

The Shadow

'The Silent Avenger'
Originally aired 3/13/38

Cast of Characters

Announcer
Bailiff
Judge Wilson
Joe Bricker
Trial Spectators (Man 1-4 and Woman)
Lamont Cranston/ The Shadow
Margo Lane
Prison Guard
Danny Bricker
Prisoners (1-3)
Inspector Craig
Mr. Hansen (juror)
Street Woman
Policeman
News Vendor
Mrs. Adams (juror)
Mr. O'Hara (produce vendor)
Child (Mrs. Adam's young daughter)
Sam (Mr. O'Hara's employee)
Harvey (Judge Wilson's assistant)
Mrs. Bricker (Joe and Danny's mother)
Commissioner Weston

SHADOW THEME MUSIC (**Saint-Saëns**' "Le rouet d'Omphale")

SHADOW: The Shadow knows. (Laugh.)

MUSIC UP AND FADE

ANNOUNCER: Again Blue Coal dealers presents radio's strangest adventurer, the Shadow - mystery man who strikes terror into the very hearts of sharpsters, law breakers, and criminals. Today, Blue Coal brings you the Shadow's latest adventure: 'The Silent Avenger'.

MUSIC UP AND OUT.

ANNOUNCER: The Shadow's exciting adventure begins in just a moment, but, first, I'd like to remind you home owners that right now, when Winter is changing into Spring, is the

most treacherous time of all the year. But you can protect your family's health and save valuable dollars by burning Blue Coal. It's Pennsylvania's finest anthracite. Order a trial ton from your nearest Blue Coal dealer tomorrow. And if you want to read the adventures of the Shadow in complete novel form in addition to numerous detective stories, crime problems, and features, simply write us for your copy of the SHADOW MAGAZINE absolutely free. Remember, all you have to do is mail a penny postcard to Blue Coal, 120 Broadway, New York City, or to Blue Coal in care of this station. Send for your free copy of the SHADOW MAGAZINE tonight.

MUSIC UP AND FADE OUT.

SFX: ANGRY TRIAL SPECTATORS. JUDGE POUNDS HIS GAVEL TWICE.

BAILIFF (o/m): Order! Order in the court!

JUDGE: Joseph Bricker, you have been duly tried by a jury and found guilty of murder in the first degree. You now appear in this court that sentence may be passed upon you. But before I pronounce sentence, have you anything to say?

BRICKER: Yeah. Yeah, I have. Before you pass sentence on me I'm gonna pass sentence on you! You, Judge Wilson, and Sloane, the prosecuting attorney, and those twelve good and true saps on the jury . . .

SFX: OUTRAGED SPECTATORS. JUDGE POUNDS GAVEL ONCE.

BAILIFF (o/m): Order in the court!

BRICKER: And one more maybe . . . the guy who really trapped me in the first place, the only guy smart enough to get me - the Shadow.

SFX: SPECTATOR MURMUR. GAVEL TWICE.

BAILIFF (o/m): Order! Order in the court!

JUDGE: That will do, Joseph Bricker. You have nothing to say in your own behalf?

BRICKER: This is in my own behalf and you'd better listen, all of you! I know I'm on my way to the death house, the chair, but I'm warning you, for every day I sit in the death house one of you will be killed. Starting with the foreman of

the jury. He'll die the day I burn.

SFX: OUTRAGED SPECTATORS. GAVEL POUNDING.

BAILIFF (o/m): Order! Order in the court!

JUDGE: Joseph Bricker, by the power vested in me by the people of this state, I hear by order you to be taken to the state penitentiary, there to be delivered over to the warden, by whom, on a certain day determined by this court, he shall in a manner prescribed by law put you to death. And may God have mercy on your soul.

SFX: GAVEL ONCE

BAILIFF (o/m): Court is adjourned! Alright. Come on. Clear the court. Outside.

SFX: SPECTATOR MURMUR as they exit.

MAN 1: Well, it's a sheer bluff I tell you. How can Bricker kill a whole jury, the DA, Judge Wilson, even the governor. I tell you he's crazy.

WOMAN: Still, I'm glad I wasn't on that jury.

MAN 2: You bet.

MAN 3: All his gang were wiped out.

MAN 1: Bricker's gang are all dead or in jail.

WOMAN: I know, but you can't . . . (fade out.)

