarkins. I'm one of the farm folks, ma'am.

6 DEBORAH: Mr. Jarkins..my brother Edvard..he's...he's dead..

7 JARKINS: Dead!

8 (AD LIB.....DEAD?.....WHO?.....EDVARD HELLER...DEAD?  
9 MURDERED, YOU MEAN.....)

10 JARKINS: But...who...who would kill such a man as Edvard

11 Heller?

12 VOICE 1: (PIERCE) Miss Deborah, us people in these  
13 parts don't call it superstition. The devil's horn  
14 has been heard in this valley too many times and too  
15 many things has happened afterward for us to doubt  
16 what it means...

17 JARKINS: Did Old Protzman maybe have a grudge against your  
18 brother, Miss Heller...(PAUSE) Did he, ma'am?  
19 We want to know!

20 DEBORAH: I....I have to tell you the truth, Mr. Jarkins. My  
21 brother did know Mr. Protzman...only yesterday, it  
22 was, I heard them quarreling...

23 JARKINS: Aha!

24 DEBORAH: And I heard Protzman saying, 'I may be helpless,  
25 Edvard Heller, but I can call on satan to bring death  
26 and destruction on the house of my enemies!' Of  
27 course, I don't believe..



DEBORAH: I don't know that, Mr. Jarkins...but this I do know...  
just before my brother was killed, we....we heard the  
devil's horn from up there in his room!

AD LIB: The devil's horn! The devil's been here! Somebody's  
hexed this house.

VOICE I: Yeah, and who could have done it? Old Protzman,  
Protzman, that's who!

VOICE II: Old Protzman down at the end of the lane. He's the  
witch. He talks to the devil...I heard him in the  
woods once, I did...

DEBORAH: Of course I don't believe in these superstitions, but...

JARKINS: (SUDDENLY FIERCE) Miss Deborah, us people in these  
parts don't call it superstition. The devil's horn  
has been heard in this valley too many times and too  
many things has happened afterward for us to doubt  
what it means...

VOICE I: And we know old Protzman's the witch. He's in league  
with Satan!

JARKINS: Did Old Portzman maybe have a grudge against your  
brother, Miss Heller...(PAUSE) Did he, ma'am?  
We want to know!

DEBORAH: I....I have to tell you the truth, Mr. Jarkins. My  
brother did know Mr. Protzman...only yesterday, it  
was, I heard them quarreling...

JARKINS: Aha!

DEBORAH: And I heard Protzman saying, 'I may be helpless,  
Edvard Heller, but I can call on satan to bring death  
and destruction on the house of my enemies!! Of

course, I don't believe...  
think.



JARKINS: No? Well, we believe, Miss Deborah. We know who put the hex on your brother. (PROJECTING) Don't we, friends?

(MOB NOISES UP)

DEBORAH: But...but what do you intend to do, Mr. Jarkins?

JARKINS: If you bury a hex with his victim, Miss Deborah, you don't have no more trouble from him! Everybody knows that! Everybody in these parts leastways...

(UP WITH MOB AND INCREASE STEADILY TO END OF SCENE)

JARKINS: (SHOUTING) We'll hunt Old Protzman down, we will... we'll take him alive and make him admit what he's done and then...why then, I guess we'll take the law in our own hands and dig a nice deep grave for him... that's what we're gonna do, Miss Deborah...That's just exactly what we're gonna do!!! Come on, friends, follow me!

MUSIC: (ROARS IN WITH DRAMATIC TRANSITION...DOWN UNDER...)

(MOTOR APPROACHING...EXTERIOR NOISES...WIND)

CRANSTON: You know, Margot, we've been driving through some of the spookiest countryside I've ever seen and still we haven't passed as much as one broom-riding witch.

Strange, isn't it?

MARGOT: Unheard of, Lamont, considering it's Halloween.

(SHE LAUGHS) Can you remember what an exciting thing Halloween was when you were a kid, Lamont?

CRANSTON: I'm still a kid at heart, Margot.

MARGOT: I could almost feel the same way about it tonight if we weren't in the car together...so safe and all.

CRANSTON: We're not so safe, you know? Not nearly so safe as you think.



1 MARGOT: Why, what do you mean?

2 CRANSTON: I hadn't wanted to frighten you, but I'm afraid I  
3 missed the road somewhere back there. We're completely  
4 lost.

