



The Horror in the Night

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston (*the Shadow*)

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

Will Markham (*a middle-aged man with a mission*)

Mrs. McGow (*the widow of a seafaring man*)

Voice

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 Horror in the Night," is about murder and the terror of a nightmare that came to life out of the long-dead past. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "The Horror in the Night."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Sound (heavy roll of thunder)

Announcer: It is nearly midnight on a stormy evening in the foothills of the Denmoor Mountains. The wind lashes the creaking sign of the Denmoor Arms, an ancient hostelry that perches atop a barren rise in the bleak terrain. Before a fireplace in the dilapidated interior sit three figures. . . . One of them is Mrs. McGow, a gray-haired woman of fifty, whose bright little eyes dart and glisten as she addresses the two silent gentlemen who sit in the flickering glow of the firelight. . . .

McGow: There's nothin' so comfortin' as a bright log fire on a dark, chill night, is there, Mr. Wentzer?

Sound (roll of thunder)

McGow: Now, I do trust you have no fear of the elements, Mr. Greer . . . nor you either, my dear Mr. Wentzer. You have no cause for fear, you know . . . none at all.

Sound (thunder)

McGow: *(Rising)* I fear the fire is dying out. It's almost twelve now—two hours past the usual time. Would you not like to retire, gentlemen? *(Pauses)* Would you not like to go up to your beds? I *said* would you not . . . *(Breaks off)* But of course you can't get up to bed without help, can you? . . . *(Chuckles)* How could you? After all, you poor things . . . you're dead!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Announcer: The storm that broke over the Denmoor Arms hit the city fifty miles away half an hour later, drenching dark streets and alleyways as well as the lighted windows of Margot Lane's apartment.

Sound (rain)

Announcer: Inside, she and Lamont Cranston watch the violence of the downpour. . . .

Sound (rain fades off slightly)

Cranston: Look at it come down! . . .

Margot: Thank heavens we got here before it broke loose!

Cranston: I understand the old expression now.

Margot: Which one, Lamont?

Cranston: The one about its not being a fit night out for man or beast.

Sound (phone rings)

Margot: Now who in the world could that be?

Sound (phone lifted off cradle)

Margot: Hello. *(Short pause)* Yes he is. . . . Just a moment.

(Aside) It's for you, Lamont.

Cranston: Thanks, Margot. I left word I'd be here.

Sound (footsteps to phone under the above)

Cranston: *(Into phone)* Hello.

Markham: *(Filter)* Cranston?

Cranston: Yes. . . .

Markham: *(Filter)* This is Markham—Will Markham. I met you not long ago at a party given by Charlie Artz, the producer.

Cranston: Oh yes, Will. What is it?

Markham: *(Filter)* I'm calling from the Denmoor Arms. . . .

Cranston: From where?

Markham: *(Filter)* The Denmoor Arms. . . . It's fifty miles out on the old Burly Hill Road.

Cranston: What in the world are you doing out there on a night like this?

Markham: *(Filter)* I had to look the place over. . . . I'm considering turning it into a film studio.

Cranston: That's a poor location for a film studio. I'm afraid you'll regret the venture.

Markham: *(Filter)* I already *am* regretting it.

Cranston: What do you mean?

Markham: *(Filter)* I've walked into trouble, and I doubt if I'll walk out of it alive. Help me, Cranston . . . please! There are things going on here the like of which I've never seen before in my life!

Cranston: Are you alone out there?

Markham: *(Filter)* No.

Cranston: Then there are people with you?

Markham: *(Filter)* Yes. . . .

Cranston: Can't they help you?

Markham: *(Filter)* No.

Cranston: Why not? . . .

Markham: (*Filter*) Because—because they're all dead!

Cranston: What!

Markham: (*Filter*) Believe me, Lamont . . . trust me, please, and help me . . . help me . . . help . . . (*Breaks off*)

Cranston: Hello . . . hello! . . . Will? . . . Will! . . . (*Aside*)
We were disconnected, or . . .

Margot: (*Cuts in*) What was that all about, Lamont?

Cranston: Trouble! . . .

Sound (thunder)

Margot: Listen to that storm!

Cranston: You know, Margot, the evolutionists have a theory that we were descended from fish. . . .

