



# **The Master of Torture**

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

**Lamont Cranston** (*the Shadow*)

**Margot Lane** (*Margot is pronounced "Margo"*)

**Larry Davis** (*a friend of Lamont Cranston*)

**Nick Campos** (*a gangster with a Greek accent*)

**Pete** (*Campos's American henchman*)

**Walter Hohlmayer** (*an ex-member of the Nazi Gestapo*)

**Colonel Xanados** (*an officer in Greek Military Intelligence*)

**Hotel desk clerk**

**Voices in hotel lobby**

**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, "The Master of Torture," is a tale of intrigue, terror, and counterfeit money. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

*(Pause for commercial)*

**Announcer:** And now the Shadow and "The Master of Torture."

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

**Announcer:** Athens . . . city of antiquity, city of glory, city of intrigue. . . . It is a gray morning. As dark clouds swirl ominously overhead, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane are wending their way along a sunless boulevard. . . . They walk swiftly, keeping their heads averted from the merciless slashing of the wind. . . .

*Sound (street noises, footsteps under the following)*

**Cranston:** I hope you don't mind our dropping off like this in Athens, Margot. . . . It'll just be for a day. . . .

**Margot:** Of course not, Lamont! I told you . . . I'm just as anxious to see Larry Davis as you are.

**Cranston:** It's so long since we've seen Larry . . . must be nearly three years at least.

**Margot:** Just about. . . .

**Cranston:** I only hope that he's still in Athens. Every time our paths are about to cross, he's up and off to someplace else. . . .

**Margot:** Well, Larry *would* choose Military Intelligence as a career. . . .

**Cranston:** He's such a wonderful fellow! . . . The times we used to have together! Do you remember when the three of us were in Cairo and . . . *(Breaks off suddenly)*

*Sound (footsteps stop)*

**Margot:** What is it, Lamont?

**Cranston:** That fellow . . . the one who just passed by. . . .

**Margot:** What about him?

**Cranston:** Didn't you recognize him?

**Margot:** No. Who was he?

**Cranston:** It was Nick Campos.

**Margot:** *(Not recognizing the name)* Nick Campos? . . .

**Cranston:** *You* know . . . the big-shot Chicago racketeer . . . the one who was deported back to Greece a couple of years ago. . . .

**Margot:** Oh . . . Oh, yes! . . . Didn't he have a partner or something? I seem to remember reading . . .



**Cranston:** (*Cuts in*) Yes, that's right . . . Gyp Massi.

. . . Massi is still serving his sentence in Leavenworth.

. . . Well, come on, Margot. Let's get going. . . .

*Sound (footsteps resume)*

**Margot:** Yes. . . . Lamont!

**Cranston:** What?

**Margot:** Look who's coming!

**Cranston:** (*Excitedly*) It's Larry!

*Sound (footsteps quicken, then stop as . . . )*

**Margot:** (*Warmly*) Larry! . . .

**Cranston:** Hi, Larry. . . . How's the boy? . . .

**Davis:** (*Coolly*) I beg your pardon? . . .

**Margot:** (*Unheeding*) We dropped off in Athens just to see you, Larry. . . .

**Cranston:** That's right, old man. . . . We were flying from Iran to America, and we thought we'd pop in on you. . . . How about coming back to the International Hotel with us?

**Davis:** I'm afraid you're making a mistake. You've obviously got me confused with someone else.

**Cranston:** (*Quickly*) Huh? . . .

**Margot:** Now, Larry! . . . This is no time for your deadpan humor! . . .

**Davis:** (*Curtly*) I'm not attempting to be humorous, miss. I just don't happen to be the man you think I am. . . . Now if you'll excuse me . . .

*Music (bridge and out)*

**Margot:** I still can't get over it . . . about Larry, I mean.

**Cranston:** There's nothing difficult to understand about it, Margot. You must remember—Larry is in Military Intelligence. He undoubtedly had a very good reason for denying his identity. . . . Now, come on. Let's go downstairs to the hotel dining room and get ourselves something to eat. . . .

**Margot:** All right. . . .

*Sound (knock on door)*

**Cranston:** Someone's at your door.

**Margot:** I'll see who it is.

*Sound (door opened)*

**Margot:** (*Gasps*) Larry! . . .

**Davis:** (*Quietly urgent*) Let me in your room, Margot. I



don't want to be spotted out here in the hall. I tried Lamont's room first. Is he here by any chance? . . .

