



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston (*the Shadow*)

Margot Lane (*Margot is pronounced "Margo"*)

Teresa (*the housekeeper at the Villa Mentone in Rome*)

Vittorio Scalza (*an Italian movie director*)

Lydia Stevens (*an American movie actress*)

Tony Fortunato (*an American racketeer*)

Commissario (*Italian commissioner of police*)

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 Bells of St. Peter's," is about a missing movie star, a blood-stained room, and a strange department-store sales slip. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "The Bells of St. Peter's."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: The Italian sun is warm and bright on this Saturday morning in April. The streets of Rome are crowded with laughing children and people rushing about to finish up their shopping in time for tomorrow—Easter Sunday. . . . But in the Villa (vē'lä) Mentone (men tō' ne), an apartment hotel just off the Piazza¹ (pē ät' sä) Barberini (bär' be rē' nē), the housekeeper's mind is not on Easter but on the many apartments she still has to clean. Teresa (te rā' zä) sets down her mop and broom, pauses before the door of a suite on the second floor, and mutters to herself. . . .

Teresa: (*Annoyed*) Ah, these Americano (ä me' rē kä' nō) movie stars! This one . . . she make so much trouble. She say, "Teresa, do this. Teresa, get me that. Teresa, clean this." A woman so beautiful . . . and so cold . . . like a fish. Sì² (sē), like a fish. . . .

Sound (knock on door)

Teresa: (*Pauses, then calls*) Signora³ (sēn yō' rä) Stevens!

Sound (repeated knocks on door)

Teresa: She is out . . . making the pictures for the cinema. Buono⁴ (bwō' nō)! . . . Now I can go in . . .

Sound (rattle of key in lock . . . door opened)

Teresa: . . . and clean as I wish. No one to say, "Teresa, the stockings. Teresa, the . . ." (*Stops short and gasps*) Mamma mia⁵ (mē' ä)! . . . What has happened?

Sound (running footsteps under . . .)

Teresa: Signora Stevens! Signora Stevens! . . . (*Moans*) Blood . . . everywhere blood! The chairs overturned . . . the lamps broken. . . . I—I am afraid to

1. Piazza, city square. 2. Sì, yes. 3. Signora, Mrs. 4. Buono, good. 5. Mamma mia!, exclamation similar to good grief! in English (literally my mother in Italian).

look. I am afraid to open this closet door. She may be . . .

Sound (closet door opened slowly)

Teresa: (*Relieved*) No . . . no one here. But the furniture, the blood! (*Swallows hard*) I—I am sick. I must call the police . . . at once!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (light traffic sounds and footsteps under . . .)

Margot: There it is, Lamont! . . . just up ahead . . . (*Reading sign*) "Studio Elena (e lā' nă) . . . Directors' Offices." . . . Oh, Lamont, this is going to be such fun!

Cranston: (*Chuckles*) If you were so anxious to visit a movie studio, Margot, you didn't have to wait until we came to Rome. They've got them in America too, you know. . . .

Margot: I know. But *this*—this is different. A movie directed by the one and only Vittorio (vē tō' rē ō) Scalza (skäl' tsä) . . . the famous Italian director. . . .

Cranston: And starring Lydia Stevens . . . the most intriguing of all American stars.

Margot: That should be a winning combination, Lamont.

Cranston: Here we are. Signore⁶ (sēn yō' re) Scalza's office. Guess we'd better knock. . . .

Scalza: (*Off mike, shouting*) This is the end! Everything is ruined . . . finished . . . destroyed!

Margot: Lamont . . . listen!

Cranston: Yes . . . someone sounds pretty excited.

Sound (knock on door)

Scalza: (*Off mike, shouting*) Twenty years in the theater . . . and never, *never* has such a thing happened to me—Vittorio Scalza! . . .

Margot: Better knock again.

Sound (knock on door)

Scalza: (*Off mike*) Come in!

Sound (door opened)

Scalza: They cannot do this to me! I will not permit it! . . . Never! A hundred thousand . . . (*Breaks off*) Ah! Signore Cranston. . . . I am glad to see you!

6. *Signore*, Mr.

