

The Shadow
The Face of Death
Feb 11 1945

CAST:

ANNOUNCER
LAMONT CRANSTON
MARGOT LANE
WESTON
ADAMS
BAKER
LUCY
HELEN / MEDUSA
NEWSMAN
BOY IN PARK (1 line)

(STANDARD OPENING)

(MUSIC: "SPINNING WHEEL" -- FADE UNDER)

SHADOW: 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!

(MUSIC UP...SEGUE INTO NEUTRAL BACKGROUND)

(INTRODUCTION BEFORE START OF SHADOW STORY)

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 Face of Death."..

(MUSIC)

ANNR: As a violent thunderstorm rages outside, we find Lamont Cranston sitting in front of a blazing fire in the exclusive Savoy Club. With him are Robert Adams a well-known engineer, Gregg Baker, wealthy banker and wonder of wonders....two women. Women are not allowed in the Savoy Club.

(CROSS FADE WITH BAKER'S SPEECH)

BAKER: Mr. Cranston, these charming ladies want to meet you. This is Miss Lucy Knight (CRANSTON AND LUCY "HOW DO:") and this is Miss Helen Steel. (CRANSTON AND HELEN "HOW DO") (CHUCKLE) And of course you ladies know Bob Adams.

ADAMS: (SOURLY) Very funny, Baker.

LUCY & HELEN: (LAUGH AT ADAMS)

BAKER: Cranston I know I'm breaking the house rules but the ladies have been dying to see what the club looks like.

CRANSTON: Well, Baker, as chairman of the house committee I should reprimand you, but after all we do have to give such beautiful ladies some haven in this kind of weather.

HELEN: That's very sweet, Mr. Cranston, but I'm afraid I can't even use the weather as an excuse. I have to leave right this minute. I have an art exhibition to attend.

LUCY: I do too. Well, thank you gentlemen, I think you have a charming club.

CRANSTON: Thank you.

HELEN: (FADING) Coming, Lucy? I have to hurry. Goodbye, everybody.

LUCY: (FADING) Goodbye, now. Hope to see you again Mr. Cranston.

(THREE MEN CALL GOODBYES)

ADAMS: Well, Baker, that was pretty smart wasn't it? You made quite an impression on Lucy. She's asked me to show her the club hundreds of times but...

BAKER: Then why didn't you?

ADAMS: Because she doesn't belong here! This is a man's club!

CRANSTON: (CHUCKLE) Well! Looks like the old triangle. Nobody seems to care much about Helen Steel entering the club.

BAKER: Yes, you're right, Cranston. We're both crazy about Lucy Knight. But it won't do us any good. Her life is exploring and traveling. She doesn't want either of us.

ADAMS: (HOTLY) What makes you think so! Just because she doesn't go for that soft soap you hand out doesn't mean she....

BAKER: Now take it easy, Adams!

ADAMS: I won't take it easy! You're a fat babbling fool! Always shooting off your mouth! You're an idiot and I don't like you.

BAKER: Now listen, Adams, one more word...

CRANSTON: Hold it! Hold it! This has gone far enough!

BAKER: Nobody's going to sound off like that to me and get away with it!

CRANSTON: That's enough. Suppose you drop into the card room, Baker...See what the crowd's doing...

BAKER: The card room...what's the idea...

CRANSTON: Go ahead..

BAKER: Oh...Oh, sure. Of course, Cranston...

(STEPS FADE OFF)

BAKER: I'd forgotten you were on the House Committee. (FADING) Got to reprimand a member for insolence, hey...(LAUGHS)

(DOOR CLOSING OFF)

ADAMS: All right, Cranston. What's the fine?

CRANSTON: There isn't going to be any fine, Adams.

ADAMS: I've forgotten the house rules on my offense. Am I suspended or what...?

CRANSTON: You've got Lucy Knight pretty bad, haven't you Adams? You don't usually blow up that way.

ADAMS: No, it isn't Lucy. I'm getting used to Lucy giving me the cold shoulder. Baker's right. She doesn't want either of us.

