

The Shadow – The Final Hour

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston (*the Shadow*)

Margot Lane

Jim Martin (*a young man convicted of murder*)

Sam Walker (*the man whose testimony convicted Martin*)

Laura Walker (*Walker's older sister*)

Andy Barton (*the owner of Barton's Tavern, the scene of the murder*)

Prison Warden

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 Final Hour,” is a tale of terror and suspense in which time and death battle for the truth. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and “The Final Hour.”

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

Announcer: The weed of crime does indeed bear bitter fruit. And the storehouse is prison, where the tragic harvest of murder is often the death chamber. Unfortunately, despite all the safeguards against injustice, the innocent can be caught in the fatal web of circumstantial evidence or perjury! This grim fact is preying on the mind of Lamont Cranston as he talks to the warden of State Prison on the very eve of a friendless prisoner's execution. . . .

Sound *(door opened)*

Warden: Come in, Cranston. I'm having Jim Martin brought here to my office.

Cranston: Thanks, Warden. I still think he's innocent. . . .

Sound *(door closed)*

Warden: Your friend, Commissioner Weston, seems to feel the same way . . . in spite of an eyewitness's testimony and young Martin's admission that he was in the tavern at the time the murder was committed.

Cranston: But Martin testified that he was knocked unconscious and framed for the robbery and murder of the bookie!

Warden: *(Dubious)* It *could* have happened that way, but . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* That's why I want to make one more attempt to get at the truth!

Warden: You have less than five hours, Cranston! Martin goes at midnight. The governor has no new evidence nor any reason to grant a stay of execution.

Cranston: So it's by midnight . . . or never.

Warden: *(Warning)* Don't give Martin too much hope! He has courage, but there are limits.

Cranston: I'll be careful.

Sound *(door opened, slightly off mike)*

Warden: *(Calls)* Come in, Martin. You know Lamont Cranston.

Martin: *(Tensely)* Yes. . . . Hello, Mr. Cranston.

Cranston: Hello, Jim.

Warden: *(Moves back)* Cranston would like to talk to you. I'll leave you two alone.

Sound *(door closed, slightly off mike)*

Martin: Don't you *ever* give up?

Cranston: Not on something as important as this.

Martin: Why am I important?

Cranston: Because the law, society, and justice can't afford mistakes that take a man's life.

Martin: I'm set to take whatever comes.

Cranston: I'm sure you are, Jim.

Martin: Why did you come here?

Cranston: I just want you to know we're still trying.

Martin: That helps! It's rough not having anybody.

Cranston: Isn't there anyone?

Martin: (*Sharply*) No! Or maybe I wouldn't have been in that tavern alone! I might have had a pal or a girlfriend to alibi me. . . . (*Pauses*) Sorry . . . we've been over all that. What are you trying now?

Cranston: I'm still watching that eyewitness who testified he saw you rob and kill that bookie in the back of Barton's Tavern.

Martin: Sam Walker lied! He's scared to death! He won't change his story!

Cranston: For a coward, the dread of living with a stricken conscience can be stronger than the fear of death . . . (*Measured*) especially when the dreaded final hour of decision is at hand.

Martin: How come you're taking this so hard, Cranston? It's me that's going . . . not you.

Cranston: With each injustice to one man, all of us die a little, Jim.

Martin: Don't let it get you. . . . I know I'm innocent, and I can take it if I must.

Cranston: It won't happen . . . *if* I can call on the power of conscience over cowardice.

Martin: Thanks, but I don't have your kind of faith.

Cranston: But the victory of conscience over cowardice will not take place until the final hour.

Martin: Well, thanks for the try, but I'm still ordering that special dinner they give you here . . . the works!

Cranston: Margot Lane is waiting outside. We're driving directly to the city and that tavern where the crime was committed.

Martin: Thank Miss Lane for trying to help too. Thanks for everything, and . . . good-by.

Cranston: No! Just so long, Jim, until . . . we meet again.

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

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

Margot: How is Jim Martin taking it, Lamont?

