

## **The Shadow – The Vision of Death**

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

Lamont Cranston (*the Shadow*)

Margot Lane

Susan Randolph (*22 years old, youngest heir to the Randolph fortune*)

Edward Randolph (*Susan's 50-year-old uncle, administrator of the Randolph estate*)

Victoria Randolph (*Susan's grandmother, wealthy matriarch*)

Luther Webb (*gardener and caretaker at Randolph Hall*)

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 Vision of Death,” is a strange tale of death in a house of hate. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

**(Pause for commercial)**

Announcer:        And now the Shadow and “The Vision of Death.”

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

Announcer:        There are those who believe that it is given to some to see and foretell the future. But the gift of prophecy can be a two-edged sword – deadly for the one who possesses it and for those who believe his predictions. Such was the case at Randolph Hall, where the heirs to the Randolph fortune awaited the will of the dead and the dying! . . . As our drama begins, Susan Randolph, youngest of the heirs, is summoning Luther Webb, the caretaker. . . .

Susan: *(Calls nervously)* Luther! Luther!

**Sound** *(heavy footsteps on gravel come on)*

Luther: *(Comes on)* Yes, Miss Susan?

Susan: Please cut me some flowers for Grandmother's room.

Luther: You should not leave her alone, Miss Susan.

Susan: She is not alone, Luther. Uncle Edward is with her.

Luther: You should not leave her alone with your uncle.

Susan: Why not?

Luther: Your Grandmother Victoria hates your Uncle Edward.

Susan: I know. But he is one of the administrators of Grandfather's estate.

Luther: *(Darkly)* Soon he will have to account to no one.

Susan: *(Nervous and irritated)* Luther! How do you know so much about everyone . . . and everything that's going to happen?

Luther: Don't ask me *how* I know, Miss Susan. I just know!

Susan: You knew Grandfather was going to be killed in that auto accident on the cliff road last year. How?

Luther: I saw it happen in a dream.

Susan: And you knew my brother was going to die!

Luther: I had a vision.

Susan: And you think Grandmother Victoria is going to die . . . soon?

Luther: Very soon.

Susan: But she isn't really ill or terribly old! Her heart is weak, but I'm taking good care that she isn't excited . . . doesn't overexert herself.

Luther: But you cannot be with her all the time.

Susan: Well . . . get me some flowers and let me get back to her. . . .

Luther: Last night all the roses in the hothouse died.

Susan: *(Nervous)* Well, get something else . . . anything. She loves flowers.

Luther: There is nothing in bloom. . . . Nothing will bloom in this place – so filled with hate!

Susan: *(Angrily)* Stop talking nonsense, Luther! If there are no flowers, it's your fault! Drive down to the village and buy some.

Luther: Your uncle won't let me.

Susan: I'll give you the money.

Luther: *(Darkly)* Save your money, Miss Susan. You will get nothing from the estate.

Susan: That isn't why I'm here – why I'm looking after my grandmother!

Luther: I know. . . . You are the only one, so be careful, Miss Susan. And warn your *friends* to be careful.

Susan: *(Startled)* What friends?

**Sound** *(distant rumble of thunder)*

Luther: *(Evasive)* A storm is coming.

Susan: *(Angry)* Don't change the subject, Luther! What friends should I warn?

Luther: The man called Cranston that you have asked to come here. . . .

Susan: *(Angry)* Luther! Don't tell me you know *that* from a dream or a vision! You've been listening on the gatehouse extension again!

Luther: Yes. I was going to phone the vet about your grandmother's dog, and I could not help hearing you beg this man Cranston to come quickly.

Susan: What's the matter with Grandmother's dog?

Luther: Don't tell her, but this morning it died.

Susan: How? . . . Why?

Luther: Someone poisoned it!

Susan: *(Shocked)* Poisoned!

**Sound** *(roll of thunder, off mike)*

Luther: The storm is coming closer. It will be a bad night on the mountain.

Susan: Never mind the storm! Who poisoned Grandmother's dog?

Luther: I don't know. It may have been an accident. Your uncle ordered me to put rat poison in the stables.