Cranston: Buon giorno⁷ (bwōn jōr' nō), Signore Scalza.
What seems to be the trouble?

Scalza: Trouble?! Everything is lost . . . finished. I am ruined! . . .

Margot: Why? What's happened, Mr. Scalza?

Scalza: My star—Lydia Stevens—she is gone . . . disappeared . . . vanished!

Cranston: (*Incredulous*) Lydia Stevens gone?

Scalza: Now—one day before the film is finished—with only two more scenes to shoot . . . the most important scenes in the story. . . .

Margot: What scenes are they?

Scalza: A love scene—the greatest love scene in the history of the cinema. And a death scene—the most tragic one ever written. Without them I have nothing . . . a hundred thousand dollars lost!

Cranston: Signore Scalza, why do you say Miss Stevens has disappeared? Perhaps she's ill . . . or delayed.

Scalza: No, no, no, *no!* She is gone. Something terrible has happened to her!

Margot: What makes you so sure?

Scalza: Last night I have a dinner engagement with her. She is to meet me at Donay's. She does not come. I call her apartment. No answer. Today—all day—I call her place. She is not there. Now I have been calling the police. They are looking for her.

Margot: Perhaps she's tired, Mr. Scalza, and went off for a few days' rest.

Scalza: Rest! (*Laughs scornfully*) You do not know this Stevens woman. She lives only for her work. Nothing—*nothing* stands in the way of her career. No. If she is not here, it is because she is dead . . . or kidnapped . . . or out of her mind. And I—I am ruined. I may as well throw myself into the Tiber⁸ (tī' bər).

Cranston: Signore Scalza, perhaps it's not too late. Perhaps we can help. . . .

Scalza: Help? Can you take her place? . . . Or Signorina⁹ (sēn' yō rē' nă) Lane? . . . How can *you* help?

7. *Buon giorno*, good day. 8. *Tiber*, river flowing through Rome; *Tevere* (te ver'e) in Italian. 9. *Signorina*, Miss.

Cranston: I don't know . . . yet. But suppose Miss Lane and I start by checking on Lydia Stevens's apartment. . . .

Music (bridge and out)

Teresa: (*Excited*) Blood . . . everywhere blood. You see?

Cranston: Yes, I see.

Margot: And the furniture overturned, Lamont . . . the lamps and vases smashed. Vittorio Scalza was right. Something terrible *has* happened to Lydia Stevens.

Cranston: Teresa, when you came in to clean this apartment before . . . is this how you found it?

Teresa: Sì, signore. I swear it. I touch nothing. I call the polizia¹⁰ (pō' lē tsē' ä) at once. . . . Ask the commissario (kō' mē sä' rē ō) here.

Commissario: I believe she speaks the truth, Signore Cranston. She called right after Signore Scalza did.

Cranston: Tell me, Teresa . . . did you hear anything?

Teresa: I hear many things . . . shouting, fighting, cursing.

Margot: From this apartment?

Teresa: How can one tell? We are right near the Piazza Barberini. There is much noise on the streets. And this is a big hotel. . . . Many people shout.

Cranston: Did you hear or see anything last night?

Commissario: Why do you ask her about last night, signore?

Margot: Her bed wasn't slept in, Commissioner. . . .

Commissario: So? . . .

Cranston: And Lydia Stevens didn't keep an appointment with her director. . . .

Commissario: Ah, sì. That is so. Then whatever happened to Signora Stevens . . . may have happened last night.

Cranston: (*Concerned*) And if that profuse bleeding wasn't stopped in a little while . . .

Margot: (*Cuts in*) Lamont! You don't think she might have bled to death!

Cranston: It's possible, Margot.

Commissario: (*Sternly*) Teresa, tell me. Who comes to see this woman—this Americana actress? . . .

Teresa: (*Sullenly*) Nobody.

Margot: What?!

10. *polizia*, police.

Teresa: It is the truth. She has no friends. When she not work . . . she stay home alone.

Margot: *Alone?* . . . A beautiful woman like that?

Cranston: I'd heard that about her, Margot. She was . . . I mean she is . . . not very sociable.

Margot: Oh . . . like the famous Greta Garbo.