Margot: So?

Cranston: Our ancestry should stand us in good stead tonight. . . . We're driving to the Denmoor Arms.

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (car motor and occasional thunder under the following)

Margot: This inn we're going to, Lamont . . . I never heard of it. . . .

Cranston: It was originally owned by a Mrs. McGow, the widow of a seafaring man, who ran it at a loss for several years.

Margot: How long ago was that?

Cranston: Let's see. . . . It was almost exactly fifteen years ago that Mrs. McGow went out of her mind. . . . On the night of the tragedy, there were three lone guests at the Denmoor Arms—a woman and two men.

Margot: Yes?

Cranston: And Mrs. McGow murdered all three of them.

Margot: She must have been insane!

Cranston: Very likely, considering the deliberate viciousness of the crimes.

Margot: What do you mean?

Cranston: She had herself a time, it seems. . . . She killed each of her victims in a different way . . . one by hanging, one by shooting, and the third—the woman—by plunging a knife into her heart.

Margot: They caught her, I hope.

Cranston: She spared them the trouble. After the disaster she reportedly jumped off the roof of the inn and was crushed to death on the jagged rocks below.

Margot: How horrible!

Cranston: It was two weeks before the crime was discovered, and when the police arrived, the finer points of the case were pretty well obliterated by the wind and weather.

Margot: What a grisly tale!

Cranston: Yes. I'm surprised Markham imagines the Denmoor Arms would do for a film studio. After all, he must have heard the stories.

Margot: What stories?

Cranston: Naturally, Margot, there's not a soul for miles around who doesn't believe the old inn is haunted.

Margot: Of course that's a ridiculous idea.

Cranston: As well as an *uncomfortable* idea.

Margot: Does—does it *look* haunted, Lamont?

Cranston: You can answer that for yourself, my dear. Here it is . . . just on the rise of the hill.

Sound (car stops, motor cut)

Cranston: Well?

Margot: *(Pause)* It's the answer to a phantom's prayer.

Cranston: It's even worse than I remembered it.

Sound (roll of thunder, then car door opened)

Cranston: Come on, Margot. We'll proceed with caution.

Music (short bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (wind, creaking door opened)

Cranston: *(Calling)* Will! . . . *(Pause)* Will! . . . *(Pause)* No answer.

Margot: He may be wandering around. . . . The place is huge. That's probably why he doesn't hear you.

Cranston: Let's hope that's why. Come on, Margot.

Sound (footsteps on creaky floor)

Cranston: This place could use a woman's touch.

Margot: It could use a dozen women's touches, all scrubwomen.

Cranston: Look at those spider webs!

Margot: Long and thick.

Cranston: Fifteen years of hard work for an industrious spider . . . and for what?

Margot: *(Puzzled)* That's odd.

Cranston: What's odd?

Margot: Markham probably came in by the front door, don't you think?

Cranston: Probably.

Margot: Yet the dust on the floor is absolutely even.

There's not a footprint anywhere. I wonder if . . . (*Breaks off*)

Cranston: You heard it too?

Margot: I—I thought I did. . . .

Cranston: A sound upstairs?

Margot: Yes!

Cranston: Let's go up and have a look around.

Margot: (*Fearful*) Lamont . . . did you bring the flashlight?

Cranston: Yes. . . . Come on!

Sound (thunder, footsteps ascending stairs)

Margot: It's as dark as a tomb in here.

Cranston: The electricity has probably been shut off since . . . (*Breaks off, pauses*)

Sound (banging of door in wind)

Margot: (*Nervously*) Oh, Lamont . . . what's that?

Cranston: Easy, Margot.

Sound (footsteps)

Margot: Lamont, be careful. . . . It might . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) O.K. The emergency's over. It's only a door banging in the wind.

Margot: Please! Let's go back downstairs and . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) Now?! With an open door to investigate? Impossible. How could we, Margot?

Margot: But . . .

Sound (footsteps under the following)

Cranston: Just a second. I'll look inside and . . .

Margot: (*Cuts in*) Lamont! Don't leave me!

Cranston: All right. Come along.

Sound (footsteps)

Margot: Wh—what kind of room is this?

Cranston: A bedroom. There's the bed and . . .

Margot: (*Cuts in*) Lamont . . .

