



The Blackball Murder

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston (*the Shadow*)

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

Miles Anders (*secretary-treasurer of the Bay Yacht Club*)

Dan Jackson (*blackballed applicant for membership*)

Maud Harper (*25-year-old club member*)

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 Blackball Murder," is a tale of murder and treachery in the tranquil setting of a yacht basin. It will begin in just a moment, but first . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "The Blackball Murder."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: Greed, ambition, violence, and murder do not stalk their victims only in the dark byways of the city. Tonight they lurk in the velvet darkness of the quiet anchorage of a yacht basin, as a tall, powerfully built man rows a dinghy to the stern of a sleek cabin cruiser . . . stows his oars . . . and makes fast the mooring line. Then he climbs aboard the cruiser and calls . . .

Jackson: Anders! . . . Miles Anders!

Sound (cabin door opened, slightly off mike)

Anders: *(Slightly off mike)* Yeah? . . . Who's there?

Sound (footsteps on deck)

Jackson: *(Full of suppressed hatred)* Dan Jackson!

Anders: *(Comes on)* What are you doing in the anchorage?! . . . You're not a member of the Bay Yacht Club!

Jackson: *(Grimly)* Yes! You and some others saw to that!

Anders: *(Quickly, frightened)* I didn't blackball your application for membership.

Jackson: Who did?

Anders: I don't know.

Jackson: You're the secretary-treasurer!

Anders: The voting is secret!

Jackson: But *you* know!

Anders: I don't! I swear! . . .

Jackson: Why was I blackballed? I live in the community! I own a yawl, and I know how to sail!

Anders: Maybe you sail *too* well. Maybe some of the other members would like to win a race occasionally.

Jackson: Then let them learn how to handle their boats . . . instead of spending their time at the club bar!

Anders: Why try to join if you don't like us?

Jackson: It was important to Helen . . . *(Chokes)* my wife.

Anders: But she—she's dead!

Jackson: *(Lashes out)* Of a broken heart!

Anders: Nonsense! The obituary notice said pneumonia.

Jackson: *(Bitterly)* Few people die of pneumonia these days if they have any will to live.

Anders: I'm sorry, but what do you expect *me* to do?

Jackson: Give me the names of the members who put the blackballs in the box against me!

Anders: *(Frightened)* Why do you want to know their names?

Jackson: I'm going to ruin them . . . destroy them!

Anders: I didn't . . . (*Breaks off*)

Sound (quick scuff of feet)

Jackson: (*Effort of throttling*) Who were they?! . . . Talk!

Anders: (*Gasping*) Let go of my throat! You're choking me!

Jackson: (*Effort of holding*) There's an initiation ceremony at the club where you pretend to hang a neophyte for mutiny, isn't there?

Anders: Yes, but . . . (*Gasps*)

Jackson: I'll string *you* up on your own boat if you don't tell me!

Anders: (*Gasping*) Let go! . . . I'll tell you!

Jackson: (*Effort of holding*) Name them!

Anders: Wilson . . . the new commodore!

Jackson: Who else?

Anders: Maud Harper.

Jackson: You're lying. *She* proposed me for membership.

Anders: To get even with your wife!

Jackson: I don't believe Maud Harper had anything to do with it. Who else?

Anders: Nobody else! It takes only one black marble in the box to . . .

Jackson: (*Cuts in*) And you put it there because I beat you out on that real-estate deal!

Anders: No! . . . (*Gasps*) I didn't!

Jackson: You're lying! (*Effort of pushing*) And *this* is only the beginning!

Sound (body splashes into water)

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (light clang of buoy¹ bell . . . off mike, distant sound of motorboats, and under the following—light murmur of crowd in terrace restaurant)

Margot: Why did Miles Anders invite you out here to the Bay Yacht Club for dinner, Lamont?

Cranston: I don't know. . . . But the club serves a good dinner, and it's cool and pleasant down here near the water.

1. *buoy* (bü' ē) *or* (boi). See Pronunciation Key on page 289. A floating object anchored in the water to mark an anchorage channel, navigational hazard, etc. A buoy equipped with a bell is called a bell buoy.

Margot: I wish we could go for a quiet moonlight sail.

Cranston: (*Chuckles*) Maybe I can borrow a dinghy and row you around the bay.

Margot: Careful! . . . I might take you up on that.

Cranston: (*Quickly*) Hold the thought. Here's Miles Anders, the club secretary. He has a cabin cruiser. (*Calls*) Hello, Anders.

