

"THE SHADOW"

MAY 10, 1953

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"MURDER WILL SPEAK"

By

Bret Morrison

CAST

MARGO LANE

LAMONT CRANSTON
THE SHADOW

STEWART WORTHINGTON.....A young man in the beginning.
(POP WORTH) About 50 as Pop

WILLIS MCKENZIEAbout 33. Native of
Capeguard Island but not
rural.

CARLETON BREWSTER.....Cultured..early thirties.

EVELYN BREWSTER.....His wife, cultured..28.

HENRY MACOMBER.....Social...about 40.

ALICE MACOMBER.....His wife..about Evelyn's age

Recorded: April 29, 1953
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(REVISED)

"THE SHADOW"

(MUSIC:.....SPINNING WHEEL...UNDER FOR:)

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

(MUSIC:.....UP AND OUT)

ANNCR: The Wildroot Company...makers of Wildroot Cream Oil
 Hair Tonic and Lady Wildroot Shampoo and the Mutual
 Broadcasting System presents "The Shadow".....in.....

(MUSIC:.....STING)

ANNCR: "MURDER WILL SPEAK"

(MUSIC:.....FIGURE & UNDER)

ANNCR: The Shadow is really Lamont Cranston, who has the
 hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so that they cannot
 see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only
 person who knows to whom the voice of the invisible
 Shadow belongs.

(MUSIC:.....UP AND OUT)

ANNCR: Before we bring you today's transcribed drama....about

(COMMERCIAL)

(MUSIC.....)

ANNCR: It is the year 1929 at Capeguard Island, the exclusive summer colony for society's first and wealthiest families. In the private theatre of Mrs. Jonathan Brewster's fabulous mansion, Seacliff, is being performed a special production of "Hamlet", starring the young and world renowned Shakespearean actor, Charles Worthington. We are backstage as the curtain descends.

SOUND: (HEAVY APPLAUSE)

STEWART: Places everyone for curtain calls. First call for Mr. Worthington. Mr. Worthington, please!

WILLIE: (FADING IN) Stewart, something's wrong with Mr. Worthington! He must be ill. He's still lying on the shield, just as he was carried off the stage.

STEWART: What! I'll go see what's the matter. Turn up the house lights and see if there's a doctor in the audience.

WILLIE: Yes sir, right away.

CAST: (SUBDUE MURMUR FADE ON AS STEWART APPROACHES)

STEWART: Stand back, please, we've sent for a doctor. Here, let me see him. (PAUSE) Charles! Charles! What happened?

WILLIE: (FADING ON) There's a doctor coming right up. How is he?

STEWART: (PAUSE) I'm afraid it's too late. Charles is dead!

(MUSIC.....CURTAIN)

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ANNCR: Twenty four years ago a brilliant young actor was found dead after a performance of Hamlet. The medical report, apparently heart failure. An incident long forgotten and certainly far from the thoughts of Margo and Lamont, as they try to come to a decision on where to spend a well earned vacation.

LAMONT: What about the mountains or the North Woods Margo. You know, hunting, fishing, canoeing, following a stream to its source and all that?

MARGO: On no you don't Lamont. I'm not going to be eaten alive by bugs and worry about snakes, and besides I've just bought some lovely resort clothes, and the most adorable bathing suit. Now really, don't you think the sea-shore would be much more relaxing?

LAMONT: I know better than to try to...

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER INTERRUPTS)

MARGO: That's your door Lamont. Were you expecting someone?

LAMONT: No. Excuse me, I'll see who it is. (FADING)

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS OFF)

LAMOND: (OFF) Thank you.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE OFF)

MARGO: (ON) Who was it Lamont?

LAMONT: A messenger. He just handed me this envelope.

MARGO: Why how strange. It's edged in black. Who's it from Lamont?

LAMON Only one way to find out.

SOUND: (ENVELOPE OPENING AND CARD REMOVED.)