CRANSTON: Money trouble?

ADAMS: No. It's....nothing.

CRANSTON: Well, you're going to have to take it easier. It isn't good to be...

ADAMS: Cranston!

CRANSTON: Hmmp?

ADAMS: I'm afraid!

CRANSTON: Afraid? Of what?

ADAMS: I'm afraid of being turned to stone...

CRANSTON: Turned to what?

ADAMS: Stone!

CRANSTON: Now wait a minute! Where did you get...

ADAMS: Ever heard of the Medusa?

CRANSTON: Medusa? You mean the famous mythological woman...

ADAMS: Yes. The tall beautiful demon whose face turned men to stone if they looked at it.

CRANSTON: Go on.

ADAMS: I received a threatening letter last week. It said that Lucy had desecrated the shrine of Medusa in her archeological work in Asia Minor. It said that Medusa would have to be pacified with an offering. It demanded ten thousand dollars.

CRANSTON: That's ridiculous. Surely you don't believe --

ADAMS: Listen. Three days ago I arrived home one night and found my English Setter...you remember Bobs...turned to stone.

CRANSTON: I don't believe it.

ADAMS: There was a note alongside. It said this was a warning. The price was now raised to fifteen thousand dollars...

CRANSTON: Adams, don't be a fool. Somebody's trying to rope you in with some kind of a racket.

ADAMS: No Cranston. You wouldn't say that if you saw my dog. Lamont, you have to help me.

CRANSTON: Well, I'll do what I can. But the first thing I want to do is see that dog.

(DOOR OPENS OFF SHARPLY. FOOTSTEPS FADE ON SLOWLY)

CRANSTON: Who's that?

ADAMS: Cranston! Look!

CRANSTON: What in blazes?

ADAMS: It's she...The...The Medusa! The white Grecian Robes! The silver mask on her face!

(CUT STEPS)

MEDUSA: (ON) Robert Adams. You know me?

ADAMS: I...I know you.

CRANSTON: Now just a minute.

MEDUSA: Silence, mortal! My business is with this one, Robert Adams...later perhaps I may have words with you!

ADAMS: Wh-what do you want?

MEDUSA: Robert Adams. You have been warned before. The immortal Medusa demands a sacrifice! Medusa will have her sacrifice...or she will show you her face!

CRANSTON: Nonsense!

MEDUSA: You have one hour, Robert Adams! One little hour to pay..and pay you must or this silver mask will slip aside and you will look on my face...on the face of death!

MUSIC: (QUICK STAB INTO BRIDGE)

(SLIGHT WIND B.G. STEPS ON CONCRETE)

CRANSTON: The rain's stopped, Adams. Come on, I'll walk you home from the club.

ADAMS: What time is it?

CRANSTON: Twelve forty-five.

ADAMS: Then I've only fifteen minutes left.

CRANSTON: Don't be a fool. No one's going to turn you to stone.

ADAMS: Why did you let her escape, Cranston? Why'd you let her get out of the club?

CRANSTON: Be reasonable, Adams. You fainted dead away after she threatened you, and pitched straight in the fire. If I hadn't grabbed you, you'd have been horribly burned!

ADAMS: Oh!

CRANSTON: By the time I turned around she was gone.

ADAMS: She'll be back. I know it.

CRANSTON: Don't be an idiot. Medusa is only a legend... A legend, Adams!

ADAMS: I know...A beautiful woman..If you look at her face you'll be turned to stone.

CRANSTON: No one believes in myths today; no one's afraid of them. So get a grip on yourself. We'll get to the bottom of this.

ADAMS: Y-yes...perhaps.

CRANSTON: Here's the park entrance...We go through here don't we?

ADAMS: Yes.

NEWSMAN: (OFF. FADING ON SLOWLY) Paper! Getcha morning paper! Whaddya read. Paper...

ADAMS: I...I suppose I've been a fool. (LAUGHS WEAKLY)

CRANSTON: That's better. Laugh at it. You can't let this throw you completely.

