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# The Immortal Murderer

The Shadow  
The Immortal Murderer  
Dec 10 1944

CAST:

ANNOUNCER  
CRANSTON / THE SHADOW  
MARGOT, lovely friend and companion  
CAIN, the immortal murderer  
GUIDE  
WOMAN  
MAN  
CLERK  
2ND MAN  
GIRL  
WESTON, police commissioner

(MUSIC: "SPINNING WHEEL" - FADE UNDER)

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

(MUSIC UP...SEGUE BRIGHT THEME)

ANNR: Once again your neighborhood 'blue coal' dealer brings you the thrilling adventures of the SHADOW...the hard and relentless fight of one man against the forces of evil. These dramatizations are designed to demonstrate forcibly to old and young alike that crime does not pay.

ANNR: The SHADOW, who aids the forces of law and order is in reality Lamont Cranston, wealthy-young man-about-town. Years ago in the Orient Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret...the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend and companion, the lovely Margot Lane, is the only person who knows to whom the voice of the invisible SHADOW belongs. Today's drama ... "The Immortal Murderer."

(MUSIC UP...SEGUE INTO NEUTRAL BACKGROUND)

ANNR: Today's story opens in the caveman room of the city museum. A museum guide is explaining the wonders of ancient man to an absorbed audience of (FADING OUT) museum visitors...

(FADE IN AD LIBS ON ECHO CHAMBER)

GUIDE: Yes, ladies and gentlemen...this is the museum's famous "Hall of the Caveman"...the most complete exhibit of its kind ever assembled.

(AD LIBS OF ADMIRATION)

GUIDE: And this, ladies and gentlemen, is our greatest exhibit. In this case we have a perfect restoration of the ancient Neanderthal Man!

(AD LIBS)

WOMAN: Doesn't he look savage, though?

GUIDE: Note the huge jaw...the small flat skull with the heavy eyebrow ridge. Note also the huge shoulders, chest and torso carried on short bandy legs. The Neanderthal Man has sometimes been called the human gorilla...

MAN: He sure looks like one.

GUIDE: Yes. And you see him here as he might actually have lived...dressed in fur pelts, carrying his huge club. In fact, this restoration is singularly lifelike...

WOMAN: He does look alive, doesn't he? (GASPS) He is alive! I saw his eyes move!

GUIDE: Merely an optical illusion, madam...

WOMAN: (SCREAMS) No! Look! He is moving! He's lifting his club!

(AD LIB PANIC)

MAN: He's going to smash that case! Let's get outa here!

GUIDE: B-but this is impossible!

(CRASH OF GLASS)

GUIDE: (CHOKES)

(AD LIB SCUFFLE. SCREAMS AND SHOUTS)

WOMAN: He's choking the guide!

GUIDE: (STRANGLING) Let go of me! Let-- HELP! Hel-- Ahhhh... (BODY FALLS TO FLOOR)

CAIN: (ROARS WITH LAUGHTER) He is dead! I kill him!

WOMAN: No! Don't come near us!

CAIN: Listen! You shall spread the word of my coming.

MAN: Wh-who are you...?

CAIN: My name is Cain. You have read about me. I am the world's first murderer...Let the world beware. I have returned...and I shall kill again!

(MUSIC BRIDGE)

(SHOP DOOR OPENS. BELL JANGLES)

CLERK: Good afternoon, sir. Welcome back to Tripley's. Come for another suit?

(STEPS. DOOR CLOSES)

MAN: Yeah. Need something heavy for winter...Mr. Tripley here? He always waits on me.

CLERK: Mr. Tripley will be out in a moment, sir. He's been outfitting a very odd customer...Very odd indeed.

MAN: Say, talking about odd things...Did you read in the paper what happened in the museum this morning? One of the cavemen came out of his glass case.

CLERK: Caveman?

MAN: Yeah. Murdered the museum guide. Said he was Cain...the original murderer.

CLERK: Caveman! B-but that's the odd customer Mr. Tripley is waiting on. I...I thought it was s-some kind of stunt!

MAN: Yeah. I figured the museum story was a stunt too.

CLERK: Wait! Here comes Mr. Tripley's customer now. D-does he look like the same caveman?

MAN: Yeah, only he's all dressed up.

CLERK: He...He's carrying his club and the skins he was wearing.

CAIN: (FADING IN) You, clerk...come here.

CLERK: Y-yessir. Everything s-satisfactory, sir?

CAIN: Take club and skins back to museum. Tell them "Cain has no use for them now."