MAN 4: Yeah, I know. But nobody's ever seen the Shadow. He could appear right in this court room and not be seen. I'd hate to have any body like that . . . (fade out.)

CRANSTON: There, Margo, let's get out of here.

MARGO: It must be very flattering to inspire such awe and fear, Lamont.

CRANSTON: It has its disadvantage, Margo. Unfortunately, the mystery surrounding the Shadow inspires fear and terror in the innocent as well as the guilty. The unknown is so often associated with Evil. There's no help for it. The Shadow must remain a shadow.

MARGO: Lamont, what do you think of Bricker's threat? Do you think it's just bluff?

CRANSTON: I wish I did, Margo.

MARGO: Meaning . . .

CRANSTON: Meaning . . . Lamont Cranston is going to don the Shadow's cloak and call on Joe Bricker in prison.

MUSIC UP AND FADE.

SFX: CELL DOOR OPENS.

GUARD (o/m): Your brother to see you, Bricker.

BRICKER: Okay. Hello, Danny.

DANNY (o/m): Hello, Joe.

GUARD: You got five minutes. Better make the most of it

SFX: CELL DOOR CLOSES.

GUARD (o/m): Deputies are here from the state pen to take you 'bye bye' to the big house. I'll be back.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS FADING.

BRICKER: Alright. Come on in, Danny. Sit on the bunk. I wanna talk to ya and there ain't much time.

DANNY: Hey, it's like a cage where they keep animals, huh, Joe?

BRICKER: Lay off that, Danny!

DANNY: Okay. Don't get sore.

BRICKER: Sit down here and listen to what I got to say.

DANNY: Are they gonna kill you, Joe?

BRICKER: Yeah. But they're gonna pay for it, every last one of 'em. You know who they are, don't ya? I've told ya over and over again.

DANNY: Yeah, Joe, you told me.

BRICKER: And you know what you're to do. You remember everything I told ya? Don't ya, Danny?

DANNY: Yeah. Yeah, Joe, I remember. I won't forget. When the newspapers say they put you in the death house, I kill one of 'em.

BRICKER: That's right, Danny. And don't forget, these people I told you about - the judge, the jury, that prosecuting attorney - are the same one's who drafted you into the army, sent you over to France, let you get shell-shocked so it's hard for you to remember things.

DANNY: Sure. I won't forget. Hey, will it hurt much when they kill ya, Joe?

BRICKER: Stop that, will ya?

DANNY: Okay, okay. I just wanna know.

BRICKER: You just keep your mind on the jury and Judge Wilson, maybe even the Governor. You'll get 'em all, eh, Danny?

DANNY: Yeah. Yeah, Joe. They won't know what hit 'em. (Laughs.)

BRICKER: That's the stuff, Danny. Now just one more thing. There's a guy that may get after you. He's smarter than the cops. He's the one who really got me. You gotta keep away from him. Don't give him a chance to find ya.

DANNY: How can I do that?

BRICKER: You gotta keep away from home. Don't go near the flat or the Old Lady.

DANNY: But Ma will worry if I don't come home.

BRICKER: No. No, she won't, Danny. She'll know you got things to do.

DANNY: Alright, Joe. What about the fella I can't see? Is he dead? Like all my buddies in the war? The ones that talk to me in the dark?

BRICKER: Naw. Naw, Danny. This guy's different. He ain't dead; he's alive. You can hear his voice only you can't see him. But if you ever hear his voice you'll know he's near ya, somewhere in the shadows.

DANNY: Yeah. (Laughs.) If he talks to me I'll fix 'em, Joe.

BRICKER: Sure. But not the way you'll get the others, Danny. 'Cause you can't see him, see. Now, look . . . you know those old hand grenades you have at home?

DANNY: Yeah.

BRICKER: Well, I want ya to carry a couple with ya. If this guy ever finds ya, if he tries to stop ya payin' him off for killin' me, you just pull the pin of the hand grenade and throw it where you think his voice is comin' from. That'll get 'em.

DANNY: Alright, Joe. But how will I know when it's him?

BRICKER: You'll know alright, Danny. He has a queer kinda laugh. And he calls himself 'The Shadow'.

SFX: APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

GUARD (o/m, approaching): Alright, Bricker. Time's up. Come on, you.

BRICKER: Okay, okay.