**Margot:** Yes, he's here. Come on in. . . .

*Sound (several footsteps, door closed)*

**Cranston:** Hi, Larry!

**Davis:** Hi, Lamont! . . . Boy! Did you two give me a turn when you jumped at me in the street! . . . You were about the last people I expected to see here in Athens. . . .

Say . . . I hope you understood that brush-off I gave you.

**Cranston:** *(Smilingly)* I think so.

**Davis:** For the time being, I'm not Larry Davis. . . . And, incidentally, you two caught me at the wrong moment, anyway. I was busy trailing a guy. . . .

**Cranston:** Who? Nick Campos?

**Davis:** *(Taken aback)* What makes you say that?

**Cranston:** Well, he passed by just before we ran into you. So I . . .

**Davis:** *(Cuts in, with admiration)* Lamont . . . you can still add two and two faster than anybody I know!

**Cranston:** What's Campos up to now?

**Davis:** He's involved in the rottenest scheme of his entire rotten life. . . .

**Cranston:** Oh? . . .

**Davis:** There's a plot afoot here, Lamont . . . a plot so foul, so treacherous, that it almost defies description! . . .

*(Pauses briefly)* The Communist underground is flooding the country with counterfeit currency. The aim, of course, is obvious. . . . It's to destroy the economy of Greece!

**Cranston:** Clever, all right. . . . What's Campos's role in the setup?

**Davis:** He's the distributor of the phony currency. *That* we know for sure.

**Cranston:** Who's the brains behind the plot?

**Davis:** That's someone else . . . someone far more deadly, far more evil than even Campos could ever dream of being. . . .

**Cranston:** Who's that?

**Davis:** Does the name Walter Hohlmayer mean anything to you?

**Margot:** *(Gasps)* Walter Hohlmayer!

**Cranston:** *(Softly)* Walter Hohlmayer?



**Margot:** You mean . . . the former Nazi, the number-two man of the German Gestapo? . . .

**Cranston:** The one who devised all the ingenious techniques of torture used by the Gestapo?

**Margot:** What was that name again they gave him during the war? . . .

**Cranston:** (*Grimly*) The Master of Torture!

**Davis:** We know that after the war, Hohlmayer became converted to Communism and fled to Russia. . . . And the Russians obviously have finally decided to make use of his unique talents.

**Cranston:** Do you have proof that Hohlmayer is behind the plot?

**Davis:** We have proof, all right . . . (*Grimly*) the bodies of two M.I.<sup>1</sup> boys who were working on the case with me. . . . Only one man in this whole wide world could have known how to torture like that! . . . Only one man! . . . (*Pauses briefly*) Lamont . . .

**Cranston:** Yes, Larry?

**Davis:** I want your help. . . . We *need* your help. . . . We've contacted Washington, asking permission for you to work with us, and they said O.K. . . .

**Cranston:** Well, I—I *did* have other plans, Larry. . . .

**Davis:** (*Strongly*) Change them! Nothing's more important than this! You know what the stakes are, don't you? It's not only a battle for Greece. It's a battle for control of the sea and air lanes of the Mediterranean! . . . And you know the saying—"Whoever controls the Mediterranean . . ."

**Cranston:** (*Cuts in*) I know. . . . O.K., Larry, we'll stay.

**Davis:** Good! . . . Well, listen, you two. I have to get going. . . .

**Cranston:** Where can we contact you?

**Davis:** You can't. . . . Meet me tomorrow morning at eleven at the Parthenon on the Acropolis.<sup>2</sup> You know where that is, don't you?

**Cranston:** Of course.

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1. *M.I.*, Military Intelligence. 2. *Acropolis*, large flat-topped hill, rising more than 200 feet above Athens, on which the ancient Athenians built temples and public buildings. Among the ruins of these buildings is the Parthenon, built to honor Athena, the patron goddess of Athens.



**Davis:** Oh, one other thing. . . . If anything goes wrong, you're to get in touch with Colonel Xanados (zan' ə dos) of Greek Military Intelligence. I'll tell him about you.

**Cranston:** Xanados? I've heard the name. . . .

**Davis:** He's a good man . . . poison to the Communists. They hate him! . . . Well, good-bye, Lamont . . . Margot. . . .

**Margot:** Good-bye, Larry. . . .

**Cranston:** Good luck, old man.

**Davis:** Thanks. I'll need it. . . . We'll *all* need it. We're not up against a man, Lamont. We're up against a beast!