Anders: (*Comes on*) Cranston! I'm glad you were able to come. I've got to talk to you.

Cranston: Sit down. I believe you've met Miss Lane.

Anders: (*Nervously*) Yes. . . . Hello!

Margot: Join us for coffee and the wonderful peace and quiet of the night after the heat and hustle of the city.

Anders: There's nothing peaceful and quiet about the club these days . . . or *nights*, Miss Lane.

Cranston: (*Amused*) What's the trouble, Anders? Are the members still feuding over the election of Greg Wilson as the new commodore?

Anders: (*Quickly*) No! It's because of an applicant who was blackballed!

Cranston: Oh . . . one of *those* nasty situations.

Anders: It's worse than that. (*Fast*) It was Dan Jackson, a real-estate man out here. His wife died last week . . . after he was blackballed. He claims the humiliation helped kill her.

Margot: Oh, how awful!

Anders: (*Rushes on*) Last night Jackson came aboard my boat. Threatened me! Demanded that I tell him the names of the members who blackballed him!

Cranston: Did you?

Anders: (*Defensively*) He got violent . . . grabbed me by the throat . . . threatened to hang me like we pretend to do in the initiation ceremony!

Cranston: Did you tell him?

Anders: Yes! . . . Commodore Wilson and Maud Harper.

Cranston: (*Sharply*) How can you be sure? As I recall, the balloting is supposed to be secret.

Anders: Yes, but as secretary-treasurer, I tend the box. The black marbles are heavier, and I can tell by the sound.

Cranston: Even so, you shouldn't have told Jackson!

Anders: I thought he'd kill me! Even after I told him, he accused *me* too . . . and hit me! He knocked me off my

boat . . . into the bay! Said it was only the beginning, and left me to drown!

Margot: He must be terribly bitter and hurt. . . .

Cranston: Have you told this to Commodore Wilson?

Anders: No. I haven't seen him around the club all day.

Cranston: He should be warned!

Maud: (*Off mike, calls*) Mr. Anders! (*Comes on*) Mr. Anders!

Sound (crowd murmur stops suddenly)

Anders: Maud! . . . What's the trouble?

Maud: It's Commodore Wilson!

Anders: What about him?

Maud: I—I went out to his sloop to borrow his spare outboard motor. . . .

Anders: (*Cuts in*) Wasn't he on board?

Maud: (*Breaks down*) Yes! (*Chokes*) He—he was hanging from the mainsail (mān' səl) rigging . . . dead!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (intermittent harbor sounds under the following)

Anders: (*Exclaims nervously*) Cranston! Can't we cut him down or lower him to the deck?!

Cranston: (*Grimly*) I think we'd better leave him just as he is until the police come.

Maud: Why did you call the police, Mr. Cranston? He must have committed suicide. He's been having financial difficulties.

Cranston: It's not likely that a man would hang himself in that manner, Miss Harper. Furthermore, I'm sure he knew that suicide is no solution to anyone's problems. And after what Mr. Anders told me about his trouble with Jackson, I think the police should be in on this as quickly as possible.

Maud: (*Startled*) But Commodore Wilson had no trouble with Dan Jackson. He liked Dan . . . even bought his new house through Dan. He wouldn't . . .

Margot: (*Cuts in*) But, according to Mr. Anders, the commodore blackballed Mr. Jackson from membership in the club!

Maud: (*Startled*) He wouldn't! He thought Dan was the best skipper in the bay!

Anders: (*Viciously*) Maybe that's why he blackballed him!

Maud: How do you know he did?! You're . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) Anders has a keen ear for the sound of a heavy blackball dropping in the "doomsday box"!

Maud: I don't believe it!

Margot: And he claims he heard *you* drop one!

Maud: (*Flares up*) You're a liar, Miles Anders! I proposed Dan Jackson for membership!

Anders: So you could spite his wife and get even with Dan for ditching you for her!

Maud: (*Furious*) You're a vicious, gossiping old liar!

Trying to get even with me because I won't have anything to do with *you*!

Anders: Everybody knows you bought a boat and got in the club just to grab a rich husband.

Maud: (*Effort of hitting*) How dare you!

Sound (hard slap on face)

Cranston: (*Grabbing her*) Hold it, Miss Harper! You can settle that later.

Anders: If Dan Jackson doesn't settle with her first!

Maud: And just what do you mean by that?!

Cranston: Anders told Dan Jackson that you and the commodore both blackballed him!

Maud: (*Struggles*) He's lying! It's not true! I didn't!