SFX: CELL DOOR OPENS.

BRICKER: So long, Danny. Don't you forget anything.

DANNY (o/m): So long, Joe. I wouldn't forget. I wouldn't forget nothin' you told me.

GUARD (o/m): Come on, you're out this way. Shake it up.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES. TWO SETS OF FEET WALK AWAY.

BRICKER (Chuckles to himself): That poor dope. He'll do it alright. He'll fix 'em, every last one of 'em, if I burn.

SFX: SLOW FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

BRICKER: Who's that? I heard somebody but there's nobody there! Hey, guard!

SHADOW: Are you surprised to find me here, Joe Bricker?

BRICKER: Shadow!

SHADOW: (The Shadow laughs.) So you weren't expecting me, and yet prisons are filled with shadows, shadows in the minds of men walking in the shadow of death itself.

BRICKER: What do you want? You put me here, sent me to the chair, why can't you let me alone?

SHADOW: Because your career of murder is not over.

Because I know you mean to carry out the threat you made in court.

BRICKER: Yeah. Yeah, and you can't stop me, Shadow.

SHADOW: I can . . . because you are going to tell me how the jury, the prosecuting attorney, and Judge Wilson are going to be killed.

BRICKER: You're crazy. I'm not telling you anything, Shadow. I'm not afraid of you anymore. I got nothin' to lose.

SHADOW: You are telling me, Bricker.

BRICKER: Yeah?

SHADOW: You see, I can read your mind. One thought is racing through your mind now. It's mirrored in your eyes, etched on your brain.

BRICKER: You're lyin'! Tryin' to trick me into tellin' you--

SHADOW: Alright, I'll tell you what you're thinking about. You're thinking of a man . . . he acts strangely . . . he's . . . he's shell shocked!

BRICKER: No!

SHADOW: Am I right?

BRICKER: No, no, stop it!

SHADOW: This man is very close to you. I've got it. He's your brother. His name is . . . let's see . . . Danny. Danny, isn't it?

BRICKER: No, no! Go away. Leave me alone!

SHADOW: I see that even now that your brother, Danny, is hurrying home to get a high-powered rifle out of a trunk . . .

BRICKER: Not true!

SHADOW: A rifle equipped with telescopic sites.

BRICKER: No . . .

SHADOW: And a silencer. You're thinking of Danny's medals for marksmanship, his decorations for valor. A sniper! A sniper so cunning he could hide in an open battlefield.

BRICKER: A lie.

SHADOW: Pick his enemies off at long range and not be seen. That's all I need to know, Bricker! All I need to know!
(The Shadow laughs again and fades out.)

BRICKER: No. No, you're crazy - you're just guessin'.
Alright, suppose he is? You won't find him! You won't stop him, Shadow!

SFX: PRISONERS HOLLER FOR BRICKER TO KEEP IT DOWN.

PRISONER 1: Shut up Bricker! Through 'em outta here!

PRISONER 2: Ahh, pipe down!

PRISONER 3: What's eatin' ya?

GUARD (approaching): Say, what's the matter with you?
Who do you think you're talkin' to?

BRICKER: It's the Shadow. He's here in the prison.

GUARD: Well, don't let that worry ya, Bricker. There's plenty of shadows where you're goin'. Come on. The deputies are waitin' and you're headin' for the last mile.

MUSIC UP AND FADE OUT.

SFX: QUIET STREET NOISES. MAN WHISTLING PLEASANTLY.

CRAIG: Now look, Mr. Hansen, every one of you jurors is in danger. You shouldn't be here on the street. This death threat may seem like a lot of hooey to you, but I've been assigned to guard you and if anything happens they'll send me back to pounding a beat.

HANSEN: Well, I'm sorry, Inspector, but I've got my business to attend to and I can't hide in my office-- (He gasps.)

CRAIG: Hansen! What's the matter, man?

(Woman screams.)

STREET WOMAN: That man, look at him. He's fallen down!

SFX: POLICE WHISTLE

POLICEMAN(o/m, approaching): Say, what's the matter with

that man? What's goin' on here? Keep back! Get back, everybody. Who are you?

CRAIG: Craig, Homicide Squad. Man's been shot.

POLICEMAN: Ah, you're crazy. I didn't hear no shot.

CRAIG: Neither did I. Just the same he's got a bullet right between the eyes. Looks like Joe Bricker is keeping his word.