Cranston: What?

Margot: (*Whispers*) Look. . . . There's somebody sleeping.

Cranston: Well, what do you know!

Sound (footsteps)

Margot: Is it . . . is it . . . Markham?

Cranston: I'm afraid not.

Margot: Who is it? What in the world is that man doing here?

Cranston: I shall try to find out. (*More loudly*) I beg your

pardon. . . . *(Pause)* I say, I beg your pardon . . . *(Pause)*
I beg your . . . *(Breaks off)*

Margot: Louder.

Cranston: I—I'm afraid it wouldn't do much good, Margot.

Margot: What do you mean?

Cranston: I don't urge you to look, Margot, but there's a
bullet wound through the gentleman's temple.

. . . See . . . he's been dead a very long time.

Margot: Yes. Oh, Lamont . . . Lamont . . . let's get out of
here and call the . . .

Sound (tapping of desk bell off mike)

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Listen!

Margot: It—it's the desk bell!

Cranston: In that deserted, dust-covered lobby?

Sound (tapping of bell repeated)

Margot: There it is again.

Cranston: Come along quietly. . . .

Margot: Where are we going?

Cranston: Downstairs, to see if we can be of service.

Music (short bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (footsteps)

Margot: There's not a soul down here.

Cranston: You don't suppose we're letting our
imagination . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* No. I heard the bell! I tell you I *did* hear
that . . .

McGow: *(Comes on suddenly)* Of course you heard it,
dearie, my love. . . .

Margot: *(Startled)* Who's that?!

Cranston: Easy, Margot. . . . Who are you, madam?

McGow: I'm a bit too busy to be answering questions, sir.

Cranston: What are you doing here?

McGow: I might ask the same of you. . . .

Cranston: Except that I asked first.

McGow: If it's any of your business, I'm here on behalf of
the proprietor. . . .

Margot: The proprietor?!

McGow: Yes . . . I'm taking care of the place in her
absence.

Cranston: Then perhaps you'd like to know that there's a
corpse in the room to the left of the stairs.

McGow: A corpse? *(Laughs)* Oh, sir, you must mean dear

Mr. Wentzer. . . . He's been with us for quite a while.

Margot: But he's *dead*!

McGow: Of course he is, sweetie. I can't remember when Mr. Wentzer was *alive*.

Margot: What in the name of ? . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) Where's Will Markham?

McGow: Who?

Cranston: You heard me. . . . Mr. Markham—Will Markham.

McGow: I'm sorry, sir, but I don't believe he's registered.

Cranston: Now look here. He called me from this place. . . .

Sound (buzzer)

Margot: What's that?

McGow: It's for me . . . the buzzer. I do declare, I run my feet off in this hotel!

Sound (buzzer clicks out)

McGow: It's room 2-D . . . Mr. Greer again. . . . Now what on earth could *he* want?

Sound (footsteps)

Cranston: Just a minute. . . .

McGow: I'll attend to you later, I will . . . as soon as I've seen to dear Mr. Greer.

Margot: (*Whispers*) She may never come back.

Cranston: We'll see that she does.

Sound (footsteps)

McGow: You're coming along?

Cranston: Any reason why not?

McGow: None at all, sir. . . . (*Fading*) You're perfectly welcome. . . .

Music (short bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (doorknob turned, door opened, creaking sound of rope on wood)

McGow: (*Fades with footsteps slightly off mike*) Yes, Mr. Greer? You rang, Mr. Greer?

Margot: (*On mike*) Lamont, listen.

Cranston: (*On mike*) I hear it.

Margot: What is it? . . . that sound?

Cranston: I don't know. . . . It's too dark to see.

Margot: Turn on the flashlight.

Cranston: O.K. There we are. . . .

Sound (footsteps)

Cranston: Now where is . . .

Margot: (*Cuts in*) Lamont, tha—that sound is the creaking of a rope!

Cranston: A rope?

Margot: Swinging from a beam in the ceiling. . . .

Look . . . up there! . . .

Cranston: A man! . . .

Margot: (*Horrified*) Oh, Lamont! . . .

Cranston: A dead man . . . hanging by his neck. . . .

Margot: (*Slightly hysterical*) Lamont . . . Lamont, please, please, let's get out of here while we still can!