Cranston: With all the courage of an innocent man.

Margot: I was sure he would.

Cranston: *(Grimly)* It made me bitterly ashamed of the times during the investigation and trial when I wondered if he *might* have killed that bookie in Barton's Tavern.

Margot: Don't blame yourself. You've done everything possible to prove his innocence, and Commissioner Weston has used all the resources of the police.

Cranston: And it all added up to nothing but a suspicion that Sam Walker, the so-called eyewitness, was lying. . . .

Margot: But the jury believed Walker.

Cranston: They had very little choice in the face of Martin's utter lack of defense. . . .

Margot: Any chance of another stay of execution?

Cranston: None! The death sentence was mandatory, and there is no new evidence to justify the governor's granting a stay of execution.

Margot: *(Quickly)* Lamont . . . we have less than three hours! What can we do in that short time?

Cranston: Drive me straight to Barton's Tavern.

Margot: Why?

Cranston: I believe a coward must finally face the decision of whether or not to murder an innocent man with a lie! And I think we'll find him at the scene of the original crime!

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

Sound *(glass bangs on tavern table)*

Walker: *(Calls nervously)* Andy! Come here! . . . *Andy!*

Sound *(heavy footsteps come on)*

Barton: *(Comes on, surly)* What do you want, Sam?

Walker: Where *is* everybody? How come nobody's here tonight?

Barton: *(Mocking)* My place ain't popular no more! Ain't you heard?

Walker: No! . . . I haven't talked to anyone . . . like you said.

Barton: Neighborhood folks figger they're burning the wrong guy in the chair tonight.

Walker: They are!

Barton: Thanks to you, pal.

Walker: *(Wearily)* I – I'm going home.

Sound *(chair pushed back)*

Barton: Like nothing you are! Stay *put*!

Sound *(chair scraped back to table)*

Walker: Why not?

Barton: The newspaper reporters might be looking for you.

Walker: I won't talk to anyone.

Barton: Not while *I'm* around! But without me to protect you, pal, you'd . . .

Walker: *(Cuts in)* What . . . what time is it?

Barton: Just a couple of hours to go. . . .

Walker: I can't stand it . . . just sitting here waiting!

Barton: *(Contemptuously)* Play yourself a game of solitaire. It'll kill time!

Walker: *(Cracks)* Stop talking about killing! I can't stand it! . . . I can't! . . .

Sound *(sharp slap)*

Barton: Clam up and stay put! Or you'll get the same!

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

Sound *(car motor under the following)*

Margot: Barton's Tavern coming up, Lamont! Shall I park right in front of the place?

Cranston: No, Margot. I don't want to advertise our presence. Pull up this side of the alley leading to the side entrance.

Sound *(car slows and brakes to stop, motor cut)*

Margot: What makes you so sure Sam Walker will be here at the tavern tonight?

Cranston: I've heard he's been here *every* night since Martin's trial.

Sound *(car door opened, light street sounds off mike)*

Margot: Are we going in the side entrance?

Cranston: Not you, Margot.

Margot: Oh yes! If there's going to be trouble, I want to share it.

Cranston: Thanks, but the trouble is Martin's. You can help more by driving to Walker's home and talking to his sister.

Margot: Why, Lamont? Laura Walker is devoted to her brother. She won't talk . . . won't turn against him!

Cranston: *(Slowly)* I'm not so sure. She may be more concerned with his sanity and his soul than with his life. We can't afford to overlook the slightest chance.

Margot: All right, Lamont. I know the house . . . just a couple of blocks from here. I'll come back if I get anything.

Cranston: No! Stay there!

Margot: Why?

Cranston: Because if Sam Walker is in the tavern, the Shadow is going to try to frighten him into going home!

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: In one last effort to stop the execution of Jim Martin, who even Commissioner Weston believes was convicted on the perjured testimony of an eyewitness, Lamont Cranston has sent Margot Lane to the witness's home. Meanwhile, as the Shadow, Cranston approaches the side entrance of the deserted tavern where the murder was committed. . . .

