

(FINAL)

"THE SHADOW"

NOVEMBER 12, 1950

"CAREER IN CRIME"

by

ED ADAMSON

CAST

LAMONT CRANSTON.....BRET MORRISON  
MARGOT LANE.....GERTRUDE WARNER  
CHRIS.....MICHAEL FITZMAURICE  
ROXY.....ROSS MARTIN  
TOMMY.....JAMES McCALLION  
POP.....SANTOS ORTEGA  
WESTON.....SANTOS ORTEGA  
JOAN.....MITZI GOULD  
GIRL.....MITZI GOULD  
BAILEY.....ROSS MARTIN

vm

1950

THE SHADOW  
NOVEMBER 12, 1950

(MUSIC:.....SPINNING WHEELS, UNDER FOR:)

SHADOW:               Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The  
                          Shadow knows. (LAUGHS)

(MUSIC:.....UP & OUT)

ANNCR:               The Grove Laboratories - makers of Fitch Dandruff  
                          Remover Shampoo - present "The Shadow."

(MUSIC:.....STING)

SOUND:                (OPEN DESK DRAWER)

CHRIS:                Here's the gun, Roxy. You got everything straight?

ROXY:                 I take a run up to Pine Lake and knock the kid off.  
                          Then I ditch the body in the woods. Right?

CHRIS:                Right - deep in the woods. Then all our troubles are  
                          over.

(MUSIC:.....TAG)

(COMMERCIAL)

(MUSIC:.....INTRO AND UNDER:)

ANNCR:           The Shadow is really Lamont Cranston, who has the  
                  hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so that they cannot  
                  see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only  
                  person who knows to whom the voice of the invisible  
                  Shadow belongs. Today's drama, written by Ed Adamson...  
                  "Career In Crime."

(MUSIC:.....UP AND UNDER:)

ANNCR:           The young man in his late teens walks down the dingy  
                  office building corridor, stops before the door marked  
                  "Londos Enterprises" -- and opens it --

(MUSIC:.....OUT ON:)

SOUND:                   (OPEN DOOR)

CHRIS:           (OFF A BIT) Yeh, what is--(STOPS) (PLEASANTLY SURPRISED)  
                  Tommy! Tommy Borden!

TOMMY:           Hi'ya, Mr. Londos.

CHRIS:           Come on in, Tommy, come on in.

SOUND:                   (DOOR CLOSES...STEPS BRIEFLY AS:)

CHRIS:           (COMES ON) Glad to see you, kid, real glad. Say, you  
                  remember Roxy Willis here, don't 'cha, Tommy?

TOMMY:           Sure.

ROXY:           How you doing, Tommy?

CHRIS:           Roxy, pull up a chair for Tommy.

SOUND:                   (CHAIR SCRAPE)

CHRIS:           When'd you get out, kid?

TOMMY:           Couple days ago.

CHRIS:           Year's a long time, huh?

TOMMY:           Yeh, a long time.

CHRIS: Smoke?

TOMMY: (TAKING A CIGARETTE) Thanks.

CHRIS: Give Tommy a light, Roxy.

ROXY: Sure, sure.

SOUND: (STRIKE MATCH)

TOMMY: Mr. Londos, I want to talk to you about...about getting back in.

CHRIS: Y'know, Tommy, that's a funny thing. Only the other day I was saying to Roxy - what I wouldn't give for a smart kid like Tommy Borden. That right, Roxy?

ROXY: That's right, Chris.

CHRIS: "Roxy," I said, "Tommy Borden was only a high school kid when I took him on but he was smart and fast."

ROXY: That's just what Chris said -- "smart and fast."

CHRIS: "And what's more," I said, "Tommy knew how to keep his mouth shut. He could'a told the cops who he was peddling those lottery tickets at school for - but he kept his mouth shut."

TOMMY: I'm no crummy stoolie.

CHRIS: Chris Londos don't forget favors like that, Tommy. You can come back in- any time you want.

TOMMY: Now?

CHRIS: What about your old man?

TOMMY: I'll tell pop I'm getting a job as a shipping clerk in Regal's Department store. He'll believe me.

CHRIS: Tell you what, Tommy. I started a new side-line. Used cars. You do a little driving for me. You deliver jallopies across the state line to Glendale.



TOMMY: (SUSPICIOUS) What kind of cars are they?

CHRIS: (SMILING) You didn't use to ask questions, Tommy.  
I pay you thirty bucks a trip. Maybe you make as many  
as six trips a week. That sound like a good deal to  
you?

