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# The Curse of the Cat

The Shadow  
The Curse of the Cat  
Jan 20 1946

## CAST:

ANNOUNCER  
LAMONT / THE SHADOW  
MARGOT, lovely friend and companion  
STRONG, explorer  
JANICE, his daughter  
RYAN, pet shop owner  
BILLY, pet shop employee  
MISS ADAMS, obnoxious neighbor  
DOUG, Janice's boyfriend  
WESTON, police commissioner  
and THE CAT!

MUSIC: THEME ... THEN BEHIND SHADOW--

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

ANNOUNCER: Once again the Grove Laboratories 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.

Friends, when your doctor prescribes more than the minimum daily requirements of multiple vitamins, it's for this reason. He's trying to relieve you of an ailment that may be due to low vitamin intake in your diet. Possibly he's just out of the army where he learned all about Grove Defender Multiple Vitamins that the army used by the millions of capsules. He knows that two Defender capsules a day will help prevent dietary vitamin deficiencies that can lead to acute nervousness, fatigue, no energy, and lowered resistance to colds. So be sure to supplement your diet with two Defender every day -- more, if your doctor advises. Defender Multiple Vitamins, distributed by the Grove Laboratories, now available at your druggist's.

Now -- the Shadow.

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 CAT: MEOW!

ANNOUNCER: --"The Curse of the Cat."

MUSIC: ACCENT AND BRIDGE

STRONG: Well, Janice, we seem to be getting settled down here in the city now that we're back to civilization again. Do you like it, my dear? Are you happy?

JANICE: Of course, father. You know I never want to go back on another expedition again.

STRONG: I don't either, Janice. After your mother's death, I never want to see the tropics again.

JANICE: Why did you ask?

STRONG: You just seem quiet lately -- as if you weren't feeling quite yourself.

JANICE: (DESPONDENT) Oh, I'm all right, I guess. It's just-- Mother. (TEARFUL) I can't seem to get it out of my mind. (WEEPS QUIETLY BEHIND--)

STRONG: I know, I know, my darling, but you mustn't think back on it, Janice. Well, you'd better run along up to bed now. You need all the sleep you can get.

JANICE: I suppose so. Funny, I - I seem to need more and more rest lately. Sometimes I don't even sleep at all. I just curl up on the couch and doze.

STRONG: (UNEASY) Curl--? (RECOVERS) Well, you better run along now. Good night, darling.

JANICE: Good night. (BEAT) Oh! Father?

STRONG: Yes?

JANICE: Would you leave a note for the milkman in the morning?

STRONG: Yes, of course. Regular order?

JANICE: Yes, the regular order. But from now on, would you have him leave an extra bottle of cream?

MUSIC: BRIDGE

JANICE: Dinner's ready, father. It's on the table now.

STRONG: Oh, good. Well, you turned out to be a good little housekeeper, Janice.

JANICE: Well, if I hadn't been feeling so strange lately, I'd have done much more.

STRONG: Well! Well, this looks like quite a table you've set. Sit down, my dear.

JANICE: Thank you.

SOUND: THEY SIT

STRONG: Mmm! Individual steaks! This is a treat! (STARTLED) Why--!

SOUND: UTENSILS DROPPED ON PLATE

JANICE: What's the matter, father?

STRONG: This steak! It's not cooked!

JANICE: It's just the way you like it, father -- rare.

STRONG: This isn't rare. It's raw!

JANICE: (ALL INNOCENCE) Is it, father? It's just right -- for me.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

STRONG: Ah! Now -- there's our movie projector all set up. Shades are all drawn.

JANICE: Oh, you - you really didn't have to go to all this trouble for me, father.

STRONG: You have to be kept busy, Janice. Keep your mind off things. This will amuse you for a while this afternoon. Now then, turn off the reading light in the corner, Janice.

JANICE: All right.

SOUND: CLICK! OF SWITCH

STRONG: That's it. Now then, let's see. Where's the projector switch? So dark in here.

JANICE: It's over here on this side of the machine, father.

