

The Shadow – Struggle with Death

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston (*the Shadow*)

Margot Lane

Elsie Reynolds (*a greedy young woman*)

Jim Reynolds (*Elsie's husband*)

Roger Small (*Jim's best friend until he met Elsie*)

Bill Hanson (*a vendor on the interurban train*)

Mary Hoyt (*a mentally disturbed young woman*)

Hazel Foster (*Mary's aunt*)

Commissioner Weston

Announcer

Music (*theme . . . under the following*)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. (*Laughs – “Hahaha-a-ah” in a spectral crescendo*)

Music (*up and under . . .*)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while 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, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (*up and out*)

Announcer: Today's drama, “Struggle with Death,” is about a precious jewel, a hungry girl, and a dagger striking home. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and “Struggle with Death.”

Music (*up and out for . . .*)

Announcer: It is early evening. In the fireplace of the Reynoldses' apartment a pleasant fire is crackling, and the living room has an air of peace and contentment. In the bedroom, however, the atmosphere is charged with bitterness and rancor, as Elsie Reynolds continues to pack her clothes into a suitcase, ignoring her husband's protests. . . .

Reynolds: You can't do it, Elsie! You can't leave me!

Elsie: (*Coldly*) Can't I? . . . Just watch me!

Reynolds: But why? . . . *Why?*

Elsie: You know very well why. How long do you expect me to put up with this sort of life?

Reynolds: What's wrong with it, honey? We've got a nice little apartment. We eat well. We dress well. . . .

Elsie: Hah! That's not what you promised me. You told me all about your family's millions. You promised me cars and mink coats and jewels. . . .

Reynolds: You'll get them, dear . . . *some* day.

Elsie: Yeah? When? . . . After your disgustingly healthy parents finally die? . . .

Reynolds: No! . . . Now!

Elsie: Don't make me laugh! They wouldn't even let me into their fine house . . . let alone hand over one of their precious gems to me!

Reynolds: (*Slyly*) They won't have to hand one over. I'll go and get one myself . . . tonight.

Elsie: (*Interested*) You will?

Reynolds: (*Eagerly*) I'll get you the Bleeding-Heart Ruby. It *belongs* to me. It's in the safe now, and the family's away in Europe. I'll go and get it for you tonight.

Elsie: You mean that, Jim?

Reynolds: You bet I do. I'll do anything . . . but don't leave me . . . *please*.

Elsie: O.K. It's a deal. You go grab the train right now. You can get to Philadelphia and back in about two hours. I'll wait for you that long.

Reynolds: And if I bring the ruby . . . you'll stay?

Elsie: I'll stay, Jim. You know how crazy I am about you. . . . You bring that ruby, and you'll see how nice I can be.

Reynolds: Good . . . good! I'm on my way. So long.

Music (*bridge and out for . . .*)

Sound (*door buzzer, off mike . . . footsteps under . . .*)

Elsie: O.K. . . . O.K. I'm coming!

Sound (*door opened*)

Elsie: What's the big . . . (*Alarmed*) Roger!

Small: (*Menacingly*) Yes. . . . Roger Small in person. Surprised?

Elsie: Wh – what are you doing here?

Small: That's *my* line, sweetie. You were supposed to meet me an hour ago. We're going away together . . . remember?

Elsie: I'm sorry, Roger. It's all off.

Small: It's *what*?

Elsie: I'm staying with Jim. We've made up.

Small: Just like that, huh? You've made up . . . and I'm out in the cold.

Elsie: It's a long story, Roger. I can't talk about it now. So . . .

Small: (*Cuts in*) Oh *no*, you don't!

Sound (*door closed*)

Small: Nobody double-crosses me.

Elsie: (*Frightened*) Roger . . . get out of here. Get out!

Small: I will . . . but not quite yet. I've got something to attend to first.

Elsie: (*Terrified*) Wh – what are you going to do? (*Gasps*) That knife! No! . . . Get away from me! Don't touch me!

Small: You lying, double-crossing little gold digger! Play me for a sucker, will you?

Elsie: Roger! No! . . . Don't! . . . Jim's your best friend!