TOMMY: Sure, Chris, sounds like a real good deal. When do I  
start?

(MUSIC:.....SET FOR MONTAGE...THEN ACCENT AND UNDER)

POP: When do you start your new job at Regal's, Tommy?

TOMMY: Tomorrow, Pop, and I'm rarin' to go.

POP: (PROUD AND SO HAPPY) Tommy boy, you don't know how  
happy I am...how proud you've made me.

TOMMY: (LITTLE ASHAMED) Sure.

POP: From now on everything's going to be fine, isn't it?

TOMMY: Yeh, Pop...just fine.

(MUSIC:.....UP AND UNDER:)

SOUND: (CAR COMES IN TO FAST STOP...KEEP MOTOR IDLING  
UNDER...CAR DOOR OPENS)

CHRIS: (GETTING OUT OF CAR) She's all set to roll. Ready,  
Tommy?

TOMMY: (GETS INTO CAR) Ready, Chris.

SOUND: (CLOSE CAR DOOR)

TOMMY: I'll have this buggy in Glendale in no time.

SOUND: (CAR PULLS OUT TO FAST START AS:)

(MUSIC:.....TAKES IT UP AND THEN UNDER AGAIN)

WESTON: (FILTER) That's the situation, Cranston. The rate of  
auto thefts here in town is becoming really alarming.  
We certainly can use your help.

CRANSTON: All right, Commissioner Weston, Margot Lane and I will get right to work on it.

(MUSIC:.....UP AND UNDER:)

SOUND: (AUTO MOTOR IDLING...STEPS COME IN ON GRAVEL)

ROXY: (COMES IN) I switched the plates, Tommy. You can get going.

TOMMY: Right, Roxy. Tell Chris when I get back from Glendale I'll be around to collect for this week's deliveries.

SOUND: (AUTO PULLS OUT TO FAST START AS:)

(MUSIC:.....UP TO CLIMAX AND OUT)

CRANSTON: That's it, Commissioner. So far, Margot and I have traced three of the stolen cars.

WESTON: That's good work, Cranston. Let's have the details.

MARGOT: The autos were purchased by unsuspecting buyers at a used car lot across the state line in Glendale.

WESTON: Glendale, eh?

SOUND: (PICK UP PHONE)

WESTON: Hold it a minute.

CRANSTON: What are you going to do?

WESTON: Call up the Glendale police, of course, and have them take in that dealer.

CRANSTON: You are not!

WESTON: (**SHOCKED**) Huh?

CRANSTON: Put that phone down, Weston, and listen to me.

WESTON: (**SORE**) Cranston, since when do I take orders from you? Are you trying to tell me how to run this department?

MARGOT: Commissioner, you asked Lamont's help. Don't you think the least you can do is listen to him?

WESTON: (PAUSE) All right.

SOUND: (PHONE DOWN)

WESTON: Go ahead, Cranston, but make it fast.

CRANSTON: If we're going to clean up the whole mess our best bet is to allow that dealer to continue to operate.

MARGOT: Under surveillance, of course.

CRANSTON: See our point, Commissioner?

WESTON: (PAUSE) (SIGHS AS HE GIVES IN) Yeh, yeh, guess I do. Sorry I flew off the handle that way.

CRANSTON: Skip it. Margot and I will continue to keep a close watch on all deliveries made to that Glendale outlet. I'm especially curious to see just who makes those deliveries.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

SOUND: (AUTO...ESTABLISH AND DROP UNDER)

TOMMY: Well, Joanie, what do you think of it?

JOAN: (YOUNG AND SWEET) Oh, Tommy...it's the most wonderful car I've ever seen.

TOMMY: Wait 'n see, baby...all the nice things you're going to get when you're Mrs. Tommy Borden.

JOAN: (PAUSE) (TROUBLED) Tommy...where did you get this auto?

TOMMY: Why?

JOAN: (FIRM) Tommy, where did you get it?

TOMMY: I told you a friend lent it to me.

JOAN: Is that the truth?

TOMMY: (SORE) Aw, now you're at it again. You think I stole it, don't you?

JOAN: No, Tommy, but....



TOMMY: Yeh, sure you do.

SOUND: (CAR TO A SUDDEN STOP)

JOAN: Why'd you stop?

TOMMY: We're going back to town. I'm taking you home.