Commissario: You're *sure*, Teresa . . . you have never seen anyone come here to visit this woman?

Teresa: Never. (*Pauses, then reluctantly*) Only one man. . . .

Margot: A man!

Cranston: Who was it?

Teresa: I—I do not know his name. He is a big man . . . big shoulders . . . long curly hair . . . very handsome. He give big tips.

Commissario: I see. (*Thinking aloud*) A big handsome man.

Teresa: Sì, sì. He wear very fine clothes.

Cranston: Fine clothes? . . . Was he Americano?

Teresa: Sì, sì. He speak Inglese¹¹ (ēn glā' se).

Commissario: You heard him speak?

Teresa: Sì. He have strange voice . . . like—like whisper.

Commissario: Ah, and he breathes like this? (*Wheezes*)

Teresa: Sì, Commissario. That is the one.

Cranston: You know him, Commissioner?

Commissario: Sì. And you have heard of him no doubt. He is the Americano—Tony Fortunato (fôr' tü nă' tō).

Margot: Tony Fortunato? Mean anything to you, Lamont?

Cranston: Of course. He was deported from America several years ago for his criminal activities. . . .

Commissario, do you know where we can find him?

Commissario: Certo¹² (cher' tō). We have been keeping—how you say? . . . the eye of the eagle on him. We do not like narcotic peddlers anymore than you do. You will find him at the Hotel Flamma (flä' mä). It is on the Piazza Adriana (ä' drē ä' nă). . . .

Margot: Lamont, that's right near the Castel Sant'Angelo¹³ (kā stel' sânt än' jā lō).

11. *Inglese*, English. 12. *Certo*, certainly. 13. *Castel Sant'Angelo*, huge fortress rising above the Tiber River in Rome, built in A.D. 135–139 as a tomb for the Roman emperor Hadrian and his successors.

Cranston: Grazie¹⁴ (grä' tsē), Commissario. We'll hurry right over. . . .

Commissario: I will go with you.

Cranston: If you don't mind, I'd rather make this visit . . . unofficial. We may get more out of him that way.

Commissario: As you wish, Signore Cranston. Only remember . . . be very careful. This Fortunato may be dangerous. . . .

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: Having found a link between Lydia Stevens, an American movie star who has vanished, and Tony Fortunato, an American racketeer who has been deported, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane decide to call on Fortunato at his hotel in Rome. . . . They are now standing outside the door of his hotel suite. . . .

Sound (door buzzer sounded . . . door opened)

Fortunato: *(In a wheezy whisper throughout)* Sì, sì. . . . Chi¹⁵ (kē)? . . . *(Breaks off)* Oh. . . .

Cranston: Mr. Fortunato?

Fortunato: *(Pauses briefly)* Yeah?

Cranston: My name's . . . Crandall. This is my friend . . . Miss Lane.

Fortunato: Yeah, yeah. . . . So what?

Cranston: Well, we're Americans.

Fortunato: So what do you want . . . a twenty-one gun salute?

Margot: Why, no. . . . We just thought . . .

Fortunato: *(Cuts in)* You thought I'd drop down and kiss your feet because you come from the good old U.S.A. Well, nuts to that. . . .

Cranston: Just a moment, Mr. Fortunato. You've got us wrong. We're no ordinary tourists.

Fortunato: No? . . .

14. *Grazie*, thank you. 15. *Chi*, who (the form used in asking questions).

Cranston: No. I . . . I'm a magazine writer. I'd like to do a piece about you. An article that . . .

Fortunato: (*Cuts in, interested*) Oh . . . you would?

Cranston: Very much. You see, back home most people—especially your enemies—have the idea you're miserable here . . . that you're living in poverty.

Fortunato: They do? . . . no kiddin'? They think I'm broke?

Margot: You'd be surprised.

Cranston: I want to write an article telling the truth . . . showing how well you're doing . . . how you live . . . the real lowdown. . . .

Fortunato: O.K., O.K. . . . Good idea. Come on in. I'll tell you everything you wanna know.

Sound (door closed)

Fortunato: Think I'm poor, do they? Look around. Finest suite in the hotel . . . all the furnishings mine. What do you think of it?

Margot: Why . . . it's beautiful.