Small: He was . . . until you came along. Now you've ruined both our lives. But you won't ruin any more lives. . . . I'll see to that!

Elsie: No, Roger! Don't! I'll go away with you . . . now. I'll do anything you . . . No!
No! (*Screams*)

Music (*bridge and out for . . .*)

Sound (*train whistle, click of wheels on rails, door between cars slammed*)

Bill: (*Comes on, calling*) Candy . . . sandwiches . . . papers! Paper, mister?

Reynolds: No. . . Which way is the smoking car?

Bill: The rear.

Reynolds: When do we get to Fairview?

Bill: We just pulled out of Philly ten minutes ago. You got almost an hour to go.
(*Louder*) Candy . . . sandwi . . . (*Breaks off*) Hey! What are *you* doing here, miss?

Mary: What? . . . What do you mean?

Bill: Where'd you come from? I didn't see you a minute ago.

Mary: I've been sitting here since the train pulled out of Philadelphia.

Bill: Oh no you weren't. Some guy was sitting here.

Mary: That's a lie. You . . . you must be one of them.

Bill: One of who? What's the matter with you? You crazy?

Mary: (*Gasps, frightened*) Don't say that! Don't ever say that! You hear?

Bill: (*Taken aback*) O.K. . . . O.K.

Mary: (*Confidentially*) Mister . . . I'm in a terrible jam. . . . Could you . . . could you help me out?

Bill: What do you want?

Mary: I'm hungry – terribly hungry. I want a sandwich.

Bill: Sure . . . eighty-five cents.

Mary: I don't have any money.

Bill: Huh? . . . That's too bad, sister. (*Starts to go, calling*) Candy . . . maga . . . (*Breaks off as . . .*)

Mary: (*Cuts in*) Wait! . . . I'll trade you. I'll give you a – a compact . . . very valuable. I'll give it to you for a sandwich.

Bill: (*Guarded*) Yeah? . . . Let's see it.

Mary: Don't you believe me? Look . . . I've got lots of things in my pockets.

Bill: (*Whistles*) Where'd you get all that junk?

Mary: (*Sharply*) They're *mine*. Everyone wants to take them from me. They're after me all the time. . . . They persecute me!

Bill: Who does?

Mary: Everyone at school . . . the dean . . . the professors . . . all of them. But I won't let them do it anymore . . . *ever*. . . . Here – here's the compact.

Bill: (*Impressed*) Yeah . . . yeah, this is *O.K.* Here's your sandwich. Take two.

Mary: Thanks. . . . You won't tell anybody about me, will you?

Bill: No, I won't tell. Don't worry. (*Goes, calling*) Candy . . . sandwiches . . . magazines . . . papers. . . .

Music (*Bridge and out*)

Weston: (*Severely*) You killed her, didn't you, Reynolds? Why don't you admit it?

Reynolds: (*Desperate*) I didn't do it, Mr. Weston. I wouldn't kill my own wife. I've told you a hundred times . . . I wasn't there when it happened.

Cranston: Commissioner . . . mind if I ask Mr. Reynolds a few questions?

Weston: Go right ahead, Lamont. That's why I asked you and Miss Lane down here . . . to see if you had any ideas.

Margot: Lamont usually has, Commissioner.

Cranston: Jim, when did you last see your wife . . . alive?

Reynolds: I've been over it so many times. I left Elsie at seven-thirty last evening. I went to Philadelphia . . . was there about forty minutes . . . and caught the train back. I was back here in town at ten o'clock.

Margot: And his wife was killed at about eight-thirty . . . according to the medical examiner. . . . Isn't that right, Lamont?

Cranston: Yes. He *has* got a good alibi, hasn't he, Weston? . . . if he really was in Philadelphia.

Weston: Sure! *If* . . . only he can't prove it!

Reynolds: (*Wearily*) Look. . . . I went to Philadelphia to my parents' home on Eastview Drive. I opened the safe. I took out the Bleeding-Heart Ruby . . . the brooch I'd promised Elsie. . . .

Weston: Prove it, son. *Prove* it. Where is the ruby brooch?

Reynolds: (*Downcast*) It's gone.

Weston: Hah! . . . just like the knife you killed her with!