STRONG: Oh, yes, yes, so it-- (SURPRISED) How did you know where that switch was?

JANICE: I saw it, father.

STRONG: You - saw it? In the dark? (AGITATED) Janice!

JANICE: What's the matter, father?

STRONG: Turn on the lights!

JANICE: Why are you looking at me--?

STRONG: Turn on the lights, quick!

SOUND: CLICK! OF SWITCH

JANICE: What's wrong, father?

STRONG: You're not well. You're getting worse. You--

SOUND: RING! OF DOORBELL ... THEN INTERMITTENTLY IN BG

JANICE: Oh, there's the doorbell. I'll get it.

STRONG: No!

JANICE: But, father, it's probably just--

STRONG: No, go to your room, Janice. Go to your room and stay there!

JANICE: But, father, I--

STRONG: Please do as I say. Go quickly.

JANICE: All right, father.

SOUND: STRONG'S STEPS TO FRONT DOOR, WHICH OPENS

RYAN: I'm Jim Ryan, the new owner of the pet shop. I come to deliver your cat.

STRONG: Cat? What cat?

RYAN: This one right here in this basket.

THE CAT: MEOW!

STRONG: I don't know anything about a cat! Now get out!

RYAN: Hey, now wait a minute--

STRONG: I said, get out!

THE CAT: MEOW!

RYAN: Look, you pay me and then you can take your cat -- and that temper of yours, too -- and keep both.

STRONG: For the last time, I said get out of here.

RYAN: Now, don't start pushin' me around. I want to see the lady of the house.

STRONG: The lady of the house? No. No.

RYAN: No? Well, I'm goin' to! She's the one who run up the bill at the pet shop and I'm comin' to collect, see?

STRONG: Don't come another step farther.

RYAN: Now look, mister--

STRONG: I warned you. Don't come another--

RYAN: I'm bringin' this cat in here and-- (CHOKES) Let go! My throat! (GURGLES AT LENGTH AS HE IS SLOWLY STRANGLLED TO DEATH)

SOUND: BODY THUDS TO FLOOR

STRONG: (BREATHES HEAVILY FOR A MOMENT, THEN, QUIETLY REALIZES) I - I've killed him.

THE CAT: (WAILS MOURNFULLY FOR PUNCTUATION) MEOW! MEOW!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CITY TRAFFIC BACKGROUND ... LAMONT AND MARGOT'S STEPS ON SIDEWALK

MARGOT: Oh, here's the place, Lamont. Ryan's Pet Shop. Maybe they have some of that special new dog food.

LAMONT: Oh, so now Brownie's getting special new dog food. Sometimes I think you lavish more attention on Brownie than you do on me.

MARGOT: (HIGHLY AMUSED) Darling, don't tell me you're jealous of a cocker spaniel.

LAMONT: (CHUCKLES)

MARGOT: Ho ho!

SOUND: SHOP DOOR OPENS, BELL RINGS ... DOOR SHUTS ... PET SHOP BACKGROUND (DOGS BARK, PARROT SQUAWKS, ET CETERA)

LAMONT: Doesn't look as if anyone's home.

MARGOT: No, no -- there's a youngster right over there. (TO BILLY) Um, hello. Can you help us?

BILLY: Yeah, I guess so.

MARGOT: I'm looking for some special new dog food. I don't--

BILLY: Gosh, I'm afraid I don't know much about the stock here, miss. I'm just the delivery boy. Mr. Ryan, the new owner -- he's up the street deliverin' a cat.

LAMONT: (CHUCKLES) Quite a system: you run the shop and the owner runs the errands.

BILLY: Well, Mr. Ryan went to collect a bill. That's why he made the delivery. It's funny, though; he just went a couple of blocks and he's been gone almost four hours.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

BILLY: Oh, maybe that's Mr. Ryan now.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

BILLY: (INTO PHONE) Ryan's Pet Shop; Billy speaking. -- Oh, Miss Adams? -- Yeah? Well, Mr. Ryan was supposed to be at your house. -- No. No, he's not back here. -- Okay. Bye.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

BILLY: Gosh, that is funny.