CLERK: Y-yes, Mr. Cain. Would you l-like to pay for your clothes now?

CAIN: (FADING--) I already pay...in the coin of Cain.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. BELL JANGLES)

MAN: Holy Smoke! A caveman in striped pants and cutaway and top hat! He looked weird!

CLERK: Th-this has got me scared. (FADING) I'd better get Mr. Tripley. (CALLS) Mr. Tripley...

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

CLERK: Mr. Trip-- (YELLS)

MAN: What's the matter?

CLERK: Oh, this is horrible!

MAN: What is it?

CLERK: (ON) Look...Mr. Tripley.

MAN: (SICK) His head's been smashed...

CLERK: So that's the coin of Cain...Murder!

(MUSIC BRIDGE)

(TELEPHONE RINGS. RECEIVER UP)

GIRL: Steel's Sporting Goods...Oh, hiya, May. Yeah, this is Jenny. No, I'm alone. I kin talk. Get a load of me working in a sports store fer men...It's the man shortage. Yeah. Say, ain't it awful about the Caveman from the museum? Two murders already. But how kin a stuffed dummy from a glass case come to life? I betcha it's all a publicity stunt, May...

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

GIRL: Oh-oh! Gotta hang up now. Customer just come in. See ya later...

(PHONE DOWN)

GIRL: Yes, sir. May I be of assis-- (STOPS COLD AS SHE SEES HIM) (FRIGHTENED)  
Yes s-sir?

CAIN: You sell guns?

GIRL: Yes, sir. Rifles, shotguns, pistols, revolvers...

CAIN: Revolver.

GIRL: Certainly, sir...

(CASE DOOR ROLLS BACK)

GIRL: What caliber, sir?

CAIN: Big.

GIRL: Would you be interested in this, sir? Thirty-eight caliber. Hand-honed action. Six-inch barrel. Very fine target gun.

CAIN: I do not want gun for targets. I want for killing. Give me one hundred shells.

GIRL: (LAUGHS DOUBTFULLY) Yes, sir...Right here, sir.

(CLICKS OF GUN BEING LOADED)

GIRL: Oh! Please don't do that, sir. We don't allow firearms to be loaded here...

CAIN: This gun accurate?

GIRL: Yes, sir. Please, sir. You're pointing it at me. Please sir...stop!

CAIN: Silence!

GIRL: You're...that man I read about in the papers. You're Cain...Cain the killer (BREAKS) Let me out of here. (FADING) (QUICK STEPS) Help! Help!

(SHOT) (TUMBLING BODY FALL) (GIRL WHIMPERS OFF)

(TWO MORE DELIBERATE SHOTS)

(MUSIC BRIDGE)

WESTON: I tell you, I won't stand for this crazy business any longer! What am I running a police department for?

CRANSTON: Now take it easy, Commissioner.

WESTON: It's easy for you to sit there smirking, Cranston.

MARGOT: He's not smirking, Commissioner.

WESTON: My apologies, Miss Lane. I oughta have said...leering. But you people haven't got the papers riding you! You aren't faced with a cockeyed fugitive from a glass case...a maniac who commits three murders and...

CRANSTON: What makes you think this caveman is mad?

WESTON: Don't tell me you believe a museum dummy really came to life? You don't believe he's Cain, the original murderer?

CRANSTON: I don't know what to believe.

WESTON: For the love of Pete! The Neanderthal Man died out years ago...

CRANSTON: Two hundred thousand, to be exact. He lived during the late Pleistocene...that was the great Ice Age.

MARGOT: But this Cain acts just the way you'd expect a caveman to act... I mean, one that's just come to life. He escapes and kills his keeper. First he gets clothes...then weapons, and now...

CRANSTON: Now all he needs is money.

(PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER UP)

WESTON: Weston. Yeah...What!? Get my car ready. I'm coming right down.

(PHONE DOWN)

WESTON: What are you trying to do...Hoodoo me, Cranston?

CRANSTON: What do you mean?

WESTON: Didn't you say now all that caveman needs is money? Well, Mr. Cain's just held up the National Brokerage House...Took a hundred thousand in cash...killed a teller...and set fire to the building!

CRANSTON: Good Lord!

WESTON: I'm hustling down there now. See you later. (FADING) You two better stay outa this. I got enough headaches already from Caveman Cain!

(DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS)

MARGOT: Well, Lamont...what do we do?