Fortunato: How you like those paintings? . . . They're all genuine. (*Mispronounces*) Some by Picasso¹⁶ (pi kä' sō) and Degas¹⁷ (dā gä') . . . nice, huh? . . .

Cranston: Fabulous! . . . How about modern paintings?

Fortunato: Ain't these modern? They better be! If I find out anybody's palmed off any old-fashioned stuff on me, I'll cool 'em off!

Margot: (*Slightly off mike*) And what a wonderful collection of books! . . . Have you read them all?

Fortunato: Uh . . . not yet. I'm gonna, though.

Cranston: What a magazine story this'll make! . . . Say, that's a very valuable book up there on the top shelf—that copy of Dante¹⁸ (dän' tā). May I look at it?

Fortunato: Sure. I'll get it for you. (*Effort of stretching*) This one? . . .

Cranston: That's it. . . . I'd like to check the publication date. . . .

Fortunato: (*Stretching*) Here you are.

Cranston: Thanks. . . . Say, what happened to your wrist?

16. *Picasso*, Pablo (1881–1973), Spanish painter and sculptor. 17. *Degas*, Edgar (1834–1917), French impressionist painter. 18. *Dante* (1265–1321), Italian poet, author of the *Divine Comedy*.

Fortunato: What?

Cranston: I noticed the bandage when you reached up.
What happened?

Fortunato: (*Suspicious*) You're pretty nosy, aren't you?

Cranston: That's my profession . . . asking questions.

Fortunato: Oh, yeah. Well, I broke a shaving mirror last night. Just nicked me. . . . Nothin' at all.

Margot: Pretty big bandage for a little cut. . . .

Fortunato: Yeah. Well, you see . . . I'm a bleeder . . . something about my blood. . . .

Cranston: I see. . . . Funny thing . . .

Fortunato: (*Cuts in*) What is?

Cranston: Just a little while ago . . . we saw evidences of quite a lot of bleeding. . . .

Fortunato: Yeah? Where?

Cranston: At the apartment of Lydia Stevens. Ever hear of her?

Fortunato: Yeah, the movie star. What were *you* doing there?

Margot: We went there to do a story for a movie magazine. But she was gone, and her apartment was a shambles. . . .

Cranston: Blood all over the place. . . .

Fortunato: I don't like the way you're talkin', pal. What are you gettin' at?

Cranston: Did you know Lydia Stevens?

Fortunato: Maybe. . . . What about it?

Cranston: What kind of dealings did you have with her?

Fortunato: Watch out, buddy. You're steppin' outa line.

Margot: If you don't tell *us*, you'll have to tell the police.

Fortunato: You think so?

Cranston: Yes. They know you've been to see her . . . You're the only man in Rome who *did* visit her.

Fortunato: So what?

Cranston: Were you there last night?

Fortunato: No! No, I wasn't. I ain't seen her in weeks. . . . And now, you two . . . *out!* I can get along without you *and* your lousy magazine. *Out!* . . . before I throw you out!

Cranston: Very well. . . . Miss Lane and I will

leave. . . . Arrivederci¹⁹ (ä rē' ve dēr' chē), my friend. We will meet again. . . .

Music (short bridge and out)

Margot: (*Storming*) I don't get it! I just *don't* get it! Why don't the police grab that Fortunato . . . and stick him in jail?!

Cranston: On what grounds?

Margot: Murder . . . the murder of Lydia Stevens.

Cranston: No motive . . . no means . . . no weapon . . . no corpse. . . . They don't have much of a case.

Margot: Oh, *you* . . . you and your law. I'm surprised the police had sense enough to warn Fortunato not to leave Rome. That man's a killer, I tell you.

Sound (phone lifted off cradle)

Cranston: Hello, operator? Operator, this is Mr. Cranston again in room 412. How are you doing on that call to the States? . . . That's right . . . Police Commissioner Weston. . . . Sì, sì. . . . You have? . . . All right, I'll try it anyway. (*To Margot*) There's a little trouble on the line. (*Into phone*) Weston? . . . This is Cranston. . . . I said this is Cranston! . . . Yes, in Rome. . . . *Rome!* . . . I can't hear a word you're saying. . . . What's that? . . . You hear *me*? Good! . . . Weston, I'd like you to cable me some information. I want all the dope you can get hold of on one Tony Fortunato, (*Starts fading off mike*) deported from the States in . . .