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LAMONT: (PAUSE) Listen to this Margo. Mr. Lamont Cranston and guest are invited to a farewell performance and party to be held on the premises at Seacliff, Capeguard Island, this Sunday week. Overnight accomodations can be arranged. Please respond. Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Brewster.

MARGO: But Lamont, I don't understand. Who are the Brewsters and what do they mean by a farewell performance and party?

LAMONT: That must be Mrs. Jonathan Brewster's nephew and his wife.

MARGO: You mean the Mrs. Jonathan Brewster, the famous social leader?

LAMONT: Yes.

MARGO: But I thought she died about a year ago.

LAMONT: She did Margo. Carleton is her only heir.

MARGO: But why did they send an invitation to you Lamont?

LAMONT: My family had a house on the island, Margo, and were friends of the Brewsters. I imagine only former residents of the Island and their families have been invited.

MARGO: What are you going to do Lamont?

LAMONT: Give you your wish Margo.

MARGO: What do you mean?

LAMONT: You wanted to go to the sea-shore, well, we shall accept the Brewster's invitation. Capeguard Island, here we come.

(MUSIC:.....)

SOUND: (LIGHT WIND AND DISTANT THUNDER)

MARGO: Lamont it's late and a storm is threatening. We can't wait out here all night waiting for someone to answer the door.

CRANSTON: I can't understand it. Some reception to Seacliff mansion.

MARGOT: Ring it again or try knocking, Lamont. I'm cold.

SOUND: (KNOCKING ON HEAVY DOOR)

LAMONT: (CALLING) Hallo! Is anybody there!

MARGO: (AFTER A PAUSE) I don't like it Lamont. Maybe we made a mistake. The house looks deserted. Let's get back in the car and try to find a hotel or someplace for the night. We can come back in the morning.

LAMONT: There isn't any hotel on the island. There are only private homes. And besides there isn't another ferry off the island until morning.

MARGO: Now he tells me. Well, let's do something before I catch my death of cold.

SOUND: (RUMBLE OF THUNDER AND SLIGHT RAIN FALL)

MARGO: Ohh! It's starting to rain.

SOUND: (DOOR BEING UNLATCHED)

LAMONT: Wait a minute! Someone's opening the door!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

CARLETON: Who is it? What do you want?

LAMONT: I'm Lamont Cranston, this is Margo Lane.

CARLETON: Oh, yes, Mr. Cranston. Glad to know you Miss Lane. Please come in.

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LAMONT: {
 and { Thank you.
MARGO: {

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE)

(HOW DO YOU DO'S)

CARLETON: I'm your host Carleton Brewster. Come this way please.
There's a door at the back of the foyer that connects
with the stage.

SOUND: (FEETSTEPS ON MARBLE FLOOR)

CARLETON: I'm sorry there was no one to let you in sooner but
actually we weren't expecting our guests until a week
from today. The house hasn't been opened until today,
and the servants hired especially for the party won't
arrive till morning.

MARGO: I told Lamont we had made a mistake.

LAMONT: I hope our unexpected arrival won't inconvenience you.
I'm afraid I misunderstood the invitation.

CARLETON: Not at all Mr. Cranston. We've been working back here
in the theatre getting used to the stage. That's why we
didn't hear you ring. Here, this door leads backstage.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN-MURMUR OF VOICES)

CARLETON: Come, I want you to meet Mrs. Brewster and the others.

LAMONT: Of course.

CARLETON: (VOICE UP) Alice, where's Evelyn? Some guests have
arrived.

ALICE: (FADING IN) She went downstairs to the green room to put
on the coffee.

CARLETON: Mrs. Macomber, may I present Margo Lane and Lamont
Cranston.

(HOW DO YOU DO'S)

CARLETON: Henry Macomber.

(HOW DO YOU DO'S)

CARLETON: Alice and Henry are our neighbors. They're taking part in our show.

MARGO: May we ask what you're presenting, or is it to be a surprise?

