

SHADOW: The Ghost Walks Again (Condensed)

MUSIC: **Saint-Saëns** "Le rouet d'Omphale"

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow Knows! (laughs)

Anncr: Blue Coal presents the Shadow! A man of mystery who strikes terror into the very souls of evil-doers everywhere. Lamont Cranston, a man of wealth, a student of science, and master of other people's minds, devotes his life to righting wrongs, solving crimes, protecting the innocent, and punishing the guilty. Using advanced methods that may ultimately become available to all law enforcement agencies, Cranston is known to the underworld as The Shadow; never seen, only heard - as haunting to superstitious minds as a ghost; as inevitable as a guilty conscience. With his friend and constant companion, the lovely Margo Lane, The Shadow meets up with danger tonight when -- The Ghost Walks Again.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

FX: CRICKETS AND A TOWN CLOCK

Anncr: Night, peaceful night has fallen on a small New England town. We hear the footsteps of a couple from the town, heading toward a village meeting, taking a short cut through an ancient graveyard, when suddenly --

Grace: Sam!

Sam: Yes?

Grace: Sam, look! Up there by the big oak. Isn't that a freshly dug grave?

Sam: Well now..it certainly looks like one.

Grace: Odd! That section's been closed off...there've been no burials there in over...two hundred years.

Sam: We'd better take a look.

FX: STEPS

Grace: Hold the lanter higher, Sam...that's it.

Sam: Say....That's the grave - of Sir Roger Mathus. Now who could have done that?

Grace: I don't know, but it's a terrble trick. Descecrating a two hundred year old grave - the grave of the first governer of our colony! Whoever the meddler was should...

Mathus: (Hollow Voice) No meddler desecrated this grave!

Sam: Who was that?

Grace: Sam! Look! Walking toward us!

Sam: His clothes are covered with dust! And so old! Knee breeches, powdered hat...Puritan wig...

Grace: Sam, look at his face! It's like a death mask!

Sam: It looks...like the old pictures of Sir Roger!

Mathus: I AM Sir Roger. I have returned from the dead!

FX: (GASPS)

Mathus: I have returned to save thee and thy village from it's sinful ways!

Sam: It can't be... it can't be!

Mathus: Silence! If either of thee utters word I shall run thee through with this sword.

Grace: What shall we do, Sam?

Mathus: Thou shalt do as I command! The will of Sir Roger Mathus is law. To break it...means death! Death!

MUSIC

BABBLE OF VOICES. A GAVEL QUIETS THE CROWD.

Stebbins: Quiet! Quiet. Townspeople -- gentleman and ladies -- the issue that brings us here tonight is this old meeting place. As you all know, it was erected in 1712 by the first Governor of this colony, Sir Richard Mathus. And as you also all know, nothing has been disturbed within these walls since that day. The furniture, the paintings, even the ancient punishment stocks and torture presses are all in their original places.

CROWD ADLIBS REACTION

Stebbins: Now, some members have proposed that this hall, which has always been a private gathering place for the descendants of the first settlers of the village, be opened to the public as a museum, and an admission price be charged.

Silas: The proposition is an outrage!

Stebbins: Please, Mr. Crossman!

Silas: An outrage, I say! Thou art violating the very laws passed down to us by our founder, Sir Roger Mathus! Someone go into the next room and fetch the original ruling, written in Sir Roger's own hand...you go, Harvey!

Harvey: Yes sir.

FX: FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPEN

Silas: I shall read to thee his document and ye shall see-

Harvey: Oh no...no!

Stebbins: What is it, Harvey?

Harvey: In the press - the ancient torture press - there are two bodies!

CROWD ERUPTS IN A HUBBUB

Stebbins: What?

Harvey: It's Sam and Grace Merrill! They've been -- crushed to death!

Stebbins: There's a note in Sam's hand!

Harvey: It looks like old parchment...

Silas: What does it say?

Harvey: It's an ancient death warrant...signed by...Sir Roger Mathus!

MUSIC

Sherriff: And that was the night the whole thing started, Mr. Cranston.

Margo: Oh, that's so gruesome, Lamont!

Lamont: Indeed, Margo. Sherriff, have the state police uncovered anything?

Sherriff: Nope, they're as baffled as we. That's why I sent for you.

Margo: Has the ghost of Sir Roger been seen since?

Sherriff: Yes, Miss Lane. Many times...and there have been others that have died by his hand.

Margo: How many?