*Music (bridge and out)*

*Sound (door opened)*

**Pete:** (*Upset*) Where've you been, Campos?

**Campos:** Out. . . . Something wrong, Pete?

**Pete:** The underground just called! . . . Another American is on our trail!

**Campos:** So? . . .

**Pete:** Someone by the name of Davis—Captain Larry Davis.

**Campos:** So . . . he's not the first. And he won't be the last. What's there to get excited about? . . . Did the underground supply you with his address?

**Pete:** Yes.

**Campos:** Well, what are you waiting for? Round up some of the boys and pick him up!

**Pete:** Should we bring him to you?

**Campos:** To me? What would I do with him? . . . No, my friend, bring him to Hohlmayer! He'll know what to do with him! (*Laughs ominously*) How Hohlmayer loves to do experimental work on these American agents!

*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:** Last evening Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane were told by their friend Larry Davis of a plot to destroy the economy of Greece. The brains behind the plot is a much feared man, Walter Hohlmayer, who is known as "The Master of Torture." . . . Late the next



morning, we find Cranston and Margot at the Parthenon on the Acropolis, waiting for Larry Davis. . . .

**Cranston:** These ruins, Margot . . . aren't they magnificent? . . . Ah! the glory that was old Athens! . . .

**Margot:** (*Tensely*) Where is he, Lamont?

**Cranston:** (*Trying to be casual*) Larry? . . . Oh, he'll be along any minute now. . . .

**Margot:** Why isn't he here *now*? . . . He's already a half hour late.

**Cranston:** Something probably held him up. . . .

**Margot:** (*Softly*) I've got an awful feeling, Lamont . . .

**Cranston:** (*Quickly*) You mustn't give way to your imagination, Margot! Larry's all right! . . . Now, let's sit tight for just a few minutes more. I'm sure he'll show up. . . .

**Margot:** Larry's not coming, Lamont!

**Cranston:** Oh now, Margot, don't . . .

**Margot:** (*Cuts in*) Call it woman's intuition if you like. But I feel something has happened, and he's not coming!

*Music (bridge and out)*

**Pete:** Your orders have been carried out, Campos.

**Campos:** The American agent . . . Captain Davis?

**Pete:** He's been picked up and delivered to Hohlmayer.

**Campos:** Did he put up a fight?

**Pete:** No. What could he do? He was one, and we were five. . . . And we had guns.

**Campos:** Hohlmayer must have been very happy to receive a new guinea pig. . . .

**Pete:** (*Laughs*) When we brought Davis in, you should have seen how Hohlmayer's face lighted up! . . .

**Campos:** (*With an ugly laugh*) I can imagine! He loves American agents! They're his favorite subjects.

**Pete:** He's going to try out a new system on Davis, and he couldn't wait to get started. . . . He was working on the poor guy even before we left. . . . (*Laughs ominously*)

*Music (bridge and out)*

**Margot:** It's noon, Lamont, and still no Larry! . . .

(*Bursting out*) Oh, Lamont! . . . How much longer are we going to stand here and wait?

**Cranston:** No longer! . . . Come on, Margot.

**Margot:** Where are we going?

**Cranston:** To Colonel Xanados—the man Larry said we



were to contact in case of trouble. Come along, Margot!  
From now on, *hurry* is our password!

*Music (short bridge and out)*

**Cranston:** You're sure of it, Colonel Xanados?

**Xanados:** (*Greek accent*) Without a doubt. . . . (*Grimly*)  
Captain Davis—I regret to say—is in the hands of Walter  
Hohlmayer.

**Margot:** (*Almost to herself, horrified*) Good grief! . . .

**Cranston:** And you have no idea at all where Hohlmayer  
might be hiding out?

**Xanados:** None whatever—I again regret to say.

**Margot:** (*Almost in tears*) What are we going to *do*?

**Xanados:** All we can do, Miss Lane, is what we do now.  
. . . Watch and wait . . . wait and watch.

**Margot:** But by that time Larry will be dead!

**Xanados:** Mr. Cranston, have *you* any ideas? Captain Davis  
spoke highly of your prowess in matters of this sort.

**Cranston:** Yes, I have an idea, but I'd like to work on this  
case in my own way. I'll keep in steady contact with you,  
of course.

**Xanados:** As you wish, Mr. Cranston. . . . Before anything  
else, let me write down my private telephone number for  
you. . . . (*As he writes*) You can reach me at this number  
any hour of the day or night. . . . Here you are.