CARLETON: No, not at all. We're doing some scenes from "Hamlet." Which reminds me, where's Mr. St. Claire? He's the new owner of Seacliff who's playing the part of Hamlet.

POP: He went down to his dressing room, Mr. Brewster, to try on his costume.

CARLETON: Oh. Lamont, Margo, this is Pop Worth our caretaker and theatre custodian.

(HOW DO YOU DO)

CARLETON: And this is Willie McKenzie our electrician and stage manager.

(HOW DO YOU DO)

WILLIE: Are you rehearsing any more tonight Mr. Brewster or shall I strike the set?

CARLETON: I think we'll call it a day Willie, but just kill the lights, and leave the rest until tomorrow when the full crew is here.

WILLIE: Yes sir.

CARLETON: Come everyone, let's go downstairs to the green-room. for a bite to eat. I hope you don't mind eating picnic style, but we've just prepared a light supper tonight.

MARGO: Not at all. It sounds like fun.

CARLETON: Come along then, down these stairs. The green room is under the stage.

SOUND: (SEVERAL PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS DOWN STAIRS)

EVELYN: (OFF) (SCREAMS) Help someone quickly!

CARLETON: Evelyn! What is it? What's happened?

SOUND: (HURRIED FOOTSTEPS)

EVELYN: (QUICK FADE IN) It's Edward. Mr. St. Claire. I found him on the floor.

CARLETON: What!

ALICE: Is he ill?

LAMONT: Where is he?

EVELYN: In his dressing room, there.

SOUND: (HURRIED FOOTSTEPS TO STOP)

MARGO: (AFTER PAUSE) Lamont...is he...

LAMONT: Mr. St. Claire is dead!

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

CARLETON: What's Cranston doing downstairs in the green-room?
There's nothing he can do for St. Claire now.

MARGOT: Since the storm has disrupted the phone service to the mainland, the authorities won't be able to get here until tomorrow. He just wanted to check on a few things.

HENRY: What's there to check on, the man's dead. And why should we take orders from him?

MARGOT: Lamont has had experience in similar cases.

EVELYN: Must we wait around here on this draughty stage?

ALICE: Mr. Cranston's coming now.

MARGO: Lamont, is everything all right?

LAMONT: (FADING IN) I'm afraid not.

CARLETON: What do you mean?

LAMONT: I mean I don't like the looks of it. Something about the body puzzled me, then I realized that rigor mortis did not set in when it would have, normally, if it were a natural death.

CARLETON: Now wait a moment, if, as you say, his death was not natural, how did he die? What killed him?

CRANSTON: To my knowledge there is only one drug or poison that has the power to so completely relax the muscles as to prevent rigor mortis; and that's a derivative of curare, a product of the African jungle. Even a scratch with something dipped in curare is enough to cause death.

CARLETON: But this is fantastic. People don't go around with lethal doses of some jungle potion and scratching innocent victims.

CRANSTON: Perhaps he wasn't an innocent victim. Tell me something about him. You mentioned when we first arrived that he was the new owner of Seacliff. What does that mean, and what was the purpose of the party and performance to which we were invited?

CARLETON: Well as you know, Cranston, high taxes and prohibitive costs have made places like Seacliff not only impractical but well nigh impossible to maintain.

LAMONT: Yes I know.

CARLETON: My aunt, the late Mrs. Jonathan Brewster, spent almost every penny she had trying to keep the tradition of Seacliff alive. When she died, I found myself with a mansion and many debts I could never hope to meet.

LAMONT: Go on.

CARLETON: The state refused to accept Seacliff as a museum and that's where Edward St. Claire came into the picture.

MARGO: How do you mean Mr. Brewster.

CARLETON: St. Claire headed a big real estate company. He was interested in commercializing Capeguard Island by buying up bankrupt estates and starting a low cost development that would appeal to the masses.

LAMONT: I take it you agreed to this?

CARLETON: I had no alternative. If I didn't sell he could have eventually bought it for back taxes anyway. This way I at least realized enough to pay off my debts and have a little left over.

LAMONT: I see.

