



Murder in the Sun

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston (*the Shadow*)

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

Boris Orloff (*a professor at the Solar Institute*)

Bob Warner (*a young physicist, Orloff's assistant*)

Dr. Hadley (*a physician*)

Max Reber (*the superintendent of the building where Warner lives*)

Sonya Orloff (*Professor Orloff's niece*)

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: In today's drama, "Murder in the Sun," an evil scientist strives to harness the energy of the sun to produce a deadly weapon. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "Murder in the Sun."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: In the midst of a towering modern housing development squats an old gray-stone mansion surmounted by the dome-shaped laboratory of the so-called Solar Institute. Its ultramodern telescopes, reflecting mirrors, and other scientific mechanisms are in sharp contrast to the general decay of the old building. In this laboratory Professor Boris Orloff angrily awaits the arrival of his young assistant, Bob Warner. . . .

Sound (door opened and closed quickly)

Orloff: *(Sarcastically)* Ah! So you decided to come to work at last!

Warner: Sorry, professor. We worked late last night on the calculations of cosmic rays.

Orloff: And so you stayed out later with my niece Sonya tonight!

Warner: *(Annoyed)* We only went out for a bite to eat and sat in the park for a little while.

Orloff: *(Sneers)* Park! . . . That patch of grass where the riffraff in the rabbit warren across the street sun themselves like lazy animals!

Warner: *(Angrily)* Professor! The people who live there are hard-working human beings . . . not animals or pigeons like those you have been killing with the *solar gun*!

Orloff: *(Flares)* My killing of pigeons is in the interest of science!

Warner: Yes. But I live over there, so I suppose it would also be in the "interest of science" to try to kill *me* as I step out for a breath of fresh air in the morning.

Orloff: *(Coldly)* Your death might contribute more to scientific knowledge than your halfhearted work with me.

Warner: *(Flares)* There's a lot more to life than science, Professor Orloff. . . . You've been so wrapped up in your experiments that you seem to have forgotten that!

Orloff: Very well! Get out now, and bring back every note you have ever taken on the solar gun! Then you are *through!*

Warner: I'm not sure but what I shouldn't turn those notes over to the police or the F.B.I.

Orloff: (*Sharply*) What do you mean by that?

Warner: I'm not sure *who* you're perfecting that solar gun for! And I'm going to get Sonya out of here before anything happens!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (phone rings, phone lifted off cradle)

Cranston: Lamont Cranston speaking.

Warner: (*Filter*) Hello, Mr. Cranston. You may not remember me, but I'm Robert—Bob Warner. I worked for Professor Mitchell before he was killed . . . I mean murdered.

Cranston: (*Quickly*) Oh yes, Bob. You were very helpful in the investigation.

Warner: (*Filter*) Thanks. And I'm afraid *I* need help now—I mean advice.

Cranston: I'd be glad to help. What's the trouble?

Warner: (*Filter*) It's nothing definite . . . nothing I can put my finger on, but I'm working—or rather *was* working with a Dr. Orloff, a physicist and specialist in solar energy.

Cranston: I think I've heard of him in connection with something called the Solar Institute.

Warner: (*Filter*) Yes, but it isn't really an institute—just his private laboratory on top of his home at number Twenty River Street. (*Hurriedly*) It's right across from here. I live in the new Riverview Housing Development. I can even see him right now, working on the solar gun!

Cranston: A solar gun?!

Warner: (*Filter*) Yes. It's an experimental model. (*Fast and nervously*) I've been assisting him. This morning we quarreled over a personal matter. He fired me . . . demanded that I bring him all the notes I have made on the experiments.

Cranston: Tell me, has Dr. Orloff ever applied for secret work? . . . been investigated and cleared by security?

Warner: (*Filter*) I don't know. I don't think so, but I know that this solar gun, if perfected, would be a potentially deadly weapon in the hands of any hostile power.

Cranston: How far has Orloff progressed?

Warner: (*Filter*) He's used it at short range to kill small animals and birds.

Cranston: What is the principle . . . a heat ray?

Warner: (*Filter*) Partly the burning power of the sun. But there's something else he hasn't let me see or work on. The result is paralysis, usually followed by death, as in the case of people struck by lightning. I . . . (*Breaks off*)

Cranston: What's the matter, Bob?

Warner: (*Filter*) He's operating the solar gun now!

Cranston: What's he doing with it?