Sound *(town clock booms eleven times)*

(thump of glass on table in time with each stroke of clock)

Walker: *(Calls and thumps in time with last three clock strokes)* Andy! *(Thump)* Andy!!
(Thump) Come here! *(Thump)*

Barton: *(Comes on, coldly)* Now what? . . . Shut up! Get hold of yourself!

Walker: I can't stand it! . . . That Martin kid in the death house! . . . Only one hour to go!

Barton: *(Harshly)* Quit thinking about it!

Walker: *(Pleading)* Give me another drink!

Barton: You've had enough.

Walker: I'll never have enough . . . after this!

Barton: We'll get to that . . . later.

Walker: I keep seeing the kid's face . . . sitting there like he did when I was in the witness chair . . . looking at me like he was sorry for *me* . . . like it was *me* that was going to die for lying!

Barton: Listen, you jellyfish! Quit seeing things! And quit imagining things, or that dopey sister of yours will be seeing your face . . . in a box!

Sound *(door crashes open and hits wall, slightly off mike . . . light street sounds, off mike)*

Walker: *(Gasps)* Andy! The side door opened! But – but nobody's there!

Barton: Quit yammering! The wind must've blowed the door open!

Walker: There's no wind tonight . . . nothing!

Barton: *(Impatiently)* Then it just swung open. . . . Unwind! *(Goes)* I'll close it if it'll make you feel any better. . . .

Sound *(heavy footsteps to door and door closed . . . street sounds out)*

Walker: Doors don't just slam open like that!

Sound *(phone rings, off mike)*

Barton: *(Comes on)* Cut it out! You're priming yourself for a straitjacket!

Walker: Maybe I *am* going crazy. Give me another drink, Andy . . . *please!*

Barton: No! Stay put! *(Goes)* I gotta answer the phone.

Sound *(phone rings again)*

Barton: It may be them newspaper guys again . . . askin' how you feel.

Sound *(phone-booth door closed, off mike)*

Walker: Don't let them come here! I couldn't stand it. I . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound *(chair scrapes on floor)*

Walker: *(Gasps)* Andy! The chair moved!

Shadow: Wait, Sam Walker! Don't call to Barton. He wouldn't believe a chair could be moved by unseen hands.

Walker: Un – unseen hands?!

Shadow: Yes, and an unseen presence speaks to you.

Walker: *(Dazed and frightened)* Speaks! . . . Yes, I *am* hearing a voice. I *must* be hearing it, or else I'm going crazy!

Shadow: The voice is as real as the fear and remorse that is slowly destroying your mind, Sam Walker.

Walker: What . . . where are you?

Shadow: Not behind you . . . not in the dark corners of this tavern. I am right here . . . in front of you . . . close enough to touch you.

Walker: *(Panic-stricken)* No! It can't be! It's just in my mind!

Shadow: Of course! . . . for I have the power to remain unseen . . . invisible to the eyes of men with tormented minds such as yours. . . . *(Emphatically)* But I *am* real.

Walker: No . . . not real!

Shadow: *(Slow and deliberate)* So real that I could reach out and touch your trembling hand that clutches the empty glass you have drained of the last bitter dregs of the false courage of the coward!

Walker: Who – who *are* you?

Shadow: Many men and women . . . such as you . . . have known me as the Shadow.

Walker: The Shadow?!

Shadow: But they were never believed . . . just as you will be called crazy and a liar if you try to convince your so-called friend, Andy Barton, that I am here.

Walker: What do you want? Why *are* you here?

Shadow: To give you one last chance to save yourself from the madness of a guilty conscience, fear, and remorse!

Walker: But I – I'd be killed if I tried to tell the truth about Martin. . . .

Shadow: You cannot be trusted with the truth! The execution of Jim Martin in the chair at midnight will not end this for the real killer.

Walker: Why . . . why not?

Shadow: The real killer will never be safe . . . so long as *you* live!