MARGO: Was there anyone who might profit by keeping Seacliff intact Mr. Brewster?

CARLETON: No. Pop Worth who has been the caretaker of the house and the theatre is the only one that received a steady income from the estate.

MARGO: Then you'd be the only one out of a job if Seacliff were torn down, is that right, Mr. Worth?

POP: I won't have to worry Miss Lane. There was a trust fund set up for me. No matter what happens I still get an annuity.

LAMONT: Um hum. Willie what's your status here?

WILLIE: Me, Mr. Cranston? I've been general handyman and electrician for everybody on the island.

LAMONT: I see. Mr. and Mrs. Macomber you're neighbors, I understand?

HENRY: Yes. Alice and I have the adjoining property. Nothing to what Seacliff represents but our families have always been close friends. When Carleton told us he was selling the estate, naturally we felt sorry but we could understand that it was necessary.

ALICE: Yes, that's why we thought it was wonderful of Mr. St. Claire to give this last farewell party and invite all the first families that lived on the Island.

LAMONT: A rather expensive gesture. Was he paying for it?

HENRY: Yes. Personally I think he was a bit of a social climber myself. He'd made a lot of money but had no family background if you know what I mean. It was he who suggested the performance, which incidentally gave him a chance to also suggest that he play the part of Hamlet. The whole thing strikes me as just an opportunity to grandstand before the cream of society.

LAMONT: I take it you weren't overly fond of St. Claire?

HENRY: Well I had no reason to kill him if that's what you mean.

EVELYN: Mr. Cranston, could an outsider have done it? Perhaps someone who administered the poison before he arrived here.

LAMONT: No. If it is what I suspect, and only an autopsy will verify that, it would have acted almost immediately. Perhaps, while we're on stage, if you all take your places as closely as you remember just before you stopped your re-hearsal it might suggest something. I'll watch from the front of the stage.

CARLETON: Do you mean, Mr. Cranston, that you believe one of us
drugged or poisoned Mr. St. Claire during the rehearsal?

LAMONT: It's possible. At least I want to see who might have
had the best opportunity.

HENRY: See here Cranston.....

LAMONT: Yes, Mr. Macomber?

HENRY: Nothing.

LAMONT: Will you take your places please. Margo come stand by
me.

MARGO: Yes Lamont.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS ACROSS STAGE, CLAP OF THUNDER)

EVELYN: (OFF SLIGHTLY SCREAMS) The lights. The lights have
gone out!

LAMONT: Everyone stay where you are. It's probably the storm.

MARGO: Lamont! Look! Up there, in the flies, above the
scenery. It's a face, a horrible face!

ALICE: {
EVELYN: {(BOTH SCREAM)

POP: (OFF SLIGHTLY...DISGUISED BOOMY VOICE THROUGH A
MEGAPHONE) Upon his bloody finger my brother doth
wear a precious ring, That lightens all the hole, which
like a taper in some Monument, doth shine upon the dead
mans earthy cheeks, and shows the ragged entrails of the
pit.

MARGO: That voice, Lamont, what does it mean?

LAMONT: I don't know Margo. If only we had some light.

MARGO: That horrible face. It's still up there. Oh Lamont,
I'm frightened.

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LAMONT: Easy Margo, you'll be....

SOUND: (BLOW ON HEAD)

LAMONT: (GROANS)

MARGO: Lamont!

SOUND: (CLAP OF THUNDER)

(MUSIC:.....CURTAIN)

(SECOND COMMERCIAL)

ANNCR: Lamont and Margo investigating a mysterious death at Seacliff Mansion, find themselves confronted in the dark by a horrible glowing face and a voice with a puzzling message. During the confusion, and protected by the dark, an unknown assailant attacks Lamont.

SOUND: (EXCITED MURMUR OF VOICES)

MARGO: Lamont! Oh somebody do something. Get some light.

CARLETON: Willie! Pop! Doesn't someone have a flashlight!