**Margot:** I'll take it.

**Xanados:** And your idea, Mr. Cranston?

**Cranston:** It's sort of wild and woolly, but it's the best I can  
come up with on such short notice. . . . (*Slowly*) It has to  
do with Campos's ex-partner in crime in the United  
States—Gyp Massi. . . . (*His voice fades out*)

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

*Sound (knock on door)*

**Pete:** (*Off mike, calling*) Come in.

*Sound (door opened)*

**Cranston:** (*Tough and breezy*) Hi, pal.

**Margot:** Hi.

*Sound (door closed)*

**Pete:** (*On mike*) Yes? . . .

**Cranston:** I wanna see Nick Campos, Mac.

**Pete:** Who are you?

**Cranston:** The name is Lamont—Lefty Lamont.

**Margot:** (*Also tough*) Gee, this is some layout, Lefty.



**Pete:** (*Alert, suspicious*) What do you want to see Campos about?

**Cranston:** I got some business I wanna talk over wit him.

**Pete:** What kind of business?

**Cranston:** (*Tough*) I wanna talk to Campos, Mac—not to you!

**Pete:** (*Snaps*) Well, you can't see Campos! He's tied up!

**Cranston:** O.K. We'll wait. . . . When will he be untied up?

**Pete:** I don't know. (*Sneers*) Try next month!

**Cranston:** (*Raises his voice*) Say . . . what are you tryin' to do? . . . give me the bum's rush or somethin'?

**Pete:** Get out . . . both of you!

**Margot:** (*Raises her voice*) Hey . . . listen, you! . . .

**Cranston:** (*Very loud*) Why, you . . . who do ya think you're pushin' around, anyway?!

*Sound (door opened)*

**Cranston:** Nobody pushes *me* around, unnerstand? Not Lefty Lamont, they don't!

**Campos:** (*Voice fading on mike*) What's goin' on here, Pete?

**Cranston:** I come all the way from America to see Nick Campos, and I ain't leavin' here till I see him.

**Campos:** I'm Nick Campos.

**Cranston:** Huh?

**Campos:** What can I do for you?

**Cranston:** (*Placatingly*) A pal of yours asked me to look ya up, Nick.

**Campos:** Yeah? . . . Who?

**Cranston:** Gyp . . . Gyp Massi. . . .

**Campos:** (*Low voice, excited*) Gyp! . . .

**Cranston:** Dat's right! Gyp an' me . . . we was servin' time togedder in Leavenwort. . . . When I was sprung, Gyp tol' me to come over here and see *you*. He said maybe you could use a guy like me!

**Campos:** (*Warmly*) How's Gyp, anyway? How's he look? How's he feel? . . .

**Cranston:** Great! Great! Ain't nothin' can get *dat* guy down! He's hard as nails! Why . . . there wasn't a guard in Leavenwort dat wasn't scared to death of Gyp!

**Campos:** (*Chuckles*) That sounds like Gyp, all right. . . . Say, what did you say your name was?

**Cranston:** Lefty . . . Lefty Lamont.



**Campos:** Who's the dame?

**Cranston:** Dis is my gal. She come all the way to Europe wid me.

**Margot:** Hi, Nick. . . .

**Campos:** So Gyp sent you to see me, huh?

**Cranston:** Dat's right.

**Campos:** What were you doing in Leavenworth? What was the rap?

**Cranston:** Counterfeitin'.

**Campos:** (*Chuckles*) Gyp was *right*. . . . I *can* use you.  
*Music (bridge and out for . . . )*

*Sound (phone rings, phone lifted off cradle)*

**Xanados:** Hello. . . .

**Cranston:** (*Filter*) Colonel Xanados?

**Xanados:** Speaking.

**Cranston:** (*Filter*) This is Cranston—Lamont Cranston.

**Xanados:** Yes, Mr. Cranston?

**Cranston:** (*Filter*) Well . . . so far, so good, Colonel. Miss Lane and I have worked our way into Campos's gang.

**Xanados:** Excellent!

**Cranston:** (*Filter*) There's one thing that worries me. . . . Campos is no fool. He'll undoubtedly write to Gyp Massi to check on me.

**Xanados:** Don't worry. We'll intercept any such letter. . . .

**Cranston:** (*Filter*) Good! . . . Well, that's all. . . . Oh! One other thing! Miss Lane and I have checked out of our old hotel. We're now at the Hotel Metropole. If you should want to contact me, I'm registered under the name of Lamont.

