

The Shadow – Tunnel of Terror

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston (*the Shadow*)

Margot Lane

Fritz Weber (*the middle-aged owner of the Tunnel of Terror*)

Vicky Vale (*the attractive young ticket-seller at the Tunnel*)

Leo (*the carnival strong man who works for Weber as Neptune*)

Jim Regan (*the young man whose brother was the first victim*)

Commissioner Weston

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, “Tunnel of Terror,” is a terrifying tale of murder in a carnival concession. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and the “Tunnel of Terror.”

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

Announcer: The closing of a bad season is always a time of tension in any business. But at Seaside Park the elements themselves seem to put the seal of doom on a carnival concession called the Tunnel of Terror. . . .

Sound *(door jerked open . . . strong wind up and under the following)*

Weber: *(Slightly off mike, shouts over wind)* Vicky! Don't sell no more tickets! The crowd's going home! We're closing up!

Sound *(door closed . . . wind down under the following)*

Vicky: *(On mike, nervously)* O.K., Mr. Weber. But what about the last boat?

Weber: *(Comes on, harshly)* What about it?

Vicky: It – it hasn't drifted back out of the tunnel.

Weber: *(Angrily)* So what? It was empty like they've been most of the season.

Vicky: *(Frightened)* It wasn't! I – I sold one ticket!

Weber: To that guy that's been hanging around you all summer?

Vicky: He's nice! . . . not a fresh smart-alec!

Weber: Like that big ape . . . Leo?

Vicky: Yes! *(Defiantly)* And I'm meeting him at the park entrance as soon as we close up.

Weber: *(Jealous)* Go check your cash! Let him wait!

Vicky: *(Goes off)* Yes, sir!

Weber: *(Calls after her, sarcastically)* I'll tell lover-boy you wouldn't meet him in the Cave of the Mermaids! . . . if he comes out *this* way!

Sound *(heavy door creaks open)*

Leo: *(Slightly off mike)* You'll tell him nothing!

Weber: *(Startled)* Leo! . . .

Leo: *(Sharply)* Come here, you lovesick old fool! . . .

Weber: You've been listening through the walls again!

Leo: *(Mockingly)* Sure! . . . It's easy! They're paper thin! Come on into the water tunnel!

Sound *(slap of water in Tunnel of Terror)*

Weber: *(Startled)* The last boat!

Leo: Yeah!

Sound *(creaking door closed . . . semi-echo effect of tunnel and water)*

Weber: Where's the guy that's been after Vicky?

Leo: In the bottom of the boat.

Weber: What's the matter with him?

Leo: *(Mockingly)* He's drowned . . . dead!

Weber: *(Shocked)* How'd it happen?

Leo: I got in an argument with him! He tripped and fell into the canal. It was an accident, but nobody'll believe it!

Weber: Why not?

Leo: Because you told him to keep away from the gorgeous Vicky . . . *(Mockingly)* your ticket-taker and part-time mermaid!

Weber: So did you!

Leo: So we gotta get him outa here!

Weber: How?

Leo: Out the emergency exit onto the beach.

Weber: *(Scared)* What good would that do?

Leo: We can make it look like he went for a swim and drowned in the ocean.

Weber: No!

Leo: *(Grabs him)* Come on, Weber! You're going to help ditch his body in the ocean, or one of us will burn for his murder . . . and I promise you it won't be me!

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

Sound *(door opened)*

Margot: *(Calls)* Good morning, Commissioner.

Weston: *(Slightly off mike)* Come on into my office, Margot . . . Cranston.

Cranston: *(Comes in)* Why the hurry-up call, Weston?

Sound (*door closed*)

Weston: (*On mike*) Sit down! . . . I want you to look into something that's out of my jurisdiction.

Cranston: A murder?

Weston: Might have been an accidental drowning. The tide brought the body into shore, and our patrol boat fished it out.

Margot: Ugh! . . . Whose body, Commissioner?

Weston: The identification papers belong to a young fellow named Tom Regan, and his brother Jim has identified the body.