ALICE: There! The lights, Oh thank heavens. They're on!

MARGO: Lamont! Are you all right?

LAMONT: (GROANS) Ohh, my head.

MARGO: What happened?

LAMONT: Someone hit me on the head. Fortunately it was dark. It was just a glancing blow. I'll be all right. Now, there are more important things. Where did that face come from?

POP: From up in the flies.

MARGO: Lamont look! It's a body hanging there!

WILLIE: I can explain that Mr. Cranston, and the face too.

LAMONT: How?

WILLIE: That's a dummy that is used as the ghost of Hamlet's father. It's treated with luminous paint that absorbs light and glows in the dark.

LAMONT: I see. That explains the face but it doesn't explain the voice and what it was saying. Are all the door locked?

POP: Yes Mr. Cranston. After we found poor Mr. St. Claire, and you asked everyone to come on stage, I closed and bolted all the doors.

LAMONT: You might check again to make sure. Also check the house. Someone may have got in that way.

CARLETON: But if someone did break in and is responsible for what's happening, they're still here, probably hiding somewhere in the theatre right now.

LAMONT: That's possible. In the dark however, there was ample time for anyone here to trick their voice.

EVELYN: But what did they hope to accomplish by it, and what did it mean.

LAMONT: I don't know. It could be a clue to the murder. Right now it doesn't make sense. Look, I want you all to go upstairs but I want everyone to take a room by themselves, for their own protection.

AD LIBS: Very well Mr. Cranston. Come Alice etc.

SOUND: (SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD FLOOR)

MARGO: Shall I go with the others Lamont?

LAMONT: No Margo. We have work to do.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE OFF..VOICES AND FOOTSTEPS OUT)

MARGO: What are we going to do Lamont?

LAMONT: I'm convinced the answer to the riddle can be found somewhere in this theatre. Let's start downstairs with the green room.

MARGO: What are we going to look for?

LAMONT: A speech in Shakespeare.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

MARGOT: Have you found it yet Lamont?

LAMONT: Not yet Margo. I never realized how much Shakespeare had written until now.

SOUND: (TURNING OF PAGE)

MARGOT: This green room is fascinating. Did you look around when you were investigating the murder?

LAMONT: Just enough to ascertain that there is no way of getting down here except by the stairway at either end which connect with opposite sides of the stage. This side is all dressing rooms and that side is the Theatre library and museum with the costumes and wardrobe behind those sliding doors.

MARGO: I see. And the costume Mr. St. Claire is wearing is one of the theatres?

CRANSTON: Yes. Seacliff was one of the most thoroughly equipped private theatres in the country. Many famous stars donated to its library and museum.

SOUND: (TURN PAGE)

LAMONT: Wait a minute!

MARGO: Have you found it Lamont?

LAMONT: Yes, here it is Margo, in "Titus Andronicus." It's Martius' speech. Upon his bloody finger my brother doth wear a precious ring, that..I wonder?

MARGO: Is it a clue Lamont?

LAMONT: Maybe. Come on, I want to look at the body.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPEN)

MARGO: Ugh, it looks the same to me.

LAMONT: Margo! It was a clue. Look here, at the ring he's wearing.

MARGOT: What about it Lamont? Don't they usually wear rings like that in a costume play?

LAMONT: This is Italian, and if I'm not mistaken it's a poison ring!

MARGO: A poison ring! How does it work?

LAMONT: To the best of my knowledge there's a tiny needle that's treated with a poison. When the top of the ring is turned it exposes the needle, then, as soon as the victim grasps any object the needle pierces the skin and the poison goes to work.

MARGOT: But if that's the case, couldn't it have been accidental?

LAMONT: No Margo. The ring would have to have recently been treated to be effective. Now, I've got to find out who put the poison on the ring and who was the mysterious voice quoting Shakespeare?

MARGO: What do we do now Lamont?

LAMONT: We found the clue to murder, now lets look through the things here in the dressing room and see if we can find the clue to the murderer.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

MARGO: Lamont, do you think these old publicity clippings of Charles Worthington have any bearing on the case?