MUSIC UP AND FADE.

MARGO: Lamont, can't you do something? Can't you find Danny Bricker?

CRANSTON: No. No, Margo. He got away. He hasn't been near his mother's home since his brother, Joe, went to the death house.

MUSIC RISES AND OUT.

SFX: STREET NOISES.

NEWS VENDOR: Extry! Get your Extry here! Bricker juror shot down! Extry, Extry! Paper!

MUSIC UP AND FADE.

SHADOW: I've got to find Danny Bricker. He's somewhere, hiding somewhere, waiting to strike again. I've got to find him!

MUSIC UP AND OUT.

SFX: STREET NOISES.

MRS. ADAMS: Good morning, Mr. O'Hara, I'd like some oranges and--

O'HARA: Good Heavens, Mrs. Adams, what are you doing out in the street? I thought the police had detectives watching every one of you jurors that was on the Bricker case.

MRS. ADAMS: Oh, they've got a detective staying at my house but I had to have some things for dinner and I slipped out.

CHILD (o/m): Mother, can I have some candy?

MRS.. ADAMS: Yes, dear, of course you can. You just--
(She gasps.)

SFX: BODY DROPS.

CHILD: Mother! Mother, what's the matter?

MRS. ADAMS (painfully): What have you done to me?

O'HARA: Sam! Sam!

SAM (o/m): Yeah?

O'HARA: Quick, call the police! Get a doctor! Mrs.. Adams has been shot.

SAM (o/m, approaching): I'm afraid she's dead.

O'HARA: Yes, the killer has struck again!

MUSIC UP AND OUT.

HARVEY: Judge Wilson?

JUDGE: Yes, Harvey?

HARVEY: Judge, don't you think it would be . . . well, safer with a killer still at large if you had those window curtains closed?

JUDGE: No, that's not necessary. This apartment is on the twentieth floor.

HARVEY: Yeah, I know, Your Honor, but just the same I . . .

SFX: PHONE RINGS.

HARVEY: I'll answer it, sir.

JUDGE: Thank you.

SFX: CLICK OF RECEIVER LIFTING.

HARVEY: Hello? Yes, Judge Wilson is right here, Your Excellency. (To Judge:) The governor's on the wire, sir. Here you are.

JUDGE: Hello? Yes, Governor. Yes, of course you couldn't commute Joe Bricker's sentence. If you did a thing like that, even to save the rest of the jury there'd be no more law and order. Look, Governor, don't you think it'd be wise for you to cancel your engagement to ride in the parade tomorrow? You'll be in an open car and a perfect target--

SFX: BREAKING WINDOW.

JUDGE: Oh!

SFX: BODY DROPS.

HARVEY (o/m, approaching): Judge! Judge Wilson!

SFX: TAPPING OF RECEIVER CRADLE SEVERAL TIMES FAST.

HARVEY (into phone): Governor! Governor! Judge Wilson has just been shot! He . . . he's dead!

MUSIC UP AND OUT.

ANNOUNCER: The Shadow will continue with his adventure in just a moment. In the meantime, here is a message of particular importance to families throughout this area who supply their own heat. We are now in a period of the year when all fuels are put to their severest tests. However, home owners who use Blue Coal have nothing to worry about, because Blue Coal, which is especially prepared for home use, is better qualified to meet sudden changes of weather than other fuels. During mild weather, Blue Coal banks for long periods with little attention, then Blue Coal immediately responds with minimum draft, sending a uniform supply of heat throughout the living quarters of the home. Because Blue Coal burns down to a fine powdered ash, it is not only an economical fuel but a particularly clean fuel, as well. Furthermore, Blue Coal is an American product, mined in Pennsylvania by the Glen Alden Coal Company. Unlike a good many other fuels sold in this area, Blue Coal is prepared exclusively for home use. So that you can be sure of getting more uniform, more economical heat, Blue Coal is that color so you can identify it at a glance. There's been a big swing this Winter to Blue Coal throughout this territory. Sales of Blue Coal this Winter in the middle Atlantic and New England states show an increase of ten-point-four percent over sales for the same period a year ago. So take a tip from the Blue Coal family, for better, more economical heat switch to Blue Coal tomorrow. Ask for it by name. Order a trial ton from your nearest Blue Coal dealer, whose name will be found in the 'Where To Buy' section of your classified telephone directory under the name Blue Coal!