Susan: But you know better than to put it where Shep could get it.

Luther: (*Darkly*) Yes, Miss Susan. But some of the poison is missing, and it did not take all of it to kill the dog.

Susan: (*Angry*) Thanks for the warning, Luther. I'll make sure Lamont Cranston and Miss Lane don't get any of it.

Luther: (*Startled*) A woman is coming with Mr. Cranston?

Susan: Yes. Why?

Luther: Then *she* must be the strange woman I saw in my dream.

Susan: What about her? What's supposed to happen to her?

Luther: (*Vague and hesitant*) There was an accident . . . in a car . . . on the road. . . .

Susan: What happened?

**Sound** (*roll of thunder*)

Luther: (*Quickly*) I don't know. I was awakened suddenly by something . . . a cry in the night, I think. I am not sure. I must go now if I'm to get the flowers from the village before (*Goes*) the storm breaks.

Susan: (*Calls after him*) Wait, Luther! . . . Wait!

**Sound** (*heavier roll of thunder*)

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

**Sound** (*car up and fade for . . .*)

(*muffled roll of thunder over drone of car*)

Margot: I hope we get up to Randolph Hall before this storm breaks, Lamont.

Cranston: We should, Margot. Susan said it's only a couple of miles from the village.

Margot: But the last mile is a hairpin road almost straight up the side of the mountain.

Cranston: Looks like we're coming to the hairpin. Now we'll see how much life there's left in the old bus.

Margot: Be careful there's some life left in *us*. This road is pretty narrow . . . hardly room to pass another car if we should meet one coming down.

Cranston: Don't let Susan Randolph's story of premonitions get you looking into the mirror of the future, Margot.

Margot: Forewarned is forearmed, Lamont.

Cranston: Not always.

Margot: Don't tell me you've become a fatalist and believe "What is to be will be."

Cranston: About some things, yes!

**Sound** (*roll of thunder*)

Margot: It's starting to rain.

Cranston: That's one of the things we can't do much about . . . except drive carefully and turn on the windshield wipers.

**Sound** (*car slows for upgrade pull*)

Margot: What can we do for Susan Randolph?

Cranston: Relieve her mind that there was nothing sinister or unnatural about her grandfather's death, I hope.

Margot: What makes her think his death *wasn't* an accident . . . (*Uneasy*) on this very road?

Cranston: Something about an old caretaker who seems to have the gift of prophecy and foresaw the crash *before* it happened.

Margot: What actually caused the car to plunge off the cliff road?

Cranston: (*Grimly*) It fell two hundred feet. There wasn't enough left to determine the cause.

Margot: Was old Mr. Randolph alone?

Cranston: Yes. . . . Luther, the visionary caretaker, refused to go with him to the village . . . *after* his dream.

Margot: Sometimes I can make myself dream of things I *want* to happen, Lamont.

Cranston: Yes, Margot, and I want to ask Luther about that.

Margot: (*Uneasy*) This really is a narrow, crooked road!

**Sound**           *(car slows and changes gear for hairpin turn)*

Cranston:       *(Chuckles)* Relax, Margot. On this leg of the climb we're on the *inside* of the road!

Margot:          *(Cries out)* Lamont! Something is coming down . . . fast!

Cranston:       Good grief, yes. . . .

Margot:          It's a truck!

Cranston:       *(Fast)* Hold on, Margot. I'm going to climb the inside bank!

**Sound**           *(motor gunned suddenly, brakes squeal slightly off mike, then fenders scrape and motor cut)*

Margot:          *(Gasps)* Lamont! You missed your calling!

Cranston:       That truck missed us . . . except for a coat of paint!

Margot:          The truck has stopped. The driver is getting out!

Cranston:       *(Grimly)* Yes! Stay in the car, Margot. It looks like it might be the Randolphs' caretaker.

Margot:          He should pay more attention to his driving on a road like this.

Cranston:       *(Grimly)* Yes . . . and I'd like to know if he had any dreams or premonitions of this "accident"!