Cranston: Just a moment, Margot. . . . Where is *she*?

Margot: Who?

Cranston: That woman who said she was in charge.

Margot: I—I thought she was standing beside you.

Cranston: I thought she was standing beside *you*!

Margot: Why . . . she . . . she practically vanished!

Cranston: We'll soon put a stop to this! . . . Come on!

Sound (quick footsteps)

Cranston: (*Calling*) Hello, there! Where are you? . . . Where are you?!

Sound (thump off mike)

Margot: That came from downstairs. . . .

Cranston: O.K. Hurry!

Sound (footsteps descending stairs)

Cranston: Where are you? Answer me! We'll find you if it takes us . . .

McGow: (*Fades on, cuts in*) Were you looking for me, sir?

Margot: There she is. . . .

Cranston: What happened to you?

McGow: I saw that Mr. Greer didn't need me, so I went on my way. . . .

Margot: Didn't *need* you!

Cranston: What are you talking about, madam? Couldn't you see that the man was *dead*?!

McGow: Oh, of *course*, sir . . . just like dear Mr. Wentzer.

Cranston: What *is* this place . . . a morgue?

McGow: Why, yes, you might call it a morgue in a way, sir. . . . You see, there are only dead people here . . . except for the two of you.

Cranston: How about you?

McGow: Oh, I'm dead too, sir. You see, I'm the third guest who was murdered here fifteen years ago.

Cranston: (*Flabbergasted*) What are you saying?!

McGow: It's the truth, sir. I was the woman—the woman who was stabbed. . . . If you'll just flash your light here, sir . . . (*Pauses*) see?

Cranston: Good grief!

Margot: (*Screams*) Lamont! . . . Look . . . a knife sticking into her heart!

Music (theme)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Margot Lane collapsed on the floor of the dismal Denmoor Arms lobby when she saw the knife sticking into the heart of the elderly woman. Quickly, Lamont Cranston bent over her to revive her, and when she regained consciousness, he turned to ask their incredible hostess a question—only to find that she had disappeared again into the shadows of the bleak, dilapidated hostelry. . . .

Sound (thunder)

Margot: Lamont, *please* . . . let's leave this awful place!

Cranston: All right, Margot. We'll see if we can't locate some form of local authorities and get them to help us find poor old Markham before . . . (*Breaks off*)

Sound (tapping off mike)

Cranston: What was that?

Margot: Nothing . . . please, *please*, let's . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) I *heard* it.

Margot: Probably rats in the walls. . . .

Sound (tapping repeated off mike)

Cranston: No . . . that's no ordinary sound.

Margot: But . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) It's coming from just under our feet.

Margot: Lamont . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) Let me have one more chance—just one more chance to get to the bottom of this clammy situation.

Margot: Couldn't we . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) *Please*, Margot. . . . I'll be back in a moment. You wait here.

Margot: I'm going along.

Cranston: O.K. Let's go.

Music (short bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (footsteps descending stairs)

Margot: Where are we, Lamont?

Cranston: Judging by the temperature, I'd say this is an old wine cellar, probably the place where . . . *(Breaks off)*

Sound (footsteps suddenly stumble over hollow wooden form)

Margot: Lamont . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* I almost fell . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* Be careful!

Cranston: . . . and will you look what I almost fell over!

Margot: Oh, what's . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* It's a coffin! . . . Of all the ! . . .

Sound (tapping, on mike)

Margot: Lamont, listen! It's coming from inside the . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* What in the name of . . . Here, help me raise the lid. . . . *(Effort of lifting)*

Sound (creak as lid comes up)

Cranston: That's right . . . a little higher and . . .

Markham: *(Cuts in)* Lamont! . . . Margot! . . .

Margot: It—it's Will Markham!

Cranston: Will! Will! . . . Are you all right?

Markham: I'd have sworn I'd never see the face of a friend again. . . . Help me out of here.

Cranston: *(Effort of helping)* There . . . there we are. What happened to you?

Markham: Just after I phoned you . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Yes?

Markham: . . . an old woman who said she's in charge here . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Yes, we know . . . we've had the pleasure.

Markham: Well, she suddenly clobbered me over the back of the head with a poker and knocked me unconscious. . . . Probably she rolled me down the cellar steps after that, because the next thing I knew, I was regaining my senses inside this coffin here. . . .