LAMONT: The fact that he died in this theatre while playing Hamlet doesn't necessarily tell us anything, except how his effects happen to be in the theatre. There is nothing in the newspaper accounts that indicate it was other than a natural death. There is something that intrigues me however.

MARGO: What's that Lamont?

LAMONT: This item here. "Brother of the late Charles Worthington donates the fabulous collection of rare stage properties, to the theatre museum of Seacliff Mansion. Among the collection, reputedly worth a fortune, is a necklace said to have belonged to an Egyptian Queen that Mrs. Worthington, the former Blanche Young, wore as Cleopatra, a poison ring that dates to the Medicines.

MARGO: Lamont!

LAMONT: As well as other pieces of jewelry, armor and weapons that represented many years of accumulation from practically every country in the world.

MARGO: The poison ring Lamont! That must be the one St. Claire is wearing.

LAMONT: Probably, Margo, but the thing that puzzles me is, what has happened to that collection. It obviously represents a great deal of money.

MARGO: You mean as the only heir Carleton Brewster could have sold the collection if he needed money?

LAMONT: Yes. However the presence of the ring would indicate that the entire collection, if not a part of it, still remains.

MARGO: Do you suppose someone else discovered some of these things were worth a lot of money and were trying to steal them?

LAMONT: That could be Margo. But perhaps Carleton Brewster discovered too late, the value of these things. Once Seacliff was sold to St. Claire he had no legal claim to anything on the premises.

MARGO:

That's it Lamont! Carleton Brewster gambled on St. Claire not knowing the value of some of the collection. That he would think they were merely inexpensive costume pieces whose only value was sentimental. He tried to dispose of these valuables and when St. Claire found it out, Brewster killed him to keep from being exposed. There's only one thing Lamont.

LAMONT:

What Margo?

MARGO:

Why did he think St. Claire's death would be attributed to natural causes? Surely he must have known there'd be an autopsy and they'd discover he was poisoned.

LAMONT:

That's one of the things that puzzles me about this set-up. Look, I want you to stay down here and go through those papers and that bundle of letters we haven't checked and see if you can find out anything else that might help us. Meanwhile I think it's time to ask Carleton Brewster a few more questions.

MARGO:

Do you think he'll talk Lamont?

LAMONT:

I think he'll talk to the Shadow.

(MUSIC:.....CURTAIN)_

ANNCR:

In the dressing room of the murdered Edward St. Claire, Margot and Lamont discover a clue that might point to the murderer. Now alone in his room, Carleton Brewster paces nervously up and down.

CARLETON:

I don't care what Cranston said, I've got to have a drink. I'll go crazy if I have to stay cooped up in here until morning.

SOUND:

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

CARLETON:

What!..Who is it?....Who is it I said?

SOUND:

(FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENING)

CARLETON:

Who's th...that's funny there's no one. I must be hearing things. This whole business has unnerved me more than I thought.

SHADOW:

Conscience bothering you, Brewster?

CARLETON:

What! Who said that?

SHADOW:

I did, Brewster. The Shadow! (LAUGH)

CARLETON:

Shadow! Who are you? Where are you? I don't see anyone!

SHADOW:

No one sees the Shadow, but I'm here beside you.

CARLETON:

It's a trick. There's no one here. I'm imagining this.

SHADOW:

No Brewster. It's not your imagination.

CARLETON:

I don't understand. What is it? What do you want of me?

SHADOW:

The truth about what happened here tonight. The truth about the murder of Edward St. Claire.

CARLETON:

I know nothing about it! He was found dead, that's all I know!

rr

SHADOW: What about the valuable properties in the museum?

CARLETON: Properties? I..I don't know what you're talking about!

SHADOW: I think you do. The collection that belonged to Charles Worthington. They were worth more than you realized. I think you discovered their value after you sold Seacliff. I think you tried to put one over on St. Claire and he found you out. Then you had to kill him to prevent his exposing you.