ADAMS: Of course..(TRIES TO LAUGH AGAIN) It could even be a joke. Something Lucy's dreamed up. She knows all about those old Greek legends..

NEWSMAN: Paper..Getcha morning paper...(ON) Morning paper, gents? Whaddya read?

CRANSTON: I'll take the Globe. Anything for you, Adams?

ADAMS: No thanks...(FADING OFF) Seen 'em all at the club...

CRANSTON: Adams, wait for me!

ADAMS: I'll walk slowly Cranston. I'll feel better if I keep walking.

CRANSTON: (TO NEWSBOY HURRIEDLY) Don't you have change?

NEWSMAN: Hey, did he call you Cranston?

CRANSTON: Yes, why?

NEWSMAN: Ain't you that amacher detective that's all the time hangin' around with the Police Commissioner?

CRANSTON: Yes. Hurry please!

NEWSMAN: Listen, Mr. Cranston. My brother is havin' an awful time gettin' a hack license. I wonder if you could put in a word with...

ADAMS: (SCREAMS WELL OFF MIKE)

NEWSMAN: Mr. Cranston!

ADAMS: (WELL OFF) Help! Help! (SCREAMS)

CRANSTON: Adams!

(RUNNING STEPS) (THEY PANT)

NEWSMAN: What's goin' on there Mr. Cranston?

CRANSTON: I don't know!

NEWSMAN: Hey...Mr. Cranston! Take a look! There..There's a dame up there...See?

CRANSTON: Where?

NEWSMAN: Running through the trees...look at her. She's all dressed in white..

CRANSTON: Good Lord! It's that Medusa!

NEWSMAN: Who?

CRANSTON: Adams! Adams! Are you all right? Adams!

NEWSMAN: Th-There's someone layin' on the road, Mr. Cranston...He looks white too...

CRANSTON: It's Adams...

NEWSMAN: He looks all funny, Mr. Cranston...

CRANSTON: Wait...

(SLOW STEPS THEN OUT)

NEWSMAN: Wh-What's the matter with him?

CRANSTON: I can't believe it. It's impossible. He's been turned to solid stone!

(MUSIC BRIDGE)

WESTON: Cranston, I went along with you last night but enough is enough!

MARGOT: What are you talking about, Commissioner.

WESTON: Keep out of this, Miss Lane. Cranston knows what I'm talking about.

CRANSTON: Now, Commissioner, you're...

WESTON: The gag isn't that funny, Cranston.

CRANSTON: You think I'm pulling a joke, Commissioner? But you were there yourself, last night.

WESTON: Yes, I was there last night. And a dozen of my men were there last night. And we were expecting a murder last night. And we picked up a nice stone statue last night. And...

CRANSTON: Now wait a minute! What's got into you?

WESTON: Nothing. Only we took your "murdered man" to the morgue this morning and the coroner dilled four new scalpels trying to do a post-mortem. Oh, he loved it...and he loves you, too. He says nothing makes him happier than doing autopsies on stone statues!

CRANSTON: Look, Commissioner, I told you exactly what hap...

WESTON: Congratulations, Cranston. It was a wonderful gag!

CRANSTON: Commissioner, I don't know what this is all about any more than you do. If it's a gag I'm not in on it. I don't think it is. But everything I told you happened just the way I said.

WESTON: Yeah.

CRANSTON: Have you checked on Adams?

WESTON: Yes and he's missing. Where is he? Sleeping it off in your apartment?

CRANSTON: What about that stone dog we found in Adams' apartment?

WESTON: Do you want us to cut that open too? The coroner's running short of scalpels.

CRANSTON: (WEARY OF IT) Oh, my...

MARGOT: Commissioner, I wasn't with Lamont last night, but I don't think he would pull a joke like this.

WESTON: You don't! Then you think I should send out an alarm for a woman who turns men to stone, eh?

(TELEPHONE RINGS)

WESTON: Wait a minute...