**Sound**           *(car door opened, crash of thunder)*

**Music**           *(theme)*

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

*(Pause for commercial)*

Announcer:     Now back to the Shadow.

**Music**           *(up and out)*

Announcer:     En route to investigate one mysterious death, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane narrowly miss the same fate on the same mountain road leading to the mansion of the Randolphs. And Cranston gets out of his car to challenge a reckless driver! . . .

**Sound**           *(roll of thunder, patter of rain)*

Luther:          *(Comes on)* Hey! Are you all right, mister?

Cranston: Yes, except for a scraped fender. But no thanks to you!

Luther: This is a private road!

Cranston: And we're here by invitation.

Luther: Then you must be that Cranston fella.

Cranston: And you must be Luther Webb, caretaker of Randolph Hall.

Luther: I be!

Cranston: Why the big hurry down this steep twisting road?

Luther: Gotta get flowers for Miss Susan's grandma before the storm gets worse!

Cranston: Flowers! Is Victoria Randolph dead?

Luther: Not yet, but it won't be long now.

Cranston: Another of your visions?

Luther: (*Angrily*) Don't you make fun of me, mister! I had a dream about you and your lady friend, Miss Lane, too!

Cranston: (*Sharply*) And what happened in *that* dream?

Luther: I didn't get to the end of it! Something woke me up. Something didn't let me finish it.

Cranston: Well, I suggest you do your dreaming when you're not driving a car, because if we had been on the other leg of this hairpin road, we'd have been on the outside, and your truck would have knocked us over the embankment.

Luther: (*Indignantly*) Are you sayin' I done it deliberate, mister?

Cranston: (*Coldly*) Isn't that the way Victoria Randolph's husband died?

Luther: (*Angrily*) 'Twas *not!* His brakes didn't hold. He couldn't make the hairpin turn, and he crashed over the cliff!

Cranston: (*Fast*) I understand the police couldn't tell from the wreck *what* caused the crash!

Luther: They couldn't!

Cranston: Then how do you know the brakes failed?

Luther: I saw it happen in my dream!

Cranston: Before or after it happened?

Luther: Before! And I warned him. But he laughed at me! Just like you're laughin' at me now! Like everybody laughs at me. But I ain't got time to argue with you! . . .  
(*Goes to truck, shouting*) You wait and see! You just wait and see!

**Sound** (*truck motor starts and goes away fast behind the following*)

Margot: (*Slightly off mike*) Lamont! Get back in the car . . . out of the rain!

**Sound** (*car door opens and closes*)

Cranston: Did you hear what he had to say?

Margot: He sounded mad as a hatter!

Cranston: I'm not so sure of that, but he certainly has a persecution complex.

Margot: If he's a sample of the others at Randolph Hall, I don't wonder Susan Randolph is frightened.

Cranston: (*Grimly*) Yes! So let's get up there and see if this business is based on fantasy or fact!

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

**Sound** (*sharp crack of thunder*)

Victoria: (*Calls*) Susan! Susan! Come here!

Susan: (*Comes on*) I'm right here, Grandmother.

Victoria: Don't leave me! Don't leave this room!

Susan: (*Soothingly*) I won't. Does the storm make you nervous?

Victoria: (*Sharply*) Ha! I've weathered a thousand storms! I'm not afraid of the elements.

Susan: Then what's making you so nervous – so restless?

Victoria: Edward! That sniveling nephew of mine! That sanctimonious uncle of yours!

Susan: What did he do to upset you while I was down in the garden talking to Luther?

Victoria: Just sat here like a vulture waiting for me to die so he can pick my bones! And that Luther! There's another one that can't wait till I'm dead!

Susan: (*Surprised*) Why should Luther want you to die? He isn't one of the family.



Victoria: Because your grandfather left him twenty thousand dollars, but he doesn't get it until I die. *None* of you gets anything until I die!

Susan: I don't care about the money, Grandmother. And I don't see why Luther should care. He's as old as you are!

Victoria: Susan, my child! You're a liar or a fool. As for Luther, the older some of us get, the greedier we get.