CARLETON: No. no, that's not true! I had nothing to do with his death.

SHADOW: I want the truth!

CARLETON: I didn't kill him I swear. I admit I knew about the jewelry and properties in the museum but I thought I could make some deal with St. Claire. I figured he wouldn't know they were worth much, but I didn't even have a chance to discuss it with him. Nothing's been touched: It's still there. You can ask Pop. He's been the custodian ever since his brother died and he donated the collection to the theatre and stayed on as caretaker. That's why there was a trust fund set up for him by my aunt. He'll verify what I've said. He knows everything that was in his brother's collection.

SHADOW: You mean Pop Worth was Charles Worthington's brother?

CARLETON: Yes, he changed his name so people wouldn't know. I swear I've told you the truth! I didn't kill St. Claire!

SHADOW: I believe you. You've told me more than you realize. Stay in your room and keep the door locked if you value your life. The Shadow has another call to make!

rr (LAUGH)

rr

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

MARGOT: I wish Lamont would hurry. It gives me the creeps with that body in the dressing room. Hmm. I can't find any significance in these letters. They seem to be love letters written to Blanche from someone named Stewart. I wonder if these were written before or after she married Charles Worthington? Probably an early romance and she couldn't bear to part with them. I wonder what ever happened to her and how her letters got here? Brrr. It's chilly. I wish I had a coat. I know, maybe there's something in the wardrobe I can wear.

SOUND: (STEPS...DOOR SLIDES BACK)

MARGOT: Now let's see. Oh, here's something. It must be a dressing gown. Why, of course. It's the one in that old theatrical picture. Blanche wore it as Desdemona. I think I'll put it on.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS SLOWLY DESCENDING STAIRS SLIGHTLY OFF)

MARGOT: Someone's coming downstairs. That must be Lamont. (UP) Lamont! Is that you? Lamont? (SCREAMS) No! Who are you? Why are you wearing that black mask and that costume? No! Stay away from me do you hear! LAMONT!

POP: It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul, -
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause----Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

MARGOT: What are you talking about? Please go away!

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POP: Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.---

MARGOT: Please leave me alone. I've done nothing to hurt you.

POP: Sweet soul take heed, take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death bed!

MARGOT: You mean you're going to kill me?

POP: Yes presently: Therefore, confess thee freely of thy sin; For to deny each a ticle with oath Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception That I do groan withal. Thou art do die! (GRABS HER)

MARGOT: Stop! You're choking me! (STRUGGLING)

SHADOW: Stop! Let her go!

POP: What noise is this?

MARGOT: Oh Shadow, thank heaven!

POP: Who is't that speaks and shows no countenance?

SHADOW: It is the Shadow! Come to bring you to justice, Pop Worth. Or should I call you Stewart Worthington? (LAUGH)

POP: Justice! Who speaks of justice! There is no justice! No one knows better than I.

SHADOW: You have committed a crime and you must pay.

POP: Crime? (SARCASTICALLY) And was it not a crime when my brother kept me far in the background, for fear I'd be competition? It was I who had the brains. The genius. All the little tricks, the master strokes of the theatre, mine, all mine. But that wasn't enough. And I suppose it wasn't a crime when he told her lies. Filled her so full of them that she came to despise me, and married him. Blanche, my only love.

SHADOW: This is all in the past. Why did you kill St. Claire?

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POP: Why? I'd lost everything I ever loved. My career, Blanche. All I had was this theatre. It was my life. I needed no audience. When I walked on the stage in the lonely hours it was I who was the great actor, the genius. Then St. Claire came along and spoiled everything. He wanted to tear down my beautiful theatre. So I killed him. Just as I killed my brother!

SHADOW: You killed your brother?

POP: Yes (LAUGHS) They thought he died of a heart attack; but I killed him! He wore the Medici poison ring, which I removed before they examined him. While we were on tour in Africa, I learned many things. I learned about poisons. Poisons that kill and leave no trace. I bided my time. (LAUGHS) It was in this very theatre. Charles deserved to die. St. Claire deserved to die!