5 MARGOT: If you're trying to frighten me, you're having no  
6 success whatsoever. I'm too sleepy to really be  
7 afraid of anything.

8 CRANSTON: Sleepy? (YAWNS) So am I. Look, we're going to be  
9 awfully late getting back to town. Why don't we just  
10 pick out a little inn along the road and stay there  
11 until morning. There couldn't be a better place than  
12 this moonlit countryside to spend Halloween.

13 MARGOT: It's perfect for that all right..I'd love to.

14 CRANSTON: Right!

15 (BRAKES AND MOTOR OUT...BRING WIND UP)

16 CRANSTON: And there's just the place...doesn't that sign say  
17 'Inn'?

18 MARGOT: Oh, yes, I see. Nailed up on the tree there.  
19 What's that name under it?

20 CRANSTON: P...R...O...T...Z...Protz...Protzman...

21 MARGOT: Well, Mr. Protzman's Inn's a little delapidated..  
22 (YAWNS) But so'm I.

23 CRANSTON: I'm falling into ruins...come on, my lady.

24 (CAR DOOR SLAM...FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL, THEN CREAKY  
25 WOOD...WIND.)

26 CRANSTON: (FADE ON) Doesn't seem to be a creature stirring,  
27 but we'll take a chance.

28 (KNOCKING ON HEAVY DOOR)



MARGOT: (WHISPERING) Serve us right if an old witch took us  
in and baked us both into gingerbread boys....

CRANSTON: Boy for me...girl for you, darling -- wonder if the  
witch is out for the evening?

(LOUDER KNOCK AND DOOR CREAK OPEN)

CRANSTON: Oh, good evening....we've just come...

PROTZ: You've come to tell me he's dead, haven't you?

CRANSTON: What? What was that you said?

PROTZ: Oh...I didn't see your faces. Thought you were  
someone else.

MARGOT: Someone else?

PROTZ: (DISREGARDING) My name is Protzman and this is my  
house. What can I do for you?

CRANSTON: We'd like two rooms. One for myself and one for  
Miss Lane.

PROTZ: This is an old house, you know. Nothing fancy here.

CRANSTON: We only want a place to lay our aching bones.

PROTZ: All right ...step inside then. I'll try to...

(MOB NOISES SUDDENLY UP OFF...KEEP BUILDING UP  
QUICKLY)

PROTZ: What was that? What was that?

CRANSTON: What?

PROTZ: That! You hear?

CRANSTON: Some people on the road....after all, it's Halloween.

MARGOT: People! I should say so. Look, Lamont, coming over  
the brow of the hill...Why it's a mob!

(SCUFFLE AND MOB ROAR UP)



PROTZ: Oh...it's me they want! They're after me!

VOICE I: Protzman....Protzman, where are you? Come out and meet us, Protzman!

PROTZ: What will I do? What will I do?

CRANSTON: As a first precaution, I'd suggest your ducking inside and locking the door, Mr. Protzman.

PROTZ: That wouldn't stop them...They'd burn the house down. I know them. I know they would! If I could only phone for the police.

CRANSTON: Good idea...better be about it.

PROTZ: But I've no phone here. There's one in the general store, but it's closed this time of night.

CRANSTON: Then I'm afraid we're in for a first class...  
(CLINK OF GLASS)

CRANSTON: They seem to be getting a little rough. (PROJECTS)  
Listen to me, there...

JARKINS: (FADE ON) I'd keep out of this if I was you, stranger...  
Protzman, you're the one we want to talk to..

PROTZ: Me? Why do you want me, Mr. Jarkins?

JARKINS: You know why! You know that Edvard Heller was killed by the devil in his house tonight! We know who caused it too - YOU - You with your dirty witchcraft and spell-casting! We're takin' you back to the Heller Mansion, Protzman, and after we've made you confess what you done, we're gonna bury you with Heller in a nice deep grave we got dug for you!

PROTZ: No.....no....

JARKINS: Grab him, men...

(SCUFFLE AND MOB ROAR UP)



PROTZ: No...don't hurt me...I didn't do it...Please...please...

(FADING WITH: MOB SOUNDS...FOOTSTEPS...OFF)

(BRING UP WIND) Everybody! Stay where you are!