**Sound** (*sharp knock on door, back from mike*)

Victoria: (*Drops voice*) Susan! If that's Edward, don't leave me alone with him!

Edward: (*Back from mike, muffled call*) Susan!

**Sound** (*rattle of doorknob*)

Edward: (*Muffled call*) Susan! . . . Stop locking this door! Unlock it and let me in!

Victoria: Let him in.

**Sound** (*quick light footsteps to door, door unlocked and opened behind the following*)

Susan: Just a minute, Uncle Edward! I'm sorry, but Grandmother wants the door kept locked.

Edward: (*Comes on*) Stop humoring her! . . . Aunt Victoria, why must you imagine everyone hates you?

Victoria: Because this has become a house of hate. . . . Everyone hates everyone else, except Susan, and I'm not even sure of her!

Edward: And well you may be suspicious of her!

Victoria: Why should I be?

Edward: Did she tell you she invited a couple of strangers to come here and ask questions . . . pry into Uncle Harry's death?

Susan: (*Startled*) How do you know that?!

Edward: You seem to forget there are phone extensions in this mausoleum! Besides, your friend Cranston and Miss Lane are down in the library . . . waiting to start asking questions.

Victoria: (*Angry and suspicious*) Susan! Have you dared ask anyone to this house to question me?!

Susan: No, Grandmother . . . only to . . .

Victoria: (*Cuts in, excited*) To examine me! Have me declared senile . . . incompetent . . . insane!

Susan: No. . . . Only because I'm afraid. . . .

Victoria: (*In a rage*) Afraid I won't die soon enough!

Susan: That isn't true!

Victoria: Get out! Go down and get those people out of my house!

Susan: But, Grandmother! You asked me not to . . .

Victoria: (*Cuts in, gasping from exertion and excitement*) Never mind what I said! You're as bad as the rest! Get out! Get those people out of my house!

Edward: (*Pleased*) You heard your grandmother.

Susan: Grandmother! Won't you please see them? . . . talk to them for just a moment?

Victoria: (*Chokes*) No! Get them out!

Susan: Please, Grandmother . . . your heart!

Victoria: My heart will outlast the lot of you! Get out!

Susan: Then let me give you your medicine before I go.

Victoria: No! I don't trust you!

Susan: (*Goes to door*) I'm sorry, Grandmother . . . so sorry.

**Sound** (*door opens, back from mike*)

Edward: (*Calls to her*) Don't worry, Susan my dear. I'll give your grandmother her medicine. And tell Cranston and Miss Lane to be very careful going down the cliff road in this storm!

**Sound** (*roll of thunder into . . .*)

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

**Sound** (*roll of thunder repeated*)

Margot: (*Uneasy*) What do you make of Uncle Edward, Lamont?

Cranston: He reminds me of something that might have crawled out from under a wet rock, Margot.

Margot: Ugh! I agree! And, speaking of wet rocks, I'd hate to have to drive back down that road tonight . . . even without meeting the prophetic Luther.

Cranston: I think I heard Luther's truck come back up the road a few minutes ago.

Margot: Good! . . . because from Uncle Edward's attitude, I don't think we're going to be asked to spend the night if he has anything to say about it.

Cranston: I gather the grandmother still has the final say in this house.

**Sound** *(quick footsteps coming on)*

Margot: I still don't understand why . . . *(Breaks off and exclaims)* Susan!

Susan: *(Comes on, sobbing and frightened)* Oh, Margot! I'm so sorry. I'm such a fool. I shouldn't have asked Mr. Cranston to come here!

Cranston: What's wrong, Susan?

Susan: Grandmother thinks you've come to question her . . . have her declared incompetent . . . insane!

Cranston: Who put *that* idea in her head?

Susan: Uncle Edward came up . . . said that you had come to ask questions . . . *(On verge of hysteria)* that I had asked you to come. She got so excited she forgot she'd just begged me not to leave her alone with Uncle Edward! Told me to get out . . . to tell you to get out of her house!

Margot: *(Firmly)* Well, if we go, you're coming with us, Susan. You look utterly exhausted.