Cranston: Why do you say it only *might* have been an accident?

Weston: (*Grimly*) The body was found in *salt* water, but the autopsy revealed that the lungs were filled with *fresh* water. . . .

Cranston: Several freshwater creeks flow into the ocean.

Weston: Except for one thing. . . .

Margot: What?

Weston: His brother says Tom was gone on a girl at Seaside Park. This ticket stub we found in his clothes indicates Tom Regan was there the night he disappeared!

Cranston: Let me see that stub!

Weston: It's for a ride through a thing called the Tunnel of Terror, where the girl works.

Cranston: H'mmm. . . . Have you followed this up?

Weston: I'm tied up on another matter. Besides, Seaside Park is beyond the city limits . . . out of my jurisdiction.

Cranston: Like me to run out there and check?

Weston: Yes. I've phoned the sheriff's office. Take this ticket stub with you, and contact him. Give him all the help you can.

Margot: Isn't Seaside Park closed for the season?

Weston: Some of the concessions are still open on weekends.

Cranston: We'll look around.

Weston: One more thing. . . .

Margot: What?

Weston: Jim Regan is waiting outside. Take him with you, but *watch* him.

Cranston: Why watch *him*?

Weston: He was crazy about his younger brother! They looked almost exactly alike. He thinks it's murder! And if you find a suspect, Jim Regan is likely to try and take the law into his own hands!

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

Sound (*car comes on and stops . . . motor cut*)

Regan: (*Tensely*) There's the Tunnel of Terror, Mr. Cranston!

Cranston: It seems to be operating.

Margot: But not one customer. The whole place is deserted.

Cranston: It's chilly and looks like rain.

Margot: I wonder if the sheriff is here.

Cranston: He's out on another case. I left word we'd wait here for him, but meanwhile we might start checking. . . .

Sound (*car door opened and closed under the following, light wind under . . .*)

Margot: Brrr . . . it's chilly, and the ocean looks cold!

Regan: (*Harshly*) They threw my brother's body into it!

Cranston: (*Gently*) Take it easy, Regan. We don't know that to be a fact.

Regan: (*Grimly*) If I can prove it, I'll kill whoever did it, and . . . (*Breaks off*) There's the girl . . . in the ticket window!

Margot: How do you know she's the one?

Regan: Tom showed me her picture. Her name is Vicky Vale!

Cranston: Let me talk to her. You keep out of it . . . for now.

Regan: All right, but . . .

Margot: (*Cuts in gently*) (*Draws back from mike*) Let Lamont and the police handle it, Jim.

Regan: *(Draws back)* O.K., but . . .

Sound *(footsteps)*

Cranston: *(Raising his voice slightly)* Excuse me, miss.

Vicky: How many?

Cranston: No tickets, thanks. I'd like to talk to you.

Vicky: You *are* talking to me.

Cranston: Privately.

Vicky: *(Uneasily)* Why?

Cranston: It's a personal matter, Miss Vale.

Vicky: *(Startled)* How do you know my name? I don't know *you*!

Cranston: I'm Lamont Cranston, and I understand you knew Tom Regan.

Vicky: *(Suddenly tense)* Tom! . . . Did you know Tom?

Cranston: Why do you say *did*?

Vicky: He's dead! Don't you know?

Cranston: How do *you* know?

Vicky: *(Breaks down)* He was drowned . . . in the ocean! It was in the paper . . . this morning!

Cranston: Is that the first you knew of it?

Vicky: Yes!

Cranston: When did you last see him?

Vicky: Here . . . last week. We had a date . . . at the gate! He didn't meet me!

Cranston: Why didn't he meet you?

Vicky: I don't know! Why are you asking me these questions?

Cranston: Come out of that ticket booth, and I'll explain.

Vicky: Just . . . just a minute. I'll close the ticket window and come out *(Draws back)* the back.

Sound *(panel window closed)*

Cranston: *(Quickly)* Jim! Come with me. I want to try something.