CRANSTON: Did you hear what I heard, Margot? ...DOOR OPEN CREAKILY)

MARGOT: I'm afraid I did, Lamont. the door's open. Here we are,

CRANSTON: A witch...a murder done by the devil and a grave

already dug....What were you saying about Halloween

being exciting when we were kids, Margot? are at what

MUSIC: (IN WITH AGITATO TRANSITION AND DOWN UNDER) Crime!

(DOOR OPEN...FOOTSTEPS AND MOB BACKGROUND) got. You

PROTZMAN: Please...Oh, please let me go! You're wrong about

me, you know...I... see lying on the hearth stone may

JARKINS: Get inside! ed with that fresh bullet hole in the mantel-

(A CLATTER AS PROTZMAN IS SHOVED INTO ROOM...MOB UP...

DOOR SLAM) my dear Holmes.

JARKINS: Here's our witch, Miss Deborah! Take a look at him!!

DEBORAH: (FADE ON) That's my brother's body on the bed there,

Mr. Protzman! This was his room before those three

JARKINS: devilish shots were fired into his heart! you are, but...

PROTZMAN: Oh, Miss Deborah, I'm sorry for your trouble, but I

didn't have... We thought we'd help locate the criminal

AD LIB: (CRUEL LAUGHTER CUTS HIM OFF...JEERING AD LIBS)

JARKINS: (QUICK CUE ON CLEAR FOOTSTEPS ASCENDING STAIRS) was the

PROTZMAN: (AS LAUGHTER FADES DOWN) Oh, believe me! You've got

MARGOT: to... hm, the devil must be having a rather tough

VOICE I: Listen! Hear that? Someone's coming up the stairs.

JARKINS: (WHISPER IN FEAR) Yes...there is...who - who could that

be, Miss Deborah?



MARGOT: I...I don't know. There's no one else in the house.

AD LIB: Let's get out of here...It's him....it's the devil coming back!

JARKINS: Stand still everybody! Stay where you are!

(BIG WIND OFF...FOOTSTEPS FADE ON...DOOR OPEN CREAKILY)

CRANSTON: (OFF) (CHEERFULLY) Ah, the door's open. Here we are, Margot.

(FADE ON WITH FOOTSTEPS)

Good evening, everyone...now, Margot, we are at what is usually referred to as 'The Scene Of The Crime'.

We must observe everything carefully, Margot. You never know where a clue may lie. Now for instance... the broken vase we see lying on the hearth stone may be connected with that fresh bullet hole in the mantel-piece just above it...right?

MARGOT: Amazing, my dear Holmes.

CRANSTON: Let us also observe that the dead man didn't so much as stir in his sleep while being killed which leads us to the...

JARKINS: Listen here, stranger, I don't know who you are, but...

CRANSTON: Oh, I beg your pardon. I'm Lamont Cranston and this is Miss Lane. We thought we'd help locate the criminal who killed Mr. Heller...

JARKINS: Criminal! Wasn't no criminal who did it. It was the devil himself!

MARGOT: Really, hm, the devil must be having a rather tough season of it.

JARKINS: Huh? What are you talking about, Miss?



**MARGOT:** That empty watch-case on the mantel-piece. Did the devil by any chance steal the contents of that, Mr. Jarkins?

**DEBORAH:** Watchcase! Why she's right...It's empty! Edvard's watch is gone.

**CRANSTON:** Good work, Margot. Was it a very valuable one, madam?

**DEBORAH:** It was an heirloom. One of those old fashioned watches that chimed a little tune on the hour.

**CRANSTON:** I know the kind. Very popular in my grandfather's day...still rather popular with his satanic majesty by the looks of things.

**JARKINS:** What kind of nonsense is this? The devil has no need for the things of men!

**CRANSTON:** No? Well, then, Mr. Jarkins, why ever did he use that revolver by the bed there to murder Mr. Heller?

**DEBORAH:** It's Edvard's own gun. He always kept it in his room.

**CRANSTON:** May I see it?

**DEBORAH:** Why y-yes...

**JARKINS:** (QUICKLY) Miss Deborah...don't give it to him....

(OFF) (LOUD SCREAM)

**MARGOT:** What was that, Lamont?

(RACING FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR FLUNG OPEN)

**DEBORAH:** Naomi...Naomi, what is it?

**NAOMI:** Oh, Miss Deborah, I seen him! I seen the witch! He was in the woods askin' the Devil to kill Mr. Edvard before midnight and..and before one o'clock..he's gonna kill you, Miss Deborah!