CRANSTON: As if you didn't know. Come on. My car's downstairs. We'll see if we can beat Weston to the Brokerage House...and Mr. Cain.

(MUSIC BRIDGE)

(CROWD AND ROAR OF FLAMES IN B.G. FIRE SIRENS SOUND)

MARGOT: Golly, Lamont! What a blaze...Looks like we beat Weston to it.

CRANSTON: Four murders, one fire and three robberies so far. Mr. Cain is beating his old crime record plenty.

MARGOT: Lamont! You don't really think he's the ancient Cain?

CRANSTON: Well, it's hard to believe, Margot.

CAIN: You would not say that if you had seen him.

MARGOT: (GASPS) Oh!

CAIN: So sorry to frighten you. I could not help overhearing your conversation. I took the liberty of answering.

CRANSTON: You saw this Cain?

CAIN: Yes.

MARGOT: What does he look like?

CAIN: He is six feet tall. His chest and shoulders are powerful...his legs short and bowed. His face is apeline and bearded...

MARGOT: Lamont!

CAIN: He is dressed in top hat, black cutaway, striped trousers. He wears spats and ascot tie...

MARGOT: Lamont! He's describing himself.

CAIN: And he carries a loaded thirty-eight caliber revolver. Be very quiet, Miss Lane, Mr. Cranston!

MARGOT: Y-you know us?

CAIN: I know everything.

CRANSTON: What do you want, Cain?

CAIN: I want to talk. You will both turn around. Get in your car and drive off. I will be with you...watching.

CRANSTON: All right...Come on, Margot.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

MARGOT: Lamont!

CAIN: Get in! Be quick!

(DOOR CLOSES. FADE B.G. SLIGHTLY)

CAIN: Drive off, Mr. Cranston. Obey orders. Remember I am not afraid to kill.

CRANSTON: Yes, you've given ample proof of that.

(CAR STARTS. FADE OUT FIRE B.G. CAR B.G. FOR:)

CRANSTON: All right. Now what?

CAIN: Tell me, Mr. Cranston...Do you believe I am a museum dummy come to life?

CRANSTON: No.

CAIN: I'm pleased to hear that. You're right, of course. Fortunately, the mass of people have been taken in by my little propaganda campaign. They believe and they will be easier prey because they believe. However, this campaign had another object besides creating terror.

CRANSTON: What was that?

CAIN: To get in touch with you, Mr. Cranston.

CRANSTON: Four murders to get in touch with me? Don't you believe in telephones?

CAIN: I just wanted to be sure you would take my message seriously.

CRANSTON: What message?

CAIN: This: "Tell THE SHADOW I must see him at once."

CRANSTON: What!?

CAIN: Come, come, Mr. Cranston. I know you are intimate with THE SHADOW. Tell him to call on Adam Cain at his earliest convenience. The address is Thirteen Paradise Road.

MARGOT: How d-do you know Lamont knows THE SHADOW?

CAIN: How I know, Miss Lane, is of no concern at the moment. It is enough that I do know. Carry my message, and I will not trouble you again...

CRANSTON: But Mr. Cain--

CAIN: No buts, my friend. Do as you are told.

(CAR DOOR OPENS. BRING UP WIND)

MARGOT: Lamont! He's going to jump!

CAIN: Keep driving! My regards to... (QUICK FADE) THE SHADOW!

MARGOT: Stop the car, quick, Lamont! Maybe we can follow him.

(CAR SCREECHES TO STOP)

CRANSTON: No use, Margot. He's vanished.

MARGOT: Lamont! Th-this...This is awful.

CRANSTON: It certainly isn't good.

MARGOT: Who is this Cain? How much does he really know about THE SHADOW? What's he after?

CRANSTON: There's only one way to answer these questions, Margot. The Shadow will...have to visit Mr. Adam Cain!

(MUSIC BRIDGE. ORGAN MERGES INTO:)

(PIANO PLAYING CHOPINESQUE MUSIC SOFTLY)

CAIN: What an exquisite melody this is. How unfortunate that Chopin never published it. The world is so much the poorer for its loss.

SHADOW: (LAUGHS)

(PIANO STOPS A MOMENT. THEN CONTINUES)

CAIN: So you've received my message, my dear SHADOW? Was that laugh directed at my playing...or my sentimentality?

SHADOW: Leave that piano, Cain. What do you want?

CAIN: How abrupt you are. Please sit down. I'll be with you in a moment.

SHADOW: THE SHADOW waits for no man, Cain. You know that. THE SHADOW is a spirit of right and justice, come tonight to collect a debt of murder and destruction that you owe!