Sound *(footsteps around ticket booth)*

Regan: *(Comes in)* What, Mr. Cranston?

Cranston: You look enough like your brother in this light. *(Raises his voice)* Miss Vale!

Vicky: *(Comes in)* Yes, Mr. Cranston. What do you want?

Cranston: I want you to meet . . .

Vicky: *(Cries out in terror)* Tom! . . . *(Gasps)* They said you were . . . dead! *(Gasps and faints)*

Sound *(slump of limp body to floor)*

Cranston: *(Fast)* Pick her up, Jim! She's fainted from shock!

Regan: *(Effort of lifting)* She knows something!

Cranston: *(Calls)* Margot! . . .

Margot: *(Comes on)* Yes, Lamont?

Cranston: Help Jim get this girl into the concession office! Help revive her! I want to look around!

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: Investigating the drowning of Tom Regan, Lamont Cranston, Margot Lane, and Jim Regan – the dead man's brother – have gone to Seaside Park and are at a concession called the Tunnel of Terror, where Vicky Lane, an attractive young ticket-seller, has fainted at the sight of Tom's nearly identical brother. . . . A few minutes later, while Cranston looks over the thrill-ride of boats drifting through a labyrinth of canals that feature a series of undersea dioramic horrors, Margot and Jim revive the terror-stricken girl. . . .

Vicky: *(Moans)* Tom . . . Tom, I loved you! Why didn't you meet me? . . . Why didn't you wait?

Margot: She's regaining consciousness, Jim. . . .

Regan: *(Grimly)* She must have loved my brother.

Margot: Then she couldn't have drowned him!

Vicky: *(Mumbles)* Drowned . . . drowned . . . *(Recovering with a start)* Who drowned him? Why? . . . Why?

Regan: *(Grimly)* That's what we're here to find out! And if I do . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound *(office door opened, off mike)*

Cranston: We'll leave it to the law. *(Aside)* In your office, Weber!

Weber: *(Comes on)* What's the idea? What right have you to take over my office . . . question my ticket-seller? You're not from the sheriff's office!

Sound *(office door closed)*

Cranston: We'll have to do until the sheriff gets here.

Margot: What did you find, Lamont?

Cranston: *(Grimly)* I found the owner and also the fact that *this (Meaningfully)* chamber of horrors floats its sightseeing boats in *fresh* water.

Weber: Sure! Why not? We get it out of the water mains! . . . It's cheaper than pumping it outa the ocean! . . . And it's pure!

Cranston: *(Grimly)* Especially if you make sure to remove dead bodies and dump them into the ocean.

Weber: What?! . . . What are you talking about?

Vicky: *(With a startled cry)* That's why Tom didn't come out again! . . . why he didn't meet me at the gate!

Weber: *(Blustering)* What are you talking about, Vicky?

Cranston: *(Grimly)* We know that a friend of Miss Vale's took a ride in one of your boats while waiting to keep a date with her!

Weber: How do you know that?!

Cranston: The city police found a ticket stub in his clothes, dated the night he disappeared.

Weber: I don't know anything about it! I never saw him!

Cranston: You better not be lying!

Weber: Why would I lie?!

Vicky: Because you hated him because I wouldn't go out with you! . . .

Weber: That's a lie! *Leo* was the one!

Cranston: Who's *Leo*?

Vicky: A carny strong man who works for Weber . . . posing as Neptune in one of the undersea tableaux in the tunnel.

Margot: What does he do? . . . just pose like a wax dummy?

Vicky: No! He poses with a lot of dummies, but suddenly . . . (*Shudders*) he jabs a harpoon at the customers in the boats and nearly scares them to death.

Cranston: I can imagine!

Weber: It's only an act!

Cranston: Was he "acting" the night Tom Regan disappeared?

Weber: He acts every night we're open!

Cranston: Where is he now?

Weber: He hasn't come to work yet! (*Blustering*) Look here! I don't know anything about this! I've got things to do!

Cranston: What things?

Weber: I have to get the tunnel ready in case the rain holds off and we get a crowd.