Warner: (*Filter*) Just a minute. I can see better if I step out on my balcony. . . . I have a long extension cord on my phone. Here we are. . . . It's about two hundred yards across to Orloff's lab, but . . . (*Gasps*) Cranston! . . .

Cranston: Bob! Get back inside!

Warner: (*Filter*) (*Strangled cry*) I—I can't! I can't move! Cranston . . . help!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (ambulance speeding away—off mike)

Hadley: (*Fades in*) I'm Dr. Hadley, Mr. Cranston. The building superintendent, Max Reber, told me you were on the way, so I waited here in the lobby.

Cranston: Sorry we couldn't get here sooner, Dr. Hadley.

Margot: We were held up in traffic. How is Bob Warner?

Hadley: Your call to Reber may have saved his life, as my office is here in the building.

Cranston: What is your diagnosis of his sudden collapse?

Hadley: (*Puzzled*) If I hadn't given him a physical checkup only a month ago, I'd have said it was a heart attack—complicated by almost complete paralysis.

Margot: Where is he being taken?

Hadley: General Hospital.

Cranston: Were there any signs of burns?

Hadley: No, Mr. Cranston. That's what puzzles me.

Cranston: (*Sharply*) Why, doctor?

Hadley: The symptoms were similar to the extreme shock of a person struck by lightning.

Margot: But there was no electrical storm over the city today.

Cranston: (*Quickly*) Could he have accidentally come in contact with a high-voltage wire in the apartment or on the balcony?

Hadley: No. I looked about while waiting for the ambulance . . . after giving him what first-aid treatment I could.

Cranston: What are his chances?

Hadley: It's hard to say in shock cases. It depends on his heart. Did he say anything to you over the phone?

Cranston: He'd had a quarrel with his employer. He was excited. Then he gasped and called *help*, and I heard him fall.

Hadley: Well, I'm afraid we'll have to wait for a complete report from the hospital.

Cranston: Where is the building superintendent?

Hadley: In the basement, I imagine. He took Warner and the interns down in the freight elevator . . . because of the stretcher.

Cranston: (*Grimly*) Thank you, Dr. Hadley. Come on, Margot. Let's find the superintendent. I want to have a look at Bob's apartment while we're waiting for the hospital report!

Music (up and out for . . .)

Sound (door opens)

Reber: I don't know as I should let you in Mr. Warner's apartment, Mr. Cranston. But seeing as how you're the one that called me to get a doctor for him, I guess maybe it's all right. . . .

Cranston: It'll be all right, superintendent. I just want to look around and see if I can find what caused Mr. Warner's sudden collapse.

Margot: Lamont! Did you notice that the door to the apartment wasn't locked?

Cranston: Yes.

Reber: (*Quickly*) Oh . . . I guess that's my fault. After you phoned me, I opened Warner's door with my passkey. Then I set the snap lock so's the doc and the interns could get in and out.

Cranston: I see. How long has the apartment been unlocked . . . without you being here?

Reber: (*Defensively*) Only a few minutes. I took the doc and the body—I mean Mr. Warner—down in the service elevator to the ambulance. Why?

Sound (door closes and footsteps in apartment under the following)

Cranston: Is the apartment the way you found it?

Reber: (*Puzzled and uneasy*) I didn't notice the apartment. I saw Mr. Warner layin' in the doorway to the balcony, and grabbed the phone and called Dr. Hadley downstairs.

Cranston: Was the phone off the cradle?

Reber: Yes. But there was no one on the line.

Cranston: I was talking to him when it happened. I hung up!

Margot: (*Slightly back from mike*) Lamont, didn't you tell me Bob was out on . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in sharply*) Margot! . . . Stay off the balcony!

Reber: (*Surprised*) It's plenty safe, Mr. Cranston. Everybody uses 'em.

Cranston: (*Grimly*) Warner used *his* once too often.

Sound (desk drawer pulled out)

Reber: Wait a minute, Mr. Cranston. I don't know as I oughta let you look through Mr. Warner's things.

Cranston: (*Grimly*) This desk drawer is empty, and . . .

Sound (heavy file drawer pulled out)

Cranston: . . . so is this file drawer. . . . Cleaned out!

Margot: But didn't Bob Warner tell you he had a lot of notes?

Reber: He works over at the Solar Institute across the street. Maybe he keeps them notes there.

Cranston: (*Fast*) Do you know his employer—Professor Orloff?

Reber: I've *seen* him.

Cranston: Has he been here since Warner collapsed?

Reber: Not that I know of.