(PHONE UP)

WESTON: Yes?

BAKER: (FILTER) Mr. Cranston, please.

WESTON: Who's this? How'd you know he was here?

BAKER: This is Gregg Baker. They told me at his home he'd be at Commissioner Weston's office...

WESTON: For you, Cranston...Gregg Baker.

CRANSTON: Thanks...Hello, Baker?

BAKER: Cranston! Was that true about Adams...The story in the paper this morning?

CRANSTON: Yes.

BAKER: Oh no..No! It can't be! It's got to be a joke...

CRANSTON: What's the matter?

BAKER: Listen...I...I found a warning from The Medusa when I got home last night...I...I was supposed to pay ten thousand dollars by ten o'clock this morning...

CRANSTON: Yes?

BAKER: Or else she threatened to turn me to stone.

CRANSTON: Did you pay?

BAKER: No...I laughed...thought it was a joke. And now it...it's ten o'clock and...(YELLS)

CRANSTON: Hello! Hello! Baker...

BAKER: The Medusa...Coming into the room...Cranston! She's taking off her mask! She...(SCREAMS)

CRANSTON: Hello! Hello! Baker!

(PHONE CLICKS)

(PHONE HUNG UP)

MARGOT: Lamont! What's happened?

CRANSTON: Get your hat, Commissioner...We've got a date. to keep in a hurry.

WESTON: Huh? What do you mean? Who've we got a date with?

CRANSTON: I'm afraid it's with a statue!

(MUSIC BRIDGE)

(CAR COMES TO STOP. DOOR OPENS)

CRANSTON: This is Baker's house. Come on...

(STEPS ON PAVEMENT)

MARGOT: Lamont... Do you think he...

WESTON: Don't say it, Miss Lane. Please! Don't say it!

MARGOT: But, Commissioner, you're not afraid of The Medusa, are you?

WESTON: Only of the newspapers, Miss Lane. I'm going to take an awful riding on this.

CRANSTON: Hello! That's odd! The front door's open.

WESTON: We might as well go in. Let's have the bad news now.

CRANSTON: All right...Come on!

(STEPS FROM STONE TO WOOD)

CRANSTON: If I remember right, Baker's phone is in his study. I think it's this way...

[LUCY:] (SCREAM OFF MIKE)

MARGOT: Lamont!

WESTON: Hey! That sounded like a woman!

CRANSTON: It came from the study...

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

LUCY: (OFF..WILD) Help...Help...Police!

CRANSTON: That's Lucy Knight.

WESTON: All right, lady...We're police! What're you blowing your top about?

LUCY: (ON) C-come into the study..Quick!

CRANSTON: This the study here?

LUCY: Yes.

(STEPS STOP)

(PAUSE)

MARGOT: (LOW) Lamont...

WESTON: For the love of Pete!

CRANSTON: Yes..it's just about what I expected.

LUCY: Wh-what's happened to him? What's happened?

CRANSTON: I'm afraid Baker's looked at Medusa's face, too. He's been turned to stone!

(MUSIC UP TO COVER)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

WESTON: All right....All right...Now don't let's have any hysterics, ladies...This case is bad enough without that.

MARGOT: Please, Commissioner...Miss Knight is pretty upset as it is.

WESTON: Look, Miss Lane...Take her somewhere else for a while....into the

kitchen for some coffee or something.

MARGOT: All right. Come on Miss Knight...

LUCY: (HYSTERICAL) I can't understand it..I can't....First Bob....then Gregg Baker....

MARGOT: Come on...You'll feel better...

(STEPS...DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES OFF)

WESTON: Well...This sure is a mess, hey Cranston?

CRANSTON: Pretty good joke, huh?

WESTON: Don't rub it in, Cranston.

CRANSTON: It's the strangest case I've ever seen, Commissioner. Take a look at this statue....It's Baker in every detail...face...hands....clothes...everything turned to stone.

WESTON: Yeah....Just like Adams.