LAMONT: Well, what's up, Billy?

BILLY: Well, that was the woman Mr. Ryan was supposed to deliver the cat to. She says he hasn't shown up yet. It's only a couple of blocks. Two Twenty-Three Locust.

MARGOT: Locust? Oh, well, we're going that way. Maybe--

BILLY: Oh, would you go with me? I hate to ask you -- strangers and all -- but I'm awful worried. Mr. Ryan is new in the neighborhood, but I don't see how he could have gotten lost.

MARGOT: Of course. We'll be glad to go with you, won't we, Lamont?

LAMONT: Of course, Billy.

BILLY: Would you? Gee, that's swell.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: MISS ADAMS' DOORBELL RINGS ... MISS ADAMS' DOOR OPENS

MISS ADAMS: Well, Billy, it's about time you got here-- (STARTLED) Ah! Who are those people? Are they from the pet shop?

LAMONT: We're just friends of Billy's. We're trying to help him find Mr. Ryan and your cat, Miss Adams.

MISS ADAMS: Well, I could swear your Mr. Ryan went into Mr. Strong's house next door about four hours ago. He was carrying something that looked very much like my tabby's basket.

BILLY: Well, he must have gotten the addresses mixed up.

MISS ADAMS: Well, if he did, he'd better get it straightened out again. I want my cat back and I want it back right away!

BILLY: Yes, ma'am.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS SHUT

MARGOT: Oooh, charming woman.

LAMONT: Very helpful. Well, come on, Billy. We're going next door and have a talk with Mr. Strong.

SOUND: THEIR FOOTSTEPS TO STRONG'S DOOR

LAMONT: Well, here we are. "Residence of Michael J. Strong," according to the mailbox here.

SOUND: STRONG'S DOORBELL RINGS

MARGOT: Lamont, that name's familiar.

LAMONT: Yes, there's been quite a lot about Strong in the papers recently -- an explorer, a big game hunter.

SOUND: STRONG'S DOOR OPENS

LAMONT: Oh, Mr. Strong?

STRONG: (WARY) Yes?

LAMONT: I'm Lamont Cranston, Mr. Strong. We're trying to help out young Billy here from the pet shop. Did a Mr. Ryan deliver a cat to you by mistake about four hours ago?

STRONG: (NERVOUS) Cat? Oh-- Why, no, but a man with some sort of a basket did come to the door a few hours ago. He must have had the wrong address. We don't have any cats here.

BILLY: You don't know which way he went, do you?

STRONG: No, I'm afraid I don't.

LAMONT: Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Strong. Thanks very much.

STRONG: Oh, not at all. Good day.

SOUND: DOOR SHUTS

BILLY: (DISAPPOINTED) Gee, I don't know what to think now.

MARGOT: (REASSURING) Well, I'll tell you what, Billy. We'll go back to the pet shop with you and I bet you find Mr. Ryan back there waiting for you.

LAMONT: And if he's not, Billy, I have some pretty good friends at police headquarters. I'll notify them of Ryan's disappearance.

BILLY: The police? Gosh, you - you don't think anything happened to--?

LAMONT: No, Billy, I don't. Sometimes it's a good idea just to make a routine police report in cases like this.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

THE CAT: MEOW!

STRONG: (STERN) Janice, what are you doing with that cat? I thought I told you to stay upstairs in your room!

JANICE: I was in my room -- and this cat just wandered in, father. Where do you suppose it came from?

STRONG: In the back way, probably. Put it down, Janice.

JANICE: Oh, it seems to like me. Can't I keep it, father? I'll put it in the garage at night.

STRONG: (SUDDENLY VERY NERVOUS) Garage? No! No, you - you stay away from the garage this evening. I mean-- (RECOVERS, RELENTS) Well, all right, Janice. Keep the cat in here -- for the night anyway.

JANICE: Okay.