Cranston: At any rate, it won't make any difference to the commodore now. . . . Judging from the degree of rigor mortis, I'd say he's been dead for quite some time.

Sound (powerboat coming on fast behind the following)

Margot: The Harbor-Patrol boat is coming, Lamont.

Cranston: (*Still restraining Maud*) No more trouble with Anders, Miss Harper!

Maud: (*Deadly quiet*) Don't worry, Mr. Cranston. I can wait until Dan Jackson finds out that Anders is the one who kept him out of the club and helped kill Mrs. Jackson!

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: Half an hour has passed. And checking on the mixed clues and many motives behind the hanging at a suburban yacht club, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane

drive to the home of Dan Jackson, a prime suspect who was blackballed from membership by the commodore's admission committee. . . .

Sound (car comes on and stops, motor cut and car door opened, then footsteps on gravel walk . . . summer night sounds under the following)

Margot: Jackson seems to be home! There's a light in almost every room.

Cranston: (*Grimly*) He could have committed the crime and been home for an hour, Margot.

Margot: How long had the commodore been hanging from that mast?

Cranston: He'd been dead about five or six hours.

Sound (footsteps stop)

Margot: But by then it would have been daylight, and someone would have seen him hanging there in the middle of the anchorage!

Cranston: That makes it murder . . . even if an autopsy doesn't prove he was drugged or poisoned and kept in the cabin until it was dark enough to haul him up on his own mast!

Margot: Then it must have been a cold-blooded, premeditated killing for revenge!

Cranston: (*Grimly*) It was! . . . and a symbolic killing at that. . . .

Margot: How do you mean?

Cranston: The police found a black marble clutched in the stiffened fingers of his right hand.

Margot: (*Startled*) Look, Lamont! Someone in Jackson's house is going from room to room . . . carrying things.

Cranston: (*Pauses*) Looks like he's packing. Ring the bell. I'd like to ask him a few questions before the local police arrest him.

Sound (doorbell sounds inside house under the above)

Margot: (*Quickly*) He's coming to the door. Do you think he's guilty?

Cranston: (*Grimly*) Suppose we let *him* tell us.

Sound (door unlocked and opened)

Jackson: (*Slightly off mike*) Yes?

Cranston: Good evening. Are you Dan Jackson?

Jackson: Yes, I am. Who are you?

Cranston: Lamont Cranston. . . . I used to be a member of the Bay Yacht Club . . . several years ago.

Jackson: (*Sarcastically*) Lucky *you*!

Cranston: (*Ignoring sarcasm*) And this is Miss Lane.

Jackson: (*Coldly*) Is she also a member of the club's Ladies' Committee, belatedly calling on my wife?

Margot: No. . . . I'm not a member of the club.

Jackson: I'm very busy. What do you want?

Cranston: (*Bluntly*) I'd like to talk to you before the police arrive.

Jackson: (*Startled*) The police! Why should *they* come here?

Cranston: To arrest you on suspicion of murder.

Jackson: (*Harshly*) Murder! . . . Who am I supposed to have murdered?

Cranston: Commodore Wilson.

Jackson: Greg Wilson? You're crazy!

Cranston: Whoever murdered him *is* crazy.

Jackson: How did it happen? When was he killed?

Cranston: When did *you* last see Commodore Wilson?

Jackson: This afternoon. I went . . . (*Breaks off*)

Cranston: Aboard his sloop?

Jackson: Yes.

Cranston: Why?

Jackson: It was a personal matter and none of your business.

Cranston: Now it's a police matter and the law's business.

Jackson: So why should I talk to you?

Cranston: If you're not involved, you'd better talk to someone who can help you prove it before you're locked in a cell and held without bail.

Jackson: (*Suddenly remembering*) Cranston . . . I've heard of you.

Cranston: I'd like to hear what *you* have to say . . . having heard Miles Anders' and Maud Harper's versions of your trouble with the club.

Jackson: (*Tensely*) So Anders has been shooting off his mealy mouth!

Cranston: It makes it look pretty bad for you. .

Jackson: (*Pauses*) How was Greg Wilson killed?

Cranston: Maud Harper found him hanging on the mast of his sloop about an hour ago.

Jackson: I've been here all evening . . . packing!

Cranston: Where were you going?

Jackson: (*Bitterly*) Back to the city. My life is finished here! My wife is dead . . . my business shot, because everyone knows I was blackballed by the club.

Cranston: If you planned to leave town, why did you force Anders to tell you the names of the people who supposedly blackballed you?