CRANSTON: Thank you, Miss Deborah..Now then, I'm in command of this situation and I'm afraid I'll have to take advantage of it. Back, Mr. Jarkins!

(ANGRY MURMUR OF CROWD)

MARGOT: (WHISPER) Hadn't you better get old Protzman out of here, Lamont?

CRANSTON: Right, Margot. You!

BADIAH: Me, Sir? Badiah, sir? I'm only a servant in the house, sir.

CRANSTON: You take Mr. Protzman out of this room and be quick about it! You may hold him downstairs until the police come.

PROTZ: Oh, thank you, young man...thank you, thank you sir.

(FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR CLOSE..ANGRY AD LIBS FROM MOB)

CRANSTON: Sorry if I've interfered with your fun this evening, but no one is to touch that old man until the police arrive. Is that clear?

JARKINS: Who says so?

CRANSTON: I do, Mr. Jarkins, not to mention the revolver! And now we're going to proceed with a sensible investigation of this..

NAOMI: (OFF) (LOUD SCREAM)

MARGOT: What was that, Lamont?

(RACING FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR FLUNG OPEN)

DEBORAH: Naomi...Naomi, what is it?

NAOMI: Oh, Miss Deborah, I seen him! I seen the witch! He was in the woods askin' the Devil to kill Mr. Edvard before midnight and..and before one o'clock..he's gonna kill you, Miss Deborah!



JARKINS: Ha! Hear that, Cranston! Could you tell who the witch was, Naomi?

NAOMI: Sure I could! He come close enough to choke me. He'd have killed me, he would, if I hadn't fainted. It was him..that Mr. Protzman!

DEBORAH: Mr. Cranston, you must not set Protzman free until this is settled!

NAOMI: Set him free? Oh, Miss Deborah, is you caught him?

JARKINS: Sure we have! Didn't you see him downstairs with Badiyah? Huh?

NAOMI: No sir, I didn't see nobody.

JARKINS: You didn't see him? How could you have missed him?

He was...

(FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AND LOUD KNOCKING ON DOOR)  
(YELLING OFF)

BADIAH: He's gone! He's got away! He's a witch for sure, he is.. He disappeared!

(DOOR OPEN)

CRANSTON: What are you talking about, Badiyah?

BADIAH: (FADE ON) I turned my back for one second and he vanished, Mr. Jarkins!

DEBORAH: (FAINTLY) Oh..I can't stand this..I'm...I'm going to..

MARGOT: She's falling..Lamont, help her!

CRANSTON: Here..here, Miss Deborah. Take my arm..hold the gun, Margot, while I..



1 DEBORAH: I'll hold that, Mr. Cranston. (EFFORT) There! Now, sir,  
2 you listen to me! You let Protzman escape! (REACTION  
3 FROM LAMONT) No, I want no explanations! He killed my  
4 brother! He threatened my own life and now..Mr. it as  
5 Jarkins!

6 JARKINS: Yes, Miss Deborah?

7 DEBORAH: You and the rest will take Miss Lane below and hold  
8 her until Mr. Cranston brings the murderer to me...dead  
9 or alive! And to make sure you take the proper interest  
10 in your work, sir, let me tell you that at exactly  
11 one o'clock, I will take the law in my own hands! You  
12 and Miss Lane have thirty minutes to live, Mr. Cranston!

13 MUSIC: (IN WITH AGITATO AND UP TO)

14 DEBORAH: (MIDDLE COMMERCIAL) Cranston. I'll take that if you

17 CRANSTON: It may have some bearing on the case, Miss Deborah. If  
18 you'd read it aloud..

19 DEBORAH: Hmmm...it seems to begin in the middle. There must be  
20 another page somewhere about..it says, " You were taken  
21 away, my own. Life holds nothing for me, but I will  
22 leave no stone unturned to bring misery and death on  
23 him who stole you from me. Signed...Edward..."