Susan: I . . . I haven't really slept for days. I've been with Grandmother all the time because I love her. *(Sobs)* But now she doesn't trust me . . . thinks I want her to die . . . like Edward and Luther.

Cranston: What's Luther's stake in your grandmother's death?

Susan: He gets twenty thousand dollars that Grandfather willed him when Grandmother dies.

Margot: Huh! No wonder he has dreams . . . and visions!

Susan: *(Surprised)* Have you met Luther?

Cranston: *(Ruefully)* We met him on the cliff road . . . almost head-on!

Susan: He knew you were coming!

Margot: Did you tell him?

Susan: No! He heard me talking to you . . . on the gatehouse extension . . . and Uncle Edward must have been listening on this library phone.

Cranston: Just a couple of eavesdroppers.

Susan: I'm sorry I made you take the trip for nothing . . . sorry I can't ask you to stay.

Cranston: I'm sorry, Miss Randolph . . . but I seem to have misplaced my book of etiquette, and what with that dangerous cliff road, I think we'll risk your grandmother's wrath and stay until the storm passes.

Susan: Oh! If you only would! . . .

Edward: *(Off mike, shouting)* Aunt Victoria! Come back! Don't try to go down those stairs! Wait! Come back!

**Sound** *(thud of body crashing down stairs)*

Susan: *(Screams)* Grandmother!

**Music** *(theme)*

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

*(Pause for commercial)*

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow!

**Music** *(up and out)*

Announcer: Called to the isolated mansion of Victoria Randolph – a wealthy old matriarch – by her frightened granddaughter, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane arrive in time to witness the fulfillment of a strange vision of death. . . .

Margot: *(Fearfully)* Is she dead, Lamont?

Cranston: *(Pause)* Yes, Margot.

Edward: Of course she's dead! And it's all your fault, Susan!

Susan: *(Sobs)* Oh . . . poor Grandmother! Can't we do something . . . carry her back upstairs? . . .

Edward: *(Quickly)* Of course. . . .

Cranston: *(Grimly)* Just a minute, Mr. Randolph. I don't think you'd better move the body until the police arrive.

Edward: (*In a rage*) The police! Why should the police be called? She fell down the stairs . . . rushing down to order you and Miss Lane out of her house!

Cranston: I don't think she fell!

Edward: How can you think anything, Mr. Cranston! You didn't see her stumble and fall. You were in the library! I saw it! I called to her . . . tried to stop her! You must have heard me calling to her!

Cranston: Yes! You shouted loud enough for *us* to hear you. But I don't think *she* heard you.

Edward: What do you mean by that, Cranston?

Cranston: I think she was dead *before* she plunged down those stairs.

Edward: (*In a rage*) Are you accusing me of murder!

Cranston: (*Coldly*) The condition of the body accuses you of at least lying and faking an accident, Randolph!

Edward: How can you say that?!

Cranston: Only a limp, unconscious, or dead body could fall down that flight of stairs without breaking any bones.

Edward: (*Quickly*) Then *that's* it! Her heart! . . . I remember now! She swayed . . . grasped the railing . . . fainted or died *before* she fell!

Cranston: (*Coldly*) The medical examiner will determine that.

Edward: No! I will call our family physician!

Luther: (*Slightly off mike*) You won't call nobody this night, Edward Randolph!

Edward: Luther! What are you doing here in the house?

Luther: (*Sullenly*) I've had the run of this house for forty years.

Edward: You won't have it after tonight!

Luther: Maybe *you* won't either!

Cranston: Why can't Randolph call the family physician?

Luther: 'Cause the storm's knocked down the phone line, and nobody can call anybody till it's fixed!

Edward: Then you'll drive to the village and get the doctor.

Cranston: And the police.

Luther: (*Sharply*) Go yourself, mister. The old woman's dead and nobody gives me orders to do *anything* . . . (*Goes*) *anymore!*

**Sound** (*door opens, crack of thunder*)

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

**Sound** (*another crack of thunder and fade for . . .* )

Susan: (*Sobs*) Poor Grandmother. . . .