Reynolds: Somebody took the ruby . . . stole it from my coat pocket.

Weston: Who? How could anyone have known you had it?

Reynolds: I took it out on the train . . . to look at it. I didn't think anyone was watching me. . . . You don't believe me, do you?

Weston: Frankly . . . no.

Reynolds: Check the family safe, why don't you? You'll find the ruby brooch is gone.

Weston: That wouldn't prove *you* were there . . . or that you were there last night.

Margot: But if he could prove he was on the eight-thirty train, then . . .

Weston: (*Cuts in*) If . . . if . . . if! We've checked the crew on that train. Nobody remembers seeing him.

Margot: How could they? He's a quiet man. He probably didn't talk to anyone.

Cranston: There's *one* person who probably remembers him.

Margot: Who, Lamont?

Cranston: The thief, Margot . . . the person who stole the ruby brooch.

Weston: Oh, come now, Lamont! Don't tell me you're taken in by that fantastic story!

Cranston: I'm not sure, Weston, but I'm not quite ready to reject it, either. . . . Mind if Miss Lane and I check it a little further?

Weston: Go right ahead. Have a good time. (*Fading off mike*) But if you come up with anything, I'll eat my hat. . . . (*Calls*) Higgins, take the prisoner back. . . .

Sound (*door opened and closed*)

Small: (*Off mike*) Mr. Cranston!

Cranston: Huh? . . . I beg your pardon?

Small: (*Comes on*) I'm Roger Small.

Margot: Oh, yes. You're Mr. Reynolds's best friend. . . . The commissioner told us about you. He was questioning you when we arrived.

Small: Unfortunately, I couldn't tell him anything. It – it looks bad for Jim, doesn't it?

Cranston: I'm afraid it does, Mr. Small.

Small: You've got to help him, Mr. Cranston. Jim wouldn't kill Elsie in a million years. They were in love with each other. . . . Jim would never lay a finger on her . . . much less stab her to death. You've *got* to save him!

Cranston: We'll try, Mr. Small. We'll do all we can to save him . . . if he is innocent.

Music (*theme*)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music (*up and out*)

Announcer: Unwilling to reject Jim Reynolds's alibi, which would prove his innocence, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane undertake to check it further . . . to see if they can locate the person who, according to Jim, stole the ruby brooch from him on the train from Philadelphia. . . . Meanwhile, in a brownstone house not far from Cranston's apartment, Mary Hoyt, who was on that same train, argues with her aunt. . . .

Mary: No! Aunt Hazel! . . . I won't go back to that college . . . ever!

Hazel: You've *got* to, Mary. I promised your mother you'd be taken care of and educated properly.

Mary: (*Pleading*) Please, Aunt Hazel! Don't send me back. I'll run away again. . . . I can't stand it, I tell you.

Hazel: Why, Mary?

Mary: They drive me crazy. They persecute me. (*Darkly*) They say I steal things . . . but I don't. I don't! . . .

Hazel: (*Shocked*) The dean didn't say anything about *that*! . . . Mary . . . have you been having that trouble *again*?

Mary: I never steal things, Auntie. You know that. I *find* them. (*Gleefully*) Nice shiny things . . . pretty things. Here, Auntie, look at this . . . this lovely piece of red glass.

Hazel: (*Gasps*) Mary! . . . that looks like a – a ruby!

Mary: Oh no . . . it couldn't be. I found it on the train. I mean . . . a man gave it to me. He wouldn't be likely to give me anything valuable, now *would* he?

Hazel: You've got to give it back, Mary. You've got to find the man and give it . . .

Mary: (*Cuts in, fiercely*) No! No, I won't! It's mine! And no one can take it away from me! You hear? . . . You mustn't tell anyone about this, Auntie . . . not *anyone, ever*. I'm going to put it in my box with all my other lovely little trinkets. (*Laughs crazily*)

Music (*bridge and out for . . .*)

Sound (*train whistle, click of wheels on rails, door between cars slammed*)

Bill: (*Comes on, calling*) Candy . . . magazines . . . papers! What do you read, folks? . . . Papers . . . candy . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) Come back here, Bill.