CRANSTON: It's simply unbelievable.

WESTON: Listen, Cranston...Exactly what is the Medusa legend?

CRANSTON: Well...Medusa was a mythological creature. She was supposedly a beautiful woman. Her hair in some legends was a mass of snakes...poisonous vipers.

WESTON: Holy Smoke!

CRANSTON: The mere sight of her face was enough to turn any living creature to stone....

WESTON: Dogs too, hey? Like Adams' setter.

CRANSTON: That's right. Medusa was slain by Perseus, a legendary hero who approached her as she slept, watching her reflection in a steel shield.

WESTON: Oh that's great. That's really great. Now I suppose I'll have to have the force equipped with mirrors when they go after this Medusa. Let me have the phone...

CRANSTON: Here you are....(PHONE OFF HOOK) Going to order mirrors?

WESTON: Don't be funny....

(DIAL TURNED)

WESTON: I'm going to order action!

CRANSTON: Right! Will you excuse me a minute. I want to talk to Lucy Knight.

WESTON: Go ahead....Operator -- give me police headquarters.

(FOOTSTEPS ON MIKE)

WESTON: (FADING) Hello, Cardona? Send the homicide squad up here.
Yeah....Gregg Baker..The address is....

(DOOR OPENS ON AND CLOSES, CUTTING WESTON, STEPS CONTINUE, THEN SECOND DOOR OPENS)

MARGOT: (ALARMED) Who's that? (RELIEVED) Oh...Lamont...Golly...we're jumpy.

CRANSTON: I should think you would be. Feeling any better, Miss Knight?

LUCY: Y-Yes....I think so.

CRANSTON: Care to answer a couple of questions?

LUCY: Y-Yes...All right....

CRANSTON: You were friends with both Bob Adams and Gregg Baker, weren't you?

LUCY: Yes....All three of us went to the same college. As a matter of fact Gregg and I were even engaged once....That was after a Drama Club Production of Romeo and Juliet we played in....We t-took it seriously.

CRANSTON: But apparently you got over it?

LUCY: Oh yes.....I began to major in archeology and started on field trips....That took most of the schoolgirl romance out of me.

CRANSTON: I see.....Incidentally, who finances your expeditions?

LUCY: Gregg Baker did.

MARGOT: Is that why you came over to see him this morning?

LUCY: No-No.....I c-came over to see him about B-Bob and that ridiculous Medusa story in the papers. I thought.....

CRANSTON: Go on.

LUCY: I thought it was a joke Bob was playing. B-But when I came in....j-just before you....I...

MARGOT: Yes. We all discovered it wasn't any joke.

CRANSTON: One last question. Did you touch anything when you were in the study before we arrived? Anything at all?

LUCY: N-No. I just came in and saw Gregg and...and screamed....and you answered.

CRANSTON: All right. Thanks a lot Miss Knight. Come outside a minute, Margot.

MARGOT: Sure, Lamont...Excuse me, Miss Knight...

(STEPS. DOOR CLOSING ON)

MARGOT: What's the matter, Lamont?

CRANSTON: Look at this, Margot.

MARGOT: Why it's a compact. And those initials...

CRANSTON: Yes. "L.K." -- Lucy Knight. I found it in Gregg Baker's dead hand.

MARGOT: Lamont....

CRANSTON: Look, Margot, I think I've got a lead on this case. There's some checking I want to do and then I'm going home. Will you run an errand for me...but fast!

MARGOT: Of course. What is it?

CRANSTON: Take the car and hustle down to my club at once. They've got a copy of Dun and Bradstreet there. I want you to bring it to my apartment.

MARGOT: For heaven's sake....why?

CRANSTON: Our friend the Medusa seems strangely interested in money for a so-called immortal. I'd like to get a line on her financial rating. Maybe dollars and cents will spell.....murder!

(MUSIC BRIDGE)

(STEPS ALONG HALL. THEY STOP)

(KEY UNLOCKS DOOR. DOOR OPENED. STEPS. DOOR CLOSED)

MEDUSA: (OFF) Greetings, Mortal.