Sherriff: Three. One was found in the stocks. Another, hanging from the tree that was used for just that purpose in the olden days. A third was tied to the ancient ducking stool. We found him in the river....drowned. Each one was clutching a parchment death warrant.

Lamont: Have there been any clues at all? Anything that would link these crimes together?

Sherriff: Well...everyone who died was in favor of opening the old meeting place to the public.

Lamont: I see.

Sherriff: But that only strengthens people's belief in the ghost of Sir Roger...They say this is his vengeance for proposing such a move.

Lamont: Aside from the ghost of Sir Roger, who is opposed to the opening of the meeting place?

Sherriff: Quite a few would vote that way...the leader of the faction is old Silas Crossman.

Lamont: Was he present that first night when the bodies were found?

Sherriff: Yes...yes, he was...but you can't suspect him, Mr. Cranston. Old Silas is one of our leading citisens...his family was one of the founders of the village.

Lamont: Tell me Sherriff...this ghost of Sir Roger...just where and when has he been seen?

Sherriff: He's always been seen in the old meeting hall...usually at the hour of midnight.

Lamont: Very well...then WE shall seek out the ghost of Sir Roger Mathus...this very night!

MUSIC

Margo: (softly) Lamont...I don't think the ghost will ever appear.

Lamont: The evening isn't over yet, Margo...Not frightened, are you?

Margo: No...of course not... I mean...not very.

FX: CLOCK STARTS TO STRIKE MIDNIGHT

Lamont: Listen...Midnight. The hour for the ghost to appear. (CALLS OUT) Sir Roger!...Sir Roger! If you are within the sound of my voice I defy you to show yourself.

Margo: (AFTER A PAUSE) No one answers...

Lamont: Give him time, Margo. Give him a chance to...

Margo: (sharply) Lamont, listen!

FX: DOOR CLOSES IN DISTANCE. FOOTSTEPS.

Lamont: That did it. He's heard me. He's coming. Give me that flashlight, Margot.

Margo: Here...

Mathus: (HOLLOW VOICE) Who called to me? Speak up! Who summoned Sir Roger Mathus?

Margo: (WHISPERS) Look there, Lamont!

Lamont: I did, Sir Roger!

Margo: That face -- it's not human!

Mathus: Why art thou here?

Lamont: We've heard a lot about you, Sir Roger...the fear you've created in this village...

Mathus: Thou art fools! The fate of the others will be thy fate as well!

Lamont: We have no fear! Come ahead...begin your destruction...I am most curious to learn your powers!

Mathus: I select the time for my revenge!

Lamont: I see. then you are not going to harm us tonight, is that it?
Very well, if you won't come to us, then we shall come to you?

Mathus: Stay where thou art...I warn thee!

Lamont: Com on, Margo...we're going up to meet Sir Roger right now!

FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

Lamont: Hurry, Margo...Up these stairs...

FX: MORE STEPS, A PANEL CLOSES SHUT.

Lamont: Well, Sir Ro -- He's gone!

Margo: But where?

Mathus: (OFF MIKE) I have chosen not to meet thee at this moment...

Margo: Where is that voice coming from?

Mathus: Listen to me, both of you!

Lamont: He must have gone through a secret panel.

Mathus: Thou has defied the laws of Sir Roger Mathus...and by my sword...thou shalt DIE for it!

MUSIC:

Anncr: Stay tuned. The Shadow will return, as The Ghost Walks Again.

Anncr: And now we return to the adventures of...The Shadow!

MUSIC:

Anncr: The next morning, Lamont Cranston and the lovely Margo Lane returned to the town meeting place, to try discover the origin of their mysterious visitor of the previous night...

Lamont: The hall certainly looks different in the daylight, eh Margo?

Margo: Sure does. Did you say anything to the sherriff about last night's encounter, Lamont?

Lamont: No. I thought it best not to mention it to anyone for the present...We do know now, though, that Sir Roger proved himself to be a very human ghost.

Margo: Yes.

Lamont: But who he is...and what his motives might be...remain to be discovered.

Margo: And how he got away!

Lamont: Yes, that's what we must find out right now. We're looking for a secret panel, I think. You start at this end Margo... (MOVING OFF-

MIKE)...and I'll look down by the speaker's stand....If you find anything suspicious, call me.

FX: KNOCKS ON WALL

Margo: Well, this panel seems solid enough...No sign of any...

Darrow: (QUIETLY, BUT RIGHT ON MIKE. YOUNG PLEASANT FELLOW) Good morning.

Margo: (STARTLED) Oh!

Darrow: Sorry...I didn't mean to frighten you...

Margo: It's alright...I just didn't hear you coming...