Margot: Lamont, don't you think we've questioned him enough?

Cranston: I don't think so, Margot. I think he's holding out on us.

Bill: (*Wearily*) What is it *now*, mister?

Cranston: Look, Bill, I know I've been badgering you quite a bit since we got on the train, but . . .

Bill: (*Cuts in*) I'll say you have. I'll be glad when this trip's over. . . .

Cranston: You worked this same train – the eight-thirty from Philadelphia – the other night, didn't you?

Bill: That's right. I work it every night.

Cranston: But you don't remember the fellow whose picture I showed you? . . .

Bill: So what? I see *thousands* of guys every day. Maybe they buy a chocolate bar . . . maybe they don't. . . . So what? I don't take their fingerprints.

Cranston: Do you know what may happen to this man . . . if you don't remember him?

Bill: No. And I don't care.

Cranston: This man is charged with murder. If he can't prove he was on this train the other night, he's going to *die*.

Bill: (*Troubled*) He *is*? . . . Golly, I wish I could say I remember him. But I don't. . . . *Honest* I don't.

Cranston: Do you remember anyone else on the train? . . . someone who *might* remember seeing Jim Reynolds?

Bill: No. Like I said, I don't remember no one except . . . (*Breaks off*)

Margot: (*Eagerly*) Except who?

Bill: Uh . . . nobody.

Cranston: You're holding back, Bill. You *do* have something to tell us, don't you?

Bill: Leave me alone, mister. I'm busy.

Cranston: No . . . not when you've got some information that might save a man's life. Come on, son . . . out with it!

Bill: You – you'll protect me? . . . You'll see I don't get into trouble . . . for not telling the cops? . . .

Cranston: I'll do my best.

Bill: O.K. . . . There was this girl on the train that night. There was something odd about her. . . . I could see *that* right away. . . .

Margot: How do you mean?

Bill: She kept roaming all over the train. . . . She *might've* sat near this guy for a while. . . .

Cranston: How do you happen to remember her?

Bill: She told me she was hungry . . . said she was running away from school. She – she traded me a compact . . . for a sandwich. . . .

Cranston: What?!

Margot: A compact!

Bill: I think it's pretty valuable. . . . I guess maybe I shouldn't 've taken it, but . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) Have you got it with you?

Bill: Yeah. (*Secretively*) Here it is. . . . Don't let the conductor see it.

Margot: *(Gasps)* It is valuable!

Cranston: More valuable than you think, Margot. . . . It's got the crest of a school on it. . . .
Let me see, I . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* Hawthorne College! . . . Why, that's a very exclusive school . . . just
outside the city, Lamont. . . .

Cranston: We're going to look that school up, Margot . . . and have a little talk with the
dean!

Music *(theme)*

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music *(up and out)*

Announcer: Checking Jim Reynolds's alibi, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane went to
Hawthorne College, the school Mary Hoyt ran away from. Although the dean was
reluctant to discuss Mary, he finally gave Cranston the address of Mary's aunt,
Hazel Foster. Margot called Mrs. Foster but was unable to get Mary on the phone.
. . . So now, Margot has left word that she has a valuable compact belonging to
Mary and that the girl may call for it at her apartment later in the day. As
Cranston and Margot wait for Mary's arrival, they are talking to Roger Small,
who has dropped in unexpectedly. . . .

Small: Do you really think this girl will show up, Mr. Cranston?

Cranston: I don't know, Mr. Small, but I certainly hope so.

Margot: If she does . . . and if she happens to remember seeing Jim Reynolds on the train
. . . he'll have an airtight alibi. Won't that be wonderful?

Small: Yes . . . a happy ending . . . just like the movies.

Cranston: Ending? . . . Aren't you overlooking something?

Small: Huh?

Cranston: If your friend Jim is innocent, then someone else is guilty. . . . Someone else
killed his wife . . . and the search starts all over again.

Small: *(Concerned)* Yes. . . . Yes, I see what you mean.

Margot: If Commissioner Weston would only . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound (*door buzzer sounds*)

Margot: (*Raising her voice*) Come in. . . .

Sound (*door opened, then closed under the following*)

Mary: Miss – Miss Lane?