MUSIC UP AND FADE TO:

SFX: AUTOMOBILE ENGINE, PULLING UP, SHUTTING

DOWN. CAR DOOR OPENS.

CRANSTON: Good work, Margo.

MARGO (o/m): Hello, Lamont.

CRANSTON: Didn't take you long to get here. Let me help you out of the car.

MARGO: I was waiting for your call, Lamont.

SFX: CAR DOOR CLOSES. FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY FROM CAR.

MARGO: As a matter of fact, I've been waiting for days. Where have you been? What've you been doing?

CRANSTON: The same thing the entire police force of this city has been doing, Margo, chasing a will o' the wisp.

MARGO: Are you sure it's Joe Bricker's brother, Danny?

CRANSTON: Yes. I haven't any doubt of it. But the police can't find him and I haven't a single clue to go on.

MARGO: What do you know about him?

CRANSTON: I looked up his record. He was shell-shocked during the war in France. He's an expert marksman, a sniper. Society trained him to kill men. It told him they were enemies, that he should kill them off. Now, the shell-shocked mind is remembering what society taught him - to kill.

MARGO: Yes.

CRANSTON: And another thing . . . for people who have been through that experience, life is cheap.

MARGO: Yes, but these poor people he shot and killed, the jurors and the judge, they were only doing their duty, they're innocent.

CRANSTON: Yes, individually they're innocent, Margo. Individually we're all innocent, and yet, all guilty, because this Danny, Joe Bricker's brother, is a product of our own folly. Teaching men to kill in time of war, yet expecting them to respect life in time of peace.

MARGO: Lamont, why did you want me to meet you here?

CRANSTON: I want you to do something for me, Margo. I want you to go into that brown stone house over there. Joe Bricker's mother lives in the basement . . .

MARGO: Yes . . .

CRANSTON: Joe is scheduled to die at five o'clock, exactly . . . ten minutes from now.

MARGO: Alright, Lamont. I'll do it. Where will you be?

CRANSTON: I'll be with you, Margo . . . as the Shadow. I have a feeling that Danny may come to his mother tonight, either just before or just after his brother dies. Hurry, we have less than ten minutes. Here's the house. I'll ring the bell.

SFX: DOOR BELL.

MARGO: Lamont, what shall I tell her, that I'm a reporter?

CRANSTON: Yes, but don't try to make her answer question.

MARGO (whisper): I hear someone coming.

SFX: DOOR OPENS.

MRS. BRICKER: Yes? What do you want?

MARGO: Mrs.. Bricker, I'd like to speak to you. May I come in?

MRS. BRICKER: I don't care. You can come in if you want to. It doesn't matter. Nothing matters anymore. Nothing will ever matter again.

MARGO: I know you've been through a terrible ordeal these past days, Mrs. Bricker.

MRS. BRICKER: How could you know what I've been through! How could anyone know!
My one son a murderer, and the other one . . . (Weeping:)
Goodness only knows what or where.

MARGO: I'm very sorry. If there's anything I can do . . .

MRS. BRICKER: In three minutes they'll be killing my son, Joe. There's nothing anyone can do. It's his brother, Daniel - I'm so worried about him. Why doesn't he come home? Why doesn't he come home?

DANNY (o/m): Ma.

MRS. BRICKER: Oh, Danny!

DANNY (approaching): Yeah, I come. Joe said I shouldn't, but I hadda come. I knew you'd want me home.

MRS. BRICKER: Danny. Danny, where have you been? What's Joe been making you do?

DANNY: I just been doin' what Joe told me to do for him. Ma, who's that girl there? What she doin' here?

MRS. BRICKER: Why . . . she - she's just a friend, Danny, just a friend come to sit with me.

DANNY: She won't tell nobody I been here, will she?

MRS. BRICKER: No, no, Danny, she won't tell anyone.

DANNY: Ma, they're gonna kill Joe in a few minutes.

MRS. BRICKER: Yes . . .

DANNY: Five o'clock. Then I gotta go out and do one more thing for Joe. Look, it's almost time.

MRS. BRICKER: No . . . no, Danny, no, you can't! I won't let you!

DANNY: Let go of me, Ma.

MRS. BRICKER: No, no.