CAIN: (LAUGHS) Dear, Dear...I know all that. But your histrionics are wasted because I also know that THE SHADOW is Lamont Cranston.

SHADOW: What!?

CAIN: Do sit down, Mr. Cranston, and stop this nonsense. I can see you, you know.

SHADOW: You lie, Cain. No man sees THE SHADOW!

CAIN: But I do. I learned your trick of invisibility many, many years ago. Of course I see you, Mr. Cranston. Look! Here's proof. You're wearing a blue

pinstripe suit...gray shirt...blue and gray figured tie. Enough? Or shall I add the white handkerchief in your pocket?

(STARTS TO PLAY PIANO AGAIN)

CAIN: Your act is wasted on me, Mr. Cranston.

(PIANO CONTINUES ALONE FOR A MINUTE)

CRANSTON: All right, Cain...What do you want?

CAIN: Ah, that's much better.

(PIANO CUT)

CAIN: I want to talk business with you, Mr. Cranston. Important business. I think it's time THE SHADOW put aside his playthings and grew up. And I shall teach you how.

CRANSTON: Cain...Who are you?

CAIN: (STRONG) I am the master of THE SHADOW!

(HAMMERING DISCORDANTLY ON PIANO KEYS TO EMPHASIZE POINTS)

CAIN: I am Cain...Cain, the immortal murderer! Cain the destroyer! The maker of Dynasties and Empires! The builder and scourge of civilizations. The giant earth-shaker! I am Cain, the immortal! I am a million years old!

(MUSIC ORGAN STAB INTO BRIDGE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

(THUNDER ROLLS)

CAIN: Ahhh, listen to that, Mr. Cranston. A bad storm brewing outside. Nice to sit in here by the fire, eh?

CRANSTON: Quit stalling, Cain.

CAIN: You are not polite...but it is because you are bewildered, eh? You don't believe I am a million years old?

CRANSTON: No.

CAIN: Yes, it is true. When I slipped into that case in the museum to begin my campaign, I decided to replace the Neanderthal figure because I am a Neanderthal Man.

CRANSTON: Impossible.

CAIN: (STRONG) Look into my eyes and say that. Look! Look! I tell you!

(THUNDER)

CAIN: So...I see you are shaken. Now you begin to believe...You see in my eyes a million years of life...death...of boredom.

CRANSTON: What do you want, Cain?

CAIN: A million years ago I was a savage...a creature that hunted, ate and slept. I was content, then...as a beast is contented. One day...came a catastrophe. A star fell from the skies...You call them meteors.

CRANSTON: Yes.



CAIN: It was a giant mass of metal, glowing white hot...flaming with fierce gases. It struck the earth with a titanic concussion ...

(THUNDER)

CRANSTON: And you lived through that concussion?

CAIN: By some strange freak I lived...lived and breathed those gases. Perhaps they were radioactive...Perhaps of some unknown element. I do not know. All I know is they gave me Immortality.

CRANSTON: I still don't believe it.

CAIN: I did not at first. But I lived...and lived...and lived. Through eons of savagery. Through thousands of Egyptian dynasties...The Assyrian civilization...The Hellenic Age...I lived to watch the rise and fall of the Roman Empire...Spent the Dark Ages in the Orient where I learned your trick of invisibility a thousand years ago...

CRANSTON: No!

CAIN: Yes, Mr. Cranston. I watched and played many important parts in the history of man... until I realized it was wise for me to protect my life.

CRANSTON: Your immortal life?

CAIN: Yes, immortality--barring accidents. A man can live forever; but no immortal can live without a head, or with a smashed heart. One narrow escape during the debacle of the Spanish Armada taught me a lesson I've never forgotten. My life is too valuable to be risked.

CRANSTON: Yet you risked it today.

CAIN: Yes...It was foolish, but centuries of boredom have made me reckless. For I am bored, Mr. Cranston. Unspeakably, incredibly, maddeningly bored. Centuries ago I played an active role in the world's drama. Today, I have decided to begin the game again. It is my only diversion.

CRANSTON: And you have called THE SHADOW to tell him this?

CAIN: I have called SHADOW to join me in the most fascinating game on earth...the game of power!

CRANSTON: You're insane.

CAIN: Together we will shake the earth once more. I shall remain behind the scenes while you move our pawns out in the open. Dream your wildest dreams and you shall realize them...I can make you anything you like...king...emperor...president...Even a god!