Margot: Yes. And you must be . . .

Mary: (*Cuts in*) Mary Hoyt. . . . My aunt gave me your message.

Margot: I'm so glad you've come. Won't you sit down? This is Mr. Cranston . . . and Mr. Small.

Cranston: How do you do.

Small: Pleased to meet you, Miss Hoyt. . . . Cigarette?

Mary: Thank you.

Small: Light? . . .

Mary: Oh, what a pretty lighter, Mr. Small! I love that little gold crown on it. . . . It's real gold, isn't it?

Small: Yes. I bought this lighter in England. It matches my wallet . . . see?

Mary: Oh . . . they're both just beautiful! . . .

Cranston: Miss Hoyt . . . this compact of yours . . .

Mary: (*Cuts in*) My aunt told me about it. . . . Why couldn't you leave it at the house for me, Miss Lane?

Cranston: We wanted to see you. We wanted to talk to you about it . . . and other things.

Mary: I'm not sure I *like* that. It sounds sort of underhanded.

Margot: Underhanded? . . . Oh no. . . .

Mary: I – I don't trust strangers. . . . I've had too much trouble with them. . . .

Margot: But we're . . .

Small: (*Cuts in*) Maybe Miss Hoyt is bothered by *my* presence.

Mary: Oh no, Mr. Small! I feel comfortable with *you*.

Small: Just the same, I think I'll run along. . . . Good-by, Miss Hoyt. . . . Good-by, Mr. Cranston. Don't get up. . . . Good-by, Miss Lane. . . .

Cranston: So long. . . .

Margot: Good-by. . . .

Sound *(door opened and closed)*

Cranston: Now . . . about the compact . . . here it is. Is it yours? . . .

Mary: Oh yes.

Cranston: Do you know where I got it?

Mary: I – I can't imagine.

Cranston: From the vendor on the eight-thirty train from Philadelphia. . . .

Mary: Oh, I see. . . . Well, what do you want for it?

Cranston: Information, Miss Hoyt. . . . I want you to look at this picture and tell me if you saw this man on that train.

Mary: Oh, is *that* all? I don't mind. *(Pauses briefly to examine picture)* I have a good memory for . . . *(Breaks off)* Oh! . . . No. No, I never saw this man in my life.

Margot: *(Disappointed)* Oh, no! . . .

Cranston: Are you *sure*, Miss Hoyt? Look at the picture again.

Mary: I don't *have* to look. I've already told you. No, I never saw that man. . . . He wasn't on the train.

Margot: Please! . . . His life may depend on your remembering.

Mary: I'm sorry. I never saw him. . . . Is that *all*? Can I have my compact?

Cranston: *(Discouraged)* Yes . . . you may have it.

Mary: Thank you. *(Fading off mike)* Good-by. I'm sorry I couldn't help you.

Cranston: *(Sharply)* One moment, Miss Hoyt! I – I think you . . . accidentally . . . picked up something more than your compact.

Mary: *(Off mike)* What?!

Cranston: Yes . . . if you look in your purse, you'll find a leather wallet – Mr. Small's wallet. . . .

Margot: Lamont! . . . Are you sure?

Cranston: We can check it. . . . Come on, Miss Hoyt. Open your purse, and we'll . . .

Mary: (*On mike, cuts in*) No, no, I won't do it!

Cranston: I think you will.

Mary: (*Pauses*) All right. . . . Here . . . look.

Cranston: Uh-huh, just as I thought. You don't mind if I take the wallet. I know it got into your bag . . . accidentally.

Mary: Of course. . . .

Cranston: Mr. Small must have left it on the desk, and . . . I suppose . . . you were planning to return it to him.

Mary: (*Nervously*) Yes. Yes, I was. . . . May – may I go now?

Cranston: Of course. Good-by.

Sound (*door opened and closed*)

Margot: Lamont, I don't get it. What's going on? I thought we were investigating a murder . . . not petty larceny. . . .

Cranston: We are, Margot. It's all one case . . . a neat little package of crime . . . that's heading for a solution. . . .