**Xanados:** (*Repeats*) Hotel Metropole. . . . Lamont. . . .

**Cranston:** (*Filter*) Well, that's it, Colonel. . . . Good-by.

**Xanados:** Good-by, Cranston. . . . And be careful! . . . Be very, *very* careful!

*Music (bridge and out)*

**Pete:** I don't like it, Campos! I just don't trust that Lamont character!

**Campos:** (*Dryly*) I know. . . . For the last two days, that's all you tell me. . . .

**Pete:** There's something *about* that guy . . . about his girl, too. . . .

**Campos:** Ah-h! You are too suspicious, Pete! Everything and everybody you suspect!



**Pete:** I don't swallow that cock-and-bull story he . . .

**Campos:** (*Cuts in*) Listen, why do you keep on kickin' up all this fuss? . . . I told you—I'm not trustin' Lefty with nothin' confidential—not until I get an O.K. on him from Massi. . . . So what've you got to worry about, huh?

**Pete:** I don't trust that guy, that's all. . . .

**Campos:** (*Irritated*) All right! All *right!* . . . We've wasted enough time over this. Let's get down to business. . . . The trucks . . . they are ready for tonight?

**Pete:** Yes.

**Campos:** And the counterfeit currency?

**Pete:** Packed, sealed, and ready for delivery.

**Campos:** This'll be the biggest delivery yet. . . . By tomorrow morning the currency of Greece . . . it will not be worth a plugged nickel.

*Sound (door opened)*

**Cranston:** Hi, Nick.

**Campos:** (*Friendly*) Hello, Lefty.

**Cranston:** Hey! I ain't interruptin' somethin', am I?

**Campos:** No . . . no. . . . Come on in.

**Cranston:** If you got the time, Nick, I'd like to talk to you about somethin'. . . .

**Campos:** Sure. Shoot.

**Cranston:** Well . . . it's like dis, Nick. I been settin' around dis office now for two days, doin' nothin' . . . just nothin' at all! When do I get to work? Dat's what I wanna know. A guy like me . . . I like action!

**Campos:** I'll put you to work soon enough, Lefty . . . just another week or two. . . .

**Cranston:** Anudder *week* or two! I'll go nuts before dat!

**Pete:** Why are you so anxious to get to work, Lamont?

**Cranston:** Huh? . . .

**Pete:** You wouldn't be interested in finding out our secrets, would you?

**Cranston:** What?!

**Pete:** Do you know what I think about you, Lamont? I think you're an American agent!

**Cranston:** (*Pretending rage*) Why, you lousy little crum-bum! Who d'ya tink you're talkin' to? (*Grabs Pete*) Huh? . . . Just who d'ya tink you're talkin' to?!

**Pete:** (*Struggling*) Leggo! . . . Leggo!

**Campos:** (*Interfering*) Lefty!



**Cranston:** I'll stick my fist down dat lyin' throat of yours!

**Campos:** Take it easy, Lefty! . . . (*Restrains him*) Take it easy! All right. . . . All right, now, Lefty! Calm down!

**Cranston:** He can't talk to me like dat! I'll take him apart!

**Campos:** (*Soothingly*) Easy, Lefty, *easy*. . . . Pete didn't mean nothin' by that crack. He's just a suspicious guy—that's all. He don't trust nobody.

**Cranston:** If he opens up his mouth again . . .

**Campos:** (*Cuts in*) Easy, boy, *easy*. . . . (*With a sad chuckle*) You know, Lefty, you warm a guy's heart. For a second there . . . watchin' you, I thought I was back in Chicago. (*With a sigh*) Ah-h! . . . Those good old days!

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

*Sound (murmurs of conversation in hotel lobby)*

**Voice:** Any mail for me?

**Cranston:** Can I have my room key, please?

**Clerk:** Of course. . . . Oh, by the way, Mr. Lamont, your friend—the young lady—she left a message for you. . . .

**Cranston:** (*Stiffening*) Ain't she in?

**Clerk:** No, sir. She went out some time ago.

**Cranston:** (*Quickly, disturbed*) Where'd she go? Did she say?

**Clerk:** No, sir. . . . Here's your key . . . and your message.

**Cranston:** Tank you. . . .

*Sound (several footsteps, envelope torn open)*

*(phone rings off mike)*

**Cranston:** (*Reading aloud to himself*) "Lamont—Sorry, but I just couldn't sit around twiddling my thumbs. Went out to do a little window-shopping. Be back soon. Margot." . . . (*Angrily*) Of all the foolish . . . (*Breaks off as . . .*)

**Clerk:** (*Off mike, calling*) Oh . . . Mr. Lamont!

**Cranston:** Yeah?

**Clerk:** Phone call for you. . . .

**Cranston:** Oh. . . . (*Sound of footsteps*) Tanks. . . . (*Into phone*) Hello. . . .

**Margot:** (*Filter*) It's me, Lamont . . . Margot. . . .

**Cranston:** (*Softly, angrily*) Why did you leave the hotel, Margot? I thought I gave you express orders to stay put until I got back!

