

The Shadow – The Case of the Dead Man’s Shoes

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston (*the Shadow*)

Margot Lane

Horace Blake (*a well- to-do banker*)

Ellen Blake (*his 19-year-old daughter*)

Archie Windsor (*a wealthy playboy*)

Leon Selby (*Windsor’s secretary and cousin*)

Mr. Saunders (*the manager at Bentley’s, a jewelry shop*)

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 Case of the Dead Man’s Shoes,” is about an expensive string of pearls and murder motivated by hate, jealousy, and greed. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and “The Case of the Dead Man’s Shoes.”

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

Announcer: It is a pleasant morning, and Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane are enjoying the beauties of nature as they stroll through one of the less frequented areas of the park. Margot sighs and says . . .

Margot: Ah, spring! . . . It's so lovely, Lamont, and yet it always makes me feel a little sad. Why is that?

Cranston: Perhaps it's because you realize that human beings don't measure up to the rest of nature.

Margot: Don't measure up? In what way?

Cranston: Well, as far as I know, a flower has never been accused of murder. . . . And a tree has never been found guilty of arson, extortion, or burglary.

Margot: I see what you . . .

Blake: (*Moans, off mike*)

Cranston: (*Tensely*) Margot . . . listen!

Margot: It – it sounds like a moan, Lamont.

Cranston: And it seems to be coming from over there. . . .

Margot: (*Gasps*) Lamont, look! . . . by that bush.

Cranston: A man's feet! Come on, Margot. . . . He must be hurt!

Sound (*running footsteps*)

Margot: (*Slightly off mike*) Wait for me! I can't run in these high heels!

Cranston: (*On mike*) Hello! . . . hello there! Can you hear me?

Blake: (*Groans*)

Margot: (*Comes on, panting*) Is – is he all right?

Cranston: I think so. He's trying to sit up. (*Effort of lifting*) Come on. . . . Up you go. On the bench . . . there you are!

Blake: Oh . . . my head . . . my head!

Margot: Lamont! Look at that bruise.

Cranston: Yes, I noticed it. . . . What happened, sir?

Blake: He – he hit me . . . struck me with his walking stick. He – he tried to *kill* me!

Margot: Who did? There's no one here.

Blake: No, but he *was* here. We just happened to meet. . . . We got into an argument . . . and then (*Groans*) . . . my head!

Cranston: Who was it? You could have him arrested.

Blake: No, no I couldn't. I – I struck him first, and besides he's very rich – very influential. His name is Archie Windsor.

Margot: (*Incredulous*) Archie Windsor? . . . the playboy?

Blake: The scoundrel . . . the wolf . . . the woman chaser!

Cranston: How many times has he been married . . . five?

Blake: Six. (*Enraged*) And now – now he wants to add my daughter to the list. She's only nineteen!

Margot: Oh. . . . And you won't allow it. . . . Is that it?

Blake: I've got to stop it. I've tried everything. I've begged him, pleaded with him, warned him to stay away from Ellen . . . but he only laughs at me. I – I'm going out of my mind!

Cranston: Can't you talk to your daughter?

Blake: *Talk* to her! She won't listen to me. She's madly in love with him. . . . You know the kind of terrible fascination a man like that can have for a young girl. . . .

Margot: That silver-gray hair . . . tanned face . . . athletic figure . . . even the monocle. . . . He's very attractive.

Cranston: Yes . . . Archie Windsor. . . . I've seen him once or twice at some of the clubs.

Blake: You have? . . . *Wait* a minute. Your face is familiar. Aren't you . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) I'm Lamont Cranston.

Blake: Of *course*. . . . I've seen your picture in the paper. I'm Horace Blake.

Cranston: The banker?

Blake: Yes. . . . Mr. Cranston, can't you help me? Isn't there something you can do to stop this – this terrible marriage?

Cranston: I'm afraid not, Mr. Blake. I sometimes help solve crimes. . . . But I can't very well interfere in a thing like this.

Blake: Isn't *this* a crime? . . . a man like that . . . marrying an innocent young girl who doesn't know any better?

Cranston: It's not a crime in the books.

Blake: (*Emphatically*) Well, it is in *my* book. And I'm going to stop it, Mr. Cranston. . . . Do you hear? I'm going to stop it, if it's the last thing I ever do!

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

Sound (*knock on door*)

Windsor: Come in.

Sound (*door opened*)

Windsor: Selby! . . . Where've you *been*?

Selby: Even a secretary is entitled to a day off, Mr. Windsor. . . . I've been downtown all day.

Windsor: You have, huh?

Selby: Yes. . . . I just got back . . . and found your message in my room. Anything wrong?

Windsor: I'm afraid so.

Sound (*drawer opened and closed under . . .*)

Windsor: Ever seen this before?

Selby: Why . . . yes. It's the jewel case you had out this morning. I – I gathered that it contained the string of pearls you'd bought for Miss Blake.

Windsor: Yes . . . a ten-thousand-dollar pearl necklace . . . a wedding present.

Selby: Yes, sir. . . . She's a lucky girl.

Windsor: Open the case, Selby. . . . Go on . . . *open* it.

Selby: (*Pauses*) They're *very* lovely.

Windsor: Are they?

Selby: Oh yes, sir . . . very lovely.

Windsor: Selby . . . you're a liar.

Selby: What?!

Windsor: You're a *liar*. You know perfectly well these aren't the real pearls.

Selby: Mr. Windsor! . . . you can't be serious!

Windsor: You made a mistake, Selby. You thought I was a complete fool, didn't you? . . . You waited till Ellen and I had left for the theater this afternoon . . . and then you substituted these cheap imitation pearls for the real ones . . . hoping I wouldn't find out till it was too late. . . .

Selby: How *could* I? The pearls were in the safe. . . . I don't even know the combination.

Windsor: That's your story. You've watched me open it a dozen times. . . . (*Menacingly*) Selby . . . what did you do with those pearls?

Selby: I never touched them.

Windsor: Very well . . . I gave you your chance. Now I'm turning you over to the police. . . .

Selby: (*Harshly*) Don't touch that phone, Archie. . . .

Windsor: You cheap, bungling thief! No wonder you never made good at anything. Selling, acting, gambling . . . you were always a flop.

Selby: (*Sarcastically*) And women. . . . You forgot women. . . . I never had the wonderful way with *them* that my famous cousin had!

Windsor: You'd have starved if I hadn't given you a break. Well, I'm through protecting you. . . . You're going to jail . . . where you belong.

Sound (*phone lifted off cradle*)

Selby: (*Grimly*) Drop that phone, Archie. . . .

Windsor: Take your hands off me!

Sound (*fast dialing of three or four numbers*)

Selby: All right, Archie. . . . You asked for it.

Windsor: What are you . . . (*Frightened*) Put down that knife!

Selby: (*Almost incoherent with rage*) All these years . . . how I've hated you . . . hated fawning on you, calling you Mr. Windsor, listening to your idiotic prattling. And now you're . . .

Windsor: (*Cuts in, terrified*) No! . . . Put down that knife! No! . . . (*Screams*) Selby! Sel . . .

Sound (*knife plunged into body, body slumps to floor*)

Windsor: (*Gurgles and dies*)

Selby: *(Triumphantly)* Exit Mr. Windsor! . . . And now . . .

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

Blake: *(Filter)* Hello?

Selby: *(Imitating Windsor's voice)* Hello . . . Mr. Blake?

Blake: *(Filter)* Yes. . . .

Selby: This is Archie Windsor.

Blake: *(Filter)* Windsor! . . . Where's Ellen? She hasn't been home all day.

Selby: Right here . . . at my place.

Blake: *(Filter)* You filthy swine! . . . I told you this morning I won't have you seeing her!

Selby: I don't see how you can stop it. . . . We're getting married *tonight!*

Blake: *(Filter)* Married! . . . tonight?!

Selby: Yes, Mr. Blake. We'd like to have your blessing. Why don't you come here to my place?

Blake: *(Filter)* I wouldn't go there if . . . *(Pauses)* Yes . . . maybe I *will*. . . . Sure, I'll give you my blessing, Archie. I'll be there in twenty minutes.

Selby: The servants are out, but the front door is open. We'll be in the library upstairs. . . .

Blake: *(Filter)* Wait for me. . . .

Selby: Don't worry. Archie'll be here waiting . . .

Sound *(phone back on cradle)*

Selby: *(Mocking)*. . . and so will the police!

Music *(bridge and out)*

Margot: *(Whispering)* The front door was wide open, Lamont . . . just as Commissioner Weston said it would be!

Cranston: *(Softly)* Yes. . . . Doesn't look too good, does it?

Margot: Lamont . . . I don't like it in here! Can't we turn on a light?

Cranston: Not yet. . . . We'd better look around a bit until we see what's what. Come on . . . let's go upstairs to the library.

Sound *(footsteps up stairs under the following)*

Margot: *(Shivers)* It's so dark in here, Lamont . . . and it's still daylight outside. . . .

Cranston: These old brownstone houses are all that way, Margot . . . built to keep out sunlight.

Margot: Why would a man as rich as Archie Windsor live in a place like this? It – it's like a tomb.

Cranston: *(Grimly)* If that anonymous tip Commissioner Weston got on the phone is correct . . . that's just what it is now – someone's tomb.

Margot: Where is the commissioner? He ought to be here by now.

Cranston: He's got to come from downtown. . . . We were only two blocks away. That's why he called *us*. . . .

Sound *(footsteps stop)*

Cranston: Here we are. . . . This should be the library.

Sound *(door opened)*

Cranston: Uh-huh. . . . It is.

Margot: This room's even darker than the foyer! I can hardly see a . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Margot! . . . Stop!

Margot: Why? What's the matter?

Cranston: *(Fast)* Turn on the light switch . . . right behind you. . . .

Sound *(click of switch)*

Margot: *(Gasps)* Lamont . . . that *blood!*

Cranston: *(Slightly off mike)* The tip was correct, Margot. Here's Archie Windsor. . . .

Margot: Is he . . . *dead?*

Cranston: Yes . . . stabbed through the heart with a letter opener. . . .

Margot: How horrible! He – he's lying in a pool of blood. . . . He must have just dropped in his tracks.

Cranston: Yes . . . and these bloody footprints . . . all over the carpet . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* They must be the murderer's. . . . *(Gasps)* Lamont! . . . Blake said he'd stop that marriage if it was the last thing he ever did!

Cranston: I know. . . . As soon as Commissioner Weston comes, we'll have him rush some men over to Blake's house. There's a good chance they'll find him walking around in a pair of blood-stained shoes.

Music *(theme)*

Announcer: We'll 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: Following up the leads furnished by Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane, the police arrested Horace Blake and charged him with the murder of Archie Windsor. Now . . . a little later . . . Cranston and Margot emerge from Commissioner Weston's office. . . .

Sound *(door closes, footsteps on marble floor)*

Margot: It's lucky the police got to Blake's house when they did. He'd already thrown his blood-stained shoes into the fire.

Cranston: Pretty strong evidence of guilt, isn't it?

Margot: *Strong?* . . . As far as I'm concerned, it's as good as a confession.

Cranston: I'm not so sure, Margot. . . .

Margot: Lamont! Don't tell me you believed Blake's story that Windsor was dead when he got there!

Cranston: It's possible. Blake might have walked into the dark room . . . gotten his shoes all bloody before he saw the body. . . . Then he got panicky and changed them.

Margot: Uh-uh, that's not the way I . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Ellen: *(Calls)* Mr. Cranston! . . . Mr. Cranston, please!

Margot: It's Ellen Blake.

Cranston: Yes, Miss Blake. What is it?

Ellen: You've got to help us, Mr. Cranston. You've got to prove my father is innocent!

Cranston: I wish I could, Miss Blake. But the evidence . . .

Ellen: (*Cuts in*) I don't care about the evidence. I – I know my father didn't do it. He – he couldn't, Mr. Cranston. He's the gentlest, kindest person alive.

Margot: But he was *there*, Miss Blake . . . right around the time of the murder. . . . He admitted it.

Ellen: He was tricked, I tell you. Someone lured him down there . . . and planted evidence on him. Everyone in town knew how he felt about Archie. . . .

Cranston: If we could only prove that in some way. . . .

Ellen: There *must* be a way, Mr. Cran . . . (*Breaks off*) Oh, there's Selby now. Maybe *he* knows something. . . .

Cranston: Selby? Who's . . .

Ellen: (*Cuts in*) Archie Windsor's secretary. (*Louder*) Selby, oh, Selby, please . . .

Selby: (*Cuts in*) Oh . . . Miss *Blake*. . . . This is terrible . . . terrible!

Ellen: You've . . . heard?

Selby: Yes. The police were waiting for me at the house this morning when I got back from my day off. . . . They want to question me here.

Ellen: You'll tell them, won't you? . . . you'll tell them that my father couldn't have done it. . . .

Selby: I don't know what *I* can tell them, Miss Ellen. I was out all day yesterday. . . .

Cranston: May *I* ask you a question, Selby? I'm Lamont Cranston.

Selby: Certainly, sir. . . . They – they told me you found the . . . body.

Cranston: Yes. . . . Selby, did Mr. Windsor have any enemies?

Selby: Enemies? I don't think so, sir. . . . Of course there were many people who hated him. . . .

Margot: Why?

Selby: Well, frankly . . . he was just about the most self-centered man in the world. He couldn't stand being in the background for a minute. It was always top billing for Archie Windsor. . . . He wouldn't have it any other way.

Cranston: Still no reason for anyone to *kill* him.

Selby: No, sir. I can't think of anyone who'd want to do *that*.

Ellen: Maybe some woman – some woman who was jealous about the necklace . . .

Selby: (*Cuts in*) Necklace?

Ellen: (*Impatiently*) Yes . . . the pearl necklace Archie was going to give me for a wedding present. . . . *You* were there, Selby, when he showed it to me yesterday morning. He took it out of the safe and . . .

Selby: (*Cuts in*) Oh, yes. . . . I *did* hear some conversation about it. . . . I was getting ready to leave for the day.

Margot: Lamont . . . did you hear anything about a pearl necklace?

Cranston: On the contrary. . . . Commissioner Weston went through Windsor's safe today by court order. He said there was no jewelry at all . . . anywhere in the house . . . except for a pair of cuff links. Miss Blake . . .

Ellen: Yes, Mr. Cranston. . . .

Cranston: Do you happen to know where the pearl necklace was bought?

Ellen: Of course . . . at Bentley's.

Cranston: Thank you. . . . Come along, Margot. . . .

Margot: Where to?

Cranston: We're going to see a man . . . about a motive!

Music (*bridge and out*)

Sound (*doorbell rings, off mike . . . door opened*)

Selby: Why, Miss *Blake!* . . . This *is* a surprise!

Ellen: Selby . . . I *had* to come here . . . to Mr. Windsor's house. . . .

Sound (*door closed*)

Ellen: I had to see for myself . . . look around . . . try to find something to clear my father. . . . Is there anything you . . .

Selby: (*Cuts in*) I'm sorry, Miss Blake. I've gone through everything . . . and so have the police. There's nothing to show that anyone else could have . . . killed Mr. Windsor.

Ellen: It's horrible . . . *horrible!* The police have booked my father, Selby. They're going to try him for murder!

Selby: Yes, I know.

Ellen: But there's something wrong!

Selby: I beg your pardon?

Ellen: The necklace – the necklace that's missing! . . . If my father *had* had anything to do with this – this awful murder – he would never have *touched* the pearls. He's wealthy. . . . Someone else must have taken them.

Selby: That's impossible, Miss Blake. No one but Mr. Windsor had access to the safe. . . .

Ellen: (*Quickly*) No one but Mr. Windsor (*Suddenly horrified*) . . . and *you!*

Selby: Me?

Ellen: Yes . . . *you*, Selby. . . . You had access to the necklace, and you knew my father had threatened Archie. *You're* the murderer, and . . . (*Breaks off with a gasp*)

Selby: Sit very quietly, Miss Blake. I don't want to harm you unless I have to.

Ellen: *You* killed Archie . . . and *you* stole the pearls . . . and *you* framed my father. . . . You vile, horrible beast! I'm going to phone the . . .

Sound (*scuffle of feet, phone clatters to floor*)

Selby: No you don't! Archie tried that . . . now he's dead!

Sound (*chair pushed back, running footsteps*)

Selby: (*Fading on mike*) No! That won't do either. The front door's locked. I locked it as you came in.

Ellen: (*Terrified*) Keep away from me! . . .

Selby: You're so beautiful, Ellen . . . so beautiful. . . .

Ellen: No! No! Don't you come near me! (*Screams, faints*)

Sound (*slump of limp body to floor*)

Selby: Thank you, my dear. So convenient of you to faint. I'll just gag you so you're not tempted to scream again. . . . *There* we are. Now I *know* you'll be quiet . . . until we leave town together . . . tonight.

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: While Ellen Blake lies gagged and helpless at the mercy of her fiancé's murderer, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane are in Bentley's, an exclusive jewelry shop, talking to the manager. . . .

Cranston: Mr. Saunders, did Archie Windsor have an account here?

Saunders: Oh yes, Mr. Cranston. And, if I may say so, a very active account.

Margot: Naturally . . . considering all the wedding rings he had to keep buying.

Cranston: I'm interested in one particular purchase, Mr. Saunders. . . . Did you sell him a necklace recently?

Saunders: Indeed we did, sir . . . a very fine pearl necklace. Let me see now . . . it was delivered to Mr. Windsor four days ago.

Cranston: Just a couple of days before his murder. . . . This puts a new light on everything.

Margot: How so, Lamont?

Cranston: The *motive*, Margot. If the motive was robbery, then Horace Blake is pretty much cleared. He's very wealthy. He wouldn't commit murder for a string of pearls.

Margot: Who would?

Cranston: I don't know. . . . But when we find the person who has the necklace, we'll have the murderer.

Saunders: In that case, Mr. Cranston, you'll have to arrest me.

Margot: What?! . . .

Saunders: I have the pearl necklace right here. Mr. Windsor returned it yesterday afternoon.

Cranston: (*Incredulous*) Archie Windsor *himself* returned that necklace yesterday afternoon?

Saunders: Yes, sir. He'd bought it with the understanding he could return it within ten days. He walked in here yesterday afternoon . . . said he'd changed his mind about the lady . . . and the necklace.

Cranston: And you . . . refunded the money?

Saunders: Yes. As a matter of fact, we gave him cash. It was just after three, so the banks were closed. He said he was leaving town last night and wanted some money.

Margot: Well, here we are, Lamont, back where we started from. This brings Mr. Blake right back into the picture.

Cranston: Mr. Saunders, you're *sure* it was Archie Windsor who was here?

Saunders: Positive. Mr. Bentley usually waits on him . . . he's out of town right now . . . but I'd know Mr. Windsor anywhere. His picture's always in the paper . . . and that silver hair, the monocle, the walking stick . . . it was him all right.

Cranston: I just don't get it, Margot. Why did he change his mind so suddenly about marrying Ellen Blake?

Margot: I can't imagine.

Cranston: It's all out of character. . . . And until we know the reason for it, the case won't be solved. Let's go back to my apartment and see if we can figure out the answer.

Music (*short bridge and out*)

Margot: Well, we've been sitting around here for two hours now, Lamont . . . pondering. Any ideas?

Cranston: One or two . . . but they're very vague. If we could only get in touch with Ellen Blake. . . .

Margot: Well, she isn't home. I've tried her a dozen times. . . . How about letting me in on your ideas?

Cranston: Not yet. They're really only hunches. I'd have to check a few things before I . . .
(*Breaks off as . . .*)

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

Cranston: Hello?

Ellen: (*Filter*) (*Hysterical*) Mr. Cranston! . . . Mr. Cranston, you've got to help me! . . .

Cranston: Miss Blake! . . . what's wrong? What's happening?

Ellen: (*Filter*) He's going to kill me! He – he tied me up . . . but I got loose.

Cranston: Just a minute! I can't make out what you're saying. The connection's bad. . . .

Ellen: *(Fuzzy filter)* Please . . . locked in. . . . Save me before he comes . . . *(Gasps)* No!
. . . No! *(Screams)*

Cranston: Miss Blake! Miss Blake, where are . . .

Sound *(filter sound of phone banged on cradle)*

Cranston: Hello . . . hello! . . . Cut off!

Margot: Lamont, what is it? . . . What's wrong?

Cranston: Ellen Blake says someone's going to kill her.

Margot: Kill her! . . . Where is she?

Cranston: She didn't say. . . . Listen, Margot, no one at her home knows where she went.
But there's one person who might know something about her.

Margot: Who?

Cranston: Leon Selby – Archie Windsor's secretary. She seemed to be friendly with him.
. . . He looked like the kind of secretary who would keep tabs on his boss's
girlfriends. Get in touch with him, Margot . . . right away.

Margot: Yes, Lamont. . . .

Cranston: Try phoning. If he's not in, get up there and wait for him. I'll join you as soon as I
can.

Margot: What are *you* going to do?

Cranston: Report this to Commissioner Weston . . . phone *Variety* . . . and then go to work
as the Shadow.

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

Sound *(doorbell rings off mike, door opened)*

Selby: Yes? What can I . . . oh, Miss Lane! . . . Come in.

Sound *(door closed under . . .)*

Margot: How long have you been here, Selby? I tried to get you on the phone a dozen
times.

Selby: I – uh – I just got in a few minutes ago.

Margot: Selby, you've *got* to help us. Something terrible has happened.

Selby: Oh?

Margot: Ellen Blake's in trouble. . . . Someone's trying to kill her.

Selby: Kill her! Really, Miss Lane, I think the poor girl's so upset about Mr. Windsor's murder that she's gone off the deep end.

Margot: Selby . . . you were Mr. Windsor's confidential secretary. You must know a lot about Miss Blake . . . who her friends are . . . where she might be. . . .

Selby: Oh no, Miss Lane. You overestimate my position. But if I hear anything, I'll . . . *(Breaks off)* What are you looking at, Miss Lane?

Margot: That glove, Selby . . . that long black suede glove.

Selby: Glove? Oh . . . that – that belonged to Mr. Windsor's last wife, I believe.

Margot: What's it doing out on the desk?

Selby: Probably been there for weeks. . . .

Margot: Really? That's funny. It's lying on top of a theater program . . . and a couple of ticket stubs dated yesterday. It must have been placed there after . . . *(Trails off)*

Selby: *(Menacingly)* Don't get any strange ideas, Miss Lane.

Margot: Theater . . . yesterday . . . of *course*. Ellen Blake *mentioned* it. . . . She and Mr. Windsor were at a *matinée* yesterday.

Selby: Suppose they were?

Margot: If Mr. Windsor was at the theater yesterday afternoon, then someone *else* must have returned the pearl necklace to Bentley's. . . . Someone who . . .

Selby: *(Cuts in)* I think you've said enough, Miss Lane.

Margot: *You*, Selby! *You* killed Archie Windsor, and somehow Ellen found out. You – you've got her here now!

Selby: Yes, I've got her here now . . . in the next room. She was too curious . . . like *you*. I planned to kill her and dispose of her body . . . after dark.