CRANSTON: Who's that? Who's in my apartment?

MEDUSA: Do not move, Mr. Cranston. Do not attempt to turn on the lights.

CRANSTON: You're the Medusa.

MEDUSA: Yes

CRANSTON: What do you want? How'd you get in here?

MEDUSA: There are no locks to bar the way of the immortals. I came to speak to you Mr. Cranston.

CRANSTON: About what?

MEDUSA: About yourself.

CRANSTON: I'd rather talk about you.

MEDUSA: Listen and tremble, mortal. The gods brook no interference. Many and varied are the ways of the Gods. It is not for mortals to understand or try to understand. It is not for mortals to interfere..

CRANSTON: I m listening..

MEDUSA: I have a brother god.. His name is Juggernaut...

CRANSTON: Yes.

MEDUSA: He is a jealous god well known on this earth. Do you know what happens to those who stand in the path of the god Juggernaut?

CRANSTON: What happens?....

MEDUSA: They are crushed like flies...like vermin...They are crushed as I shall crush you, Mr. Cranston...in my own time.

CRANSTON: You're not frightening me one little bit.

MEDUSA: Yes...Yes...so have many mortals spoken to Medusa in their time...with brave little words. But I come to them....I remove the silver mask that hides my face..I smile on them....with the smile of death....

CRANSTON: Smile now, Medusa....

MEDUSA: Not yet, Mortal...Not yet...I have sent a message to you. In it you will find the amount of the sacrifice you must make to Medusa. It is a small amount...for the wealth you own...You will pay it gladly....

CRANSTON: I will pay nothing....

MEDUSA: You will pay...and pay...and pay...lest the fate of Robert Adams and Gregg Baker overtake you. This is your warning, mortal... take heed! And now...Farewell!

CRANSTON: Oh no, dear lady...this isn't goodbye yet!

(BEGIN AD LIB STRUGGLE)

MEDUSA: Fool! Would you see my face?

CRANSTON: I can't in the dark, my pretty killer! So don't threaten me...

MEDUSA: Take your hands off me, fool. Would you soil the robes of the gods with your clay?

CRANSTON: Keep away from that door! Owwww! So the gods can punch, eh?

(DOOR OPENS)

MARGOT: (SCREAMS)

CRANSTON: Ah, now I have you!

MARGOT: Lamont, what are you doing?

CRANSTON: Margot!

(CLICK OF SWITCH)

CRANSTON: Margot, I thought I'd caught the Medusa. She was in here.

MARGOT: I...I'm sorry...I didn't mean to come blundering in like that, Lamont. I guess I helped her get away.

CRANSTON: That's all right. We'll get another chance at her.

MARGOT: Lamont. I f-found something at your club that's upset me pretty badly.

CRANSTON: What, Margot?

MARGOT: It....It's awful. Y-You've had a threatening letter from the Medusa. Unless you pay twenty thousand dollars.....you're going to be the third victim on the list.

CRANSTON: I am, huh. Well, maybe the Medusa will find herself the three hundredth victim on THE SHADOW'S List!

(MUSIC BRIDGE)

MARGOT: Finished with that Dun and Bradstreet?

CRANSTON: Just about.

MARGOT: What did it tell you?

CRANSTON: A couple of interesting things. In the first place, Robert Adams had good rating. But Gregg Baker had a very low rating.

MARGOT: What does that prove?

CRANSTON: It proves that the Medusa must have known Gregg Baker intimately. Otherwise, how would she knew he could afford to pay ten thousand dollars.

MARGOT: Of course! If she believed his credit rating she wouldn't have tried to blackmail him.

CRANSTON: She's showing good financial sense trying to blackmail Cranston...But bad common sense. Let's see that letter now....

MARGOT: Here...

CRANSTON: Hmmm.. Plain paper. Plain envelope. Printed in ordinary ink.

Obviously our goddess tried to disguise her handwriting.