STRONG: Now, I've got to go out. I have an errand to do.

JANICE: Could I go with you, father?

STRONG: (NERVOUS AGAIN) No. No, I've - I've got to do this alone.

JANICE: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh.

STRONG: I'm going to take the car and deliver something -- along the river drive. I - I may be late.

JANICE: Get back as soon as you can, father. Doug Hartley's coming over tonight.

STRONG: Who?

JANICE: Doug Hartley. You remember -- he just got out of the service. He's stopping off here on his way home.

STRONG: (STERN) I don't want to see anyone for a while. Call your friend up and tell him you aren't feeling well.

JANICE: Father, you won't let me see anyone any more. Is there anything wrong?

STRONG: (CONTRITE) I'm sorry, my dear. I - I've been under a terrible nervous strain lately. I've got to go now. Call your friend, Janice. (MOVING OFF) I'll be back later.

JANICE: All right, father.

SOUND: INNER DOOR CLOSSES ... JANICE'S STEPS TO PHONE ... RECEIVER UP ... PHONE DIALED

JANICE: (INTO PHONE) Hotel Kirkland? Mr. Douglas Hartley, please. ---- Hello, Doug? This is Janice. I'm - I'm sorry, Doug, but I'm afraid I won't be able to see you tonight after all. I, um-- I haven't been feeling very well and father says I shouldn't. -- Well, yes, I - I suppose I could see you for a little while. You'd better come around the back way, though, just in case. I'll be waiting for you in the garden. Bye.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

MUSIC: BRIDGE ... THEN QUIETLY EERIE, IN BG

SOUND: NOCTURNAL BACKGROUND (CRICKETS, ET CETERA) ... DOUG'S FOOTSTEPS IN GRASS ... THEN TO JANICE IN BG

JANICE: Doug? Is that you?

DOUG: (OFF) Janice? Where are you?

JANICE: Over here on the bench, Doug.

DOUG: (APPROACHES) So blamed dark out here, I-- Oh, there you are! Oh, Janice darling, how are you?

JANICE: (AMOROUS) Oh, fine. Oh, it's wonderful to see you again, Doug. Oh, sit down.

DOUG: Say, what is all this about your father, and meeting here in the garden, and stuff?

JANICE: Oh, it's nothing, Doug. Father's just been a little upset lately for some reason.

DOUG: Oh, well, then you're not really ill?

JANICE: Well, I - I haven't been feeling quite myself the last few weeks, but I'm all right.

DOUG: Oh, that's good. (BEAT) Janice, I - I heard about your mother. I want you to know how sorry I am.

THE CAT: (OFF) MEOW!

JANICE: (UNEASY) Mother? Oh, well, thanks, Doug.

THE CAT: (OFF) MEOW!

DOUG: I know how fond you were of her.

JANICE: (INCREASINGLY JITTERY) Yes, I was.

DOUG: What a tragedy that she had to go like that.

JANICE: Yes, wasn't it?

THE CAT: (OFF) MEOW!

DOUG: Janice, are you sure you feel all right?

JANICE: Oh, yes. Yes, of course. Why?

DOUG: You seem so nervous. And now that I can see better, you-- Well, you look different somehow.

THE CAT: (A LITTLE CLOSER) MEOW!

JANICE: Different?

DOUG: Yeah, sure.

THE CAT: (MEWLING GROWS LOUDER, CLOSER, IN BG)

DOUG: Oh, that darn cat. (TO CAT) Scat! Go on, beat it!

JANICE: Doug! Don't touch that cat!

DOUG: Darn thing's moving in on us. I'll fix it.

JANICE: Doug, stop it!

DOUG: What that cat needs is a good swift kick!

THE CAT: (KICKED, MEOWS LOUDLY IN PAIN!)

JANICE: (HYSTERICAL) Oh, you fool! I told you not to touch that cat!



SOUND: JANICE SLASHES DOUG WITH HER NAILS

MUSIC: UP FOR AN ACCENT AND OUT

DOUG: (QUIET HORROR) Oh, my face. You scratched me. (BEAT) Janice? Janice, come back here! Janice? Janice?