Jackson: I had to know who they were.

Cranston: Anders claims you threatened to destroy them! . . . and even threatened to hang him as they do the neophytes in the initiation ceremony! . . . the way Wilson died!

Jackson: (*Beat*) I was bluffing . . . just trying to scare that rat into telling me the names.

Cranston: And Wilson was one of the names he gave you?

Jackson: (*Realizing he's in a bad way*) Yes, but Anders lied!

Cranston: Who told you he lied?

Jackson: Greg Wilson himself.

Cranston: When?

Jackson: This afternoon.

Cranston: Where?

Jackson: Aboard his sloop.

Cranston: And he was alive when you left?

Jackson: Yes!

Cranston: Where were you until sundown?

Jackson: Aboard my own boat . . . off the public dock.

Cranston: Can you prove it?

Jackson: (*Pauses*) No! . . . I felt sick . . . beat. I took a couple drinks . . . went to sleep . . . didn't wake up till after dark. Then I came straight here and started packing.

Cranston: (*Grimly*) You're in trouble, Jackson.

Jackson: (*Grimly*) Looks like I'm stuck with it, and . . .
(*Breaks off as . . .*)

Sound (phone rings, slightly off mike)

Jackson: (*Steps back*) Excuse me.

Sound (phone lifted off cradle, slightly off mike)

Jackson: Hello. (*Pause*) . . . (*Tensely*) Yes? (*Pause, then harshly*) Why? (*Pause*) All right, I'll be right down!

Sound (phone back on cradle)

Jackson: (*Comes on*) (*Coldly*) Sorry, Mr. Cranston, Miss Lane. That was Police Chief Sawyer. He wants me. I'll have to go.

Margot: We'll drive you to the police station.

Jackson: (*Sharply*) No! . . . No thanks. I'll take my own car! I have something I must do . . . before I go to jail!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (car comes on and stops)

Margot: (*Surprised*) Lamont, we've lost him! Where on earth could Dan Jackson have disappeared to?

Cranston: I don't know, Margot.

Margot: Maybe we better go to the police station and wait for him there.

Cranston: He won't show up there. . . .

Margot: But the police chief phoned him from there. . . .

Cranston: No, Margot. That call didn't come from the police. (*Grimly*) And I think Jackson meant to lose us long enough to take care of that unfinished business he mentioned! If the police had wanted him, they would have picked him up. He used that call as a ruse to get rid of us. That's why we've been following him. . . .

Margot: And now we've lost him! What'll we do *now*, Lamont?

Cranston: (*Grimly*) We've got to *guess* where he's going! And I've got a hunch as to where it might be!

Music (short bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (clang of buoy bell, off mike . . . muffled sound of rowing under the following)

Cranston: (*In rhythm with strokes of oars*) Well, Margot . . . you're getting your . . . boat ride on the bay. . . . But the peace and quiet . . . and the silvery moonlight . . . are gone.

Sound (rowing stops, light slap of water)

Margot: (*Ruefully*) It's so pitch black I can't see Dan Jackson's yawl.

Cranston: The dock attendant said it's the third in the line of outer buoys, and we've passed the second.

Margot: So it should be just ahead. . . . Row on, Macduff.²

Cranston: No need to. The tide is carrying us.

Margot: What do you expect to find on Jackson's boat?

Cranston: I hope I don't find what I'm looking for.

Margot: You think he's innocent?

2. *Row on, Macduff*, a paraphrase of "Lay on, Macduff," part of Macbeth's challenge to Macduff in the last scene of Shakespeare's play *Macbeth*.

Cranston: More than that . . . *framed!*

Margot: (*Exclaims*) There's a yawl . . . dead ahead!

Cranston: I see it. The perfect craft for . . . (*Breaks off and lowers voice*) Quiet, Margot. Do you see what I see?

Margot: A dinghy tied alongside.

Cranston: (*Grimly*) And *this* is Jackson's dinghy the dockhand loaned us.

Margot: I wonder what it can mean.

Cranston: We're going to the port side³ and see.
Sound (single slosh of water)

Margot: It might be the police.

Cranston: Not in a dinghy. . . . Listen!

Margot: (*Pauses*) I don't hear a thing.

Cranston: (*Quick and low*) We're coming astern. Grab hold, but don't tie up. I'm going aboard. If there's trouble, shove off and get ashore and call the police.

Margot: (*Apprehensively*) Please be careful, Lamont.

Cranston: (*Pauses*) Now! (*Goes*) Stay in the dinghy!