24 CRANSTON: Strange..I don't quite..Ah, look, here it is..the  
25 first page..

26 DEBORAH: (TIGHTLY) To whom is it addressed, Mr. Cranston?

27 CRANSTON: To 'Beloved Elsa...' Dated the twenty-seventh..why  
28 that's yesterday...



MUSIC: (MYSTERIOSO. OUT UNDER...)

2 DEBORAH: Your time is passing, Mr. Cranston.

3 CRANSTON: I hope to give you a definite clue, Miss Deborah, as  
4 soon as I finish examining Mr. Edvard's room here.

5 DEBORAH: The time is yours, Mr. Cranston. You may spend it as  
6 you please.

7 CRANSTON: Thank you...now let's see. Here's his library. Hmmm...  
8 odd collection...Egyptology, metaphysics..aha...look  
9 at this..witchcraft!

10 DEBORAH: What was that?

11 CRANSTON: A volume on witchcraft.

12 (RUSTLE OF PAGES)

13 What's this in the pages?

14 (RUSTLE OF SHEET OF PAPER)

15 DEBORAH: It's a letter, Mr. Cranston. I'll take that if you  
16 don't mind.

17 CRANSTON: It may have some bearing on the case, Miss Deborah. If  
18 you'd read it aloud..

19 DEBORAH: Hmmm..it seems to begin in the middle. There must be  
20 another page somewhere about..it says, " You were taken  
21 away, my own. Life holds nothing for me, but I will  
22 leave no stone unturned to bring misery and death on  
23 him who stole you from me. Signed...Edvard..."

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25 first page..

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27 CRANSTON: To 'Beloved Elsa...' Dated the twenty-seventh..why  
28 that's yesterday...



DEBORAH: Elsa..Els...Ch...Ch...Chhhhhhh.....

(COLLAPSE OF BODY ON FLOOR)

CRANSTON: What's happened..Miss Deborah..Answer me..what is it?

DEBORAH: Ill...I'm....ill...doctor...get a doctor..hurry..hurry..

CRANSTON: Is there one nearby? Can you talk, Miss Deborah?

DEBORAH: Doc...Doctor Fennings..house at end of Laurel Road..

CRANSTON: Doctor Fennings..Laurel Road..I'll get him right away..

(MOB MURMUR OFF..FOOTSTEPS ASCENDING STAIRS OFF)

CRANSTON: Oh..oh...Perhaps I'd better let myself out through the window..

(WINDOW BEING RAISED..BRING WIND IN BIG)

CRANSTON: You can tell that mob I'll be back, Miss Deborah (FADE OFF).

(IMPACT OFF AS HE LANDS..KNOCKING ON DOOR..FLING OPEN QUICK)

JARKINS: (FADE ON) What was that we heard..Miss Deborah! Miss Deborah, where is he? Look, the window! He's gone. (FOOTSTEPS) Where's that gun? Ha! (PROJECTS) Stop where you are, Cranston! Come back, d'ya hear me?!

CRANSTON: (PISTOL SHOTS AND WIND UP INTO...)

MUSIC: (DRAMATIC TRANSITION AND OUT UNDER...)

(WIND..NEIGHING AND WHINNY OF HORSES..NIGHT SOUNDS EXTERIOR)

CRANSTON: I came as quickly as I could, Doctor. Someone's ill at the Heller's..

FENNINGS: Another one, young man?

CRANSTON: Another one?...Oh...you knew: Edvard was dead then?



1 FENN: Dead? Why, no..no, I didn't..I didn't at all..dead,  
2 you say...

3 CRANSTON: Someone very dear to me is in danger, Doctor. There's  
4 no time to waste..come on..I'll explain on the way over..  
5 (MOUNTING INTO BUGGY. CRACK OF WHIP. QUICK HOOF BEATS..  
6 WIND)

7 CRANSTON: It's been a very strange night, Doctor. Very strange.  
8 For instance, now, it's strange you said, 'another one'  
9 when I told you someone was ill at the Heller's..you're  
10 sure you didn't know Edvard had been murdered?

11 FENN: Murdered? Murdered, did you say?

12 CRANSTON: I did.

13 FENN: Why, I don't understand it. I don't understand it  
14 at all..

15 CRANSTON: What don't you understand, Doctor?

16 FENN: Last night Edvard Heller called on me after dark.  
17 He had me examine him and then...then he paid me an  
18 extraordinary sum not to divulge my findings..but,  
19 murder..well now I do say..