JOAN: (PUTTING HER HAND ON HIM) Tommy...wait...

TOMMY: Get your hand off me.

JOAN: Tommy, please.

TOMMY: I said, get your hand off!

JOAN: Don't, please, Tommy...don't be angry with me. I'm sorry. I wanted everything to be just right when you came back to me.

TOMMY: (COLD) Yeh, sure.

JOAN: Don't be this way to me...please. I promise I won't ask any more questions. I promise. Only don't be like this to me. I promise - I'll never ask you another question--ever.

TOMMY: (SOFTENING) You...you mean that?

JOAN: Honest, Tommy, honest I won't.

TOMMY: Now you sound like my girl. (PULLS HER TO HIM) C'me here.

JOAN: (MELTING) Tommy...

BIZ: (THEY KISS)

JOAN: (HUSKILY) Oh, Tommy, Tommy, I love you so much.

TOMMY: (PAUSE) Joan, I want you to do something for me--keep this for me.

JOAN: (SHOCKED) A gun!

TOMMY: If they pick me up with this I'll be sent up again - only this time it won't be to reform school.



JOAN: Where..where did you get this? Why do you need a gun?  
Why--?

TOMMY: No more questions. Remember?

JOAN: But--

TOMMY: Remember!?

JOAN: (PAUSE) (SIGHS) All right, Tommy.

SOUND: (START CAR AND INTO MOTION AS:)

TOMMY: Now let's see what this bus can really do.

SOUND: (BUILD CAR SPEED)

TOMMY: (CUE) Joan, you know something?

JOAN: What?

TOMMY: I'm just like this car, baby. I'm going places, and  
I'm going there fast. Tommy Borden is headed for the  
big time. And you're going there with him. Nothing  
can stop Tommy Borden now - nothing!

(MUSIC:.....HIT AND HOLD UNDER:)

SOUND: (FILTER BUZZ...FILTER CLICK)

MARGOT: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Hello?

CRANSTON: Margot---Lamont. His name is Tommy Borden.

MARGOT: Whose name?

CRANSTON: The driver who's been delivering those stolen cars  
across the state line. Just a kid. As the Shadow, I  
tailed him back to town -- to an office called "Londos  
Enterprises."

MARGOT: Lamont, what happened?

CRANSTON: Nothing yet. I just wanted to bring you up to date.  
Tommy shares an apartment with his widowed father. I'm  
going to call on them right now.

(MUSIC:.....UP AND OUT)

POP: Mr. Cranston, just what is this call about?

CRANSTON: Tommy, suppose you tell your father.

POP: (LONG PAUSE) Well, Tommy?

TOMMY: I don't know, Pop, honest. He's got some crazy idea that I'm in on something.

CRANSTON: It's not a crazy idea at all. Tommy, you can help me put an end to a vicious car stealing racket if you tell me all you can about Londos Enterprises and Chris Londos, the man who runs it.

POP: (FEAR) Tommy, you're not getting mixed up with anybody bad again, are you?

TOMMY: I said I don't know what he's talking about. How many times do I gotta tell you that?

CRANSTON: You were seen going into Londos' office this afternoon.

TOMMY: Somebody don't see straight. I was out with my girl-- Joan Mason. Ask her.

POP: Mr. Cranston...Tommy was in trouble once, but he promised me he'd stay on the right track. He's working for Regal's department store now. It's a good job, and Tommy---

TOMMY: Can it, Pop.

POP: But isn't that what you said, Tommy? You told me your boss at Regal's---

TOMMY: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Only save your breath, Pop. Catch any copper believing I'm on the level.

CRANSTON: I'm no copper, Tommy.

TOMMY: To me you're the same thing. Catch a copper giving anybody a decent break.

CRANSTON: (PAUSE) (RESIGNED SIGH) All right, Tommy...but if you change your mind, call me.

SOUND: (STEPS TO DOOR AS:)

TOMMY: (FADES OFF A BIT) I got nothing to change my mind about.

SOUND: (STEPS OUT...OPEN DOOR)

CRANSTON: Oh, by the way, Tommy...talking about even breaks. The most important breaks you get in life are the even breaks you give yourself. You just think about that, Tommy. I'll be waiting to hear from you.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

(MUSIC:.....IN AND UNDER:)

SOUND: (FILTER BUZZ...FILTER CLICK)

GIRL: (FILTER) Regal's Department Store...Personnel Section.

POP: I want to inquire about an employee.