Cranston: Go ahead.

Weber: (*Going*) If the sheriff wants to ask me any questions, I'll be back in a few minutes.

Sound (*office door opened and closed quickly, slightly off mike*)

Margot: Why did you let him go, Lamont?

Cranston: Because we have no authority to stop him. *And* because I want to take an unescorted boat ride through this papier-mâché chamber of horrors! (*Aside*) Stay with Miss Vale, Regan. . . . Come on, Margot. Let's see if anything in this tunnel of terror will scare *us* to death! . . .

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

Sound *(semi-echo, which should be heard in all tunnel scenes . . . heavy footsteps on plank or catwalk)*

Weber: *(Calls cautiously)* Leo! . . . Hey, Leo!

Leo: *(Slightly off mike)* Yeah, Weber! *(Comes on)* Who's that out in the office?

Weber: Fella named Cranston! . . . and a girl *and* the brother of the fella you killed.

Leo: Shut up! . . . What brought 'em here?

Weber: The city police found our ticket stub in Regan's pocket. . . .

Leo: *(Tensely)* Is this Cranston a cop?

Weber: He's waiting for the sheriff . . . and *you!*

Leo: *(Effort of throttling Weber)* What'd you tell him?!

Weber: *(Gags)* Nothing! Let go of my throat!

Leo: *(Holding)* You're in this! You helped me dump his body out on the beach! What did you tell Cranston?

Weber: I just told him we didn't know nothing!

Leo: You told him something! *(Squeezes)* . . . or he wouldn't be lookin' for me! . . . *What?*

Weber: *(Gasps)* Vicky said I hated Regan because she wouldn't go out with me. So I . . .

Leo: *(Cuts in, enraged)* So you told Cranston I had it in for Regan too, huh?

Weber: *(Gasps)* No! Leggo!

Leo: You did! . . . You rat! . . . You water rat! *(Effort of shoving)* Well, get *in* . . . where you belong!

Sound *(crash of body against wooden wall . . . then heavy splash of body into tunnel canal)*

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

Sound *(semi-echo of tunnel, intermittent slap of water, and occasional bumping and scraping of boat as it moves along wooden trough)*

Margot: *(Nervously)* Ugh! This tunnel of terror gives me the creeps, Lamont! . . . even without those gruesome underwater scenes we passed.

Cranston: *(Grimly)* Yes . . . that octopus devouring the diver looked almost lifelike. . . .

Margot: *What* are we looking for, Lamont?

Cranston: *(Grimly)* The diorama of Neptune's Court.

Margot: Including mermaids?

Cranston: And Leo . . . with his harpoon.

Margot: Careful, Lamont! Weber said he's an ex-carny strong man, and he may not be so . . . ex-!

Cranston: I'll be careful. *(Warning)* We're drifting toward another diorama. Hold everything!

Margot: Including my breath!

Sound *(bump of boat, slosh of water)*

Margot: *(Gasps)* It's Neptune's Court!

Cranston: *(Tensely)* And there's no one sitting on the throne! *(Quickly)* Grab hold of the side wall, Margot! Hold the boat!

Margot: *(Puzzled)* I don't *have* to hold it! The boat has stopped.

Cranston: *(Puzzled)* That's odd. Maybe there's something in the canal that stops it to give the customers a chance to see the . . . *(Breaks off suddenly)*

Margot: What is it, Lamont?

Cranston: *(Sharply)* Stay in your seat, Margot!

Sound *(slosh and gurgle of water)*

Margot: What *is* it, Lamont?

Cranston: A body . . . wedged crossways in this shallow canal . . . stopping the boat!

Margot: Who . . . whose body?

Cranston: Weber's!

Margot: *(Cries out)* Lamont! . . . Let's get out of here!

Music *(bridge and out)*

Vicky: *(Fades on mike, pleading)* Please believe me, Mr. Regan! I *was* in love with Tom. I wouldn't have done anything to hurt your brother. *Please* believe me. . . .