20 CRANSTON: What were those findings, Doctor?

21 FENN: They were bad, sir. Heller's heart was in a fearful  
22 condition. The man couldn't have lived out the month.  
23 That's why I said 'another one'...

24 CRANSTON: Of course..I see..Tell me, Doctor, was there anyone  
25 with Mr. Heller last night?

26 FENN: Why, as I remember, there was. It was his old  
27 servant...Badiah.



1 CRANSTON: Badiah! Why Badiah never mentioned that little  
2 visit. I wonder what else he knows that he's  
3 keeping to himself?

4 FENN: Whatever it is, he'll go on keeping it. Tight-lipped,  
5 that one is. You'll never get him to tell you anything.

6 CRANSTON: Oh, I don't know, Doctor, There may be a way...There  
7 may be a way...

8 (MUSIC ..IN WITH MYSTERIOSO TRANSITION AND OUT UNDER)

9 JARKINS: Now you won't tell nobody I talked to you, will you,  
10 Badiah?

11 BADIAH: No sir, Mr. Jarkins, I won't tell.

12 JARKINS: And if it comes to a court of law, you'll tell the

13 same story about seein' old Protzman vanish, won't you?

14 BADIAH: That wasn't a story...that was the truth, Mr. Jarkins.

15 JARKINS: Good...good...I'll see you later, Badiah...

16 (FOOTSTEPS) Just want to know you'll back me up.

17 From here on, I'm goin' to shoot on sight.....

18 (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

19 BADIAH: Oh...oh Lord...oh, What's goin' to happen to me?

20 What'll I do.....

21 SHADOW: (LAUGHTER)

22 BADIAH: Mr. Jarkins....Mr. Jarkins, is that you? Did you  
23 come back, Mr. Jarkins?

24 SHADOW: Badiah, why didn't you tell anyone that you went with  
25 Mr. Edvard to see Doctor Fennings last night?

26 BADIAH: Who's that? How do you know that? Who is it? Answer  
27 me, answer me!

28 MARGOT: Margot, I've come back to.....



1 SHADOW: I am the shadow. I know your innermost, hidden thoughts  
2 Badiah. Tell me, why did you keep that visit a secret?

3 BADIAH: Oh, please, please, don't hurt me...please go away...  
4 I was afraid to tell.. I was scared of Mr. Edvard.  
5 He had a power!

6 SHADOW: A power, Badiah?

7 BADIAH: Oh, yes...yes...sometimes I'd leave him settin' in  
8 his room by the fireplace and a minute later I'd  
9 come back and he'd be gone. He wouldn't be nowhere  
10 to be found. I was scared of him, I was.....

11 SHADOW: Are you telling me the truth, Badiah? If you're not,  
12 I will return and find you wherever you are!

13 BADIAH: Oh, yes, yes. That's the truth...Please..please....

14 SHADOW: One thing more, Badiah, Edvard wrote a letter to  
15 Elsa. Who is Elsa, Badiah?

16 BADIAH: Elsa? Elsa?...Why that was Mrs. Protzman!

17 SHADOW: Mrs. Protzman?

18 BADIAH: She's been dead these ten long years, she has.....

19 SHADOW: Yes, Badiah, I see, I see. I will leave you now,  
20 But remember, I am always near! The Shadow will  
21 be watching you!! (LAUGHTER)

22 (MUSIC .. DRAMATIC TRANSITION INTO)

23 (SLIGHT CROWD MURMUR)

24 MARGOT: Is she...is she...dead, Doctor?

25 DOCTOR: Miss Lane, Miss Deborah is dead. Dead by apoplexy.....  
26 (CROWD MURMUR..AD LIB DERISION..THE DEVIL DID IT)

27 (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

28 CRANSTON: Margot, I've come back to.....



1 JARKINS: So it's you, Mr. Cranston. Well, you done all the  
2 harm you're gonna do. Miss Deborah is dead and now  
3 you're gonna pay for.....

4 FENN: Put down that gun, Jarkins!

5 CRANSTON: Jarkins, Miss Deborah gave me until one o'clock to  
6 find the murderer. My time's not up yet and I  
7 promise to deliver my man before it is. Will you  
8 give me the chance she did?