Margot: (*Slightly off mike, cries out*) Lamont! Behind you! . . .
Sound (thud of heavy anchor rope, sound of body falling on deck)

Margot: Lamont! Lamont! Answer me! I can't see you!
Sound (footsteps on deck of yawl rush off, then outboard motor starts and roars away over . . .)

Margot: (*Calling frantically*) Lamont! . . . Lamont! . . .
Music (up and out for . . .)
Sound (buoy bell, off mike)

Cranston: (*Groans*) I hear bells!

Margot: It's the channel marker. You're on the deck of Jackson's yawl. Are you all right?

Cranston: Yes. . . .

Margot: You were out cold. He hit you with a heavy anchor rope.

Cranston: Did you get a look at him?

Margot: No! He ran to the other dinghy and got away with an outboard motor.

Cranston: I wonder what he was doing here.

3. *port side*, the side of a boat to the left of a person facing the bow (the front) of the vessel.

Margot: Could it have anything to do with these?

Sound (rattle of a handful of agate marbles)

Cranston: Black marbles! Where did you find them?

Margot: On the deck. Whoever hit you must have dropped them.

Cranston: Good girl. Let's go!

Margot: Go where?

Cranston: We have one more boat to board! And this time I think the Shadow will take a hand in this murderous blackball game!

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: With one murder—resulting from the jealousies and hatreds at a suburban yacht club—an accomplished fact, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane are trying to identify the "blackball killer" before he strikes again.

(Fading) It is after midnight, and the bay is silent and deserted. . . .

Sound (buoy bell ringing, off mike . . . soft slosh of oars in water, then stop)

Margot: *(Tense and low)* Whose boat are you looking for, Lamont?

Cranston: Miles Anders', the club's secretary-treasurer.

. . . *(Pauses)* It's a thirty-foot cabin cruiser moored right off the end of the club dock.

Margot: The clubhouse seems to be closed. There isn't a light showing.

Cranston: I'm not surprised . . . after the hanging of the commodore.

Margot: I wonder how many other members are afraid Dan Jackson thinks they blackballed him from membership.

Cranston: *(Quickly)* Hold it, Margot. There's Anders' cruiser with a dinghy alongside!

Margot: *(Softly)* Lamont! There's *another* dinghy tied to the stern of the cruiser.

Cranston: Margot! I'm going on board. . . . I want you to row back to shore.

Margot: But there must be *two* people on board Anders cruiser.

Cranston: That's what I'm counting on. (*Tersely*) Get to a phone! Call the local police! Get them down here . . . on the double!

Margot: Hadn't you better wait for the police, Lamont? There are two of them on board the cruiser.

Cranston: No, Margot. I think it's up to the Shadow to prevent another blackball murder . . . by hanging!

Music (bridge up and out for . . .)

Sound (buoy bell ringing, off mike . . . on mike, clink of bottle on glass and gurgling sound of pouring)

Anders: Have another drink, Dan! And I'll tell you why I phoned you to meet me before the police got to you.

Jackson: (*Tense and suspicious*) I didn't come here to drink! Why *did* you call me, and where did you go in your dinghy this time of night?

Anders: (*Stalling*) Never mind that! You're in a jam, and I can help you.

Jackson: How?

Anders: You have no alibi for the time Wilson was killed, and neither have I.

Jackson: So what?

Anders: We can alibi each other.

Jackson: How?

Anders: We can say I was aboard your yawl—drinking with you.

Jackson: (*Voice thickening and getting groggy*) (*Coldly*) Why do *you* need an alibi? *I'm* the one who was blackballed. *I'm* the one the police will suspect. You saw to that!

Anders: (*Urgently*) Drink your drink, and I'll explain. . . .

Sound (boat bumping against side of cruiser)

Jackson: (*Startled*) What was that? . . . Someone came alongside.

Anders: (*Soothingly*) It's just the dinghies bumping against the cruiser. . . . The tide's turning. . . . Listen! . . .

Sound (scuff of feet as Jackson tries to stand up)

Jackson: (*Groggy*) I'm tired of listening. This is a trap!

Anders: No. Listen to me, Dan! . . . I need an alibi too!

Jackson: (*Thickly*) What for?

Anders: (*Fast*) I had trouble with Wilson. I've used the building fund for the new clubhouse. As the new commodore, Wilson went over the books and found out!