GIRL: Yes, sir. The name please?

POP: Thomas Borden. He's in the shipping department.

GIRL: Thomas Borden...shipping department. One moment please.

(LONG PAUSE) I'm sorry, sir, we've no employee by that name working here.

POP: You're sure?

GIRL: Positive, sir. There is no Thomas Borden employed by us.

(MUSIC:.....UP AND OUT)

SOUND: (STEPS TO DOOR...OPEN DOOR)

POP: (OFF A BIT) That you, Tommy?

TOMMY: Yeh, Pop.

SOUND: (STEPS COME ON AS:)

POP: (COMES ON) Close the door, I want to talk to you.



SOUND: (CLOSE DOOR)

TOMMY: Hey, what's eating you?

POP: You lied to me, Tommy.

TOMMY: Huh?

POP: You aren't working at Regal's.

TOMMY: What?

POP: You never worked there.

TOMMY: Where..where did you get that from?

POP: I called there this afternoon. They never heard of you.

TOMMY: (PAUSE) All right, okay, so I don't work at Regal's. I went there for a job when I first came home. They offered me twenty bucks a week - for pushing crates around.

POP: It's good, honest, work.

TOMMY: Not for me. I'm not a chump, see? A stupid chump like you!

POP: Tommy!

TOMMY: I'm sorry, Pop, but what's the use of kidding yourself? Look at you. You've been giving me that line about good, honest work till it came out of my ears. Good, honest work! Where'd it ever get you?

POP: Mr. Cranston was right. You do know about Chris Londres. You know about the auto thefts. Tommy, there's still time. Maybe I can help you.

TOMMY: You help! You can't even help yourself. You spend twenty years at one lousy job and you're right where you started--behind the eight ball. Me, I can take care of myself. This is one Borden who knows the angles. There's only one real way to get what you want--take it!



SOUND: (STEPS GO OFF A BIT UNDER:)

TOMMY: And that's the way I'm--(STOPS) Where're you going?

POP: (BIT OFF) I'm going to make you do the right thing.

SOUND: (BIT OFF: PICK UP PHONE...DIAL)

TOMMY: Who're you calling?

POP: (BIT OFF) Mr. Cranston. You're going to tell him...

SOUND: (TOMMY LUNGES AT HIM AS:)

TOMMY: (AS HE GRABS HIM) Give me that phone!

BIZ: (STRUGGLE)

POP: Tommy, listen. It's for your own....

TOMMY: Gimme that phone!

POP: Don't, son...

TOMMY: Give it to me!

POP: Tommy, you've got to see that this is the only way...

TOMMY: Gimme the phone, you hear me! If you don't, so help me, I'll....

POP: Tommy...let go...

TOMMY: (LASHES OUT) I told you, Pop, you're not going to do it! (EFFORT)

SOUND: (SCUFFLE)

POP: (REACTS)

SOUND: (BODY FALL)

BIZ: (PAUSE...THEN TOMMY KNEELS DOWN BESIDE HIS FATHER)

THE SHADOW  
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TOMMY: (FRIGHTENED AND REMORSEFUL) Pop....Pop, wake up.  
(BEAT) I didn't mean it, Pop, honest. (BEAT) Pop,  
wake up...please. Pop, wake up...please wake up...  
for God's sake, Pop, you gotta wake up...(BREAKS DOWN  
AND CRIES) You gotta, Pop, you just gotta...

(MUSIC:.....FIRST ACT CURTAIN)

ANNCR: We will return to The Shadow in just a moment.

(COMMERCIAL)

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(MUSIC:.....INTRO AND UNDER)

ANNCR:           When Tommy Borden's father found out the boy had been delivering stolen cars, the old man tried to call Lamont Cranston. Tommy saw to it that his father never made that call. Now -- Tommy is in a phone booth...

(MUSIC:.....STING OUT)

TOMMY:           (FILTER THROUGHOUT) (HYSTERICAL) I killed him, Chris. He found out about the car stealing and he was calling Cranston, and I..I killed him.

CHRIS:           Not take it easy, Tommy. You said it was an accident. Where are you now?

TOMMY:           In a phone booth in a drugstore, corner Fifth and Maple. Chris, what am I going to do? I killed my own Pop.

CHRIS:           Don't blow your top. I'll send Roxy down to pick you up. You stay right there. Got that?

TOMMY:           Yes.

CHRIS:           And don't you worry. I'll take care of everything for you.