Darrow: I'm Edward Darrow.

Lamont: (WALKING UP)...and I'm Lamont Cranston, and this is my companion, Margo Lane.

ALL EXCHANGE GREETINGS

Darrow: The sherriff tells me you've been trying to track down our elusive ghost. I'll be relieved if you succeed.

Margo: Why is that?

Darrow: Well, I'm more-or-less the leader of the group who wish to open this meeting hall to the public...and most of the rest of the group has met death at the hands of the ghost.

Lamont: You feel you might be next?

Darrow: Yes, sir.

Lamont: Have there been any attempts on your life?

Darrow: Not yet, knock wood.. (FX: HE DOES SO)

Although my uncle probably wishes there had been.

Margo: Your uncle?

Darrow: Silas Crossman. He heads the opposition group. He's plenty sore at me.

Lamont: I see...

Darrow: So, have you discovered any clues to the killings yet?

Lamont: Not yet. We were just looking around in here...having heard of the ghost...and knowing that all good ghosts use secret passageways and such...we hoped we might stumble on one.

Darrow: Say, perhaps I can help you.

Lamont: How?

Darrow: Well, I'm to be in charge of the restoration work in this hall

if it's ever opened to the public, and I have a sheaf of the original plans at home...

Margo: Oh, could we see them?

Darrow: Sure. I could bring them back by here, tonight. Oh...by the way...I trust no word of this will get back to my uncle Silas...he might...well..

Lamont: We shan't mention it to anyone.

Darrow: Thank you...Well, until tonight...

THEY EXCHANGE GOODBYES.

FX: FOOTSTEPS FADE. DOOR CLOSSES.

Lamont: Margot, I think it's time we invetigated Mr. Silas Crossman...I'm going to pay a call on him right now as...the Shadow!

MUSIC

FX: SCRATCH OF PEN

Shadow: (Laughs)

Silas: What was that?

Shadow: Sorry to interrupt your letter-writing, Mr. Crossman...

Silas: Who are ye? Where does thy voice come from?

Shadow: I am right beside you, Silas Crossman...don't trouble yourself to look for me...no human eyes have ever seen me. I am called...The Shadow.

Silas: What brings thee into my house?

Shadow: I'm in search of ghost, Silas Crossman -- the ghost of Sir Roger Mathus! And I believe you know all about him...

Silas: I know nothing more than the others...

Shadow: Why are you opposed to the opening of the old meeting hall?

Silas: Because the hall belongs only to those of the village...for hundreds of years it has been that way...they shall not desecrate an ancient tradition!

Shadow: Those are the same words used by the ghost of Sir Roger.

Silas: I am aware of that.

Shadow: People aren't going to continue to believe that a ghost did the killings in this village. Soon they will know a human hand was responsability. And their suspicions, Silas Crossman, will fall upon you!

Silas: And why me?

Shadow: Because of your behavior...the way you live..the ancient relics in this house..the quill pen you write with..in your speech you use the antiquated thee and thou...just as the ghost of Sir Roger does.

Silas: That proves nothing!

Shadow: You're wrong! That evidence alone would be enough to convict you in a court of law. Now tell me, what do you know about these killings?

Silas: Nothing! I know nothing!

Shadow: Very well...I've given you your chance...Let me warn you Silas Crossman, if you are the killer...you will pay for your crime!

MUSIC:

Margo: Lamont, do you think Mr. Darrow will keep his word?

Lamont: I believe so, Margo.

Margo: Good. I shouldn't like to spend many more nights in this eerie old hall...

Lamont: Well, if everything works out as --

Margo: Listen!

FX: FOOTSTEPS, MEASURED.

Margo: Could it be sir Roger again?

Lamont: We'll soon find out...

Darrow: Hello there, sorry I'm late..

Margo: Oh...It's you, Mr. Darrow...you gave us quite a scare..

Darrow: Sorry...That seems to be a habit with me, doesn't it?

Lamont: Did you bring the plans?

Darrow: Yes, two sets. Here, take one.

Lamont: Thank you. I think we'd better go right to work...we can each start at one end of the wall, Mr. Darrow.

Darrow: Miss Lane, perhaps you could stay with me. You see, my eyesight is rather poor, and in this dim light I...

Margo: I'll go with you, Mr. Darrow.

Darrow: Thank you...Here are the plans...and here is my flashlight, Miss Lane.

Lamont: (MOVING OFF MIKE) Call out to me if you find anything...

Darrow: We can start right here, Miss Lane...Do the plans indicate anything?