9 JARKINS: Well, okay...But you ain't leavin' my sight and you  
10 better do some fast talking!

11 CRANSTON: I will, gladly. Now listen to me. First, that  
12 vase lying broken on the hearthstone. It was broken  
13 by the shot that made that small hole there in the  
14 mantel piece. We know there were three shots heard  
15 and the other two are in the victim's body. It's  
16 unlikely that the murderer would have missed after  
17 getting his range. Therefore, the shot that missed  
18 and broke this vase must have been the first shot  
19 fired! Right, Mr. Jarkins?

20 JARKINS: Why, yeah...yeah, I guess so. But what's that got to  
21 do with it?

22 CRANSTON: Just this! If you'd have been in bed asleep and  
23 someone had fired off a gun in your ear and knocked  
24 a vase to the floor, what would you have done?

25 JARKINS: I'd have jumped up and tried to.....

26 CRANSTON: Of course you would. But Edvard Heller didn't! Do  
27 you see how smooth the bed clothes are? Heller didn't  
28 move because Heller knew he was going to be murdered  
29 and he allowed himself to be!



(MOB UP WITH MURMUR)

CRANSTON: (FAST) He allowed himself to be because, as the letter on the table there indicates, he never got over the fact that Protzman took the woman he loved. That was Elsa Protzman. Last night Edvard went to see Doctor Fennings and found out that he was about to die. Knowing that everyone in these parts believes that Protzman is a witch, he decided to utilize his death to frame Protzman. He quarreled with him, set the scene and, as the letter states, "Left no stone unturned to bring misery and death to the man who stole Elsa from him....."

JARKINS: Just a minute, Mr. Cranston. This bullet hole of yours in the mantelpiece. Take a look at it. There ain't a trace of lead imbedded in it!

CRANSTON: No? (WITH FOOTSTEPS) Let's see that, Jarkins.....

(TAPPING) hum, it's just possible that this

mantelpiece isn't exactly what it appears to be.

Perhaps it's only a false front. Here's an interesting bit of carving...This may be the method Edvard used to "disappear" at will....aha.....

(LOUD CLICK...SLOW PONDEROUS CREAKING AS FIREPLACE

OPENS)

CRANSTON: Quite an interesting little device, eh, Mr. Jarkins?

VOICE 1: He's right...the thing's opening!

VOICE 11: What do you reckon's inside there?

CRANSTON: I'm not sure, but I've got a good idea...Come on...

Follow me...

(FOOTSTEPS...CROWD MURMUR UP...)



CRANSTON: Careful now..There may be a trap door..look...here...

FENN: A stair case leading up from the grounds of the house..

PROTZMAN: (GROAN)

MARGOT: What's that? Lamont, Isn't that a figure huddled there in the corner?

CRANSTON: It is, Margot...It's..It's Protzman..

(FOOTSTEPS)

Protzman, Protzman...are you all right?

FENN: He's gagged..here..use my knife..

PROTZMAN: (FADE ON) Oh..help me..help me..help me...

FENN: Almost delirious..I'd better tend to him...

JARKINS: (FADE ON) Leave him alone, Doctor..we'll tend to him.

AD LIB: Sure we will! He won't get away this time! Not alive he won't!

PROTZMAN: (FADING WITH FOOTSTEPS) Please..don't hurt me..please..

Help...

MARGOT: Oh, Lamont, have you found out who killed Edvard yet?

CRANSTON: Almost, Margot. There's only one piece missing from the puzzle and that's..the little stolen watch that plays a tune on the hour.

MARGOT: Do you think you'll find it in time, Lamont?

CRANSTON: I'm afraid only the Shadow can find it, Margot.

MUSIC: (QUICK TRANSITION AND OUT UNDER...)

PROTZMAN: Don't hurt me.

(FOOTSTEPS)

Please, let me live..I didn't...

JARKINS: Shut up! We've stalled around too much with you! You might as well confess, Protzman, because you're dyin' anyhow..and soon!



FENN: He's very weak, Jarkins.

JARKINS: He's gonna be weaker in a minute, Doc...

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JARKINS: Who's there?

BADIAH: (OFF) It's Badiiah, Mr. Jarkins.

JARKINS: Come in, Badiiah!

(DOOR OPEN)

Badiiah, you saw Protzman vanish before your eyes, you didn't you?