Walker: He won't dare kill *me*! I've written everything down . . . told how it really happened! If I die, it will be found!

Shadow: (*Sharply*) Where is this written confession of the truth?

Walker: I won't tell. This is just a trick to get me to talk!

Shadow: It is no trick! The Shadow is real . . . and here at your side!

Walker: Prove it!

Shadow: Very well! Watch the empty glass in your hand. (*Hits*)

Sound (*crash of broken glass on floor*)

Walker: (*Terrified*) Andy! *Andy*! Come here . . . quick!

Shadow: (*Laughs mockingly and draws back*)

Sound (*heavy footsteps come on*)

Barton: (*Comes on*) That was just some dame on the phone . . . lookin' for a guy! (*Breaks off*) Creeps! What's bleached you? Why'd you smash that glass?

Walker: (*Gasps*) I didn't! The Shadow did!

Barton: The *who?!*

Walker: The Shadow . . . to prove he was real . . . here in the bar . . . at this table . . . talking to me!

Barton: There's nobody here! You're crazy!

Walker: No! He said I wasn't . . . not *yet* . . . but I would be if I didn't tell the truth before it was too late! . . . I'm getting out of here!

Sound (*scuffle*)

Barton: You're not going anywhere till after midnight! (*Fiercely*) Put that bottle down!

Walker: (*Effort of struggling*) No! (*Hits*) I'm getting out!

Sound (*bottle smashes, then body crashes to floor*)

Walker: (*Wildly*) I won't talk! But I *am* going home . . . (*Goes*) home! . . .

Shadow: (*Back from mike*) That's right! . . . Run, Sam, *run!* (*Laughs mockingly*)

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

Sound (*noisy ticking of mantel clock [metronome can be used to quicken beat in later scene], then two loud bongs, indicating the half hour*)

Laura: (*Tense, nervous*) Please! Miss Lane! I know you mean well . . . trying to help that boy in the death house, but *I* know what agony my brother is suffering. Please go before he comes home!

Margot: Do you expect him home before midnight, Miss Walker?

Laura: (*Distressed*) I don't know! He spends all his time down at that tavern . . . where it happened . . . where he *saw* what he had to tell at the trial! (*Pleading*) My brother is not a strong person! It was hard for him to tell the *truth* . . . knowing it condemned a young man to die! That's why he can't eat . . . can't sleep nights. . . .

Margot: Could it be . . . because he *didn't* tell the truth?

Laura: No! Sam isn't vicious . . . just weak! He'd go out of his mind. . . .

Margot: (*Gently*) *Isn't* he going out of his mind?

Laura: No! He'll be all right again . . . after it's over . . . after tonight!

Margot: Not if he *lied*.

Laura: (*Blindly loyal*) Why should Sam lie? He never *saw* the Martin boy before he came into the tavern that night . . . with a gun . . . and killed the man who wouldn't give up his money! Why should Sam *lie*?

Margot: Perhaps because he's afraid of the person who really *did* kill the bookie . . . or perhaps for another reason!

Laura: No! I can't believe that of Sam. I've brought him up since he was a child . . . after our parents died.

Margot: (*Gently*) And you've been father, mother, and sister to him ever since?

Laura: Yes! I gave up my own life. I've kept house for him. I've done everything for him. . . . I'd do anything!

Margot: And believe me, Miss Walker, he needs you now more than he ever needed anyone in his life.

Laura: I know he's troubled! I know he's afraid of something! But what can I do? How can I help him?

Margot: Persuade him to tell the truth before it's too late . . . *if* he comes home in time.

Laura: (*Startled*) Why do you say "*if* he comes home"? . . . What could happen?

Margot: If he is at Barton's Tavern, things may happen that could cost him his sanity . . . or his life!

Laura: (*Horried*) Do you think *Sam* killed that man?

Margot: No, but we think he is foolishly shielding whoever did.

Laura: Oh, no! . . .

Margot: And sooner or later the killer will have to make sure Sam doesn't ever find the courage to tell the truth!