SOUND:           (PHONE DOWN)

CHRIS:           You hear that, Roxy?

SOUND:           (STEPS COME ON)

ROXY:           (FADES IN) Yeh, Chris, got it all on the extension.

CHRIS:           This can bust the whole shooting match wide open!

ROXY:           Yeh, 'special with Cranston mixed up in it now.

CHRIS:           Roxy, you pick up that kid and take him out to my shack on Pine Lake. We can't let Cranston get to that kid. I gotta figure out an angle so Tommy Borden don't talk.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

SOUND: (STEPS)

MARGOT: Lamont, what makes you think Tommy Borden will talk to you now?

CRANSTON: (THROW) Here's the Borden apartment.

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER)

CRANSTON: I'm not sure he will, Margot. But maybe by this time he's changed his mind about protecting Chris Londos.

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER...REPEAT)

MARGOT: Guess no one's home.

CRANSTON: Wait...

MARGOT: Huh?

SOUND: (OPEN DOOR AS:)

CRANSTON: The door's been left ajar.

MARGOT: I wonder...

CRANSTON: Come on, Margot.

SOUND: (STEPS GO IN AND STOP)

MARGOT: There's no one here, Lamont.

CRANSTON: Yes, there is...behind this couch.

MARGOT: (SICK) Oooohh.

CRANSTON: Get Commissioner Weston on the phone. Tell him Tommy's father is dead. Murdered.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

CAST: (AD LIBS IN BG.)

BAILEY: Ballistics is through, Commissioner. Fingerprints, boys, too.

WESTON: The prints match, Bailey?

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BAILEY: Yes, sir. They're Tommy Borden's all right. No gun, though.

WESTON: Okay. Tell the Medical Examiner I want his report when he's finished.

BAILEY: (FADES) Will do.

WESTON: (PAUSE) Killing his own father. Cranston, this is about the most brutal crime on our books.

MARGOT: Lamont, I'd like to go home.

CRANSTON: You don't need us any longer, do you, Commissioner?

WESTON: No, you and Miss Lane go on.

SOUND: (STEPS)

CRANSTON: See you later, Commissioner.

MARGOT: (CUE) How can a son kill his own father?

CRANSTON: Margot, I'm not quite sure that Tommy Borden is the murderer.

MARGOT: But all the evidence points to him. And...and, if he is innocent, why did he run away?

CRANSTON: I dunno. The job is to find Tommy and get all the answers.

MARGOT: Find him where?

CRANSTON: The Shadow is going to visit Joan Mason, Tommy's girl friend. Those two kids are crazy about each other. They won't remain separated for long. And when they meet, the Shadow is going to make it a threesome.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

SOUND: (WIND..A FEW FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT)

SHADOW: Waiting for someone, Joan?

JOAN: (GASPS)

SHADOW: Is the park here where you planned to meet Tommy?

JOAN: Who's talking?

SHADOW: (LAUGHS)

JOAN: Who is it laughing like that?

SHADOW: The Shadow!

JOAN: I can't see anyone. It's so dark.

SHADOW: Even in broadest daylight no one sees the Shadow.

JOAN: W-what do you want?

SHADOW: The truth! Where is Tommy Borden?

JOAN: I...I don't know.

SHADOW: You've planned to meet him here.

JOAN: No.

SHADOW: What time is he coming?

JOAN: He's not coming. I just went for a walk.

SHADOW: You did, eh? Why this deserted part of the park?

JOAN: I..I always used to meet Tommy here.

SHADOW: And you have no secret appointment with him here tonight?

JOAN: No, I swear.

SHADOW: Would you tell me if you really did?

JOAN: Yes.

SHADOW: (PRESSING) Would you really?

JOAN: (BEAT) No, no, I wouldn't! Everybody thinks Tommy's a murderer. They think he killed his father.

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SHADOW: Did he tell you he didn't?

JOAN: I haven't spoken to him since it happened. But he doesn't have to tell me. I know he didn't.

SHADOW: You want to help him, don't you, Joan?

JOAN: Oh, yes, yes, more than anything in the world.

SHADOW: Then when you do hear from Tommy, when you know where he's hiding you must call the police.

JOAN: No...the police will never give Tommy a chance. He has a record - everything will be against him.

SHADOW: You forget, Joan, you're in America. Under our laws, under our brand of justice, every man has a chance to prove his innocence. Just remember that, Joan, and I know, that when the time comes you'll help Tommy -- by calling the police.