BADIAH: Yes sir..yes sir..I did..I did, sir..

JARKINS: Ain't that enough to prove he's a witch?

(CROWD REACTION)

JARKINS: Sure! This is the end of you, Protzman!

SHADOW: (LAUGHTER)

(CROWD AD LIB: WHAT'S THAT?..THE DEVIL! I HEARD IT!)

JARKINS: Who was that laughin'..Who was it? Answer me!

SHADOW: It was I, Mr. Jarkins. It was the Shadow. Put down that gun and listen to me..listen to me all of you.

JARKINS: But..I can't see you..I don't see anybody..just that voice....

SHADOW: I have clouded your mind with an hypnotic spell..you cannot see me, But I am here in this room..and so .. so is the murderer, Mr. Jarkins. You have but a moment to wait now. It is less than one minute to one...the devil's hour is almost over..and now...it is exactly one o'clock...

(BOOM OF BIG CLOCK OFF. INSTANTLY AFTER TUNE OF CHIME WATCH BEGINS)



JARKINS: (WHISPER) Why..it's..it's Edvard Heller's watch!

SHADOW: What time is it, Badiah? Badiah, tell us the time!

BADIAH: Why're you askin' me?...I don't know anything about it...

SHADOW: Reach in your pocket, Badiah, and take out Edvard Heller's watch. I know who killed him, Badiah! It was you, wasn't it, wasn't it? You killed him..you killed him and later you kidnapped Protzman to make us believe the devil had a hand in this night's crime..yes, you were the only person who had access to Edvard's room. When he blew the devil's horn up here tonight, you knew it was the pre-arranged signal for you to run up the stairs and shoot your master..you were clever, Badiah, but crime...crime does not pay! You were betrayed... As all criminals are...by your own stupidity..you couldn't resist stealing Edvard Heller's old chiming watch...

FENN: Look out, Jarkins!

(STRUGGLE)

JARKINS: He got my gun!

BADIAH: Now stand back, everybody. I'm goin' out this door and I'll kill anybody that stands in my way!

SHADOW: I'm standing in your way, Badiah, and there's nothing you can do to hurt me. (LAUGHTER)

BADIAH: No?...No?...Then, I warn you...

(PISTOL SHOTS)

BADIAH: There..that'll tend to you...

SHADOW: No..No it won't, Badiah..Give me that gun...

(RETREATING FOOTSTEPS..CHUCKLING OF SHADOW)



1 SHADOW: Give me that gun, Badiah..give me that gun, murderer!  
2 BADIAH: Oh, I can't see you..I can't tell where you are..don't  
3 touch me..don't put no spells on me..you..you'll never  
4 take me alive, never!

5 (SHOT..GROAN..FALL OF BODY..MOB NOISES UP)

6 MUSIC: (STEAL IN UNDER..)

7 JARKINS: He..He shot himself...

8 FENN: Yes..and he didn't need three bullets to do the job  
9 this time, Mr. Jarkins...

10 MUSIC: (UP...LIGHTER TRANSITION..HOLD UNDER)

11 (EXTERIOR NOISES..COCK CROW..MOTOR BEING STARTED..)

12 PROTZMAN: Goodbye, Mr. Cranston..Miss Lane. I have to thank you  
13 for giving my life back to me..Ch, I do thank you...

14 CRANSTON: Glad we happened along, Mr. Protzman...And, by the way..  
15 I'd give up experimenting with witchcraft..if I were you.

16 PROTZMAN: Oh, believe me..I will, sir..I will...

17 (MOTOR UP..FADE PROTZMAN'S AD LIBBED "GOODBYES")

18 CRANSTON: All right, Margot?

19 MARGOT: I..I think so..only, you know, there's one thing I don't  
20 understand..

21 CRANSTON: And what't that?

22 MARGOT: Well, Protzman asked the devil to kill Edvard Heller  
23 before twelve o'clock and his sister before one..and  
24 that's..well, after all, that's exactly what happened.  
25 You see what I mean, Lamont?

26 CRANSTON: Oh, Margot, my dear, one really mustn't ask too many  
27 questions on hallowe'en night in a very stange  
28 countryside.

29 (COCK CROW..MOTOR UP AND UP INTO)

30 MUSIC: (FINALE RISING TO)

FINISH