DANNY: Let go of me!

MRS. BRICKER: Danny . . .

DANNY: I gotta do what Joe told me. I gotta keep my word to Joe.

MRS. BRICKER: No, Danny. Listen to me. I know - I know who's been killing those people, shooting them! Oh, you've got to give yourself up, Danny. They won't hurt you. They didn't know..

SFX: CLOCK BEGINS STRIKING FIVE O'CLOCK.

MRS. BRICKER: You didn't know what you were doing. Five o'clock . . . (She cries.)

DANNY: It's time. It's time! Five o'clock. Joe's dead. Now I

gotta go back to the tower and do the last thing Joe wanted me to do for him!

MARGO: Danny, don't! You've done enough harm.

DANNY: You keep outta this! Joe told me to do this. I gotta . . . I can still hear a voice tellin' me to do it...

SHADOW: Now you hear a voice telling you not to, Danny.

DANNY: Voice? I know . . . you're the Shadow!

SHADOW: Yes, Danny. For your own sake - for your mother's sake Danny. . .

DANNY: He told me what to do with you. He knew you'd find me. That's why I've got this hand grenade!

MRS. BRICKER: Oh, Danny! Don't!

DANNY: I got my finger on the firin' pin! I'm gonna pull it out!

SHADOW: Stop, Danny, I'm warning you . . .

DANNY: The voice came from there - in the corner! Joe told me to throw the grenade!

SFX: GRENADE DROPS TO THE FLOOR. DOOR OPENS.

DANNY: Good bye, Shadow!

SFX: DOOR SLAMS SHUT. SHUFFLING. WINDOW BREAKS. MUFFLED EXPLOSION.

MRS. BRICKER (gasping): What's happened?

SHADOW: It's alright. I managed to pick up the grenade and throw it through the window to the court before it exploded.

MRS. BRICKER: Oh, thank Heaven . . .

SHADOW: I don't mind saying that's the closest call the Shadow ever had.

MUSIC UP AND FADE.

SFX: DOOR OPENS.

MARGO: Lamont . . . how long have you been here in your office? What happened? Were you able to trail Danny to his hiding place?

CRANSTON: No. By the time I got to the street after that hand grenade episode he disappeared.

MARGO: Haven't you any idea where he went? Where that tower he mentioned might be?

CRANSTON: No. I've been working on this enlarged map of the mid-town section trying to find some tall building, some tower Danny Bricker could use to hide to pick off the governor.

MARGO: When he said something about a tower, he . . . it must be somewhere along the line of the march of today's parade, Lamont.

CRANSTON: Margo, that's the Wardman Tower!

MARGO: But it isn't finished! They've stopped work on it. It - it's nothing but a steel frame!

CRANSTON: What could be a better place for a sharp shooter like Danny Bricker? There's no work going on there. Just a watchman down on the street level. Margo, it's a long chance, but it may be the answer. Come on, we haven't a minute to lose.

MARGO: My car's downstairs, Lamont. I'll drive you over there. But what if he isn't there? What if he's somewhere else, waiting to strike?

CRANSTON: In that case, Margo, I'm afraid we'll have a new governor of this state.

MUSIC UP AND OUT.

SFX: DISTANT PARADE AUDIENCE AND FADE.

DANNY (laughs): Just a coupla minutes now, Joe. Just a coupla minutes and the governor's car will come along . . . then I'll do the last thing you asked me to do, Joe.

SFX: LOCK AND LOADING HIS RIFLE.

DANNY: Wind velocity: zero. Range: three hundred yards. He'll die quick, Joe! Like you died!

SFX: PARADE AUDIENCE RISES AND FADE.

DANNY: Yeah. The governor's comin' now, Joe. That's his automobile, with all the flags on it. That's him, sittin' in the back . . . with all those fellas around 'em. But I can pick 'em

out. I won't miss Joe!

SHADOW: (The Shadow laughs.) Danny. Danny Bricker. Listen to me.

DANNY: Who was that? Who said that? Who laughed like that?

SHADOW: Don't you recognize the Shadow, Danny?

DANNY: But, Joe said . . . he said the hand grenade would fix ya.

SHADOW: You see, Danny, your brother was wrong. Put down that rifle, Danny Bricker.

DANNY: How did you find me way up here? How did you know I was hidin' up here among these steel girders - just like I used to hide in the trees in the war?