(MUSIC:.....IN AND UNDER)

SOUND: (OPEN DESK DRAWER)

CHRIS: Here's the gun, Roxy. You got everything straight?

ROXY: I take a run up to Pine Lake and knock the Borden kid off. Then I ditch the body in the woods. Right?

CHRIS: Right - deep in the woods. Then all our troubles are over.

(MUSIC:.....UP AND SEGUE INTO:)

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER OFF...BRING IT IN AS JOAN WALKS TO  
DOOR....OPEN DOOR AS:)

JOAN: Yes, what is -- (STOPS)

SOUND: (STEPS COME ON)

TOMMY: (COMES ON) Hello, Joanie.

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JOAN: (THROWING HER ARMS AROUND HIM) Oh, Tommy....Tommy.

TOMMY: I was waiting outside till your mother left. Baby, I thought I'd go crazy waiting out there.

JOAN: I'm so happy you came....so happy.

TOMMY: I had to see you...no matter if I got caught or not, I had to.

JOAN: You won't get caught...

TOMMY: Not if I see 'em coming.

JOAN: (A CRY) Don't run away from it, Tommy.

TOMMY: Joan, I --

JOAN: Everything will be all right. It was an accident.

TOMMY: Of course it was an accident. You don't think I'd kill Pop on purpose, do you?

JOAN: We'll tell them that. We'll make them understand that the gun went off accidentally.

TOMMY: (CONFUSED) Gun...?

JOAN: I know they'll believe...

TOMMY: Joan! You said, gun! What gun, Joan, what gun????

JOAN: Tommy, what's the matter?

TOMMY: What gun?! What gun are you talking about?!

JOAN: Why...why the one you fired accidentally. The gun that killed your father.

TOMMY: Killed my...I didn't have a gun. I gave my only gun to you to hold for me. Remember?

JOAN: But the police, Mr. Cranston...they said you shot him.

TOMMY: No! No! I tried to get the phone out of his hand. He wouldn't let go. I hit him. I didn't mean to hit him so hard. I just wanted to get the phone away....



JOAN: Then, Tommy, you didn't kill him.

TOMMY: (DAWNS ON HIM) Londos! Chris Londos!

JOAN: What about him, Tommy?

TOMMY: He told me to lay low. He said he'd take care of things. He...he wanted to get me out of the way. He wanted to make sure Pop didn't talk. He killed him! He killed Pop! He wanted to make it look like I did it. That's why he rushed me out of town. Yeh, yeh, that's it.

(QUICK) Joan, where's the gun?

JOAN: Tommy, no....

TOMMY: Where is it -- the gun I gave you to hold for me?

(GRABS HER) Tell me, where did you hide it?

JOAN: (STRUGGLING) Tommy, please, you mustn't....

TOMMY: Tell me!

JOAN: (IN PAIN) You've got a chance to straighten everything out. Now you can prove you didn't kill your father.

(DRAWS UP SHARPLY IN PAIN) Tommy....my arm..

TOMMY: Tell me where that gun is!

JOAN: Oh, Tommy, don't...you'll ruin everything...

TOMMY: You're going to tell me, or I'll break your arm... now, you're going to tell me -- understand?

JOAN: (GIVES IN) All right...all right. The chest there.... the bottom drawer.

SOUND: (STEPS GO OFF A BIT...OPEN DRAWER OFF A BIT)

JOAN: (PLEASE) Tommy, listen to me, please...Don't do it... don't....

SOUND: (STEPS COME BACK IN)

TOMMY: (COMES IN) I gotta do it! Don't you see that? Londos is getting just what he gave my father!

JOAN: Tommy, stop and think. Just --

TOMMY: (PUSHES HER OFF) Leggo of me.

SOUND: (STEPS GO OFF)

TOMMY: (FADES A BIT) I got a date with Chris Londos.

SOUND: (DOOR A BIT OFF OPENS)

JOAN: Tommy...please...wait! Please...don't --

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS SHUT)

JOAN: (BEAT) (SOBS) Tommy....Tommy...

SOUND: (RECEIVER UP....DIAL OPERATOR)

JOAN: (PAUSE) Operator...hurry...get me the police.

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

CHRIS: (BIT OFF) (STARTLED REACTION)

TOMMY: Hullo, Chris.

CHRIS: Tommy!