MARGOT: Read it!

CRANSTON: Hail Mortal! You have been honored by the Gods and permitted to make sacrifice to Medusa. You will bring twenty thousand dollars in cash to the Fountain Plaza in the park by Midnight.

MARGOT: That's the giant fountain with all those stone mermaids and tritons..It's near the mall.

CRANSTON: Yes, I know...(READS) Otherwise you will suffer the fate of Adams and Baker by one o'clock. The gods do not jest. See to the sacrifice...(NORMAL TONE) Pretty melodramatic, eh?

MARGOT: Please don't joke about it, Lamont.. What are you going to do?

CRANSTON: Isn't it obvious? Keep the date of course.

MARGOT: You're going to pay?

CRANSTON: Yes...I'm going to pay ... off!

MARGOT: Wh-What do you mean?

CRANSTON: I'm going as THE SHADOW, Margot. I'd like to see how Medusa will go about turning an invisible man to stone!

(MUSIC BRIDGE)

(BRING UP WIND TO B.G. FOR SCENE...ALSO SPLASH OF FOUNTAINS OFF)

MARGOT: This is it, Lamont....

CRANSTON: You know, I don't think I've been on the Mall in years. I'd almost forgotten that giant Neptune in the center of the fountain...Magnificent, eh Margot?

MARGOT: Lamont, this is no time for art-appreciation. What are we going to do?

CRANSTON: Wait....

MARGOT: Just wait?

CRANSTON: Just wait.

MARGOT: What time is it?

CRANSTON: A few minutes to twelve.

MARGOT: Th-the Medusa will be here soon.

CRANSTON: I hope so. It's a little chilly waiting here.

MARGOT: Chilly and spooky! Golly...It's so dark and lonesome..

CRANSTON: I can think of more cheerful spots...

MARGOT: Lamont....

CRANSTON: I don't think we ought to talk, Margot.

MARGOT: Why not?

CRANSTON: If Medusa hears Lamont Cranston speak and then THE SHADOW appears...She might put two and two together...

MARGOT: Oh....All right...I'll be quiet....

(PAUSE)

MARGOT: (WHISPERS) Lamont!

CRANSTON: Shhh....

MARGOT: I think I heard something!

CRANSTON: Shhh....Listen....

(PAUSE)

MARGOT: I...I guess I was hearing things.

CRANSTON: Yes. Margot, it's getting close to twelve o'clock. I think the Shadow had better wait from now on.

MARGOT: All right Lamont.

(PAUSE)

MARGOT: Listen...

(FOOTSTEPS OFF FADE ON VERY SLOWLY)

MARGOT: Footsteps!

(PAUSE)

MARGOT: Th-They're coming this way.

(STEPS COMING ON)

BOY: (OFF. YELLS RAUCOUSLY) Hey, Charlie! Wait for me!

(FOOTSTEPS RUN AND FADE OFF)

MARGOT: Oh...Golly...Golly....A false alarm....

SHADOW: Shhh... We've got to be quiet now.

MARGOT: Yes....

(PAUSE. CLOCK CHIMES TWELVE OFF)

MARGOT: It...It's twelve o'clock.

MEDUSA: (FADING ON) Yes, mortal...The gods are always prompt...Prompt as Fate itself!

MARGOT: Medusa!

MEDUSA: You have kept the appointment for the sacrifice. It is well. Where is the mortal bearing the sacrifice?

MARGOT: Y-You mean Lamont Cranston? He.....He....

SHADOW: (LAUGHS)

MEDUSA: Who laughs? Who laughs at the immortals?

SHADOW: Another immortal, oh mighty Medusa!

MEDUSA: What immortal?

SHADOW: Look up, fellow God....Look high. See me standing here...Standing amidst the sparkling waters.

MEDUSA: In the fountain? Who? Where?

SHADOW: I am Neptune...God of the waters. Standing here...an image of stone...but yet a God!

MEDUSA: You lie! Stone cannot speak!