SOUND: SCENE FADES OUT ... TRANSITIONAL PAUSE ... SCENE FADES IN

DOUG: Janice? (TO HIMSELF) She's not here in the living room. (CALLS) Janice?!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

STRONG: Who's in here?

DOUG: Oh, Mr. Strong. Gee, I'm glad you're back.

STRONG: (SURPRISED) What - what happened to your face?

DOUG: Janice -- she went half out of her mind. She leaped on me and scratched me when some darn cat--

STRONG: (STERN) Cat?! Who are you? What were you doing with my daughter?

DOUG: I'm Doug Hartley. Janice and I were out in the garden and--

STRONG: Get out of here, young man. Never come back as long as you live.

DOUG: Now wait a second, Mr. Strong. I want to find out what's the matter with Janice. Something's happened to her.

STRONG: Get out of here, I said!

DOUG: I'll get out, Mr. Strong, but before I do, I'm going to see Janice.

STRONG: You're going to do nothing of the kind.

DOUG: Put down that cane, Mr. Strong. Put it down! (EXCLAIMS IN PAIN AS--)

SOUND: STRONG CLOBBERS DOUG WITH CANE

DOUG: (GROANS AND FAINTS AS--)

SOUND: DOUG'S BODY SLUMPS TO FLOOR ... STRONG HITS DOUG WITH CANE A COUPLE MORE TIMES

THE CAT: (WAILS FORLORNLY, FOR PUNCTUATION)

MUSIC: FIRST ACT CURTAIN

ANNOUNCER: When you're suffering from all the usual miseries of a cold, that's the time to get Grove Cold Tablets. Why? Because they're specifically designed to get down inside and work internally for relief quickly. You see, Grove Cold Tablets are a multiple medicine compounded like a doctor's prescription. Not just one or two ingredients, but a combination of eight active ingredients that work on all these usual cold miseries at once:

Relief number one -- help reduce fever. Relief number two -- ease your headache. Relief number three -- alleviate body aches. Relief number four -- reduce nasal stuffiness. Relief number five -- lessen muscular pains. No wonder millions of folks turn to Grove when they want cold relief that really works. Now, when you have a cold, remember to rest and avoid exposure. Remember to get Grove Cold Tablets and take exactly as directed. Accept only the box with the name Grove. G-R-O-V-E. Grove Cold Tablets. Because G-R-O-V-E spells relief from cold miseries.

And now -- back to the Shadow.

MUSIC: THEME ... THEN OUT WITH--

ANNOUNCER: Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane are paying a visit to Commissioner Weston at police headquarters. They have just read in the afternoon paper about the murder of Mr. Ryan, the pet shop owner who disappeared so mysteriously the day before.

LAMONT: I read about your men finding Ryan in the river last night, commissioner. I just thought we'd drop in and see if you had anything new on the case.

WESTON: No. Ryan's wife just identified the body as that of her husband this morning. (WITH DISAPPROVAL) You reported his disappearance, Cranston. I suppose you have some "theory" about the murder.

MARGOT: (AMUSED) Commissioner, you're not asking Lamont's advice about the case, are you?

WESTON: I certainly am not! Someone had it in for Ryan. They mugged him and threw him into the river. Why they stripped him of all identification and didn't take a cent of his money, I don't know. But we'll find out!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

WESTON: Pardon me.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

WESTON: (INTO PHONE) Hello? -- Oh, Cardona. -- What? -- Another floater found in the river? -- Yeah -- Yeah -- Don't tell me-- -- All right, Cardona, have the body brought down to the morgue. I'll meet you there.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

LAMONT: Another murder, commissioner?

WESTON: Looks like it. Kid this time; boy in his twenties.

MARGOT: Oh?

WESTON: Same setup: body in the river, no identification, money still on him.

MARGOT: Had he been reported missing, commissioner?

WESTON: No. We haven't had any report on missing persons since Ryan's disappearance.