SOUND: (STEPS BRIEFLY AS:)

CHRIS: (FADES IN) What...what are you doing here in town? I thought I told you to lay low up at the shack till I fixed things.

TOMMY: I'm in town to stay, Chris. I'm here to close a deal.

CHRIS: Deal? What...what're you talking about?

TOMMY: (PULLS OUT GUN) I'm talking about this.

CHRIS: What..what's the idea?

TOMMY: You remember this gun, don't you, Chris? You gave it to me.

CHRIS: Sure, sure, kid, I gave it to you.

TOMMY: Because I was going places. A guy that's going places should have a gun. Isn't that what you said, Chris?

CHRIS: Yeh, yeh, that's what I said.

TOMMY: Now, I'm seeing that you're going places. You can start by saying your prayers before I send you.

CHRIS: (SQUIRMS) What..what are you saying things like that for, Tommy?

TOMMY: You're not getting away with killing my Pop.

CHRIS: What -- ?

TOMMY: You were afraid he'd talk about the auto racket. That's why you did it. Then you wanted to make them think that I killed my own Pop. After I left, you went over and shot him.

CHRIS: (REALLY SQUIRMS) Tommy kid, you don't know what you're talking about.

TOMMY: Now you're going to get it just the way you gave it to my father.

CHRIS: Wait...give me a break....

TOMMY: Like the one you gave my father?

CHRIS: I had to do it, Tommy, I had to do it to save all of us, you, Roxy and me. I had to do it, Tommy.

TOMMY: (SUDDENLY EASING UP) That's all I wanted to hear.

SOUND: (PICK UP PHONE)

TOMMY: Here, take this phone.

CHRIS: You..you're not going to kill me?



TOMMY: I started out for here with the thought of filling that stinking face of yours with lead...but I changed my mind. Now, here, take this phone and call the cops. And then tell 'em everything -- how and why you killed my father. Go ahead!

CHRIS: (LAUGHS)

TOMMY: (PUZZLED) What are you laughing at?

ROXY: He's laughing at you, Tommy.

TOMMY: (SURPRISE REACTION) Roxy!

ROXY: Drop the gun....or the one I got blows off the back of your head.

SOUND: (PAUSE...GUN DROPS TO FLOOR)

ROXY: I got back here to town fast, Chris, when I found out he wasn't at the shack.

CHRIS: You got back just in time, Roxy.

ROXY: What are we gonna do with him?

CHRIS: What you were supposed to do at the shack. Only you'll do it right here..and right now.

ROXY: (GETTING SET TO FIRE) Okay, Chris -- (STOPS AS:)  
(STRUGGLES) My arm....

CHRIS: What's the matter?

ROXY: Someone's got my arm....

SHADOW: (GETTING GUN AWAY FROM HER) And now, Roxy, someone's got your gun. You and Londos stand right where you are.

ROXY: Chris, this is crazy! Look!

CHRIS: I'm looking!

ROXY: That gun's stuck in the air, but nothing...nobody's holding it.

SOUND: (STEPS START OFF QUICKLY)

ROXY: (QUICK FADE) I'm getting out of here.

SHADOW: No, you're not.

SOUND: (CRACK)

ROXY: (REACTS)

SOUND: (BODY FALL)

SHADOW: I used the butt end of this revolver on your trigger man, Londos -- but I might be tempted to use the business end on you. Now do you want to try for the door?

CHRIS: No..no, I ain't moving...honest, I ain't moving an inch.

TOMMY: Who are you?

SHADOW: I'm The Shadow, Tommy. I came into this room with you. I've been standing by to see what you would do -- and, Tommy, in the end you did exactly right. (BEAT) Now, Londos, I'm taking up where Tommy left off. Get on that phone and call the police. (LAUGHS)

(MUSIC:.....BRIDGE)

CRANSTON: Well, Margot, that case is all settled.

MARGOT: Lamont, what's going to happen to Tommy Borden?

CRANSTON: Oh, I forget to tell you. Commissioner Weston and I prevailed upon the court to release him in Joan Mason's custody.

MARGOT: Oh, I'm glad. (THEN:) Saaay....

CRANSTON: What is it?

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MARGOT:           You mean -- because Tommy got in trouble -- now he's  
                    put in custody of Joan?

CRANSTON:         That's right.

MARGOT:           Lamont...

CRANSTON:         Yes?

MARGOT:           Couldn't you manage to get in trouble some time?

(MUSIC:.....CURTAIN)

(COMMERCIAL)

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