**Margot:** (*Filter*) I know, Lamont, but . . .

**Cranston:** (*Cuts in*) There's no excuse for what you've



done! This is no children's game we're playing! One false move here, one slip . . .

**Margot:** (*Filter*) (*Cuts in urgently*) Lamont . . . this is no time for recriminations! . . . Lamont, listen! . . . I'm outside the building where Campos's office is. I just saw Campos and Pete come out. That means the office must be empty. . . . I'm going up there, Lamont.

**Cranston:** No, Margot! . . . Don't!

**Margot:** (*Filter*) Lamont, every second counts if we're to save Larry. . . .

**Cranston:** Margot, please! . . . Listen to me! . . .

**Margot:** (*Filter*) I'm going up there, Lamont! Good-by! . . .

*Sound (filter sound of phone connection broken)*

*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:** Margot Lane, who has gone up to Nick Campos's office, finds the door open. She goes inside. . . . And she is now looking around the room, muttering to herself. . . .

**Margot:** Let's start with the desk. . . .

*Sound (several footsteps, drawer pulled open)*

**Margot:** What's he got here? . . .

*Sound (rustling of papers)*

**Margot:** . . . Nothing . . . just a lot of papers. . . . Let's take a look at the next drawer. . . .

*Sound (drawer pulled open) (off mike, footsteps approach)*

**Margot:** Oh—oh, someone's coming down the hall. . . .

*Sound (drawers closed, office door opened)*

**Margot:** (*Breezily*) Hi, Nick!

**Pete:** What did I tell you, Campos! I *told* you I saw her sneak into the building!

**Margot:** Huh?

**Campos:** What are you doing here, Margot?

**Margot:** (*Playing a part well*) Why—why, nothin', Nick. . . . I lost a glove, and I thought maybe I left it up here. I—I hope I didn't do nothin' bad by comin' up here and . . .



**Pete:** (*Cuts in*) You're a liar! You came up here to spy!  
You *know* you did!

**Margot:** (*Pretending shock and amazement*) What?! . . .  
You're crazy!

**Pete:** You and Lamont are American agents!

**Margot:** Nick, what's this dumb bunny talkin' about? What's  
he mean by that crack about me and Lefty? . . .

**Pete:** Let me look in your purse!

**Margot:** Hey! Take your hands off my purse!

**Campos:** Let him look, Margot. . . .

**Margot:** Nick, *you* don't think I'm . . .

**Campos:** (*Cuts in good-naturedly*) No . . . no, Margot. I  
do not think you are an American spy. But my friend  
here—he gives me headaches with his suspicions. Let  
him look and satisfy himself. . . .

**Margot:** All right . . . if *you* say so, Nick. . . . (*Toughly*)  
Here you are, monkey-face!

*Sound (rummaging through purse)*

**Campos:** Well, Pete?

**Pete:** (*Sharply*) What's this?

**Margot:** What's *what*?

**Pete:** This telephone number. . . .

**Margot:** Oh, that? . . . It's the number of my beauty  
parlor.

**Pete:** You're a liar!

**Margot:** Now, listen, you . . .

**Campos:** (*Cuts in*) Here . . . let me have it, Pete. . . .

*Sound (rustle of paper)*

**Campos:** We can settle this in a hurry. All we have to do is  
call this number.

*Sound (a few footsteps)*

**Campos:** After I make this call, Pete, I do not want to hear  
no more outa you about Lefty and Margot bein' spies.

**Pete:** Make the call first. . . .

**Campos:** O.K. . . .

*Sound (phone off cradle, dialing . . . filter sound of  
phone ringing . . . click of connection)*

**Xanados:** (*Filter*) Hello . . . (*Slight pause*) hello . . .  
hello?

*Sound (phone returned to cradle)*

**Campos:** (*Grimly*) Xanados! I'd recognize that voice  
anywhere!



**Pete:** (*Hissing*) Xanados?

*Sound (fleeing footsteps)*

**Campos:** Grab her, Pete!

*Sound (more running)*

**Pete:** Come back here, you!

*Sound (scuffling)*

**Margot:** (*Struggling*) Let go of me! Let go!

**Campos:** (*Enraged*) So you play games with me, huh, Margot? . . . You and Lamont—you make fool of me, huh? . . . I show you what it is to make fool of Nick Campos!