SHADOW: No man may take the law into his own hands. Your crimes have caught up with you and you must pay the penalty.

POP: A bloody deed, and desperately dispatched. How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands of this most greivous murder done! No! Bodiless spirit you shan't take me! No one shall take me!

SOUND: (RUNNING FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS)

SHADOW: Stop! You cannot escape. The Shadow will find you wherever you hide!

POP: Never Shadow.....Nev...

SOUND: (SCREAM...ABRUPT CUT OFF)

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SHADOW: Worthington!

MARGO: Hurry Shadow.

SOUND: (RUNNING FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS TO STAGE..STOP)

MARGO: Shadow! Look! Up there! Ughhh. He's been hung!

SHADOW: Yes Miss Lane. The theatre itself exacted the final payment.

(MUSIC:.....CURTAIN)

(COMMERCIAL #4)

SOUND: (CAR MOTOR)

MARGOT: It's turned out to be a nice day after all.

LAMONT: Yes Margot, a storm clears the air many times.

MARGOT: In the light of the sun, it's hard to believe so much could have happened last night.

LAMONT: Yes.

MARGOT: I can't help but be puzzled by one thing Lamont.

LAMONT: What Margot?

MARGOT: We know that both Charles Worthington and Edward St. Claire were killed the same way by poison. But why was Charles Worthington's death called heart failure? Surely if you recognized the symptoms wouldn't they have discovered it during an autopsy?

LAMONT: You must remember that it has only been a matter of a few years that the medical value of curare has been known. When Charles Worthington died circumstances pointed to a death by heartfailure. Only for the fact that I happened on the scene as soon after St. Claire's death as I did, was it apparent that rigor mortis was delayed. I'm sure this time it would have been detected. My suspicion merely forced Pop into the open.

MARGOT: I can't hlep feeling sorry for Pop, or rather Stewart Worthingon. All that bitterness and frustration. No wonder he went mad. And then to get caught in that rope and hung when the counterweight came loose. It's as if the spirit of his brother or St. Claire might have returned and loosened that rope.

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LAMONT: Who knows Margot. To quote Shakespeare. There are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in our philosophies.

MARGOT: Please Lamont. I've had enough Shakespeare to last me the rest of my life.

LAMONT: I know. But I can't help thinking how appropriate and profound some of his lines are. Especially in this case.

MARGOT: Which line do you mean, Lamont?

LAMONT: It's also a line from Hamlet. "For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ".

MARGOT: That's just about what happened, didn't it Lamont?

LAMONT: Yes. Well, there's still our vacation to think about. Do you still want to go someplace along the sea-shore?

MARGOT: Oh Lamont, you know what?

LAMONT: What Margot?

MARGOT: I can't think of anything nicer than following a stream to it's source in a canoe, with you.

BOTH: Laugh.

(MUSIC:.....CURTAIN)

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ANNCR:

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SHADOW:

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

(MUSIC:.....UP AND OUT, THEN SNEAK UNDER FOLLOWING)

ANNCR:

THE SHADOW HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO YOU EVERY SUNDAY BY THE MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM AND THE WILDROOT COMPANY, MAKERS OF WILDROOT CREAM OIL HAIR TONIC AND LADY WILDROOT SHAMPOO. LAMONT CRANSTON IS PLAYED BY BRET MORRISON, MARGOT, BY GERTRUDE WARNER. MUSIC IS BY CHARLES PAUL. THE SCRIPT WAS WRITTEN BY BRET MORRISON AND THE ENTIRE PRODUCTION IS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF CHICK VINCENT.

(MUSIC:.....THEME UP AND OUT)

ANNCR:

This is Sandy Becker inviting you to tune in again next Sunday - same time, same station for the next exciting adventure of THE SHADOW.

(MUSIC:.....THEME UP AND OUT)

ANNCR:

THIS IS THE MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM.