

# The Case of the Vanishing Killer

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

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

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

**Thompson R. Hamlin, "Tommy"** (*a young man who drinks too much*)

**Mr. Feeney** (*a cabdriver*)

**Mr. Lusardi** (*a restaurant owner, speaks with an Italian accent*)

**Hugo Kirk** (*the owner of The Gilded Cage, a nightclub*)

**Rose Marcel** (*a hostess at The Gilded Cage*)

**Joe** (*Hugo Kirk's driver*)

**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 Vanishing Killer," is an intriguing tale of murder motivated by greed and fear. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

*(Pause for commercial)*

**Announcer:** And now the Shadow and "The Case of the Vanishing Killer."

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

**Announcer:** It is nine-thirty on a balmy summer night, and Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane are strolling leisurely toward Margot's midtown apartment. . . .

*Sound (footsteps and light traffic noises under . . .)*

**Margot:** I know it's rank heresy, Lamont, but . . .

**Cranston:** *(Cuts in)* But . . . ?

**Margot:** But there's no place I'd rather be on a night like this than right here in the middle of the big city.

**Cranston:** You didn't enjoy our trip to New England?

**Margot:** The countryside was beautiful, but frankly . . .

**Cranston:** Frankly . . . ?

**Margot:** Frankly, I missed the crowds and the store windows and the roar of the traffic.

**Cranston:** *(Teasing)* Margot, you've got the soul of a cabdriver.

**Margot:** Is that so? . . . My apartment's over there, Lamont. Remember? Let's cross here.

*Sound (taxi moving fast fades on mike)*

**Cranston:** Right. . . . Do you mean to say you can compare the hills of Vermont and the byways of Connecticut with this rock pile? . . . Why, this city is for cliff dwellers, Margot. All your life you live cooped up in a little cell just like every other little . . .

**Margot:** *(Cuts in sharply)* Lamont! That cab is swerving over to the wrong side of the street! He's coming right at us!

**Cranston:** He's either drunk or crazy. Look out, Margot!

*Sound (taxi stops with screeching of brakes)*

**Margot:** *(With a sigh of relief)* Oh-h, he missed us.

**Cranston:** *(Angrily)* Are you out of your mind, driver? You could have killed us both!

*Sound (taxi door opened)*

**Hamlin:** Mr. Cranston. . . . Miss Lane . . .

**Cranston:** *(Cuts in)* Who are you? And why . . .



**Hamlin:** (*Cuts in*) Don't blame the driver. It's my fault. I told him he had to stop you.

**Margot:** *Stop* us! . . . You almost murdered us!

**Hamlin:** I'm sorry. I've been looking everywhere for you. I was desperate. I just *have* to talk to you, Mr. Cranston.

**Cranston:** My name's in the phone book. . . .

**Hamlin:** I've been calling you every hour for the last two days. And I've been cruising around, trying to keep a watch on both *your* apartment and Miss Lane's. That's how I spotted you just now. . . . Look, let's get down to facts. My name is Tommy Hamlin. . . . Maybe you've heard of me.

**Margot:** Tommy Hamlin? There's a Thompson R. Hamlin who recently married Alice Whitehall. All the papers . . .

**Hamlin:** (*Cuts in*) That's me. And I know what all the papers said, or at least implied—"Young fortune hunter marries wealthy middle-aged widow."

**Cranston:** Now look, Mr. Hamlin . . .

**Hamlin:** (*Cuts in*) Well, they've had something else to write about for the last two days. . . . Just forty-eight hours ago, I came home from a business trip to find my wife dead.

**Margot:** Oh, I'm sorry. . . .

**Cranston:** We haven't even seen a paper. We've been out of town.

**Hamlin:** The police said it was suicide. They found a lethal dose of sedatives in a highball glass near her bedside.

**Cranston:** Do you have any reason to doubt that it wasn't suicide, Mr. Hamlin?

**Hamlin:** I *know* it wasn't. That's why you've got to help me. Alice was happy. . . . Oh, I know what the columnists said, but just the same, we *were* happy. When I left town the end of last week, she didn't have a worry in the world.

**Cranston:** That's not much to go on. . . .

**Hamlin:** Why was the sedative in a whiskey glass if someone didn't want to disguise it? That's *one* thing, and the other . . . well, maybe Feeney ought to tell you about that.

**Margot:** Feeney? . . . Who's Feeney?

**Hamlin:** The cabdriver. He read about Alice's death in the paper and called me up to tell me about something he'd seen the night of the murder. He said he had his reasons for not going to the police. It may be nothing, or it may



crack open the whole case. . . . Will you help me, Mr. Cranston?

**Cranston:** What do you want me to do?

**Hamlin:** Just listen to Feeney's story, and then tell me what you think.

**Cranston:** Well . . . I'm not . . .

**Margot:** (*Cuts in*) We're right here at my apartment, Lamont. We could all go up for a minute. . . .

**Hamlin:** *Please*, Mr. Cranston.

**Cranston:** O.K., Tommy. Bring your cabdriver friend, and let's go. . . .

*Music (short bridge and out)*

**Margot:** Make yourselves at home, Mr. Hamlin . . . Mr. Feeney.

**Hamlin:** Thanks.

**Feeney:** Sure is a nice joi . . . *place* you got here, Miss Lane.

**Margot:** I'm glad you like it. Will you have a cigarette, Mr. Feeney?

**Feeney:** No thanks. I'm still chewing on this ceegar. . . .

**Cranston:** Would you like to tell us your end of the story now, Mr. Feeney?

**Feeney:** Huh? . . . Oh, yeah, sure. Well, this here happened the night Mrs. Hamlin died or was murdered or whatever. I didn't go to the police because . . . well, I'm kinda an amateur detective, and usually they laugh at me when I give 'em tips. But I figured I should at least tell Mr. Hamlin here. . . .

**Cranston:** And what was it you told Mr. Hamlin?

**Feeney:** About the punk in my cab. . . .

**Margot:** Punk? . . .

**Feeney:** That's what he looked like . . . a fellow in the rackets. . . . It was like this, see? I was cruising up Seventy-ninth Street . . . that's where Mr. Hamlin lives. It was about one o'clock in the morning. . . .

**Hamlin:** The coroner set the time of death at shortly after midnight.

**Feeney:** And I seen this punk come out of the back of the apartment building. He flags me and staggers into the cab. He's been drinking. I don't get a good look at him. . . . His hat's pulled down, and his coat collar's



up. . . . But I see he's slept in his clothes and ain't shaved for a couple of days. . . .

**Cranston:** Where did he want to go?

**Feeney:** He didn't know. I took him a half a dozen blocks and let him out. I figured him for a deadbeat, and he was . . . not a cent on him.

**Hamlin:** Tell them about what you found in the back of the cab.

**Feeney:** I saw the punk drop this in the back of the cab just as he was leaving.

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

**Cranston:** A match folder from Lusardi's Restaurant—"Real Italian Cooking, 32 Greenwich Square."

**Feeney:** Look at the back . . . he tried to write something.

**Cranston:** It says "Rose M" . . . I can't make out the rest of the name. And this looks like a phone number. . . . He was drunk all right. The writing's just a scrawl. . . .

**Margot:** Have you checked Lusardi's, Tommy?

**Hamlin:** No. I wanted to wait until I talked to you two.

**Cranston:** If we hurry, I think we can get there before it closes. Let's go. . . .

**Feeney:** My hack's outside . . . waiting. Be my guests.

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

*Sound (taxi skids to a stop)*

**Feeney:** Here we are, folks . . . Lusardi's Restaurant—"Real Italian Cooking." . . . I'll wait out here for you. . . .

**Cranston:** Good, Feeney. Thanks. . . . After *you*, Margot.

*Sound (taxi door opened . . . footsteps on sidewalk)*

**Margot:** It looks like a cute little place, doesn't it?

**Hamlin:** They've closed up.

**Cranston:** The proprietor must still be around. . . .

*Sound (restaurant door opened . . . clatter of dishes)*

**Lusardi:** (*Off mike*) No more a-customer tonight . . . all-a close up. . . .

**Cranston:** Mr. Lusardi? . . .

**Lusardi:** Sorry . . . business, she's over. You come-a tomorrow.

**Cranston:** We don't want dinner, Mr. Lusardi. We're looking for some information.

**Lusardi:** I gotta no information here.

**Hamlin:** The night before last a man was in here. . . . It was



probably late in the evening, and the man had been drinking.

**Lusardi:** Look . . . I serva fifty—sixty couple every night. How I gonna to notice one-a man, huh?

**Margot:** This man might have taken a table in the back of the restaurant. He hadn't shaved, and he probably didn't want to be seen. . . .

**Lusardi:** It'sa late. I gotta close up now. We talka tomorrow, huh? . . .

**Cranston:** I think we'd better talk tonight, Mr. Lusardi . . . unless, of course, you want to discuss this with the police.

**Lusardi:** (*Frightened*) The police?!

**Cranston:** This man was a suspicious-looking character. His clothes were mussed, and he hadn't shaved. He was intoxicated. The only other thing we know about him is that he was with, or had some connection with, a young lady named Rose something.

**Lusardi:** Rose-a? . . . Rose-a? . . . Oh! you mean-a *Rose!* . . . (*Suspiciously*) Rose Marcel? . . .

**Margot:** Marcel? . . . It *could* have been Marcel. Her last name began with M. . . .

**Lusardi:** Why you no say Rose Marcel when you come in? . . . Rose come-a to Lusardi's three—four years now. She's a nice girl . . . good a-customer. . . .

**Cranston:** And she was in here two nights ago? . . . with the man I just described? . . .

**Lusardi:** I wait on them . . . myself—Lusardi. . . . He drink whiskey, and she eat. Let'sa see. . . . I serva her first antipasto (än'tē päs'tō) then minestrone (mē'ne strô'ne) then . . .

**Hamlin:** (*Cuts in*) How about the man? Can you describe him?

**Lusardi:** Well, abouta your build, I think . . . I don't know. All I remember, he's a drunk and looka very dirty.

**Cranston:** Where can we find Rose Marcel, Mr. Lusardi?

**Lusardi:** She worka in a high-class nightclub uptown . . . called some-a kinda *cage*.

**Cranston:** Cage? . . .

**Hamlin:** Not The Gilded Cage?

**Lusardi:** That'sa it . . . Gilda Cage. . . .

**Hamlin:** (*Almost to himself*) The Gilded Cage. . . .



**Cranston:** You know the place, Tommy?

**Hamlin:** Huh? Oh yeah, I know it . . . a nightspot run by Hugo Kirk. If you know Kirk, I understand you can do a little gambling in the back.

**Margot:** Do you know the address?

**Hamlin:** Yeah, sure.

**Cranston:** Well then, what are we waiting for? Let's go.

*Music (theme)*

**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:** Tommy Hamlin, a young man-about-town, has persuaded Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane to help him follow a trail which he hopes will lead to his wife's murderer. . . . The three of them have slipped into the alley entrance of The Gilded Cage, a plush nightclub. And now—with instructions from a well-bribed doorman—they approach the dressing room of Miss Rose Marcel. . . .

*Sound (footsteps on wood floor)*

**Margot:** The doorman said it was the second door on the right. This must be Rose's dressing room here.

**Cranston:** Well, we'll never know unless we knock.

**Hamlin:** Look . . . why don't we go in the front way like regular customers and ask someone about Rose Marcel?

**Cranston:** Because in a place like this, nobody will give you the right answers.

**Hamlin:** But . . .

**Cranston:** *(Cuts in)* Easy, Tommy. . . . Go ahead and knock, Margot. . . .

*Sound (two or three raps on door)*

**Rose:** *(Behind door)* Who is it?

**Cranston:** *(Raising his voice)* A couple of friends, Miss Marcel. We'd like to talk to you.

*Sound (door opened)*

**Rose:** Who are *you*?

**Cranston:** My name is Cranston. . . . And this is Margot Lane . . . and Mr. Hamlin.

**Rose:** *(Startled)* Mr. Ham . . . ? *(Breaks off)* What do you want, Mr. Cranston?

**Cranston:** We'd like to talk to you.



**Rose:** About what?

**Cranston:** About a man you were with night before last in an Italian restaurant called Lusardi's. . . .

**Rose:** (*Pauses*) I never heard of the place in my life. What's your racket anyway?

**Cranston:** We're trying to get some information in connection with the murder of Mrs. Hamlin.

**Rose:** You're from the police?

**Cranston:** Not exactly. . . .

**Rose:** Then get out!

**Margot:** Please, Miss Marcel, we only . . .

**Rose:** (*Cuts in angrily*) I don't know how you slipped in the back here, but slip out the same way!

**Cranston:** Look, Miss . . .

**Rose:** (*Cuts in*) Go on! . . . Beat it!

*Sound (door slammed shut)*

**Cranston:** I guess that's it . . . for the time being anyway. Come on. . . .

*Sound (footsteps under the following)*

**Margot:** She didn't lie very convincingly. And she seemed almost frightened of us. . . .

**Cranston:** Yes . . . especially when we mentioned *your* name, Tommy. (*Pauses*)

*Sound (footsteps stop abruptly)*

**Cranston:** Where's Tommy?

**Margot:** Why, he's gone! He must have slipped out while we were talking to Rose.

**Cranston:** I think he did, Margot. (*Slowly*) And I *think* I know why. . . .

**Margot:** Well, for heaven's sake . . . why?

**Cranston:** Don't you see? . . . He's found *himself*.

**Margot:** Found *himself*?!

**Cranston:** Tommy Hamlin's the man we've been looking for all along. . . .

**Margot:** You mean the *punk* Feeney described? . . . the drunk who needed a shave?

**Cranston:** The same.

**Margot:** But that's impossible. Tommy said he was out of town on business when his wife was murdered. . . .

**Cranston:** My guess is that most of his so-called business was conducted in some hotel room with an inexhaustible supply of Scotch. . . .



**Margot:** You mean he was off on a drunk? . . . And he came home to his wife and . . .

**Cranston:** (*Cuts in*) The fatal sedative was given to Mrs. Hamlin in a highball, if you remember, Margot.

**Margot:** But I still don't see, Lamont. Mr. Feeney . . . he didn't recognize Tommy and neither did Mr. Lusardi. . . .

**Cranston:** It was dark in both cases, Margot, and neither of them got a really good look at him. Besides, Tommy looked like a bum. He's ordinarily well-dressed and well-groomed, but his own mother probably wouldn't have recognized him in those slept-in clothes and with several days' growth of whiskers. . . .

**Margot:** It's . . . *terrible*, Lamont.

**Cranston:** Yes, Margot . . . but then murder always *is*!

**Margot:** What are we going to do?

**Cranston:** We're going to wait for Miss Marcel to leave her dressing room. Then I'm going in to try and find out where she lives. I think she can tell us a lot more about Tommy Hamlin than we know now!

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

*Sound (light murmur of crowd in nightclub, piano playing softly off mike)*

**Kirk:** Mr. Hamlin? . . .

**Hamlin:** (*Startled*) Huh?

**Kirk:** I'm Hugo Kirk. You wanted to see me, I believe. . . .

**Hamlin:** Yes. Yes, I did, Mr. Kirk.

**Kirk:** Shall we talk here at the bar, or would you prefer some place a little more private?

**Hamlin:** Private . . . *very* private.

**Kirk:** My office is right this way.

**Hamlin:** Thanks. . . .

*Sound (footsteps . . . nightclub noises fade)*

**Kirk:** I hope you have enjoyed your evening thus far, Mr. Hamlin. . . .

**Hamlin:** I—I just got here.

**Kirk:** A pity. You should have tried your luck at our private casino. That room is paying heavily this evening. Here we are. . . .

*Sound (office door opened)*

**Kirk:** After you, sir. . . .

**Hamlin:** Thanks.

*Sound (door closed . . . nightclub noises out)*



**Kirk:** Sit down, Mr. Hamlin. . . . Care for a drink?

**Hamlin:** Uh . . . yes. Yes, I *would* like a drink.

*Sound (clink of bottles)*

**Kirk:** (*Pours*) There you are. . . .

**Hamlin:** Thanks. (*Gulps it down*) Ah-h . . . that's better.

**Kirk:** (*A bit sarcastically*) I gather your business is urgent.

**Hamlin:** (*Tries to laugh it off*) I never drink ordinarily. . . . But this is something of an emergency.

**Kirk:** The same kind of emergency you experienced the night before last? . . .

**Hamlin:** (*Tensely*) What do you mean by *that*?

**Kirk:** I would hardly have called you sober that night, Mr. Hamlin. . . .

**Hamlin:** You saw me here the night before last?

**Kirk:** It's fortunate I did . . . before any of my men tried to throw you out. I gathered from your appearance you had been drinking for some time. . . .

**Hamlin:** What did I do?

**Kirk:** You seemed primarily interested in one of our hostesses . . . a young lady named Rose Marcel.

**Hamlin:** Rose? . . .

**Kirk:** Although it's a flagrant violation of the house rules, I allowed you to leave here with her.

**Hamlin:** And that was the night before last?

**Kirk:** It was, sir.

**Hamlin:** I think I'll have another drink.

**Kirk:** Now just a moment, Mr. Hamlin. . . .

**Hamlin:** (*Slamming down his glass*) Another drink!

**Kirk:** Very well. . . . (*Pours*) There you are. . . .

**Hamlin:** (*Gulps it down*) Ah-h! (*Becoming a bit intoxicated*) Now look, Mr. Kirk, I got a little proposition for you. . . . It would be better if nobody knew where Rose and I went that night. Matter of fact, nobody *does* know except a couple of people. . . .

**Kirk:** Even *that's* too many people to know a secret.

**Hamlin:** Can you fix it so they forget it?

**Kirk:** Who are they?

**Hamlin:** A guy named Lamont Cranston and a girl named Margot Lane. . . .

**Kirk:** With proper persuasion, they could forget



everything . . . for the proper amount of money, of course. . . .

**Hamlin:** It's worth two thousand dollars to me.

**Kirk:** I think for two thousand dollars I could find someone to handle the assignment. . . .

**Hamlin:** And there's an extra three thousand dollars as a bonus if the job's done right.

**Kirk:** For that amount of money, Mr. Hamlin, I might consider negotiating the deal myself.

*Music (bridge and out)*

**Margot:** Lamont, hurry! . . . Someone's coming down the corridor. . . .

**Cranston:** (*Fades on mike*) We're all set. I've got it!

**Margot:** Let's get out of here . . . fast!

*Sound (hurried footsteps . . . then hold for . . . )*

**Cranston:** (*Fast*) Here, Margot, this is the door to the alley.

*Sound (door opened . . . faint street noises)*

**Margot:** (*With a sigh of relief*) Oh-h . . . I thought you'd never come out of that dressing room. . . .

**Cranston:** We *had* to find Rose Marcel's home address, Margot, and I didn't know any other place to look.

**Margot:** You've got it?

**Cranston:** Yes . . . Apartment A, 376 East Avenue. . . .

**Margot:** What are we going to do now?

**Cranston:** You're going to my apartment and wait. I'm going to give Miss Marcel a chance to change her clothes and check out of The Gilded Cage. And then I'm going to pay her a social call. . . .

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

*Sound (barroom noises . . . murmur of voices and clink of bottles and glasses)*

**Hamlin:** (*Intoxicated*) Hey, bartender! . . . where's the phone booth? . . . Oh, I see it.

*Sound (phone-booth door opened, then closed)*

**Hamlin:** Let's see now . . .

*Sound (phone jerked off cradle and dialing behind the following)*

**Hamlin:** (*To himself as he dials*) Two . . . seven . . . six . . . nine . . . three . . . five . . . three. There! . . .

*Sound (filter sound of phone ringing number)*

**Kirk:** (*Filter*) Yes? . . .

**Hamlin:** Is this Hugo Kirk?



**Kirk:** (*Filter*) Yes. Who is this?

**Hamlin:** This is Tommy Hamlin.

**Kirk:** (*Filter*) Oh, yes, Hamlin. . . . What is it?

**Hamlin:** What is it? *What is it*, he says! I'll tell you what it is. . . . It's murder—that's what it is!

**Kirk:** (*Filter*) You're drunk, Hamlin.

**Hamlin:** Sure I'm drunk, and I'm going to get drunker. . . .

Look, I'm in a bar across the street from you. I've been watching *The Gilded Cage* for an hour now. You've got a job to do. . . . What's holding you up?

**Kirk:** (*Filter*) If you're referring to the discussion we had in this office, I'll attend to that matter at the earliest possible moment.

**Hamlin:** I've got news for you. . . . The earliest possible moment? . . . Don't you realize that every minute Cranston and that Lane girl are on the loose, my life is in danger?

**Kirk:** (*Filter*) Mr. Hamlin, I suggest you go home and to bed, and allow me to handle this matter in my own way.

**Hamlin:** And I suggest that you forget the whole deal. I'll handle this myself.

**Kirk:** (*Filter*) You're drunk, Hamlin. You aren't able to . . .

**Hamlin:** (*Cuts in*) You don't think I can do it, do you?

Well, you'd be surprised at what I'm capable of, Kirk.

You'd be surprised! . . .

*Sound (phone slammed back on cradle)*

*Music (theme)*

**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:** Frightened into desperate action, Tommy Hamlin has decided to get rid of Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane, the two people who know the most about his actions on the night of his wife's murder. . . . It is after two o'clock in the morning, and Cranston is ringing the doorbell of Rose Marcel's apartment. . . .

*Sound (doorbell rings twice, then door opened)*

**Cranston:** Miss Marcel. . . .

**Rose:** Oh, It's *you*.

**Cranston:** May I come in?



**Rose:** No.

**Cranston:** Thanks.

*Sound (door closed)*

**Rose:** (*Angrily*) Who do you think you are . . . breaking into a girl's apartment? . . .

**Cranston:** We've been through the formal introductions. Let's get down to business. . . . I'm looking for Tommy Hamlin.

**Rose:** Why don't you try his apartment?

**Cranston:** Because I think he has more reason to be *here*.

**Rose:** Look, the last time I saw him, he was with you. Why don't you keep track of your friends?

**Cranston:** This one's a little tough to keep track of. . . . You were with Tommy the night before last. What did you do after you left The Gilded Cage and Lusardi's Restaurant?

**Rose:** Got it all figured out, haven't you?

**Cranston:** Most of it.

**Rose:** Maybe you better sit down. . . .

**Cranston:** Thanks. But do you mind if I look around first?

**Rose:** Help yourself.

**Cranston:** (*Fading off mike*) Nice fire escape for a quick exit.

**Rose:** You've been reading too many detective stories.

**Cranston:** (*Off mike*) Or not enough. . . .

**Rose:** Don't bother to look under the bed. He's not there . . . or anywhere else in this apartment.

**Cranston:** (*Fading back on mike*) Let's get back to the subject at hand—Thompson R. Hamlin, millionaire playboy, wanted for murder. . . .

**Rose:** You think Tommy murdered his wife?

**Cranston:** What do *you* think?

**Rose:** I think you're sticking your nose in some place it doesn't belong.

**Cranston:** You took Tommy down to Lusardi's to get some food inside him and sober him up, didn't you? But it didn't work. He kept on drinking, so you gave up and decided to take him home to his apartment. Right?

**Rose:** *You're* telling the story.

**Cranston:** You found Mrs. Hamlin there, and she and Tommy fought over his drinking and you. Or maybe it was you and Mrs. Hamlin who fought. Maybe *you* killed her. Maybe it was you who slipped the poison into her



highball and then stood there and watched her choke and strangle. . . . How about it, Miss Marcel? . . .

**Rose:** No! No, it wasn't me, honest! I'll tell you all I know about it. . . . Tommy had come into the club once or twice before. This night he was drunk, and he insisted I leave with him. So I took him to Lusardi's and then home. As we got off the elevator, he handed me his apartment keys and asked me to open the door. I had just opened it when . . . (*Breaks off as . . .*)

*Sound (gunshot)*

**Rose:** (*Groans*) Oh-h . . . oh-h . . .

**Cranston:** Rose!

*Sound (body falls to floor)*

**Cranston:** Rose! . . . Can you hear me?

**Rose:** (*Moans faintly*)

**Cranston:** Who did it, Rose?

**Rose:** (*Moans, gasps, and dies*)

**Cranston:** Dead! (*Pauses*) The fire escape!

*Sound (several quick footsteps, then stop)*

**Cranston:** It's empty . . . empty!

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

*Sound (loud raps on door, then footsteps under . . .)*

**Margot:** Coming, Lamont. . . . Just a second. . . .

*Sound (door opened)*

**Margot:** You didn't have to break the door, did . . .

**Hamlin:** (*Cuts in*) Where is he?

**Margot:** Tommy!

**Hamlin:** Where is Cranston? Where is he hiding?

**Margot:** Now, wait a minute, who . . .

**Hamlin:** (*Cuts in*) He's not here, is that it? This is his place, and you're waiting for him. . . . All right, I'll wait for him too. And when he comes, we'll have a little talk . . . with *this*!

**Margot:** Put that gun away!

**Hamlin:** I can still cover my trail. If you two can't talk, the police will keep right on thinking my wife committed suicide.

**Margot:** Stay away from me!

**Hamlin:** (*Violently*) I'm going to take care of you right here and now! And when Cranston comes in . . . (*Breaks off as . . .*)

*Sound (door slammed, off mike)*



**Hamlin:** Cranston!

**Cranston:** What are you doing here, Tommy?

**Hamlin:** I . . . I was . . .

**Cranston:** (*Cuts in*) What's the idea of the gun?

**Hamlin:** Stay away from me, or I'll let you have it!

**Cranston:** If you're going to shoot, Tommy, this would be a good time to do it.

**Hamlin:** I *will*. I will shoot.

**Cranston:** You'd better do it fast if you're going to do it at all.

**Hamlin:** I . . . (*Breaks down*) I can't. . . . I can't do it.

**Cranston:** I didn't think you could . . . and it proves . . .

**Hamlin:** (*Cuts in*) But you're not going to get me. (*Fading off mike, almost sobbing*) You'll *never* get me.

**Cranston:** (*Loudly*) Tommy! . . . Wait!

**Hamlin:** (*Off mike*) Nobody'll ever get me. . . . Nobody!

*Sound (door opened and slammed shut, off mike)*

**Cranston:** Stay here, Margot. . . . I'm going after him!

*Music (short bridge and out)*

*Sound (light street noises, fast footsteps on cement)*

**Hamlin:** (*Wildly*) Nobody'll ever get me. . . . *Nobody!* Got to get away.

*Sound (car motor fades on mike, then stops)*

**Hamlin:** Got to get away. . . .

*Sound (car door opened)*

**Kirk:** (*Loudly*) Hamlin!

*Sound (footsteps stop)*

**Hamlin:** Who—who is it?

**Kirk:** I'm here in the car, Hamlin.

**Hamlin:** Kirk!

**Kirk:** Get in.

**Hamlin:** But, I . . .

**Kirk:** (*Cuts in*) There's plenty of room back here. Get in before I have to use this gun!

*Sound (car door closed, car motor under the following)*

**Kirk:** Head for the docks, Joe. Try Pier 25. It's quiet there.

**Joe:** Right, boss.

**Hamlin:** What's this all about, Kirk?

**Kirk:** You're a very predictable young man, Mr. Hamlin. So far you've done precisely what I thought you would. After



you shot Rose, I assumed you'd go to Cranston's place.  
That's why I was waiting outside his apartment just now.

**Hamlin:** I didn't kill Rose.

**Kirk:** You shot her in the back from the fire escape. I'm  
sorry you did that, Mr. Hamlin. Rose was very dear to me.  
*Very. . . .*

**Hamlin:** But I tell you I *didn't* kill her!

**Kirk:** She was the only witness to your wife's murder. She  
saw you poison your wife's drink. You had to dispose of  
her.