Margot: No! You wouldn't dare! . . . You must be out of your mind! . . .

Selby: Now it will have to be a double feature. . . . I hate to do this, Miss Lane, but I'm afraid . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* No, no! Stay away from me! . . . Don't touch me! They'll get you. . . . They'll hang you! . . .

Selby: They can only hang me once. And if I silence those pretty lips of yours . . .

Margot: No! . . . No! . . .

Shadow: (*Laughs*)

Selby: Who's that? Who laughed?

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

Selby: What shadow? I don't see anyone.

Shadow: No one sees the Shadow. But he is here, Selby . . . to put an end to your murderous plans.

Selby: No one can stop me now . . . *no one*. I'm rich. . . . I'm powerful . . . like *he* was.

Shadow: No. The money you got for the pearl necklace doesn't belong to you.

Selby: It does. . . . It *does*. Half of everything he had should have been mine. He stole it from me. . . . He got our grandfather to leave everything to him . . . and cut me off without a penny. Oh, how I've hated him! For years I sat by and watched him fritter *my* fortune away . . . until I couldn't stand it anymore.

Shadow: So you killed him . . . and used your acting experience to impersonate him when you returned the pearls.

Selby: Yes, *yes*. . . . He said I was a failure as an actor. I showed him. . . . I showed the *world*. What a performance! Magnificent! . . .

Shadow: It was your last one, Selby. You're nearing the end of your run.

Selby: No! No shadow can stop *me*. . . . Miss Lane, get away from that door! . . .

Margot: She's in there! I *know* Ellen's in there! I heard her struggling. . . .

Shadow: Stand back, Selby. . . . Drop that knife!

Selby: No! Not till . . .

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

Selby: . . . I've finished. . . . (*Exclamation of pain*) Oh, my arms, my arms! . . .

Shadow: Drop it!

Sound (*knife clatters to floor*)

Shadow: That's better. Now, Miss Lane, unlock the front door, and then release Miss Blake. The police should be here in a moment. As for *you*, Selby, you may get ready for your grand exit. The curtain is about to fall! . . . (*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*)

Cranston: Like to go for a walk in the park, Margot? It's a lovely day.

Margot: No thank you. I don't want to be reminded of that horrible Leon Selby ever again! . . . or Archie Windsor either. He certainly was no credit to society, was he?

Cranston: No, but that didn't give Selby the right to murder him.

Margot: Lamont . . . I still don't understand one thing. Why did you decide to check with a theatrical journal?

Cranston: I phoned *Variety* to find out if Leon Selby had ever been an actor. And he *had*. . . They had some clippings about him. You see, I began to suspect an impersonation the minute we spoke with that salesman at Bentley's.

Margot: But why?

Cranston: Because Ellen Blake had said she and Windsor were at the theater that afternoon. He *couldn't* have returned the necklace.

Margot: Sure he could have, Lamont. He could've walked out of the theater, taken a cab to the jewelry shop, and returned it.

Cranston: Ellen would have told us about it if he had left her for any length of time. . . . As a matter of fact, *she* didn't even know the necklace had been returned. *She* brought up the subject of the necklace, remember?

Margot: Yes . . . outside Weston's office.

Cranston: So . . . the man at Bentley's had to be wrong. *Windsor* hadn't brought back the pearls. . . . But someone else *had* . . . someone who impersonated him.

Margot: But what made you suspect Selby?

Cranston: He happens to be the same height and build as Windsor, he had access to the pearls, and I got the feeling he'd been an actor from an expression he used.

Margot: What was that?

Cranston: The first time we met Selby, he spoke of Windsor contemptuously . . . as though he despised him. And he said that Archie always wanted *top billing*, strictly a theatrical term.

Margot: So you followed a hunch . . . and came up with a murderer. . . .

Cranston: It was greed that tripped Leon Selby up. If he hadn't tried to cash in the pearls so quickly, he might have gotten away with the murder. But in the end . . . the necklace turned into a noose!

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