Regan: I *want* to believe you, Miss Vale. But my brother was killed, and I think you know who did it.

Vicky: *(Frightened)* If it was *anyone*, it must have been Leo.

Regan: Where can I find him?!

Vicky: Don't try! Let Mr. Cranston and the sheriff find Leo. He's terribly strong and . . . and vicious!

Regan: So am I. *(Grimly)* Tell me where I can find him.

Vicky: He should be here now . . . somewhere in the concession. . . .

Regan: *(Going back from mike)* I'll find him.

Sound *(door jerked open)*

Vicky: *(Pleads)* Please wait until Mr. Cranston comes back!

Regan: *(Off mike, shouts)* Tell him I'm tired of waiting!

Sound *(door slammed shut)*

Vicky: *(Sobbing)* Don't. . . . Please don't. . . .

Sound *(heavy door creaks open)*

Leo: *(Slightly off mike)* Don't what?

Vicky: Leo!

Leo: *(Comes on)* Yeah, Vicky . . . it's me.

Vicky: *(Frightened)* Have . . . have you seen Mr. Weber?

Leo: *(Mockingly)* Yeah . . . I've seen him. But you won't see him again . . . *ever*.

Vicky: Wh – where is he?

Leo: *(Grabs her)* Where *you're* going!

Vicky: *(With a smothered gasp)* Where?!

Leo: *(Holding her)* Where you're going! . . . Where you can't talk me into a rap for drownin' that Regan guy!

Vicky: *(Muffled gasps and struggle)*

Leo: Come on, Vicky. You're gonna play mermaid to old King Neptune!

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

Sound *(door jerked open)*

Cranston: *(Fast)* Come in Weber's office, Margot. I'm going to phone the sheriff's office again.

Margot: *(Comes in)* Lamont! Vicky Vale and Jim Regan aren't here!

Sound *(door closed)*

Cranston: They may have gone out on the midway to meet the sheriff at the gate! I'll check the sheriff's office anyway.

Sound *(phone off cradle)*

Margot: *(Cries out)* Lamont! Wait! . . . Look at that wall over there!

Sound *(phone back on cradle)*

Cranston: What about it?

Margot: There's a crack . . . an opening . . . sort of like a doorway!

Sound *(quick footsteps to wall)*

Cranston: Looks like it might lead directly into the maze of tunnels!

Sound *(heavy creaking door pulled open)*

Margot: *(Exclaims)* It does! There's the stream of water!

Sound *(semi-echo fades on mike)*

Cranston: And a catwalk alongside!

Vicky: *(Off mike, screams, then choked off suddenly)*

Margot: Vicky Vale!

Cranston: *(Fast)* Get the sheriff, Margot! Phone him! Find him! Meanwhile, it's time the Shadow took a hand in this!

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: Checking on an apparent murder in a seaside concession called the Tunnel of Terror, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane have found the owner drowned in his own chamber of horrors . . . and they have just heard his attractive young assistant screaming for help in the maze of dark tunnels and waterways! . . . Now, while Margot frantically phones for the sheriff, and Cranston as the Shadow searches for Vicky, the killer has carried her to a diorama called Neptune's Court! . . .

Sound *(heavy footsteps on catwalk, semi-echo as before)*

Vicky: *(Muffled cries)*

Leo: Shut up, Vicky! . . . Listen!

Sound *(footsteps stop)*

Vicky: *(Muffled cries fade to a stop)*

Leo: Listen! I ain't going to kill you like I had to drown Weber . . . if you don't *make* me!

Vicky: *(Horried)* You . . . you've drowned Mr. Weber too?

Leo: Yeah! He would've told the cops I drowned your boyfriend Regan when I found him waiting for you right in Neptune's Court!

Vicky: Tom wasn't waiting! We had a date to meet at the front gate.

Leo: It don't matter now!

Vicky: *(Sobbing)* Nothing matters now. Tom's dead! *(Bitterly)* And you killed him because I wouldn't go out with you!

Leo: *(Slowly)* Yeah . . . that's what Weber was going to tell the cops. . . .