Margot: He could have come up in the automatic elevator while you were taking Bob Warner down to the ambulance in the freight elevator.

Reber: Sure. But what would this Professor Orloff be doing coming here and taking Mr. Warner's notes and papers with him not being here?

Cranston: He may have arranged it. (*Quick aside*) Margot! Call General Hospital Emergency. Get Dr. Hollister!

(*Warning*) But keep away from that door to the balcony.

Margot: All right, Lamont. The ambulance should be at the hospital by now.

Sound (phone taken off cradle and fast dialing behind the following)

Reber: Look here, Mr. Cranston. You're acting like Mr. Warner didn't just have a *stroke* that paralyzed him!

Margot: (*Slightly off mike*) General Hospital? Dr. Hollister, please. Emergency! Lamont Cranston calling!

Reber: (*Uneasily*) Are you trying to blame me? . . .

Cranston: (*Sharply*) Just a minute!

Margot: (*Slightly off mike*) Doctor Hollister? Just a minute. (*Aside*) Here you are, Lamont!

Cranston: Thanks, Margot. (*Into phone*) Hello, Hollister! Lamont Cranston! You have an emergency case—Robert Warner. (*Pause*) How is he? (*Pause*) I see! I know you'll do your best to save him. If he dies, it could be murder!

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: In answer to the frantic appeal of Bob Warner, a young physicist mysteriously stricken while phoning Lamont Cranston for advice and help, Cranston and Margot Lane call on Bob's recent employer, Professor Orloff, after discovering that Bob's scientific notes are missing and that Bob is hovering between life and death in General Hospital. . . .

Sound (light street sounds up and under the following)

(footsteps approaching door of Solar Institute)

Margot: Lamont! What could Bob Warner's condition have to do with a solar gun?

Cranston: (*Grimly*) I think Bob was about to explain that over the phone when he was stricken. . . . And I expect Orloff to finish the explanation.

Sound (footsteps out, and sound of brass door-knocker behind the following)

Margot: Be careful Orloff doesn't give you a *demonstration!* (*Surprised*) Well! Will you look at the old-fashioned door-knocker on this so-called Solar Institute!

Cranston: It's an old building. Apparently only the lab on

the roof is modernized. But it doesn't matter as long as the brass ring gets us in.

Sound (heavy door unlocked and opened)

Margot: It brought somebody.

Sonya: *(Slightly back from mike)* Yes? Whom do you wish to see?

Cranston: Professor Orloff.

Sonya: I'm sorry, but my uncle never sees anyone without an appointment.

Cranston: Tell him Lamont Cranston and Miss Lane, friends of Bob Warner, wish to see him immediately.

Sonya: *(Startled)* Friends of Bob! Where is he?!

Margot: *(Quickly)* How well do you know Bob Warner?

Sonya: We're engaged. We're going to be married as soon as we can get my uncle's consent.

Cranston: When did you become engaged?

Sonya: Last night. We decided to . . . *(Breaks off)* But why are you asking these questions? Has something happened to Bob?

Cranston: He has been hurt.

Sonya: How? How badly? Where is he?

Cranston: He's in General Hospital . . . in a coma as the result of some kind of violent shock.

Sonya: *(Alarmed)* When did it happen? . . . Where?

Cranston: About an hour ago in his apartment across the street.

Sonya: *(Frightened)* I must go to him. . . .

Cranston: *(Quickly)* Just a minute, Miss Orloff. It will be some time before it is known just how serious Bob's condition is, and I must talk to your uncle *now*.

Sonya: He never sees anyone during working hours! He locks himself in the laboratory on the roof, and there is no phone up there.

Cranston: Then allow me to go up and knock on his door.

Sonya: Why do you want to see him?

Cranston: Do you know that your uncle discharged Bob Warner this morning?

Sonya: *(Startled)* No!

Margot: Where were you when Bob came to work this morning?

Sonya: Out shopping. I keep house for my uncle . . . make his meals. He won't go out of the house.

Cranston: Did he leave this house within the last hour?

Sonya: He never does, if he can help it.

Margot: How long have you been back from your shopping?

Sonya: Just a few minutes.

Cranston: So you can't say for sure that your uncle *didn't* leave the house and go to Bob's apartment?

Sonya: No, but why would he?

Cranston: Bob phoned me . . . mentioned that your uncle fired him and wanted all Bob's lab notes on the solar gun!

Sonya: I don't understand. . . . *Please*—I must go to Bob . . . be with him, even if I can't talk to him!

Orloff: (*Off mike, calls sharply*) Sonya!