**Hamlin:** No . . . you're lying!

*Sound (car motor slows down, then stops)*

**Kirk:** Joe, why did you stop the car?

**Joe:** I didn't, boss. Somebody turned off the ignition.

**Kirk:** (*Annoyed*) What are you talking about? There's  
nobody but the three of us in the car.

**Shadow:** (*Laughs*) You're wrong, Kirk. *I* stopped the car.

**Kirk:** Who's that? Who's talking?

**Shadow:** This is the Shadow! (*Laughs*)

**Joe:** There's a voice, but I don't see nobody.

**Shadow:** No one sees the Shadow.

*Sound (car door jerked open fast)*

**Joe:** I'm gettin' out of here. . . .

**Shadow:** No you *don't*.

*Sound (blow to body)*

**Joe:** (*Groans*)

**Kirk:** What *is* this? What's happening? There's no one  
here!

**Shadow:** The Shadow's here, Hugo Kirk. And now I'll take  
that (*Effort of grabbing*) gun!

**Kirk:** Hey! What the . . .

**Hamlin:** (*Cuts in*) He was going to kill me, Shadow.

**Shadow:** Two murders aren't enough for you, Kirk?

**Kirk:** I haven't murdered anyone. Hamlin killed . . .

**Shadow:** (*Cuts in*) Hamlin didn't kill his wife.

**Hamlin:** (*Astounded*) What?!

**Shadow:** *You* killed her, Kirk! . . . and shot Rose Marcel to  
try to cover your crime.

**Hamlin:** Kirk killed my wife?!

**Shadow:** Was it the money, Kirk? Was that what you  
wanted from Mrs. Hamlin? You wanted her to divorce  
Tommy and marry you, didn't you? She just laughed at



you, and you killed her. And you were going to twist the scheme to fit Tommy's drunken condition.

**Kirk:** What are you talking about?

**Shadow:** (*Taunting him*) What did she say, Kirk, when she refused you? Did she laugh at you and call you a cheap crook?

**Kirk:** Shut up!

**Shadow:** After all your efforts to seem respectable, (*Laughs*) you couldn't stand to be laughed and sneered at, could you, Kirk? *Could* you?

**Kirk:** She had to die! I wouldn't let her laugh at me. I had to kill her. I *had* to!

**Shadow:** Tommy, drive the car to police headquarters, where Mr. Kirk will tell his story to the authorities.

**Kirk:** No! . . .

**Shadow:** Yes, Kirk. You have no choice. You'll have to pay for your crimes . . . with your life!

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

**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:** The following morning Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane are driving away from police headquarters in the taxi of their new-found friend Mr. Feeney, the cabdriver. . . .

*Sound (car motor under the following)*

**Feeney:** Gee, Mr. Cranston, can it really be? . . . You know . . . the story Tommy told about the Shadow?

**Cranston:** You heard it with your own ears.

**Feeney:** Yeah, I know. . . . But still, it's pretty amazing.

**Margot:** Well, the Shadow, I hear tell, *is* a pretty amazing fellow. You heard the commissioner tell how many times the Shadow has helped the forces of law and order.

**Feeney:** Yeah! . . . Boy! I'd sure like to get a look at that Shadow.

**Margot:** Maybe you already *have*.

**Feeney:** Huh? . . . Who? . . . What do you mean?

**Cranston:** (*Quickly*) Oh, she just means that the Shadow could be anybody . . . maybe one of the people who ride in your cab.



**Feeney:** Oh! Yeah? . . .

**Margot:** Let me get this straight, Lamont. In Hugo Kirk's confession, he said he wanted to marry Mrs. Hamlin for her money. That's right, isn't it?

**Cranston:** Yes. And when she laughed at him and turned him down, he was so furious he decided to kill her. Tommy, who had been on a bat for a couple of days, staggered in with Rose Marcel just at the crucial moment. Rose saw Kirk. She turned and ran. Kirk ducked out the back door. Then Tommy discovered his wife's body, and in his fear and drunken confusion thought he was somehow responsible. He slipped out the back way, and that's when you picked him up in your cab, Mr. Feeney.

**Margot:** Then Rose was the only person who knew Kirk was guilty?

**Cranston:** Yes. And when she was shot, it was a pretty clear case against Kirk. After all, Tommy demonstrated to us personally that he didn't have the nerve to shoot anyone.

**Margot:** I see. Well, I guess that just about wraps it up, doesn't it?

**Feeney:** Well, where will it be, folks?

**Cranston:** How about Miss Lane's apartment for a nice cup of hot coffee?

**Feeney:** Sounds like a good idea.

**Margot:** Fine, Mr. Feeney. Be our guest.

*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