Cranston: She's been very polite with us . . . sickeningly, weirdly polite. . . .

Markham: Yes, I know. She was here when I first walked in, and she was very cordial to me then too. She told me that

she was in possession of a great secret—the secret of the Denmoor Arms—but that no one was ever going to find it out but her.

Cranston: Did she make any sense at all?

Markham: Very little. The only thing she talked coherently about was what she called the skipper's log. . . .

Margot: The skipper's log?

Markham: Yes. She didn't identify it very clearly. It's in this house she said . . . hidden in a hiding place within a hiding place.

Margot: Hiding place within a hiding place?!

Markham: Yes . . . whatever *that* means.

Cranston: We'll have to find out what it means.

Markham: Not me. . . . All I want to do is get out of here.

Margot: Yes. Lamont, let's . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) Look, Margot . . . if we had left before, we wouldn't have found poor Will at all. And now I know I don't want to leave until I've unraveled this little witch's dance.

Margot: But, Lamont . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) Give me a half hour—thirty minutes more. And if I haven't discovered the secret by then, we'll go.

Markham: *If* we're still able to. . . .

Cranston: I'd like to have my chance.

Margot: All right, Lamont. You can have it.

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (loud rapping on wall)

Margot: We've covered four stories of this place now, Lamont, by rapping on the walls. What's the idea?

Cranston: I may be very optimistic, Margot, but I have a vague hope of finding a secret panel or a hidden safe.

Markham: Why, Cranston?

Cranston: Instinct, Markham. A secret cache of some kind is strongly indicated.

Margot: Are you going to try the next floor above?

Markham: Next floor above is the attic.

Cranston: The attic! . . . Extremely likely place, the attic.

Margot: Then why can't Markham and I go on ahead and search up there?

Markham: It would save time. . . .

Cranston: Oh, I don't think . . . (*Pauses*) on the other hand,

why not? Yes . . . it might be an excellent idea except for one thing, Margot. . . .

Margot: And what's that?

Cranston: You see . . . excuse us a moment, Markham.

Markham: (*Fading*) Of course. . . .

Cranston: Now look, Margot. Be very careful and very (*Fades to a whisper*) observant, and when you get up there, I want you to remember every word the old lady told Markham and look in the . . .

Music (up and out for . . .)

Sound (thunder)

Margot: Will . . . (*Raises her voice*) Will! . . .

Markham: (*Slightly off mike*) Yes, Margot?

Margot: Are you busy over there?

Sound (bumping and scraping, off mike, as he searches)

Markham: I found a couple of old sea chests I thought looked interesting.

Margot: Come here a moment. I want to show you something.

Markham: (*Fades on*) Yes . . . what is it?

Margot: This stanchion here, supporting the roof. . . . Do you realize what it is?

Markham: Why . . . yes. . . . It looks like a tree trunk.

Margot: Right. And do you realize what a tree trunk is?

Markham: Why, of course, it's a . . . (*Realization*) it's a log!

Margot: And our weird old woman said something about . . .

Markham: (*Cuts in*) The skipper's log! . . . I—I think you've got something, Margot. . . .

Margot: Now just a moment. If I *have*, there ought to be a . . .

Sound (snap and creak of a spring)

Margot: And there *is*! . . . Look! I pressed here, and this panel opened.

Markham: (*Excited*) Wh—what's inside?

Margot: It—it looks like some sort of box . . . (*Effort of lifting*) very heavy, you see. . . . It's like . . . (*Pauses, then blurts*) Why, it *is*! . . . It's a *treasure chest*!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: Alone in the attic with Will Markham, Margot Lane has found what seems to be a treasure chest, hidden in a rough-hewn stanchion, or log, that supports the low, cobwebby ceiling. Now, as she lifts the chest out . . .

Markham: *(Quickly)* It's too heavy for you. I'll take it.

Margot: No, that's all right. I think we'd better show it to Lamont at once, and . . .

Markham: *(Cuts in)* I'll take it, please. . . .

Margot: No, it's O.K. . . . I can . . .

Markham: *(Cuts in fiercely)* I said I'll take it, Margot! And now, you'll favor me by telling Mr. Cranston *nothing!*

Margot: You've got a gun!