Sound (footsteps come down stairs behind the following)

Sonya: (*Startled*) Uncle!

Orloff: (*Coldly*) Who are these people?

Sonya: (*Quickly*) Mr. Cranston and Miss Lane—friends of Bob!

Orloff: (*Ignoring them*) What do they want?

Cranston: I'd like to ask you a few questions, Professor Orloff.

Orloff: (*Ignoring him*) Tell them to get out. I receive no visitors.

Cranston: Would you rather talk to the police?

Orloff: (*Startled*) The police!

Cranston: (*Grimly*) Yes! I *thought* that would bring you out of your scientific Valhalla to acknowledge our presence.

Orloff: (*Coldly*) Ask your questions.

Cranston: Did you discharge Bob Warner this morning?

Orloff: Yes.

Cranston: Why?

Orloff: It is a personal matter.

Sonya: But Uncle Boris! Something has happened to Bob. He's in a hospital.

Orloff: (*Snaps*) Go prepare my lunch, Sonya. Bring it to the lab. I will get rid of these people!

Sonya: No! I'm going to the hospital!

Orloff: Leave this house, and you will *not* come back.

Sonya: I don't care. I'm going to marry Bob.

Orloff: You will never marry him!

Cranston: How can you be so sure of that, Professor Orloff?

Orloff: Get out of my house, Mr. Cranston!

Cranston: So you'd rather talk to the police?

Orloff: What have the police to do with this matter?

Cranston: Bob Warner was stricken while watching you operate your solar gun from the balcony of his apartment across the street.

Orloff: How do you *know* that to be a fact?

Cranston: I was talking to him on the telephone at the time it happened.

Orloff: What was he telling you?

Cranston: That you had discharged him and demanded he return all his notes on the solar gun.

Orloff: That is my right! The solar gun is *my* invention!

Cranston: Did he return the notes?

Orloff: No!

Cranston: Then why aren't you interested in getting them back?

Orloff: I will get them when Warner recovers.

Cranston: (*Sharply*) From what?

Orloff: From whatever is the matter with him.

Cranston: You will not get the notes unless you already have them.

Orloff: Why not?

Cranston: They are not in his desk or anywhere in his apartment.

Orloff: Then he destroyed them.

Cranston: You don't seem too concerned about it.

Orloff: I'm *not* . . . as long as they are not available to others.

Cranston: Professor Orloff, why haven't you worked in any of the nuclear laboratories in this country?

Orloff: Because I did not choose to do so. I prefer to work alone, not with others. Now, I have much to do and . . .

Sound (door jerked open, light street sounds)

Orloff: I demand that you leave this house!

Cranston: All right, professor. (*Aside*) Come along, Margot.

Sonya: Wait! Please wait till I get my things. I'm going with you!

Orloff: Then you will *not* come back!

Sonya: I don't want to come back . . . ever!

Orloff: (*Warning*) Don't *any* of you come back!

Cranston: (*Grimly*) Don't get too involved in your experiments with the solar gun, Professor Orloff.

Orloff: Get out! All of you! I am locking this door!

Cranston: Very well, Orloff! But if Bob Warner dies, a search warrant will open it, or the police will break it down!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (light street sounds, car door opens)

Cranston: (*Quickly*) Get in, Margot. Drive Miss Orloff to General Hospital, and phone me the latest word on Bob Warner's condition.

Margot: Where should I phone you, Lamont?

Cranston: At Bob's apartment. I'll be there!

Margot: But we searched it thoroughly! The notes are gone!

Cranston: Yes, but it affords a good view of Orloff's lab, and I want to keep an eye on him.

Margot: Be careful he doesn't put the "solar" eye on you.

Cranston: I'll try to avoid that. Get going, Margot. Call me if there's any change in Bob's condition—for better or worse!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (phone rings, phone lifted off cradle)

Orloff: (*Sharply*) Hello!

Reber: (*Filter*) Professor Orloff?

Orloff: Yes?

Reber: (*Filter*) This is Max Reber, the superintendent of the building across the street from your place.

Orloff: What do you want?

Reber: (*Filter*) I did you a favor once—got an apartment for your assistant, Mr. Warner. . . . Remember?

Orloff: You were well paid for it, Reber.

Reber: (*Filter*) Yes. So I thought you might want another favor done.

Orloff: Such as what?

Reber: (*Filter*) There's a fella named Cranston been around asking questions about what happened to Mr. Warner this morning.

Orloff: I know that!