Jackson: (*Enraged*) So that's why you killed him! . . . tried to frame me . . . (*Gasps*) you dirty . . . (*Breaks off*)

Sound (bottle and glasses knocked over as he staggers)

Anders: (*Mocking*) Yes! And now I'm going to make it look good!

Jackson: (*Gasping*) What did you put in . . . my drink? . . .

Anders: I mixed you a Mickey,⁴ you fool . . . same as I did for Wilson after you left him this afternoon. I swam out and climbed aboard. Nobody saw me. Nobody will ever know.

Jackson: (*Effort of reaching*) I'll kill you . . . you (*Sags*) dirty rat. . . .

Sound (body crashes to floor of cabin)

Anders: (*Mocking*) No, Dan. I'm going to get you back to your (*Effort of lifting*) yawl . . . and in the morning they'll find you hanging . . . a suicide of remorse. . . .

Sound (companionway door smashed open as . . .)

Shadow: (*Slightly off mike*) No! . . . Miles Anders! . . .
(*Laughs*)

Anders: (*Startled*) Who—who are you? Where . . .

Shadow: (*Cuts in*) The Shadow, Miles Anders! And don't waste the little time you have left in trying to see me.

Anders: (*Backing away*) Why can't I see you? Your voice! . . . You're here in the cabin, or else I'm going mad.

Shadow: You *are* mad to have killed a man to cover up a petty crime. And you can't see me because I have the power to cloud your mind and force you to tell the truth!

Anders: (*Wildly*) What do you want, Shadow? . . . Why have you come here?

Shadow: To return these. . . .

Sound (clatter of marbles on floor . . . pause as they bounce, roll, and rattle)

Anders: Where . . . where did you get those blackballs?!

Shadow: On the deck of Jackson's yawl where you dropped them when you heard Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane

4. *Mickey*, alcoholic drink containing a drug that renders the victim helpless (also called a Mickey Finn).

coming! You meant them to be another bit of circumstantial evidence⁵ in case you failed to trap Jackson and kill him tonight!

Anders: (*With cunning of a cornered animal*) That's a lie! No one saw me. . . . No one can prove it!

Shadow: Jackson will prove it when he regains consciousness! He'll beat the truth out of you! . . . beat you to a pulp if you don't confess the whole rotten story of murder and . . . treachery!

Anders: (*Suddenly frantic*) No he won't! . . .

Sound (rush of footsteps and sound of drawer jerked open)

Anders: I'll kill him . . . and you! . . .

Shadow: (*Moves in*) Murder comes easy after the first!

Sound (thud of blow and clatter of falling gun)

Shadow: But no guns, Anders! (*Effort of shoving him away*) Stick to drugging and hanging your victims!

Sound (approaching police siren comes closer and stops off mike behind the following)

Anders: (*Gasps*) The police! They won't get me. . . . (*Gasps as . . .*)

Sound (footsteps stumble, then body crashes to floor)

Anders: (*Cries out with pain*) My leg . . . broken! . . . I can't get up! . . .

Sound (clatter and roll of marbles as Shadow mockingly kicks them across floor of cabin . . .)

Shadow: (*Mocking*) Ironical . . . isn't it, Anders, that a single misstep on a rolling marble—a child's plaything and man's symbol of rejection of his fellowman—should bring you and your murderous scheme to the bar of justice! (*Laughter that fades for . . .*)

Music (up and out for . . .)

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

(Pause for commercial)

5. *circumstantial evidence*, proof of facts offered as evidence from which other facts are to be inferred; indirect evidence.

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)

Sound (car motor up and under the following)

Margot: (*Tired, relaxed*) Lamont?

Cranston: Yes, Margot?

Margot: What made you suspect Miles Anders?

Cranston: I *didn't* suspect him at first. I merely went on the assumption that Dan Jackson was innocent and therefore some other member of the club was guilty.

Margot: Why not Dan Jackson?

Cranston: Because Jackson is a hot-tempered man, incapable of careful planning. And if he *had* killed Commodore Wilson, he's so strong that he wouldn't have needed to drug him before he hanged him.

Margot: What made you think Dan was going to meet the killer?

Cranston: Because I had asked Police Chief Sawyer to hold up on arresting Jackson until I could talk to Dan and test my theory.

Margot: So when Dan Jackson said the police wanted him at the station, you knew he was lying.

Cranston: And when he refused to ride with us, I was certain of it.

Margot: So we followed him, and he gave us the slip.

Cranston: But I thought he was meeting someone aboard his *own* boat! And that was a mistake. . . .

Margot: (*Ruefully*) Nearly a fatal one . . . for you!

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