Laura: Oh, no! What . . . (*Breaks off as . . .*)

Sound (*front door jerked open and slammed, off mike*)

Laura: (*Fast*) That's Sam! Please go! Let me talk to him alone!

Margot: All right, Miss Walker. But remember . . . there are only twenty-five minutes left!

Sound (*inner door jerked open, on mike*)

Walker: Laura! Who is this woman?! What's she doing here?!

Laura: She . . . she's just a friend, Sam.

Walker: You're lying! I've seen her before! She was at the trial with that Cranston fellow! Get her out of here! *(To Margot)* Get out!

Margot: I'm leaving, Mr. Walker. But why are you so upset? Why did you leave Barton's Tavern so soon?

Walker: None of your business! Get out! I have no time for you and your questions!

Margot: And very little time for anything else if that clock on the mantel is correct.

Sound *(clock ticking up slightly behind the above and the following)*

Walker: Stop talking about the time! . . . Get out!

Laura: Please go, Miss Lane. Let me do what I can!

Margot: Do your best . . . for his sake and Jim Martin's.

Walker: Stop talking about that kid!

Margot: *(Goes)* I'll let myself out the front door. . . . Good-by!

Sound *(inner door closed)*

Laura: *(Sobs)* Oh Sam! . . . Sam! For your own sake, if not for that boy . . . if you haven't told the truth, tell it now. *(Sobs)* Now! . . .

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

Sound *(light sharp slaps on face)*

Cranston: *(Calling)* Barton! Come on! Wake up! Snap out of it!

Barton: *(Groans)* Huh? . . . What?

Cranston: Snap out of it! . . . *(Effort of lifting)* Up on your feet!

Barton: *(Groggy, dazed)* My head! What happened? . . . Where's Sam Walker?

Cranston: He hit you with a bottle . . . then ran out of here!

Barton: *(Voice clearing fast)* How long ago?

Cranston: A few minutes ago . . . five . . . maybe ten.

Sound *(scuff of feet)*

Barton: Oh yeah? The dope . . . the crazy . . . *(Breaks off)* Hey! I know you! You're Cranston! You've been around asking questions!

Cranston: I'm still asking questions.

Barton: Not here you ain't. Get out!

Cranston: This is a public place.

Barton: I'm closing up. Beat it!

Cranston: So soon? Aren't you staying open . . . serving drinks on the house at midnight if young Martin dies?!

Barton: *(Savagely)* Get out!

Sound *(crash of broken glass)*

Barton: Beat it, or I'll bleed you with this busted bottle!

Cranston: *(Measured)* All right, Barton. But I have a notion we'll meet again before this day is done!

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

Sound *(light street sounds, off mike . . . quick footsteps come on and stop suddenly as . . .)*

Margot: *(On mike, calls cautiously)* Lamont! Lamont!

Sound *(footsteps come on slowly)*

Margot: Lamont . . . is that you?

Cranston: *(Comes on)* Yes, Margot. Did Sam Walker come home?

Margot: Yes . . . a few minutes ago!

Cranston: What are you doing out here in the dark?

Margot: Walker ordered me out of the house, but I managed to leave the front door unlatched.

Cranston: Good! That will make it easier.

Margot: What happened at the tavern? Walker was scared green!

Cranston: He met the Shadow . . . then tried to convince Barton of the Shadow's presence.

Margot: Barton must have thought Walker had really cracked up!

Cranston: He did, and that was my intention.

Margot: How did Walker get away?

Cranston: Barton tried to stop him, but Walker knocked him out with a bottle and ran.

Margot: Why didn't you follow him?

Cranston: I stayed to revive Barton.

Margot: Good heavens . . . why?

Cranston: I wanted him to recover and follow Walker home as quickly as possible.

Margot: Do you think Barton is the actual killer?

Cranston: His actions point to it, but we must have proof!

Margot: There's only a little time left.

Cranston: Yes, this is the final hour! I want you to get to the nearest phone and call Commissioner Weston.

Margot: What will I tell him?