Reber: (*Filter*) But do you know I saw you sneaking out of

Mr. Warner's apartment after I helped his doctor and the interns get him down to the ambulance?

Orloff: (*Sharply*) Did you tell that to Cranston?

Reber: (*Filter*) Not yet, because I'm not one to make trouble for anybody. But Cranston says what happened to Warner might be murder! And I wouldn't want to get in trouble with the police for withholding any important information. (*Pause*) So . . . ?

Orloff: I see. Could you come over to the institute?

Reber: (*Filter*) What for?

Orloff: We can talk it over.

Reber: (*Filter*) (*Warning*) I *know* you got the notes. I saw you sneak out with the briefcase Mr. Warner always carried.

Orloff: (*Quickly*) I'll explain about those notes.

Reber: (*Filter*) I'm not much interested in explanations, Professor Orloff.

Sound (buzzer rings)

Orloff: But you're interested in doing me another favor?

Reber: (*Filter*) Yeah, I might be, but excuse me. Somebody wants me in the lobby. It might be that Cranston fella.

Orloff: (*Quickly*) If it is, tell him nothing about my getting the notes. Come over as quickly as you can! Come up to my laboratory. I'll leave the street door unlocked.

Sound (buzzer rings impatiently)

Reber: (*Filter*) O.K., professor. I'll be over as soon as I can make it!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (door unlocked and opened, footsteps into apartment)

Reber: (*Uneasily*) I still don't know as I oughta be letting you into Mr. Warner's apartment again, Mr. Cranston.

Cranston: (*Impatiently*) I'm expecting a call from the hospital about Warner. You can stay here and see that I don't take anything . . . if you like.

Reber: It ain't that, Mr. Cranston. But you said if Mr. Warner died, it might be murder . . . and that'd mean the police would want to know why I let anybody in here.

Cranston: Look, would you go down to Dr. Hadley's office and ask him to come up here for a few minutes if he can?

Reber: You won't touch anything?

Cranston: Nothing but the phone when Miss Lane calls from the hospital.

Reber: All right . . . O.K. (*Goes as . . .*)

Sound (phone rings)

Reber: I'll ask the doc to come right up. (*Calls back*)

Maybe that's the call you're expectin'.

Cranston: I'll answer it. You get Dr. Hadley.

Reber: (*Off mike*) Yes, sir.

Sound (door closes and Cranston lets phone ring again before answering it)

(phone rings again, phone off cradle)

Cranston: (*Cautiously*) Hello?

Margot: (*Filter*) Lamont?

Cranston: Yes, Margot?

Margot: (*Filter*) Bob Warner is still unconscious, but his pulse and respiration have improved.

Cranston: What do they make of it?

Margot: (*Filter*) They're really puzzled. He had a very high temperature when he was brought into emergency—almost a hundred and five—like a heat stroke only there are no external burns or . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in grimly*) The body can be heated by various rays, Margot.

Margot: (*Filter*) I guess there's nothing to do but wait.

Cranston: How is Miss Orloff taking it?

Margot: (*Filter*) Pretty hard. She's really in love with the guy. And . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) Wait a minute, Margot.

Margot: (*Filter*) What is it, Lamont?

Cranston: I've been standing here by the window, watching Orloff's place, and he seems to be having a visitor.

Margot: (*Filter*) Sonya says he never sees anyone during the day, especially bright sunny days when he can work on the solar gun.

Cranston: (*Grimly*) He's up there in the lab . . . working on it now, and his visitor is going in the street door without knocking.

Margot: (*Filter*) But Orloff locked the door when we left!

Cranston: It isn't locked now, or else the man had a key. He's gone inside.

Margot: (*Filter*) Any idea who it might be?

Cranston: A very definite idea, Margot!—the superintendent of this building!

Margot: (*Filter*) But he said he didn't know Professor Orloff.

Cranston: He lied. (*Quickly*) Call Commissioner Weston and ask him to meet me at the institute!

Margot: (*Filter*) Meanwhile?

Cranston: Meanwhile I think the Shadow should join that conference!

Margot: (*Filter*) The door may be locked again!

Cranston: (*Quickly*) There's a fire escape on the side of the building. It won't be the first time the Shadow has had to climb one to reach a killer!

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: Following up an appeal for help from Bob Warner, a stricken young scientist, Lamont Cranston has learned that the superintendent of the building where Warner lives is paying an unexpected call on Bob's former employer, a physicist known as Professor Orloff. (*Pause*) As the Shadow, Cranston intends to be present at the fateful conference. . . .