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (footsteps on concrete)

Margot: Oh, brother! . . . these Italian police stations! You can get lost in these halls. I'll bet the commissario was bowled over when you told him about Weston's cable.

Cranston: I don't know. All he said was "Come right over and bring the cable with you."

Margot: I know *I* was bowled over. We suspected *some* kind of connection between Fortunato and Lydia Stevens, but *this!*

Cranston: Strange, isn't it? . . . her daughter and Fortunato . . . man and wife.

Margot: It's unbelievable! Lydia Stevens is so young-looking on the screen . . . she plays ingenues²⁰

19. Arrivederci, good-by. 20. . . . *plays ingenues*, acts the part of young women.

(an' zhə nüz). Who in the world would have believed she had a marriageable daughter?!

Cranston: Oh, I don't know. . . . She could be in her early thirties and have an eighteen-year-old daughter. That's not so odd. What bothers me is why her daughter would want to marry a . . . a gangster like Fortunato.

Margot: Well, he's terribly handsome, Lamont . . . dresses beautifully . . . has loads of money. . . .

Cranston: Yes. And he was riding high when she married him. He lived in a penthouse on Park Avenue . . . mixed with the theater crowd. . . . Here we are. According to the sign, this is the commissario's office. . . .

Sound (door opened)

Commissario: Ah, Signore Cranston . . . Signorina Lane. . . .

Margot: We didn't expect you to be working on Easter Sunday.

Commissario: What choice have I? This Lydia Stevens must be found. . . .

Cranston: Here's the cable, Commissario. . . .

Commissario: Sì, sì. . . . Grazie. You have already informed me of its contents.

Margot: I guess you never knew Fortunato was married.

Commissario: On the contrary, Miss Lane. We knew it all the time.

Cranston: What?!

Commissario: We know he is married . . . but we do not know his wife is daughter of Signora Stevens.

Cranston: When he was deported, Commissioner, did she come here to Italy with him?

Commissario: Un momento²¹ (ün mō men' tō), I look in file. . . . (*Hums*) Ah, sì . . . she come here with him.

Cranston: She did?! Well then, do you know where she is?

Commissario: (*Sadly*) Sì, sì, I know. . . . She is dead. . . . She die last year . . . bad heart . . . much sickness.

Margot: Oh, what a shame!

Cranston: Yes . . . only one thing puzzles me. Why should Lydia Stevens and Fortunato have anything to do with each other if the only link between them is dead?

21. *Un momento*, just a moment.

Commissario: Scusi²² (skü' sē), Signore Cranston. I see in my file there is another link . . . not dead. . . .

Margot: Another link?

Commissario: Sì. . . . In Rome a child was born of this marriage . . . a boy. Here is the certificate of birth.

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 and Margot Lane—investigating the disappearance in Rome of Lydia Stevens, the movie actress, and suspecting foul play at the hands of Tony Fortunato, an ex-gangster—discover that Fortunato was married to Lydia's daughter, that the daughter died . . . but is survived by a young son, presumably living somewhere in Italy. Cranston and Margot hurry back to Lydia Stevens's apartment in the Villa Mentone, determined to find some clue. . . .

Margot: It's no use, Lamont. The police have been over this place with a fine-tooth comb. And we've searched it once before. . . . What can you expect to find?

Cranston: You never know, Margot. A clue doesn't have a sticker on it. Something here may give us a lead.

Margot: Well, I don't see what those department-store boxes are going to tell you. . . . They're all empty. . . .

Cranston: Yes, I suppose you're . . . *(Stops short)* Margot! Look at this sales slip!

Margot: What does it say? You know my Italian is weak. . . .

Cranston: So's mine, but listen . . . two pairs of children's shoes . . . a boy's jacket, size three.

Margot: Of course! . . . Look at this one—a set of toy trains, five thousand lire²³ (lē' re). . . .

Cranston: Toy trains!

Margot: And a cowboy suit, size three!