Markham: Yes, and I assure you I mean *strictly* business!

Margot: B—but . . . I don't *get* it, Will. . . .

Markham: Perhaps I'd better explain so you'll comprehend fully.

Margot: But you phoned Mr. Cranston as a friend. We came here to help you.

Markham: *(Boastfully)* And you did very well . . . very well indeed, just as I hoped you would. *(Chuckles)* You see, I couldn't call in the police to search this place, but I did even better! . . . I took advantage of my acquaintance with Mr. Cranston to get *him* to do my "investigating" for me.

Margot: What do you mean?

Markham: I was desperate. That's what I mean! Some hard-headed real-estate men actually *are* interested in taking over the Denmoor Arms and converting it into a film studio. . . . And they're not the kind of people to be frightened off by a ghost story. So I *had* to find the treasure before they took over and ended our trespassing—mine and Mrs. McGow's.

Margot: Mrs. McGow's? . . . Why, that's the proprietress who murdered those three people and then committed suicide!

Markham: She *tried* to commit suicide, yes—but she didn't

die. She lived on, a wandering, half-mad life, for fifteen years until I stumbled on her here. . . . She told me about the treasure—a treasure that had been left here in the Denmoor Arms over a hundred years ago by her grandfather, who was a privateering sea captain.

Margot: But those corpses I saw tonight, downstairs in the bedrooms . . . they're real—real and recently murdered.

Markham: You're right, unfortunately. . . . It couldn't be helped. They were a couple of itinerant tramps who came nosing around here and heard more than was good for them. . . . They *had* to be killed . . . which, in a sense, was lucky. Their bodies came in handy for the haunted-house game that Mrs. McGow so much enjoys playing.

Margot: Mrs. McGow? . . . Then she—she's the woman who greeted us?

Markham: Exactly.

Margot: But that knife . . . I saw it stuck in her heart! . . .

Markham: (*Chuckles*) Just an old theatrical trick I showed her, and she loved it like a child. . . . You see, she's very much like a child—an old, sick child with a great taste for the dramatic and a greater thirst for gold. . . . And now that you have the story, Miss Lane, with your kind permission, I'll open this window . . .

Sound (window opened)

Markham: . . . and climb down to safety with . . . (*Breaks off*)

Sound (footsteps fading on mike)

Margot: Who's that?

Markham: If it's Cranston, I shoot.

Margot: No . . . No!

McGow: (*Fades on*) It's not Cranston. It's me, Mr. Markham . . . me, your friend—the widow McGow—the woman you promised to help—the woman you swore you'd never cheat . . . and now you're trying to escape . . . to run away with all my grandfather's gold!

Markham: You don't understand, Mrs. McGow. I was only going to . . .

McGow: (*Cuts in*) Stop your lies! And (*Sudden effort of grabbing*) give me that chest! . . .

Sound (running footsteps under the following)

McGow: . . . I've got it!

Markham: (*In a rage*) Come back here! (*Aside*) She snatched it out of my hands!

McGow: (*Off mike, gaily*) Sly, I am! . . . Sly as a fox!

Markham: (*Menacingly*) I warn you!

McGow: (*Laughs*) Warn me?! Ha! . . . What worse could you do than steal my treasure? . . . What worse could you do, you thief?!

Markham: (*Gritting his teeth*) This might be worse!

Margot: No! . . .

Markham: Drop that chest before I shoot!

Shadow: (*Laughs*)

Markham: Who was that?

Margot: Shadow? . . .

Markham: Who made that sound? Who was laughing?

Shadow: It was I . . . the Shadow.

Markham: I hear a voice, but there isn't anything there. I—I don't see anyone, but there's a voice speaking! Am I going crazy too?

Shadow: No, Markham, the purely evil never *go* crazy. You are *already* mad with your own wickedness!

Markham: No, Shadow, you don't understand. I'm being robbed.

Shadow: You lie. The treasure is not yours. It was Mrs. McGow who told you about her pirate grandfather's treasure trove, about the skipper's log. . . . Insane though she may be, she has a better claim than you do.

McGow: *There* . . . you see? You *see*? The treasure is mine—all mine!