*Sound (slap on face)*

**Margot:** Oh! . . .

**Campos:** (*Savagely*) How you like that, huh, Margot?! How you like this?!

*Sound (slap on face)*

**Margot:** (*Wincing*) Oh! . . .

**Pete:** Why waste time and strength on her, Campos? Let's hand her over to Hohlmayer. He'll know how to take care of her!

**Campos:** Yes . . . yes, you're right. . . . Hohlmayer—he will know better than me what to do with her! But I will watch while he works on her! (*To Margot*) Come, my dear little spy! You have an appointment to keep . . . with the Master of Torture!

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

*Sound (moans)*

**Hohlmayer:** You are a brave man, Captain Davis. But you are also, unfortunately, a very stupid man. Why do you insist on refusing to sign this confession? . . .

**Davis:** No. . . .

**Hohlmayer:** You still refuse?

**Davis:** Yes. . . .

**Hohlmayer:** Very well, then. I shall not ask you again. . . .  
(*Pauses briefly*) The moment has come, Captain.

**Davis:** (*Whispering*) What do you mean? . . . (*Pauses*)  
Well, go ahead. . . .

**Hohlmayer:** You are not afraid?

**Davis:** (*Whispering*) Of course I am.

**Hohlmayer:** Wouldn't you like to beg me . . . to implore me not to do it?

**Davis:** No.



**Hohlmayer:** If you were to beg me, I might not do it.

**Davis:** You're a liar.

**Hohlmayer:** (*Laughs*) You're truly a brave man, Captain. Believe me, it has actually been a pleasure to work on you! Well, we shall now proceed. (*Pauses*) Are you ready, Captain? (*With rising excitement*) Now, this . . .  
(*Breaks off as . . .*)

*Sound (knock on door)*

**Hohlmayer:** What's that?

*Sound (knock on door)*

**Hohlmayer:** (*Calls*) Who is it?

**Campos:** (*Off mike*) It's me—Campos!

**Hohlmayer:** You've won a moment's respite, Captain. Make the most of it.

*Sound (footsteps . . . door opened)*

**Campos:** We have brought you another American agent, Hohlmayer.

**Hohlmayer:** Ah! . . .

**Pete:** Get in, you!

*Sound (door closed)*

**Margot:** Let go of me! Let go!

**Hohlmayer:** She's a fighter, huh?

**Margot:** Where's Larry Davis? What have you done with him?

**Hohlmayer:** He is here.

**Margot:** Where?

**Hohlmayer:** Over there . . . behind the partition. . . .

*Sound (swift footsteps)*

**Margot:** Larry! . . . (*A few more footsteps*) Larry . . . oh, Larry.

**Davis:** (*Whispering*) Margot. . . .

**Hohlmayer:** He is a brave man, your friend. . . .

**Margot:** (*In wild fury*) You fiend! You monster! . . . What have you been doing to him? . . . (*Strikes Hohlmayer*) I'll show you! . . . I'll show you!

**Campos:** Get her, Pete!

**Pete:** (*Grabs Margot*) You little wildcat! (*Scuffle ensues*)

**Margot:** (*Struggles and pulls away*) I'll show you!

**Hohlmayer:** (*Admiringly*) What fire! . . . What spirit! . . .

**Margot:** (*Straining*) Let go of me! Let go!

**Campos:** Hohlmayer . . . I want you to torture her now . . . while I'm here. . . .



**Hohlmayer:** A personal matter, Campos?

**Campos:** Yes! A *very* personal matter!

**Hohlmayer:** I always respect the wishes of a colleague. . . .  
Do you have any preference?

**Campos:** The worst you can think of!

**Hohlmayer:** I see. . . . All right . . . have your man tie her to  
that post.

**Pete:** Come on, you!

*Sound (scuffle)*

**Margot:** (*Struggling*) No! . . . No! . . .

**Hohlmayer:** (*Admiringly*) How she fights! . . .

**Pete:** (*Panting*) Where's some rope?

**Hohlmayer:** Right behind you.

**Campos:** I'll help you, Pete. . . .

**Hohlmayer:** Let her arms be free! Do not tie them!

*Sound (rope being tied . . . Margot struggling)*

**Pete:** There! That'll take care of you, sister!

**Campos:** O.K. . . . She's all yours, Hohlmayer!

*Sound (slow footsteps approaching)*

**Hohlmayer:** Well, we shall first proceed by taking hold of  
her arm like this. . . . (*Gradually raising his voice*)

Then we'll give a strong, upward . . . (*Breaks off as . . .*)