Cranston: Lydia Stevens was buying things for a little boy!

22. *Scusi*, I beg your pardon. 23. *five thousand lire*, about \$7.70 in U.S. money.

That means she knew where her grandson was . . . or hoped to find out.

Lydia: (*Off mike, weakly*) Yes, you're right . . . whoever you are. I . . . I . . .

Margot: Lamont, she's fainting!

Cranston: Mrs. Stevens!

Margot: She's going to . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) I've got her. . . . Mrs. Stevens, are you all right? . . . Margot, some wine . . . quickly!

Lydia: No . . . I—I'm all right. Just help me get into a chair. . . .

Cranston: Yes, of course. Steady . . . that's it.

Margot: (*Fading on mike*) Here . . . drink this.

Lydia: Thank you. (*Drinks*) You—you're Americans?

Cranston: Yes. . . . friends of Vittorio Scalza, your director. He's been frantic about your disappearance. . . . Where've you been, Mrs. Stevens? . . . What happened to you?

Lydia: It's a long story. Ever since my daughter died, I—I've tried to get custody of her child, my grandson. He's here in Italy. . . . I wanted to bring him to America. But Tony Fortunato wouldn't let me have him.

Margot: He doesn't like you very much, does he?

Lydia: He's always hated me . . . just as I've hated him. He ruined my daughter's life. . . . He drove her to her death. He . . . (*Breaks off*) Well, that's over with now. . . .

Cranston: Yes. . . . Go on.

Lydia: When I was asked to come over here to Rome to make this picture, I pulled all kinds of wires. I managed to get court orders and letters from the State Department—and what not . . . in the hope that I could get the authorities here to turn my grandson over to me.

Cranston: But, Mrs. Stevens! . . . American court orders . . . they wouldn't have any force here in Italy.

Lydia: Tony didn't know that. When he found out I had those papers, he got frightened, so he sent little Tommy to some relatives in the country . . . and came here to my apartment Friday night.

Margot: He lied to us, Lamont. He said he wasn't here.

Lydia: He was here all right. He demanded the papers. I refused to give them to him. He got furious . . . began searching like a madman, tearing the place apart. I tried to stop him. . . . We fought. Finally I picked up a vase

. . . tried to hit him on the head, but he warded it off with his arm. . . .

Cranston: Yes . . . and cut his wrist.

Lydia: He—he bled all over the place. It was awful. But it didn't stop him. . . . In the end, he found the papers . . . and left.

Margot: And you didn't go to the police?

Lydia: I didn't want any publicity. And I had no time. I had to leave at once. I was determined to get my grandson . . . even if I had to abduct him.

Cranston: But you didn't even know where to go!

Lydia: Yes I did. Tony let it slip as we were struggling. He mentioned his cousin in Orvieto²⁴ (ôr' vē ā' tō). I hired a car that night and drove there.

Margot: Then that's why you didn't meet Scalza for dinner.

Lydia: Yes. I reached Orvieto about two o'clock Saturday morning. I couldn't do anything until later, of course. About nine o'clock Saturday morning I drove up close to the farmhouse on the outskirts of Orvieto. I waited for Tommy to come out to play. I thought I would lure him to my car with toys and games—things I had bought several days ago in the hope of finding him. I even had a little cowboy suit for him. . . .

Margot: And? . . .

Lydia: Tommy never came out. It was obvious they'd been warned that I might come. The child had been spirited away. I stayed in the village nearby a second night, but I knew I had lost. I would never have another chance. . . .

Margot: You—you want that child very much, don't you?

Lydia: Yes. My daughter's dead. I—I did so many things wrong with her—so many. But it's too late now to make it up with her. . . . I no longer have a husband. I have *nothing*—nothing but money and things and a career. I have nobody in the world but my grandson. I'd give up everything for him.

Cranston: Perhaps you won't have to, Mrs. Stevens.

Lydia: What do you mean?

Cranston: Well, so far Tony Fortunato has been lucky. The sun has been shining for him. . . .

24. *Orvieto*, town with a population of 25,195 (1971) about 80 miles north-northwest of Rome.

Lydia: And now?

Cranston: A Shadow is about to cross his path. . . .