LAMONT: Mind if we go down to the morgue with you, commissioner?

WESTON: No, no -- come along. I'm going down there right now.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: RUNNING AUTO INTERIOR BACKGROUND

MARGOT: But what about the scratches on the faces of those two men at the morgue, Lamont? What did Commissioner Weston say about them?

LAMONT: Well, he said the men were probably scratched when they were dragged through the bushes at the river's edge.

MARGOT: You believe that?

LAMONT: No, those scratches were in a pattern. I think they were made by the claw of an animal. -- Yes, Margot, just what you're thinking. By a cat.

MARGOT: Yes, but Miss Adams was the only one who had a cat. Darling, you don't think she would--?

LAMONT: It was her cat that Ryan was delivering when he disappeared and was later murdered.

MARGOT: Yes, of course! And that would mean that she lied to us yesterday -- that her cat was delivered to her -- wouldn't it?

LAMONT: That, Margot, is what I'm going to try and find out from Miss Adams right now -- as the Shadow.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SHADOW: Why are you sitting alone in this half-lit room, Christine Adams?

MISS ADAMS: What was that? Who's in this room?

SHADOW: (SINISTER LAUGHTER) The Shadow is here, Miss Adams.

MISS ADAMS: Who are you? What do you want?

SHADOW: I have come to you for information -- information about two men who were murdered and thrown into the river. Men whose faces were scratched by a cat!

MISS ADAMS: Murdered men? Scratched by a cat? I - I don't know what you're talking about.

SHADOW: Oh, yes, you do. Why did you say your cat had not been delivered to you?

MISS ADAMS: It hadn't. I don't know where my cat is.

SHADOW: Don't lie to the Shadow, Miss Adams.

MISS ADAMS: I'm not lying, I swear it. My cat is gone. I thought I heard it next door in the back yard, but when I looked out, it wasn't there. If you want information, you'd better go next door.

SHADOW: The home of a respected explorer and lecturer? You wouldn't be lying to shift the guilt from yourself, Miss Adams?

MISS ADAMS: No. No, I have heard cats over there before. Besides, there's something queer about the place. Strong's daughter -- she hasn't gone out in months. I think she's a captive in there.

SHADOW: And I think, Christine Adams, that you have a very peculiar imagination. I'm going now, but if I find that you've been lying to me, the Shadow will be back, Miss Adams, to see that you're brought to justice.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING ... STRONG'S STEPS IN

JANICE: Father? Is that you?

STRONG: Yes, Janice.

JANICE: Where have you been, father?

STRONG: I've been on an errand with your young friend. Why did you let that young man come here to see you?

JANICE: Father, what's happened to Doug?

STRONG: I've taken your friend away. I've got to protect you; to keep anyone from seeing you -- as you really are.

JANICE: (SLOWLY) As I really am? What's happening to me?

STRONG: I didn't want to tell you, Janice.

JANICE: What is it, father?

STRONG: Your mother's tragic death in the jungle left a mark on you, Janice. A terrible mark.

JANICE: (SLOWLY) What kind of a mark?

STRONG: (TORMENTED) I can't tell you. I - I can't!

JANICE: (WITH DREAD) Has it anything to do with the jungle, father?

STRONG: (RESIGNED) Yes, it has.

JANICE: (QUIET HORROR, TO HERSELF) The jungle. Mother's death. (UP) Father?

STRONG: Yes?

JANICE: Look at me. Can you see it?

STRONG: Yes, I can.

JANICE: Where, father?

STRONG: No, Janice, stop.

JANICE: (INSISTS) Where, father?

STRONG: In your eyes, in your fingernails, your hair.

JANICE: Go on, father.

STRONG: Your habits, your appetite.

JANICE: (INCREASINGLY CATLIKE) Oh, no!

STRONG: Janice--

JANICE: No!

STRONG: Stop it.

JANICE: Nooooo! (TURNS INTO A CATLIKE WAIL, IN BG)

STRONG: Stop it. Stop it, for the love of-- Stop it! Stop it!