Music (*theme*)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music (*up and out*)

Announcer: Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane have located Mary Hoyt, who was on the same train as the suspect, Jim Reynolds, although she denies having seen him. Cranston, who thinks he knows why, explains his theory to Roger Small when he and Margot call on Small to return the wallet that Mary . . . accidentally or otherwise . . . lifted. . . .

Small: You really think she's a thief, Mr. Cranston?

Cranston: There's the evidence, Mr. Small . . . right in your hand . . . your own wallet.

Margot: But she seems to be well-to-do, Lamont . . . that compact . . . her clothes . . . her manner . . . that fancy school she attends. Why would she . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) She's not actually a thief, Margot. She doesn't steal for profit. I'm afraid she's a kleptomaniac.

Small: You mean . . . she's mentally disturbed?

Cranston: It's obvious, isn't it? She can't help taking things . . . shiny, attractive things, as a rule. I'm sure she's not even aware of their value. . . .

Margot: And you think she . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) I think she was on the train with Jim Reynolds, and stole the Bleeding-Heart Ruby brooch from him.

Margot: And that's why she clammed up when she saw his picture.

Cranston: Yes. She was afraid to admit she'd ever been near him. Kleptomaniacs have a wonderfully cunning instinct for self-preservation. . . .

Small: (*Anxiously*) What – what are you going to do?

Cranston: Inform Commissioner Weston. He'll get a search warrant. . . . And when we've found the ruby brooch in her possession, I'm pretty sure Miss Hoyt will tell the truth.

Small: (*Slowly*) And Jim will be saved.

Cranston: Yes. And then Weston can start looking for the real murderer. . . . Well, Margot, let's go. So long, Mr. Small.

Sound (*door opened and closed, footsteps under . . .*)

Margot: Lamont, isn't it going to take too long? . . . getting a search warrant and all that red tape?

Cranston: Yes. That's why . . . after we give the commissioner the facts . . . there'll be work for the Shadow!

Music (*bridge and out*)

Mary: I don't know what to say, Mr. Small. . . .

Small: That's all right, Miss Hoyt. It was obviously a mistake. What earthly interest could you have in my wallet?

Mary: Well, it was sweet of you to come here just to reassure me. . . .

Small: *(Smoothly)* That wasn't my only reason for coming.

Mary: It wasn't?

Small: No. I wanted to see you again.

Mary: You did? . . . Really? You're nice, Mr. Small . . . so much nicer than most people. I'm glad my aunt's not home . . . so we can have a nice long talk.

Small: Yes . . . I'm glad too.

Mary: You're so understanding. *(Fading off mike)* I'd like to show you some of my things. I have all kinds of trinkets . . . *(Short pause)* *(On mike)* right here in this box. . . .

Sound *(box opened)*

Small: M'mm . . . lovely. Beads, watches, bracelets, and . . . ah! . . . the stone in this brooch is magnificent!

Mary: *(Nervously)* No . . . no. That's nothing . . . just a piece of red glass.

Small: Are you sure? . . . It looks like a ruby to me. . . .

Mary: No . . . it's nothing. It's worthless. Give it back to me, please.

Small: *(Turning mean)* Where'd you get it?

Mary: Mr. Small! My wrist! . . . You're hurting me!

Small: *(Snarls)* Where did you get it? Answer me!

Mary: *(In pain)* I – I don't know. I don't remember.

Small: Oh, don't you? . . . *I'll* tell you where you got it. You stole it from *him* . . . from Jim Reynolds . . . on that train! . . .

Mary: No . . . no! I never steal. I *find* things. I never, never steal! . . .

Small: You steal, and you know it! . . . And you're afraid of being caught. . . . That's why you said you didn't remember seeing Jim on the train.

Mary: Please . . . let me go! . . . My arm . . .

Small: *(Cuts in)* But when the police get here and find this brooch and begin hammering away at you . . . you'll crack, won't you?

Mary: Please, *please!* . . . Help! . . . Help me, someone!

Small: *You'll* crack! . . . You'll tell them you stole it from Jim . . . that he *was* on the train. Then he'll be free . . . and they'll start hounding me!

Mary: No! . . . No! . . . I won't tell them!

Small: Of course not. You won't be *able* to talk . . . ever again! . . .