SHADOW: Neptune speaks as he will. Guard your tongue, Medusa.. Remember, Neptune is the father of Jupiter...the father of all the Gods....

MEDUSA: No!

SHADOW: You are all answerable to Neptune for your deeds...I am displeased with you, Medusa!

MEDUSA: This is impossible!

SHADOW: I am descending from this perch amidst the waters. I am coming to you for an accounting, Medusa! It is not wise for a God to turn immortality to the purpose of extortion!

MEDUSA: You are not coming down! I see nothing! It is a trick! I will not be fooled!

SHADOW: Feel the mighty hands of Neptune, then...Crushing you down...Ripping

from your face the false mask that hides nothing but greed!

MEDUSA: No! No! Let go...(SCREAMS) Gregg! Gregg! Help me!

BAKER: (FADING ON) For God's sake, what is it?

SHADOW: Ahhh! So Medusa calls upon mortals for help!

BAKER: Get back...Whoever you are! Get back...

(GUN SHOTS)

MARGOT: Shadow! Watch out!

BAKER: Take your hands off me!

(GUN SHOTS)

SHADOW: No, Gregg Baker -- your gun can't save you.

BAKER: Let go of me..Let go...(CHOKES) Yaaaaaahhhhh!

MEDUSA: What have you done to him? Who are you? What do you want?

SHADOW: Your mortal servant lies unconscious on the cold earth, Medusa... Now, may I remove that silver mask....(LAUGHS)

MEDUSA: No! No!

SHADOW: The mask falls...Turn us to stone, Medusa! Turn your baleful face upon us! You cannot? You are only human after all...A human called Helen Steel!
(LAUGHS)

(MUSIC BRIDGE)

CRANSTON: Yes, Margot, the whole thing was an extremely clever extortion case.

MARGOT: I don't mind admitting it had me puzzled.

CRANSTON: Well, I had a few rough moments too.

MARGOT: I almost fainted when I saw Gregg Baker come to the Medusa's aid. I thought he was dead.

CRANSTON: It certainly looked that way for a while.

MARGOT: But who was this Helen Steel? You seemed to know her.

CRANSTON: Remember, Margot. She was the woman who Baker brought into the club with Lucy when Adams and I were there. When you went for the Dun and Bradstreet I did some checking on Helen Steel. I remembered that when she left the club she said she was going to an art exhibition. Art exhibitions and stone statues seemed to click in my mind.

MARGOT: Then Helen Steel made the statues?

CRANSTON: Yes, Margot. I learned she was a sculptress. So I was positive then she must be the Medusa.

MARGOT: But Lamont, there are still so many things I don't understand. How Adams was murdered for instance.

CRANSTON: Well, Margot, when I walked Adams home, Baker was waiting for us with Helen Steel disguised as Medusa behind some bushes. I've checked back since and I find the newsboy was in on it too. He was a cheap gangster hired to stop me from walking all the way through the park with Adams. I guess he would have tried to slug me if his routine about recognizing my name didn't work.

MARGOT: Then when Bob Adams got abreast of the place where Baker and Medusa were hiding...

CRANSTON: They killed him and pulled his body into the bushes. Commissioner Weston got Baker to confess to where he buried the body later.

MARGOT: Then Baker pretended to be turned into stone too.

CRANSTON: Yes. After the two "stone" murders Baker and Helen Steel intended to really collect from other victims. But Baker made one mistake that gave him away.

MARGOT: What's that?

CRANSTON: Baker supposedly died while telephoning. Yet when Commissioner Weston called headquarters the phone was in its cradle. Who hung it up?

MARGOT: Couldn't Lucy Knight have done that?

CRANSTON: She said she hadn't touched a thing. And that compact in the hand of Baker's statue seemed just a little too pat for Lucy to have done it.

MARGOT: They were trying to make Lucy look guilty.

CRANSTON: Yes. You know, Margot, it's funny. They brought death to Adams in stone. Now death will be brought to them in stone...stone walls!

(MUSIC CURTAIN)