**Shadow:** (*Laughs*)

**Hohlmayer:** What was that?

**Campos:** I don't know. Someone laughed.

**Pete:** Who was it? Who's here?

**Shadow:** It is the Shadow. . . . (*Laughs*)

**Campos:** I don't see anyone.

**Shadow:** Of course you don't. No one sees the  
Shadow! . . . But the Shadow sees all!

**Hohlmayer:** Who are you, Shadow?

**Shadow:** I am the enemy of all that is rotten and vile and  
wicked. . . . I am your enemy, Hohlmayer! . . . and yours,  
Campos! . . . and yours, Pete! . . . You shall pay for your  
crimes! . . . I—the Shadow—will see to that!

**Hohlmayer:** Draw your gun, Campos!

**Campos:** Yes. . . .

**Shadow:** And what are you planning to do with your gun,  
Campos?

**Hohlmayer:** Shoot, Campos! Shoot where you hear the  
sound of his voice!

*Sound (two rapid shots . . . Shadow laughs)*



**Shadow:** Try again, Campos!

*Sound (two more shots . . . Shadow laughs)*

**Shadow:** Fools! Do you not understand? You cannot shoot the Shadow! You are doomed, Hohlmayer! And you too, Campos! You cannot escape my vengeance!

**Hohlmayer:** *(In a low voice)* I'm getting out of here.

*Sound (running footsteps)*

**Shadow:** No, you *don't*!

**Hohlmayer:** My arm! . . . *(Screams in pain)*

**Shadow:** How does it feel, Master of Torture?

*Sound (door opened)*

**Xanados:** Up with your hands!

**Campos:** Xanados!

**Xanados:** The place is surrounded! I warn you . . . do not put up any fight!

**Campos:** *(Brokenly)* All right. . . . All right. . . .

**Xanados:** Take them in, men. . . .

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

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

*(Pause for commercial)*

**Announcer:** Now back to the Shadow.

*Music (up and out)*

**Announcer:** And now Margot Lane and Lamont Cranston are leaving the hospital where, earlier tonight, they had brought their friend Larry Davis. As they walk down the steps to the street, Cranston says . . .

*Sound (footsteps under the following)*

**Cranston:** Larry will be all right, Margot. . . . You heard what the doctors said. . . .

**Margot:** What he must have gone through! . . .

**Cranston:** Better not think about it, Margot.

*Sound (brief pause in which only footsteps are heard)*

**Margot:** Lamont. . . .

**Cranston:** Yes, Margot?

**Margot:** How did you know where to find me?

**Cranston:** Oh . . . it was simple. . . . When you called me at the hotel and told me you were going up to Campos's office . . . well, I came on the run. I arrived just in time to see Campos and Pete drag you out to their car. I guessed immediately what had happened. I had a hunch they



would take you to Hohlmayer's. . . . So I just trailed along.

**Margot:** And Xanados . . . how did he find out?

**Cranston:** Well, after I saw them unload you at Hohlmayer's hideout, I ran off in search of a phone to call Xanados.

After I made the call, I came running back to you. . . .

**Margot:** I see. . . . (*Pauses briefly*) Hohlmayer and Campos and Pete—how I want them to pay!

**Cranston:** Oh, they'll pay, all right. Don't worry about that.

In a few weeks they'll be writhing at the end of a rope . . . all three of them. . . .

**Margot:** How could they do such things? . . . to torture and kill their fellow human beings! . . . What makes these men tick, Lamont? Why do they do the things they do?

**Cranston:** I don't know, Margot. But there have always been such men—men who know hate instead of love . . . villainy instead of goodness . . . war instead of peace. . . . Yes, there have always been such men, Margot. And there always will be. . . . All *we* can do is to maintain an eternal vigilance. . . . If we ever let our guard down . . . well, *then* . . . may the good Lord help us!

*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