Edward: It's your fault, Susan. You deliberately upset her by bringing strangers here! You caused the heart attack . . . killed her!

Susan: (*Stunned*) No . . . No. . . .

Edward: Yes! So get out of this house! I am master here now! Get out and take Cranston and Miss Lane with you!

Cranston: (*Quickly*) That's a good idea, Randolph. Come on, Margot. Get a coat and pack an overnight bag, Susan.

Susan: (*Numb*) All right. . . . But must we leave Grandmother lying there like that?

Cranston: Yes. . . . Hurry.

Susan: (*Goes*) All right. . . . I'll get my things.

Edward: (*Goes*) I'll go with you . . . make sure you don't steal Aunt Victoria's jewelry!

**Sound** (*footsteps go off*)

Margot: (*Disgusted*) Edward really must have crawled out from under a wet rock!

Cranston: (*Quickly*) Better go up with her, Margot. I don't trust him. I'll go bring the car up to the front entrance.

Margot: Better make sure it hasn't been tampered with. I'd hate to go down that cliff road without any brakes.

Cranston: I'll check it carefully, but I want you to go down in low gear and be very careful.

Margot: Aren't you going with us?

Cranston: No. Edward is much too anxious to get rid of us. I think he has some unfinished business, and I want to be around when he settles it.

Margot: What kind of unfinished business?

Cranston: From the way Edward and Luther snapped at each other, there's no love lost between them . . . and the old lady's death should bring it to a head . . . tonight.

Margot: Is the Shadow going to take a hand?

Cranston: Yes. I think Luther with his dreams and visions will be in a receptive frame of mind to talk to the Shadow

Margot: If you can find him.

Cranston: He seems to live in the gatehouse at the top of the cliff road. You can slow down and drop me off there.

Margot: All right, Lamont. I'd better go up and see that nothing happens to Susan.

Cranston: Good. I'll get the car. Then you notify the police while the Shadow puts Luther's visions to the test!

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

**Sound** *(thunder and rain, muffled off mike)*

*(car comes, slows down, then passes on)*

Luther: *(Excited)* Ah! That Cranston fella and Miss Lane and Susan have gone . . . for the police. But they'll never get down the cliff road!

**Sound** *(clatter of heavy wrecking bar)*

Luther: A rock slide will catch them. . . .

**Sound** *(heavy pounding on door)*

Luther: *(Startled)* Randolph! . . . He's come to make a bargain!

**Sound** *(quick footsteps to door)*

Luther: He don't dare stop me! He'll have to help me!

**Sound** *(door unlocked and jerked open, rain sound up)*

Luther: *(Mocking)* Come in, Mr. Randolph! The others have gone! Now we can make a bargain between us!

Shadow: *(Slightly off mike, laughs)* What kind of bargain, Luther?

Luther: *(Backing away)* Who laughed? 'Tweren't Edward Randolph! 'Tain't nobody!

Shadow: *(Comes on)* Perhaps it's another dream, Luther . . . another vision.

Luther: I don't see nobody.

Shadow: No man sees the Shadow, Luther.

**Sound** *(door slammed, rain sound down and under . . . )*

Luther: Shadow! What shadow? What . . . do you want?

Shadow: I want the truth, Luther Webb . . . the truth about your dreams and visions. Were they dreams of things you wanted? . . . dreams that became reality because you *made* them happen?

Luther: No! I seen it comin'!

Shadow: Like Harry Randolph's death on the cliff road?!

Luther: I knowed it was gonna happen, but I didn't *make* it happen!

Shadow: And Victoria Randolph's death on the stairs?

Luther: I didn't have nothin' to do with that!

Shadow: What about the unfinished dream of disaster for Margot Lane? Were you going to *make* that happen by starting a rock slide with that iron bar and kill Cranston at the same time?

Luther: *(Scared)* How do you know so much, Shadow?

Shadow: I have no power to see into the future, Luther. But I have the power to blind your vision . . . read the record of guilt written on your face!