Cranston: Tell him there *is* a written confession of perjury! It's probably somewhere in Walker's home! Ask Weston to come here immediately!

Margot: But, Lamont . . . is there time enough to . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) The governor and the warden are standing by, Margot! Hurry! Meanwhile, the Shadow is going to join Sam Walker in his death watch . . . and, if possible, stay the hands of time!

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: Lamont Cranston, as the Shadow, has entered the home of Sam Walker, whose perjured testimony is about to send an innocent young man to his death in less than an hour's time. . . . In Walker's living room a noisy old mantel clock ticks the seconds away as Laura Walker, Sam's devoted sister, pleads with her brother to tell the truth! . . .

Sound *(ticking of clock up and under the following)*

Laura: Oh Sam! . . . Sam! If you didn't tell the truth at that boy's trial . . . tell it now! Phone the police before it's too late!

Walker: *(Harsh with fear)* Shut up, Laura! Leave me alone!

Laura: I'm afraid to leave you alone! Something's happened to you since that awful night when the man was killed in Barton's Tavern!

Walker: Stop talking about it! Go see if all the doors and windows are locked!

Laura: Who are you afraid of, Sam? What happened at the tavern tonight?

Walker: Nothing!

Laura: Why did you come home so soon?

Walker: No reason!

Laura: *(Shocked)* You're lying to me, Sam!

Walker: I am not!

Laura: You're frightened!

Walker: No!

Laura: Like when you had nightmares as a child!

Walker: I'm not a child now! Get out! Leave me alone!

Laura: Don't keep watching the clock! Listen to me!

Walker: Go see about the doors!

Laura: Is it Andy Barton? . . . Are you afraid of *him*?

Walker: *(Frenzied)* No! He doesn't *dare* do anything to me!

Laura: *(Shocked)* Then you lied to protect *him*!

Walker: Shut up, Laura! Do you want to get me killed?

Laura: You *will* be killed if you lied to protect a killer! . . . Sooner or later you will be killed!

Walker: I haven't said I lied! Get out. . . . Lock the doors!

Sound (*door squeaks open, slightly off mike*)

Laura: Tell me the truth, Sam. . . .

Walker: (*Startled*) Shut up. . . . The door to the hall . . . it's opening!

Laura: There's no one in the hall!

Walker: (*Dazed*) It opened! . . . just like the side door at the tavern! And no one was there . . . no one but . . .

Laura: (*Cuts in*) Sam! Are you losing your mind?

Walker: No! It was the Shadow.

Laura: What shadow?

Walker: He spoke to me . . . knocked a glass from my hand . . . to prove he was . . . there . . . real. . . .

Laura: (*Sobs*) Sam! You're ill! . . . This awful thing you've done . . . out of cowardice . . . out of fear . . .

Walker: (*Cuts in desperately*) No! It's nothing! The hall door just swung open. Go lock the back door . . . quick!

Laura: All right, Sam, if it will make you feel better. But try to realize what you're doing . . . (*Goes*) before it is too late . . . (*Sobs*) too late. . . .

Sound (*hall door closes*)

Shadow: (*Laughs softly*)

Walker: (*Startled*) You again!

Sound (*ticking of clock up slightly for emphasis*)

Shadow: Yes, the Shadow. But stop looking around the room. Look at the clock on the mantel . . . ticking away the last minutes of a man's life.

Walker: No!

Shadow: Look at the clock, Sam Walker! Remember your sister's words! Realize what you're doing to yourself and to an innocent man. Act before it is forever too late!

Walker: It *is* too late!

Shadow: It is never too late to make amends for an evil deed! But it is later than you think! Your mind is cracking under the strain of fear and remorse.

Walker: I told you! I *can't* change my story. I'd be killed!

Shadow: And I warned you! . . . You'll be killed whether you change your story or not!

Walker: I *told* you! He won't dare kill me! I've written it all down . . . hidden it!

Shadow: Where have you hidden your confession of truth? Where?