Vicky: *(Terrified and stalling for time)* Where . . . where's Mr. Weber?

Leo: *(Coldly)* Down there in the boat canal. Take a look!

Vicky: No. I . . . I believe you.

Leo: Well, believe me, you'll get the same if you don't get smart!

Vicky: What do you want me to do?

Leo: Open up Weber's safe! You know the combination!

Vicky: No! . . . The sheriff's coming.

Leo: We'll be gone before he gets here.

Vicky: All right, Leo. . . . (*Begs*) But don't make me go with you.

Leo: (*Coldly*) I'm not leavin' nobody behind to talk.

Regan: (*Off mike, calls sharply*) You're not going anywhere!

Vicky: (*Alarmed, shouts*) Mr. Regan! Don't come near Leo! He's killed Mr. Weber, and he'll kill you!

Sound (*deliberate footsteps approach on catwalk*)

Regan: We'll have to see about that!

Leo: Who's that guy on the catwalk, Vicky?

Regan: (*Grimly*) I'm Jim Regan – the brother of the boy you drowned!

Leo: (*Mockingly*) Oh yeah?

Regan: But *I'm* not a boy!

Leo: (*Coldly*) You'll be just as dead (*Effort of throwing*) . . . when I get through with you!

Vicky: (*Shouts*) Look out for the harpoon!

Sound (*thud of harpoon striking wooden wall*)

Regan: (*Scornfully*) A rotten throw for a guy who plays Neptune!

Vicky: (*Slightly off mike, begs*) Keep away from him! Wait for Mr. Cranston and the police!

Regan: (*Comes on slowly and doggedly*) He killed my brother!

Leo: (*Effort of throwing*) And I'll kill you!

Sound (*clatter of balsa floats attached to large net*)

Vicky: *(Shouts)* Look out for the net!

Sound *(clatter of balsa floats . . . scuffle . . . blow and crash of body)*

Leo: *(Panting)* Sucker! Now I've got you like a fish in a trap! *(Effort of holding)*

Sound *(thud of hard blow to body)*

Vicky: *(Back slightly)* Let him go, Leo! Don't hit him again!

Leo: *(Startled)* Put that harpoon down, sister!

Vicky: Let him out of that net, or I'll use this harpoon!

Leo: *(Pauses)* O.K. . . . O.K., Vicky! I'll make a deal. . . .

Vicky: What . . . what kind of deal?

Leo: *(Slowly)* I'll tell you what. . . . I'll *(Fast)* take that sticker! *(Grabs for harpoon)*

Vicky: *(Gasps)*

Sound *(clatter of harpoon hitting floor)*

Leo: *(Mockingly)* Come here, you little fool. Don't you know mermaids don't know how to handle harpoons!

Shadow: *(Off mike)* But the Shadow does! *(Laughs)*

Leo: *(Startled)* What's *that*? Who said that?

Shadow: The Shadow, Leo!

Leo: The Shadow! Where?

Shadow: Don't bother to look around, Leo. Even if there were twice as much light in the undersea gloom of this chamber of horrors, you could not see the Shadow.

Leo: *(Baffled)* Why can't I see you, Shadow? You're here . . . close by! . . .

Shadow: *(Mockingly)* Almost close enough to touch you. Close enough to drive the harpoon through your murderous heart.

Leo: I can see the harpoon moving. Why can't I see *you*?

Shadow: Because the Shadow has the power to paralyze your murder-twisted mind. . . . *(Sharply)* Lower the girl to the floor. She's fainted. *(Harshly)* Let her go, Leo!

Sound *(slump of limp body on floor)*

Leo: *(Stunned)* What do you want, Shadow?

Shadow: Nothing you can offer, Leo. *(Mockingly)* Not even if you were really Neptune! . . . Not even if those sea chests were full of gold . . . and this were really your kingdom of the deep instead of a tunnel of horror and death.

Leo: *(Recovering)* Why are you here?

Shadow: To put an end to your reign of terror!