Mary: What – what are you going to do? . . . That *rope* . . . no! . . . Not around my *throat*! . . . No! . . .

Small: Why not, my dear? It's only a necklace . . . a necklace of hemp . . . a lovely . . .
(*Breaks off as . . .*)

Shadow: (*Laughs*)

Small: Who's *that*? . . . Who laughed?

Shadow: The Shadow, Roger. (*Laughs*)

Small: Shadow? . . . What shadow? I don't see anyone. . . .

Shadow: No one sees the Shadow . . . but the Shadow sees all.

Small: No! . . . It's a trick . . . a trick of the imagination.

Shadow: No, Roger. It's *not* a trick. It's real . . . and *grim* . . . as real as the knife with which you stabbed Elsie Reynolds. . . .

Small: No . . . no!

Shadow: As grim as her corpse lying on the carpet. . . . You killed her, Roger Small . . . killed the wife of your best friend and then tried to pin the guilt on him.

Small: (*Hysterically*) Friend?! . . . Jim was no friend. He stole Elsie from me . . . *twice*! Once, when he married her . . . and again, when she was about to go away with me. . . . I had to do it. . . . I *had* to! I loved her too much to let another man have her!

Shadow: And now you will pay. . . .

Small: No! . . . never! *He'll* pay . . . Jim Reynolds!

Shadow: He is innocent.

Small: No one will ever be able to prove it . . . (*Effort of holding*) not after I'm through with this stupid, interfering little thief! . . .

Mary: (*Struggling*) No!. . . No!. . . Let go of me!

Shadow: Drop that rope, Small! Let that girl go! . . .

Small: Not till I . . .

Shadow: (*Cuts in*) Let go, I say! . . . Drop it!

Small: (*Exclamation of pain*) Oh! . . . My arm! . . . My arm!

Shadow: You'll have to stand the pain for another second or two, Mr. Small. Listen . . . on the stairs now . . . the footsteps of the police brought here by Miss Lane. Your days are numbered, Roger Small. . . . The Shadow knows. (*Laughs*)

Music (*bridge and out*)

Margot: Lamont. . . .

Cranston: Yes, Margot?

Margot: I shudder every time I think of how close Jim Reynolds came to being convicted of murder . . . all because an unhappy, mentally-sick girl couldn't resist stealing a brooch set with a glittering red stone.

Cranston: And thus deprived him of his proof of innocence. . . .

Margot: It's no wonder Roger Small went berserk when *we* turned up with her.

Cranston: Yes. By that time he'd convinced himself that *he'd* never be suspected of killing Elsie Reynolds . . . and that his best friend would pay the penalty for the crime. . . .

Margot: Lamont, when did you first suspect Roger Small?

Cranston: The first time we spoke to him outside Commissioner Weston's office. Small said that Jim Reynolds would never have *stabbed* his wife. I was pretty sure the police had been careful to keep the method of murder a secret.

Margot: I know the police are usually careful about that. But still . . . they *might* have mentioned it. . . .

Cranston: Then later, my suspicion was confirmed when I glanced through Small's wallet – the one Mary Hoyt had tried to steal. In it there was a snapshot of Roger Small and Elsie Reynolds, taken quite recently. And on the back was written *All my love*, signed with the initials *E.R.* . . .

Margot: So you set a trap for him by telling him that Mary Hoyt probably had the ruby brooch and would be made to talk.

Cranston: Yes. Then he knew his only chance of safety lay in silencing her.

Margot: Lamont, Elsie Reynolds wasn't a very nice person, was she? . . .

Cranston: No . . . but she didn't deserve being murdered by Roger Small.

Margot: What strange things people will do in the name of love. . . .

Cranston: Not love, Margot . . . jealousy, hate, envy, and egomania. Those are the things that drove Roger to do what he did.

Margot: And Mary Hoyt? . . . What drove her to do the things she did?

Cranston: That's what the psychiatrists are trying to find out now. . . . I hope they succeed.

Margot: So do I. It would be nice to know that someone profited by this senseless, gruesome murder.

Music *(up and out)*

Announcer: Listen again next week – same time, same station – when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .

Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music *(theme – up and out)*

THE END