Margo: Well, there does seem perhaps to be one thing that would be ...right ...about here...Mr Darrow! Look! This panel! It moves!

Darrow: Why so it does!

Margo: I'll see if I can get a hold of it...there...why, it's opening! We must call Lamont! LA-

Darrow: (SNARLING) Shut up!

FX: Struggle

Margo: (MUFFLED) Let me go!

Darrow: If you're so anxious to meet Sir Roger, I'll take you to him!

Margo: Let me go! (FULL VOICE) Lamont! Help!!

Lamont: (OFF MIKE) Margo!

Darrow: In you go!

Margo: SCREAMS

Darrow: LAUGHS

FX: PANEL SLIDES SHUT

MUSIC:

Margo: Where are we? Where have you taken me?

Darrow: A secret compartment beneath the meeting hall...known only to me...

Margo: Let me out of here!

Darrow: (laughs) Cry out louder if you wish. No one will hear. These walls were made especially thick to muffle sound. They had a purpose in building them that way in the olden days...

Margo: What do you mean?

Darrow: This room ...was an ancient torture chamber. Look about you. See the press...the spike-studded pit... Excellent for entertaining, don't you think?

Margo: Then - it was YOU who has been impersonating Sir Roger.

Darrow: Correct.

Margo: But why did you bring me here?

Darrow: (IGNORING HER) See the fire I have started in this forge? See the white-hot branding iron I placed in it?

Margo: Why...why are you doing this?

Darrow: In the days of the Puritans they had a very satisfactory way method for dealing with meddlers...they branded them upon the forehead.

Margo: No...NO!

Darrow: Soon, young lady, you shall feel the searing agony of that branding iron biting into your flesh!

Margo: You're mad!

Darrow: You won't feel the pain too long...because I have another treat for you...the press...the torture press!

Margo: Keep it away from me!

Shadow: Drop that iron, Mr. Darrow!

Darrow: Who was that?

Shadow: Release the girl...

Darrow: No! Let go of my arm! Let me finish my work!

FX: IRON DROPS TO FLOOR

Shadow: There. Your work is finished, Mr. Darrow.

Darrow: Who are you?

Shadow: (laughs) I am the Shadow! And I'll put an end to your career of torture and murder! But why did you do it? Why did you kill those men?

Darrow: Because of my uncle, Silas Crossman...I hate him...and all he stands for...but now I've had my revenge. HE will be blamed...he will be held for the murders.

Shadow: What makes you think that?

Darrow: Because none of us are leaving this building alive!

Margo: Look out! He's tipping over the fire in the forge!

Shadow: Don't do that, Darrow!

Darrow: It's done now, Shadow! Look...the flames are already licking up the walls. ..this old hall is a tinderbox...it'll burn in no time!

Margo: The fire is catching all over the room!

Darrow: What are you going to do now, Shadow?

Shadow: We're getting out of here. Go to that door at the end of the room, Margo...if you we can get up the doors we have a chance to escape...Hurry!

MUSIC

FX: BOTH COUGH, AS THE FLAMES INCREASE

Lamont: Hold on to my hand, Margo.

Margo: This smoke, Lamont -- I -- I can't see.

Lamont: We've got to keep going... We should be near the door...

Margo: Lamont...this...smoke...I...

Lamont: MARGO!

Margo: (MOANS AND FAINTS)

Lamont: I'll carry you...we haven't far to go...(COUGHS) Only have to ...make it... to... the...door... the...door... wait...wait...this is it! I've founhd the door!.. Margo. We've made it!

MUSIC

FX: FLAMES AND CROWD

Lamont: How do you feel, Margo?

Margo: Better, thank you...

FX: CROWD

Lamont: Take a look at that old meeting hall...It's a mass of flames...

Margo: Yes...we got out just in time...Any sign of Darrow?

Lamont: No...and there's no hope for him now..

Sherriff: (OFF MIKE, CALLING OUT) Look! in the belfrey of the meeting house! there's someone standing up there!

Margo: Lamont...it's Darrow!

Lamont: Yes, look at him...he's waving his arms!

Darrow: (SHOUTS FAINTLY OFF MIKE)

Lamont: He's shouting something to the crowd!

Margo: Lamont...He's going to jump!

CROWD SHOUTS "DON'T JUMP...DONT JUMP!"

Lamont: Turn your head Margo...

FX: CROWD GASPS

MUSIC: THUNDEROUS CHORD.

Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit...Crime does not pay...the Shadow Knows. (laughs)

MUSIC UP AND OUT