Luther: *(In a panic)* I ain't killed nobody. I only saw . . .

Shadow: *(Cuts in sharply)* Listen, Luther! Be silent! A moment ago you thought Edward Randolph was at your door! You planned to make a bargain. He's coming! . . . Let *him* make the bargain!

**Sound** *(loud knock on door)*

Edward: *(Muffled. outside door)* Luther! Open the door!

Luther: *(Slyly)* 'Tain't locked. Come in!

**Sound** *(door opened, rain up and down again as door is closed)*



Edward: (*Comes on*) All right, Luther. That meddling fool, Cranston, and his friend, Miss Lane, and Susan have gone for the police. You and I better get our story straight about what happened to my aunt.

Luther: I had nothin' to do with it!

Edward: But you saw what happened. I saw you standing in the lower hall when I shoved her body down the stairs!

Luther: (*Slyly*) Yeah . . . but I didn't see what you did before that.

Edward: I didn't really kill her. She got excited . . . wanted to call Susan back. She *did* try to get out of bed. I tried to stop her, and she struggled and died!

Luther: With your hands around her throat . . . I'll bet!

Edward: No! It was an accident!

Luther: Like you drainin' the brake fluid out of the old man's car?

Edward: How do you know that?!

Luther: I seen you do it! And it weren't no dream!

Edward: So that's why you wouldn't go with him that day!

Luther: Yes! Thought you'd get rid of both of us, didn't you?

Edward: (*Savagely*) So that's what you've been hinting at! You've been waiting for Aunt Victoria to die so you could blackmail me!

Luther: Just makin' sure you didn't do me outa the money the old man left me.

Edward: Well, you'll never get it! You're not going to live to tell the police what you know.

Luther: (*Mocking*) Put away that pistol. 'Twon't do you no good to kill me! . . . 'cause I've already told somebody what I know, and you've told him all the rest!

Edward: What are you talking about? Who have you told?

Luther: The Shadow. And he's right here in this room . . . listenin'!

Edward: You're crazy!

Luther: You'll be crazy if you don't kill him . . . *if* you can see him . . . find him.

Edward: You're insane! There's no one here.

Shadow: *(Laughs)* No, Randolph! It is you who are insane to think you could get away with wholesale murder!

Edward: *(Startled)* There *is* someone here! Someone in this room!

Luther: *(Mocking)* I *told* you!

Edward: *(Savagely)* I'll kill you . . . kill you both!

Shadow: Put down that gun, Edward.

**Sound** *(thud of heavy blow and crash of body)*

Shadow: Get out, Luther! Wait for the police! Tell them what you know!

Luther: *(Cries out)* They won't believe me! Nobody'll believe that a shadow saved my life!

Shadow: *(Draws back)* Then let them believe . . .

**Sound** *(door opened, rain sound up)*

Shadow: . . . it was just a dream. . . . *(Laughs)*

**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)*

**Sound** *(car motor up and under the following)*

Margot: Look, Lamont! The storm has passed, and the moon is breaking through the clouds!

Cranston: And the human storm has passed for the Randolphs!

Margot: What really happened up there at the gatehouse, Lamont?

Cranston: Didn't Luther tell the troopers about his mysterious visitor?

Margot: Not a word! He turned state's evidence and confessed to seeing Edward Randolph tamper with his uncle's car and to seeing him throw Victoria's body down the stairs. But he didn't say a word about the Shadow.

Cranston: I counted on that! He was afraid they would think he was insane.

Margot: What made you suspect that Victoria was dead *before* she tumbled down those stairs, Lamont?

Cranston: Because we heard Edward call out – much louder than necessary so we’d be sure to hear it. But we *didn’t* hear Victoria cry out as she would have if she’d fallen while rushing down the stairs, as Edward claimed.

Margot: Yes, that’s right. We didn’t hear her at all. And I’m glad Susan learned from Edward’s confession that her grandmother was trying to call her back before she died.

Cranston: Yes, Margot. Her grandmother’s love and trust meant much more to Susan Randolph than all the money she will now inherit!

**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**