CRANSTON: Impossible! Cain, do you think THE SHADOW would ever join you in a criminal game worse than anything THE SHADOW has fought? No, Cain, THE SHADOW will not join you...and THE SHADOW will never permit you to play with human lives...with blood and terror!

(THUNDER)

CAIN: (MUSING) So I've misjudged you, eh? You are still a child, clinging to a child's virtues and the morality of infants. Well...don't give your answer now. Perhaps you will change your mind.

CRANSTON: I'm afraid not. You don't change sides when you fight evil.

CAIN: Mr. Cranston, I understand your reactions perfectly. This is a tremendous decision for you to make. That's why I shall give you until twelve o'clock tonight to decide. By then you will have seen things my way.

CRANSTON: Cain, I can give you my answer now.

CAIN: (UNHEEDING) Only don't attempt to bring in the police. I could outwit them so easily, it would be pathetic.

CRANSTON: You're certainly an egomaniac, aren't you?

CAIN: (CHUCKLING) Well, I am sure of myself, Mr. Cranston. In fact, so sure, I will give you your first assignment now! Cranston, by twelve o'clock tonight, I want you to find us a headquarters...someplace where we can be completely cut off from the world as we plot to destroy it!

CRANSTON: And suppose I don't?

CAIN: (POWERFUL) War between us, Mr. Cranston, will mean only one thing. I am a million years old...a master in the arts of death and destruction. Fight me, and I will crush THE SHADOW under my heel like a rat!

(MUSIC BRIDGE)

(DRUMMING OF RAIN. THUNDER)

CRANSTON: And that, Margot, is the story of my incredible interview with Mr. Cain...I'm sorry I'm so late but I've had a few things to do.

MARGOT: Lamont! I-I don't know what to say! It's all so grotesque...so unbelievable.

CRANSTON: Yes.

MARGOT: It-it's like an irresistible force meeting an immovable object. What's going to happen?

CRANSTON: Cain's going to be smashed.

MARGOT: He's a million years old...a million years evil. There are centuries of death and violence in him...

CRANSTON: That's why he must be stopped.

MARGOT: What can you do, Lamont? He knows you're THE SHADOW! He knows your secret of invisibility. How can you stop him?

(CLOCK BEGINS TO STRIKE TWELVE)

MARGOT: (ON THIRD STROKE) Lamont...it's twelve o'clock.

(TWO STROKES IN CLEAR)

MARGOT: He said to call him by twelve...

CRANSTON: Yes...

MARGOT: Lamont...what are you going to do?

(LAST STROKE TO END HERE)

(QUICK PICK UP OF PHONE AND DIAL)

CRANSTON: (OVER DIALING) I'm calling him now, Margot.

MARGOT: Are you going to tell him you'll fight?

CAIN: (FILTERED) Yes, Mr. Cranston. You're a little late with your call.

CRANSTON: I've just reached a decision.

CAIN: Fine. Where are our headquarters?

CRANSTON: On Princeton Street. I own a bank building that's not rented at the moment. The bank vault would suit our purposes ideally.

CAIN: Excellent. I'll meet you there in a half hour.

(CAIN HANGS UP PHONE) (THEN CRANSTON HANGS UP)

MARGOT: Lamont, you can't join him...

CRANSTON: I'm not, Margot. I'm going to stop Cain. I'll have to leave now, Margot.

MARGOT: I'm going with you.

CRANSTON: No...Margot, when I learned the secret of The Shadow in the Orient, I swore I would fight crime relentlessly as long as I lived. That was the price of my terrible power.

MARGOT: But he'll kill you. You can't fight him.

CRANSTON: I promised I would fight crime as long as I lived!

(MUSIC)

(ECHO OVERALL)

(FOOTSTEPS ON MIKE)

CAIN: (OFF) Ah, you are here, Mr. Cranston. This is an excellent location.

SHADOW: It will suit our purposes, Cain.

CAIN: (SURPRISED) But you've assumed your Shadow role again.

SHADOW: Yes, Cain.

(CLANG OF BIG VAULT DOOR)

CAIN: Why have you closed the vault door?

SHADOW: To insure our privacy.

CAIN: (FEELING HIM OUT) You can stop being The Shadow now, Cranston.

SHADOW: I prefer it this way.

CAIN: So you've decided to fight me, Cranston?

SHADOW: Did you really think I would help you?

CAIN: You know what this means, Cranston.

SHADOW: Yes, Cain...death! For both of us!

CAIN: Both of us?