JANICE: (EAR-PIERCING TEARFUL CATLIKE CRY REACHES A CLIMAX, THEN FALLS TO QUIET SOBS, IN BG)

STRONG: (HUSHED, URGENT) Listen -- there's someone at the back. They found out about me -- or you, Janice. We've got to get out of here -- now -- tonight.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: MARGOT AND LAMONT MOVING THROUGH THE BACK YARD BUSHES ... THEIR VOICES LOW

MARGOT: But, Lamont, I still don't see why we're poking around the Strong's' back yard like this. What did Miss Adams tell you that made you so curious about the Strong's?

LAMONT: That she heard the sounds of cats over here. Also some weird story about Strong's daughter.

MARGOT: And you think they're mixed up in this some way?

LAMONT: If the cat that Ryan delivered is in this house, Margot, we'll know it was Strong who was lying to us yesterday [and] he had something very definite to do with Ryan's murder.

JANICE: (OFF) MEOW! MEOW!

MARGOT: That was a cat. Sounded as if it came from inside the house.

LAMONT: Sounded almost human.

MARGOT: Oh, Lamont, I don't like this.

LAMONT: I don't either. But that cat is our only evidence, Margot. We've got to find it. Here are the back steps.

SOUND: ONTO THE BACK STEPS, IN AGREEMENT WITH--

MARGOT: Lamont! Wait a minute. The light! Why, the light in the house just went out.

LAMONT: Whoever or whatever's in that house heard us. They'll try to make a getaway in the dark. Come on, Margot -- in the back door here.

SOUND: BACK DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN AND CLOSED ... MARGOT AND LAMONT'S STEPS INTO HOUSE

MARGOT: This must be the kitchen we're in now.

LAMONT: (PUZZLED) There's not a sound.

JANICE: (OFF) MEOW!

MARGOT: (GASPS)

JANICE: (OFF) MEOW!

MARGOT: That cat again. (BEAT) Lamont, there's something horrible going on in there.

LAMONT: I'm going through the house and find that cat, Margot.

MARGOT: No, no -- please don't.

LAMONT: You stay here, Margot. (MOVING OFF) If anyone tries to leave by the back way here, shout for me.

MARGOT: (DISMAYED) Oh.

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN ... EERIE, IN BG

MARGOT: (TO HERSELF) Oh, I'd much rather have gone with Lamont than wait here alone.

JANICE: (OFF) MEOW! (COMING CLOSER) MEEEE-OW!

MARGOT: There's that cat again. And it sounds as if it's coming this way.

JANICE: (CLOSER) MEOW!

MARGOT: It is coming closer.

JANICE: (VERY CLOSE) MEOW!

MARGOT: Those eyes!

JANICE: (TOO CLOSE) MEOW! MEOW!

MUSIC: GENTLY OUT

MARGOT: But it isn't a cat, it's human!

JANICE: HISS! MEOW!

MARGOT: No! No, stay away from me, whatever you are! Please stay away!

JANICE: (BLOODCURDLING WAIL AS SHE ATTACKS)

MARGOT: (KNOCKED OUT) Ohhhh--

SOUND: MARGOT'S BODY THUDS TO FLOOR

MUSIC: BRIDGE

LAMONT: (TO HIMSELF) Strange. Could have sworn that cat was here somewhere in this living room.

SOUND: STRONG'S STEPS APPROACH, IN BG

LAMONT: (TO HIMSELF) Lights don't work. There's no flash-- (TO STRONG) Who's that? (NO ANSWER) Strong, is that you? (NO ANSWER) Strong, is that you? (EXCLAIMS AS--)

SOUND: STRONG HITS LAMONT ON HEAD

LAMONT: (GROANS, KNOCKED OUT)

SOUND: LAMONT'S BODY THUDS TO FLOOR

STRONG: (BREATHES HEAVILY) That'll take care of you for a while.

SOUND: STRONG'S STEPS TO KITCHEN, IN BG--

STRONG: (TO HIMSELF) Now -- down the hall -- out the back way -- with Janice.