SHADOW: That doesn't matter, Danny Bricker. All that matters is that you must not kill anymore people.

DANNY: But I got to. Just one more, Shadow! Just one more. The governor, down there in that car. I promised Joe!

SHADOW: No, Danny. You will never keep that promise. Put down that rifle. Put it down, Danny! Lay it down on that steel girder and crawl back to the catwalk.

SFX: CROWD SOUND RISES AND FADES.

DANNY: Alright. Alright. I'll put it down. I'll put it down. Where are ya, Shadow? I still got another grenade. Talk to me, Shadow. Say somethin' so I can tell where ya are!

SFX: SHUFFLING ON GIRDER.

SHADOW: Crawl back to the catwalk, Danny. Crawl back to the catwalk, I say!

DANNY: No. No, I won't. I won't! You can't make me! Come here and get me if you want me, Shadow!

SHADOW: I don't want to have to do that, Danny.

DANNY: Don't you come near me, Shadow. Don't you touch me! If you do I'll drop this hand grenade. I'll throw it down on all those people. I'll kill dozens of 'em! There! I've pulled the pin! I'll throw it!

SHADOW: Danny! Listen to me! Hold that hand grenade, Danny. Hold it tight, Danny Bricker! See your fingers tighten about it. Your mind obeys mine. Do you hear me, Danny? Danny? Hold it. Don't throw that hand grenade!

DANNY (struggling): Hold it. Hold it . . . tight! Don't throw it!

SHADOW: Don't drop it! Don't drop it, Danny!

DANNY: Don't . . . drop it, Danny! Don't drop it, Danny! Don't drop it--

SFX: HAND GRENADE EXPLODES.

MUSIC UP AND FADES.

POLICEMAN: Yes, Commissioner Weston, a high-powered rifle fell into the street, right in front of the governor's car.

WESTON: I'm glad no one was hurt.

POLICEMAN: Uh-huh. This is the thirtieth floor. This is where the bomb went off. Blew the guy to pieces!

WESTON: Good heavens. He must have had a time-bomb that went off too quick. Any idea who it was?

POLICEMAN: Yep. They found an identification card and some newspaper clippin's in his pocket . . . on what was left of him. It was Danny Bricker, Joe Bricker's brother.

WESTON: Well, I guess that's that. I don't guess we'll ever know what really happened. Anyway, there's one consolation, looks as though the Shadow fell down on this case just as badly as we did.

SHADOW: Not quite, Commissioner Weston.

WESTON: Oh . . . so you got here in time to take credit for this, eh, Shadow?

SHADOW: There is no credit. No glory in the death of Danny Bricker, Commissioner Weston. He was a victim, a human instrument of destruction, fashioned by mankind, that teaches men to kill their enemies in time of war, yet expects them to forget their murderous art in time of peace. Danny Bricker was an enemy of society - a killer. But only because you and I and countless thousands made him one. No, Commissioner, there is no glory in this for you or the Shadow or for any man.

MUSIC UP AND OUT.

ANNOUNCER: You have just heard a dramatized version of one of the many copyrighted stories which appear in the SHADOW MAGAZINE. All the characters and all the places named are fictitious. Any similarities to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

MUSIC UP.

SFX: WIND.

SHADOW: (The Shadow laughs.) As you sow Evil, so shall you reap Evil. Crime does not pay! The Shadow knows! (He laughs again.)

ANNOUNCER: Next week, same time, same station, Blue Coal, America's finest anthracite, again presents another thrilling adventure of The Shadow. Be sure to listen, and be sure to burn Blue Coal, the solid fuel for solid comfort.

This is the Mutual Broadcasting Network.

END

Cast and Credits

_____ - Announcer, Prison Guard, Inspector Craig,
Comissioner Weston, Trial Spectator, Prisoner
_____ - Bailiff, Trial Spectator, Prisoner, Sam
_____ - Judge Wilson, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Bricker,
Trial Spectator
_____ - Joe Bricker, Mr. Hansen, Mr. O'Hara
_____ - Danny Bricker, Policeman, Trial Spectator
_____ - Trial Spectator, Screaming Woman, Mrs.
Adam's Daughter, Mary
_____ - Margo Lane, Trial Spectator
_____ -Lamont Cranston/The Shadow, Prisoner