SHADOW: Cain, that vault door is six feet thick...and when it's shut this vault is absolutely airtight. Even you can die of suffocation. Sit down, Cain. You and The Shadow will be here a long time...forever.

CAIN: I don't believe you! You wouldn't make this insane sacrifice just to kill me.

SHADOW: The Shadow has spent a lifetime fighting crime. There could be no better death for The Shadow than this. I will take with me the greatest archcriminal of all time.

CAIN: No, it's ridiculous! We'll make a deal, Shadow.

SHADOW: Tell me, Cain, can you see The Shadow now?

CAIN: Of course.

SHADOW: What am I wearing?

CAIN: Why...the light in here...it's so dim I can't quite make out...(STARTS TO LAUGH)

SHADOW: Why the laughter, Cain?

CAIN: That telephone, fool, that telephone.

SHADOW: It only goes to the outside of the vault.

CAIN: Then I'll keep ringing it. When the watchman comes to investigate, I'm free.

SHADOW: There is no night watchman. This building is deserted.

CAIN: Cranston, I know you know how to open the door from inside. Let me out and I promise to retire for your lifetime. For a century! You can't throw away your life. You can't throw away my immortality!

SHADOW: There is no release, but death!

CAIN: You sniveling canting fool! Would you kill us for a whim of justice...an illusion of right and wrong?

SHADOW: We are here for eternity...

CAIN: Wait! Of course! I, too, know how to open vault doors from inside. Of course! There is always a release from inside. And if I remember correctly, it would be right about here. Yes! (DOOR SOUND) This little door in the wall!

SHADOW: Wait, Cain. Don't touch that handle.

CAIN: So, the one flaw in your scheme. You forgot about this release from the inside.

SHADOW: No, Cain, I didn't forget about it. I've wired that release to the electric circuit. If you touch it, it will electrocute you.

CAIN: Fool! Do you think I believe you? This was to be your escape. But now it's mine!

SHADOW: No, Cain, no! Don't touch that release!

CAIN: (LAUGHS)

(LOUD SPLUTTER OF ELECTRIC CURRENT)

CAIN: (SCREAMS)

(HISS OF CURRENT) (BODY THUD)

SHADOW: So you wouldn't believe me, Cain.

(BUZZ OF TELEPHONE)

SHADOW: The telephone! The telephone from outside the vault!

(PICK UP RECEIVER)

SHADOW: Hello?

MARGOT: Lamont, are you all right?

SHADOW: Margot! Yes, I'm fine now, Margot. Quick--get me out of here!

MARGOT: But how?

SHADOW: Listen--here's the combination. First, twice around to eighteen.

MARGOT: Eighteen. I've got it.

(CLICKS)

SHADOW: Now, once left to thirty-two.

(CLICKS)

SHADOW: Twice right to six...

(MUSIC)

MARGOT: Lamont, I'm so happy I could cry.

CRANSTON: Go ahead. I guess you have a right to.

MARGOT: But I can't! I'm too happy!

CRANSTON: I give up! I can take cavemen, but not women.

MARGOT: Lamont, was he really a caveman?

CRANSTON: I don't know, Margot...I really don't know.

MARGOT: But why did you go into the vault with him? Suppose Cain wasn't ten thousand years old after all?

CRANSTON: Margot, if The Shadow found that he wasn't what he claimed, I had a secret way of turning off the electric current. Then I would have opened the door and taken him to Commissioner Weston.

MARGOT: But he would have told that you were The Shadow.

CRANSTON: It would be his word against mine. Maybe people wouldn't believe that rich boy Cranston could be The Shadow.

MARGOT: And if you found he was really the original Cain?

CRANSTON: We would have sat in that vault forever.

MARGOT: I'm afraid that's the way it would have been. After all, he was able to break down the power of The Shadow.

CRANSTON: I'm not so sure, Margot.

MARGOT: But you said he saw you?

CRANSTON: No, Margot, I said he described the clothes I was wearing. I realized later that when I visited Cain, I was wearing the same clothes he saw when he got into our car.

MARGOT: Then which was he?

CRANSTON: Margot, Cain was either the oldest criminal the world has ever known...or one of the cleverest, most ambitious crooks of our time. As to which he was...I'm afraid we'll never know. We'll never know.

(MUSIC CURTAIN)

ANNR: THE SHADOW program is based on a story copyrighted by Street and Smith Publications. The characters, names, places and plot are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Again next week THE SHADOW will demonstrate that...

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

## Comments

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