Leo: *(Slowly)* If I could only see you! . . . If I could only get my hands on you!

Shadow: *(Sharply)* Take that net off Jim Regan!

Leo: *(Slyly)* Yeah . . . yeah, sure. . . . O.K., then maybe you and me can make a deal, Shadow.

Sound *(clatter of balsa floats as he pulls net off)*

Shadow: *(Sharply)* Now splash water on his face . . . from the canal! Revive him!

Leo: *(Slowly, craftily)* Yeah . . . O.K. . . . Sure, Shadow. . . . *(Effort of throwing)* Sure!

Sound *(clatter of floats as net is thrown at Shadow)*

Leo: *(Shouts triumphantly)* Got you!

Shadow: *(Slightly off mike, laughs)* No, Leo. But I *thought* you'd try throwing that net at me!

Leo: *(Puzzled)* Why'd you gimme a chance *if* you can control my mind?

Shadow: I willed your mind to do it.

Leo: Why?

Shadow: I wanted the net taken off Regan so he will be free to hold you for the police when he regains consciousness.

Leo: *(Sneers)* How's he gonna keep me here for the cops or anybody . . . including you, Shadow?

Shadow: *This* way!

Sound *(clatter of balsa floats on net)*

Leo: *(Cries out, startled)* The net!

Shadow: *(Effort of throwing)* Neptune's net!

Sound *(clatter of floats . . . scuffle . . . thud of blow and crash of heavy body)*

Leo: *(Struggling to free himself)* You tricked me! . . . tricked me into giving you the net!

Shadow: Yes, Leo. . . . Stop struggling! . . . The more you struggle, the more entangled you'll become in the deadly net of your own murderous folly! . . .

Sound *(police sirens come on and stop outside)*

Leo: *(Gasps)* The cops!

Shadow: Stop struggling, Leo! You're on the edge of the canal! . . . Lie very still until the police come, or you'll join Weber in the water *(Draws back)* and drown like Tom Regan in this make-believe kingdom of the deep! *(Laughs)*

Sound *(Shadow's laughter booms and fades in semi-echo of tunnel)*

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)*

Weston: *(Irate)* Cranston! I thought I asked you to keep an eye on Jim Regan while you were out at that Tunnel of Terror! . . .

Cranston: Sorry, Commissioner, but I couldn't be in two places at one time.

Margot: And Jim disobeyed Lamont's orders by going into the tunnels at all.

Weston: According to the sheriff, Jim almost got himself killed like his brother.

Margot: But don't forget, Commissioner, Jim *did* save Vicky Vale's life.

Weston: *(Explodes)* How?! . . . As I got it, she'd fainted from fright, and Regan was out colder than a mackerel when the sheriff and his men got into Neptune's palace . . . or whatever they call that place!

Cranston: *(Mildly amused)* But Leo was tangled up and helpless in Neptune's net.

Weston: How did *that* happen? According to the sheriff, the last thing Jim Regan remembered was being caught in the net himself.

Cranston: *(Mockingly)* Maybe Leo took it off to carry Regan out the emergency exit to the ocean and got tangled up in it himself. . . .

Weston: No! . . . Do you know what I think, Cranston?

Cranston: You shouldn't strain your mind on closed cases, Commissioner.

Weston: *I* think you're going soft, Cranston.

Cranston: *(Puzzled)* How so? . . .

Weston: I think you went there and threw that net over Leo and then left him so the sheriff could get the full credit for the capture of the killer. . . . It's just the sort of thing you'd do, Cranston.

Cranston: *(Relieved)* Oh. . . .

Margot: *(Laughs)* Lamont, Commissioner Weston thinks you're becoming modest.

Cranston: *(Laughs)* Heaven forbid! A shy guy would never have a chance on a case with *you*, Commissioner . . . much less with the killers we have to deal with.

Weston: *(Growls)* So stay as *sly* as you are!

Cranston: *(Chuckles)* I'll try. *(Aside)* Come on, Margot. Can't you see that the commissioner is a very busy man?

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