Markham: Give it to me, or I'll *shoot* . . . Shadow or no Shadow.

Shadow: (*Effort of holding*) No you don't!

Markham: (*Struggling*) You'll *never* get the gun away from me!

McGow: (*Laughs derisively*) Now you see who wins! The treasure is mine! Good-by, Mr. Markham!

Shadow: (*Struggling*) Quick, Miss Lane! Guard the window!

Margot: Yes, Shadow. . . .

McGow: No! No! The treasure is mine!

Shadow: Now, Markham . . . *drop that gun.*
Sound (hard slap, gun clatters to floor)

Shadow: That's better.

Markham: Shadow, I'll give you half of the treasure. . . .
Let's get it away from her.

Shadow: (*Laughs*) Have you given that treasure chest a good look, Markham?

Markham: Wh—what do you mean?

Shadow: Mrs. McGow, put the chest on the desk.

McGow: No!

Shadow: Do as I say!

Sound (box put down on wooden surface)

Shadow: Now notice the Yale lock and the factory finish. . . . (*Laughs*) No sea captain who lived a hundred years ago left that chest, Markham . . . because there were no such chests in existence then.

Markham: You're lying! You're trying to bluff me!

Shadow: Open the chest and see.

Sound (chest opened)

Markham: (*Gasps*)

Shadow: (*Laughs*) A priceless treasure, Markham . . . a treasure of lead weights—useless and worthless. But the widow McGow *did* tell you the truth! There *is* a treasure! And the directions to it are in the skipper's log, a real seaman's log, a little diary of a ship's voyage, which Miss Lane slipped out of the false bottom of this chest before you took it away from her!

Markham: Then, Shadow, *please* . . . can't we make a deal?

Shadow: I make no deals with crime! Your only booty from this night's grim adventure will be the sentence you receive in a court of law for aiding and abetting a mad woman, a murderess!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out for . . .)

Sound (digging off mike)

Margot: Oh dear, Lamont! Do you suppose the treasure is really where those men are digging?

Cranston: The ship's log said it was buried three paces to the left of the old linden tree over there.

Margot: Just think if you hadn't told me, before I went up

to the attic with Markham, that a false bottom in the chest was probably what Mrs. McGow meant by a hiding place within a hiding place . . . they wouldn't be here, digging up the treasure! And you know, it seems such a pity that Mrs. McGow and Markham are in prison awaiting trial instead of being here . . . now that the big moment is at hand.

Voice: (*Off mike*) Mr. Cranston.

Margot: They're calling us.

Cranston: Come on.

Sound (running footsteps)

Voice: (*Slightly off mike*) We've struck it, Mr. Cranston.

Margot: Lamont!

Voice: (*Fades on*) Here it is.

Margot: (*Eagerly*) Open it! . . . Open it!

Sound (blow of pickaxe, then creaky lid pried open)

Margot: There! . . . Is it full of gold?

Cranston: Well . . . not exactly, Margot.

Margot: You mean . . . there's no money?

Cranston: Oh yes, it's full of money—scrip dollars issued by the pirate government of the buccaneer city of Gunsport in Tobago (tə bā' gō) back in the eighteenth century.

Margot: Yes?! How much of it?

Cranston: Millions of dollars worth.

Margot: Great! We can buy anything we want, can't we?

Cranston: With *this*, Margot, we couldn't even buy a stick of bubble gum.

Margot: Huh? What do you mean?

Cranston: This stuff was already worthless before Dewey steamed into Manila Bay.¹

Margot: Oh dear! . . . All this trouble for nothing.

Cranston: Now, now, Margot . . . keep your bolero on. Here, have a cigarette.

Margot: Thanks. . . . We might as well have stayed at home.

Cranston: Oh, I don't think so. . . . Light?

Margot: Yes. . . . Hey! What are you lighting it with?

Cranston: A five-thousand-dollar bank note.

1. During the Spanish-American War, George Dewey, then a commodore in the U.S. Navy, led the ships in his command into Manila Bay on May 1, 1898.

Margot: You see? . . . All the danger we went through, and what good did it do us?

Cranston: Oh, I don't know, Margot. I've always rather liked the idea of having money to burn. (*Laughs*)

Sound (crackling of burning paper, then both Margot and Lamont burst out laughing)

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