JANICE: (OFF) MEOW!

STRONG: Janice? Janice, is that you? In the kitchen?

SOUND: STRONG'S STEPS REACH KITCHEN AND STOP

JANICE: (CLOSE) MEOW! (THEN MEOWS BEHIND--)

STRONG: Come on. We've got to get out of here. Hurry, Janice -- out to the garage -- out in the car.

SOUND: SCENE FADES OUT ... TRANSITIONAL PAUSE ... SCENE FADES IN ... IDLING AUTO ENGINE, IN BG

STRONG: We're going to get out of here. No one will ever know about you, Janice, or me.

SOUND: AUTO ENGINE ROARS AS CAR SPEEDS UP, THEN IN BG

STRONG: They'll never find either of us at the bottom of the cliff. We'll be smashed to a thousand pieces! None will ever know our secret!

SOUND: TIRES SQUEAL AS AUTO BRAKES TO A HALT

SHADOW: I know your secret, Michael Strong!

STRONG: Who put on the brakes? Who stopped the car?

SHADOW: The Shadow did, Michael Strong! You can't escape that easily.

STRONG: I haven't done anything! It's just my daughter who--

SHADOW: You haven't done anything? No, nothing but brutally murder two innocent men.

STRONG: I had to do that! I had to! They would have found out about Janice!

SHADOW: Your daughter will be taken care of, Michael Strong. Right now, the Shadow's going to see that the law takes care of you.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: RUNNING AUTO INTERIOR BACKGROUND

LAMONT: That's about the whole story, Margot. Of course, I didn't know you were out cold in the back of the house 'cause I had to go out the front way to catch Strong in the car.

MARGOT: Well, it wasn't very gallant of you, darling, but you're forgiven. Oh, I'm so glad it's over, Lamont. And you know, in a way, I'm glad, too, that Strong is gonna be sent to a sanitarium instead of the penitentiary.

LAMONT: I am, too, Margot, now that I know the whole story. By the time Strong committed those murders, he didn't have a vestige of sanity left.

MARGOT: Yes, but that's what I still don't understand. Why did Janice have that awful illusion if she's going to be all right and it's her father who's completely mad?

LAMONT: Her mother's death left the girl ill and neurotic, Margot, and it broke Strong's mind completely. Mrs. Strong was killed horribly by a giant jungle cat on their recent expedition.

MARGOT: (DISMAYED) Oh, no.

LAMONT: From then on, Strong began to interpret every move Janice made -- every word she said -- as being catlike till the poor child almost believed it herself.

MARGOT: So terrible to think of a father hating his daughter so much that he forced her to believe she was becoming a cat.

LAMONT: That's the terrible irony of it, Margot. Strong didn't hate his daughter. He worshipped her. It was simply his own twisted mind that tried to destroy the one thing he loved most in the world.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

ANNOUNCER: When a real old-fashioned cold makes you suffer all the usual cold miseries -- headache, fever, nasal stuffiness, body aches and pains -- get Grove Cold Tablets. More Grove Cold Tablets are used each year than any other cold

tablet in the world. There's good reason. Grove Cold Tablets are not just a headache remedy, not just one or two ingredients. Grove Cold Tablets are a multiple medicine compounded like a doctor's prescription, a combination of eight active medical ingredients especially designed to give you relief from all these usual miseries of colds. They get right down inside and work internally for relief. Now, when you have a cold: rest, avoid exposure, get Grove Cold Tablets and take exactly as directed. Accept only the box with the famous Grove signature. That's G-R-O-V-E. Grove Cold Tablets.

MUSIC: IN AND THEN IN BG--

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

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: Next week -- same time, same station -- the Grove Laboratories will bring you another strange and thrilling adventure in the Shadow's daring battle against the forces of evil. Be sure to listen.

MUSIC: IN AND THEN IN BG, UNTIL END--

ANNOUNCER: This is the Mutual Broadcasting System.

## Comments

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