Music (bridge and out)

Fortunato: (*On phone*) You understand, Giuseppe (jü ze' pā)? . . . Don't let anyone come near the place . . . *nobody*. . . . Sì, sì, . . . I'll pay you.

Don't worry. But if you let anyone take my son, you'll be sorry. You understand? . . . Good! . . .

Arrivederci. . . .

Sound (phone back on cradle)

Shadow: (*Laughs*)

Fortunato: Who's that? Who's laughing?

Shadow: The Shadow, Tony. (*Laughs*)

Fortunato: Shadow? . . . What shadow? There's nobody here.

Shadow: You can't see me, Tony, but I'm here. I followed you in. . . .

Fortunato: No! . . . It's a trick! It's my imagination! . . . I must be going nuts.

Shadow: Why, Tony? . . . because your conscience bothers you? . . . because you're hurting a lovely woman *again*?

Fortunato: She wants my kid—*mine*! . . . Why should I give him up? Why should she take him away? . . .

Shadow: Because it's better for him, Tony . . . and you know it.

Fortunato: Better? . . . It's better for him to be with *me* than in America . . . where they threw his father out.

Shadow: Why did they throw his father out? Think back, Tony. Think of the narcotics your henchmen peddled to innocent teen-age kids. Think of the kids whose lives you've ruined!

Fortunato: No! . . . Go away! . . . Go away! . . .

Shadow: That boy of yours . . . you'll make him suffer for your crimes. Do you want him to grow up like you? . . . a criminal? . . . He needs a mother, Tony . . . and there is one who wants him. . . .

Fortunato: You're trying to soften me up . . . to make me give up what's mine. . . . I hate that woman. I've always hated her. Why should I stop now? Why should I give in?

Sound (church bells)

Shadow: (*Pauses briefly*) Listen, Tony. . . . You hear that? . . . the bells of St. Peter's—just a few blocks away.

It's Easter Sunday. . . . Listen, Tony. Perhaps you'll find your answer. . . .

Sound (church bells peal a bit more loudly)

Music (music and bells 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)

Announcer: Now—a little later—Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane are standing before the magnificent St. Peter's Church in Vatican City,²⁵ watching the throngs of people go up the steps toward the entrance. The air is balmy, the sky a cloudless blue . . . a perfect Easter Sunday. Margot is speaking. . . .

Sound (church bells fade way down under . . .)

Margot: Isn't it beautiful, Lamont? I can hardly believe I'm really here in Rome on Easter Sunday. . . .

Cranston: Not exactly *Rome*, Margot . . . Vatican City. . . .

Margot: *(Sighs happily)* Just look at those fountains . . . and those pillars. . . . And listen to those bells! Don't they do something to you?

Cranston: Yes. And they evidently did something to Tony Fortunato, too. . . .

Margot: You mean the way he suddenly gave in?

Cranston: Yes. For a moment he thought of the future—of the days and years to come. And he realized that in the eyes of his son, he'd always be a gangster. His son might love him, but he'd be handicapped for the rest of his life by his father's reputation.

Margot: And Tony, like most fathers, decided he wanted better things in life for his son. He wants Tommy to grow up to be proud and happy. . . .

Cranston: Yes. He finally realized that Tommy would be much better off with Lydia Stevens.

Margot: Lydia Stevens—what a woman, Lamont! . . . So cold, so hard-boiled, and yet she was willing to risk her life to get that child.

25. *Vatican City*, independent state (109 acres) within Rome. Ruled by the Pope, it includes St. Peter's Church, the palace of the Pope, the Vatican Museum, and other buildings.

Cranston: She was suffering the pangs of remorse too, Margot. She'd kept her daughter hidden from sight . . . neglected her for a career . . . and finally lost her.

Margot: And that's why she wanted Tommy. She couldn't undo the wrongs she had done her daughter, but she could make it up to her daughter's son.

Cranston: In the end, Lydia Stevens learned that money, the things money can buy, and fame mean nothing when you have no one to love—no one who loves you. They were both lost in a way—Lydia Stevens and Tony Fortunato. But a little child, on Easter Sunday, showed them the way.

Sound (church bells up, then fading into . . .)

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