Walker: I won't tell you, Shadow, or anyone else! I'm getting out of here!

Sound (*chair pushed back*)

Walker: I'm going away . . . far away!

Shadow: There is no place on earth where you can escape the maddening torment of a guilty conscience!

Walker: You can't stop me from going.

Shadow: I don't *have* to stop you.

Walker: Why not?

Shadow: Because you don't have the courage to leave this house . . . this sanctuary where your devoted sister has sheltered you since childhood . . . protected you from your own weakness and cowardice!

Walker: She's turned against me!

Shadow: All mankind will turn against you! The mark of madness is on you! You will not run out of this house! You know the real killer is waiting!

Walker: He wouldn't dare!

Shadow: He has nothing to lose! Because he has killed once, he will not hesitate to kill again!

Sound (*clock strikes three times, marking the third quarter of the hour*)

Shadow: Hear that, Sam Walker! Only fifteen minutes left to stop being a coward! Fifteen minutes to pick up that phone and call the governor and save the life of an innocent man!

Walker: Will . . . will I be protected?

Shadow: Stop thinking of your own life . . . or no power on earth can save you from a living death!

Sound *(ticking of clock up and at slightly faster tempo)*

Walker: How can I reach the governor now? It's so late.

Shadow: An emergency line is open . . . waiting. Dial 634-1717. . . . Hurry!

Sound *(phone jerked off cradle)*

Walker: *(To himself)* Six . . . three . . . four.

Sound *(three fast dials)*

Walker: One . . . seven . . . one . . . seven.

Sound *(four fast dials)*

Walker: There! It's . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound *(hall door kicked open violently)*

Barton: *(Slightly off mike, quiet and deadly)* Put down that phone!

Walker: *(Gasps)* Andy! . . .

Barton: Yeah! Hang up, or I'll give you what I gave that welshing bookie! . . . *(Measured)* right between the eyes! *(Snaps)* Hang up! . . .

Sound *(click of phone on cradle)*

Walker: Don't, Andy. I wasn't . . .

Barton: *(Cuts in)* You were calling the cops! I should've fixed you right after the trial!

Walker: Don't, Andy! . . . I've written it all down . . . how you shot the bookie for welshing on you . . . and framed the Martin kid! The police will find it . . . if you kill me!

Barton: No! . . . because you're going to find it for me . . . before you die!

Walker: *(Terrified)* No!

Barton: I'll give you ten seconds to find it. . . . *(Counts)* One . . . two . . . three . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Shadow: *(Laughs coldly and mockingly)*

Barton: What the . . . (*Breaks off as . . .*)

Shadow: (*Hits*) *Four!*

Sound (*thud of heavy body on floor*)

Shadow: (*Fast*) Take this gun, Walker!

Sound (*clatter of gun tossed on table*)

Shadow: Hold Barton here! The police are coming! Phone the governor! Tell him the truth! Hurry, Sam Walker! . . . (*Draws back*) The final hour is at hand!

(*Laughs as he fades off mike*)

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*)

Sound (*light street sounds, off mike . . . quick footsteps come on*)

Cranston: (*Comes on*) Margot?

Margot: Where have you been, Lamont? Commissioner Weston and a couple of detectives just went into Walker's house!

Cranston: (*Grimly*) Yes, I know. I slipped out the back when I heard Laura Walker let them in the front door.

Margot: What happened in there?

Cranston: With the help of the Shadow, Walker finally found the courage to tell the truth.

Margot: Thank heavens! But did he do it in time to stop the execution? It must be almost midnight.

Sound (*distant town clock starts booming*)

Margot: It is midnight! (*Cries out*) It's too late!

Cranston: No, Margot! The governor and the prison warden were standing by . . . waiting on an emergency line. Don't worry. . . . They have been notified of Barton's guilt and Walker's confession of perjury!

Margot: What made Walker perjure himself, Lamont?

Cranston: Fear of his life at the hands of Barton, a killer! But the fear of a guilty conscience and the dread of madness were stronger in the final hour!

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