Sound (knock on door, back from mike)

Orloff: (*On mike, calls*) Come into the lab, Reber!

Sound (door opens and closes, back from mike)

Reber: (*Comes on*) Say! This is quite a place you have up here on top of the building!

Orloff: (*Impatiently*) What kept you so long?

Reber: It was that fella Cranston coming back to have another look at Warner's apartment.

Orloff: Did he say what he expected to find?

Reber: No! . . . He was expecting a phone call from the hospital where they took Warner.

Orloff: Does he know you've come over here to see me?

Reber: No! He sent me downstairs to get the house doc that looked after Warner before they took him to the hospital.

Orloff: Does anyone know you've come here?

Reber: Not unless somebody saw me come in the front door. Why?

Orloff: No one must know we are acquainted.

Reber: Look here, prof! . . . if you didn't have anything to do with what happened to Warner, and them notes you

took out of his apartment are yours, what are you in such a lather about?

Orloff: It's a matter of secrecy . . . security.

Reber: (*Slyly*) Whose security?

Orloff: The plans and principles of my solar gun are top secret . . . and could be one of the most important discoveries in the world.

Reber: So what's it worth for me to keep quiet about you getting them notes out of Warner's apartment?

Orloff: One moment. . . . Before we go into that matter, I want to show you something.

Sound (footsteps into semi-echo of large dome-shaped room)

Orloff: (*Moves back*) I would like to show you the secret weapon I am guarding so closely.

Reber: I ain't interested in things like that, prof. I wouldn't understand anything about it if you *told* me. . . .

Orloff: I won't try to explain the principle of the solar gun to you, Reber.

Sound (whir of electric motor)

Orloff: I will *show* you how it works. First I open the dome in the ceiling to catch the direct rays of the sun on the reflecting mirrors.

Reber: (*Impatiently*) Look, prof! I gotta get back to the apartment, and I don't care what you do with that gadget!

Orloff: (*Back from mike, coldly*) But in a moment you will not care at all . . . about anything. . . .

Sound (hiss of compressed air)

Reber: (*Gasps and stiffens*) Hey! Wait! . . .

Orloff: (*Slightly off mike, shouts*) Least of all about the money you hoped I would pay you to be silent!

Reber: (*Gasp ing cry*) Don't, prof! . . . Stop! . . . Turn it . . . (*Sags*) off!

Sound (slump of body to floor, motor cut and hissing sound fades as door closes, back of mike)

Shadow: (*Off mike, calls*) A very convincing demonstration, Professor Orloff! (*Laughs*)

Orloff: (*Startled*) Who spoke? . . . laughed?

Shadow: The Shadow, professor. (*Quickly*) And don't bother to look around your laboratory! No man sees the Shadow, although I am right here in the room with you.

Orloff: It is not possible!

Shadow: (*Mocking*) A much older science than yours makes it possible to cloud your mind so that you cannot see me in the brightest beam of light from that murderous solar gun of yours!

Orloff: (*Recovering*) I don't have to see you to destroy you with my gun!

Shadow: The sun is the source and energy of all life on this earth, Professor Orloff. Did you invent and perfect that instrument only as a weapon . . . to destroy that life?

Orloff: No! Long ago I proposed research into harnessing the limitless power and energy of the sun's rays. But my idea was laughed at . . . my services rejected.

Shadow: Who financed this "Solar Institute" of yours?

Orloff: I . . . alone! And no one will ever share or learn the secret of my solar gun!

Shadow: And you have stricken two men with its deadly rays to keep that secret?

Orloff: Yes! . . . And it will destroy *you*, Shadow!

Sound (whir of electric motor intermittent behind the following)

Orloff: No matter where you are in this room, the light ray will find you . . . paralyze your body . . . your mind! You will not be able to move . . . or even cry out for help.

Shadow: (*Back from mike, mocking*) Bob Warner cried out in time. And real men of science are trying to *save* his life, which you tried to destroy!

Sound (hissing of compressed air builds slowly to a crescendo behind the following)

Orloff: (*Rising frenzy*) He was going to steal my secret . . . betray me!

Shadow: No! He only feared you meant to betray your country.

Orloff: This is *not* my country! I have no country. I owe allegiance to no man or nation!

Shadow: Then you are "for sale" to the highest bidder?

Orloff: No! But I will be honored . . . remembered along with all the great men! (*Shouts*) There, Shadow . . . I have swept the room with my ray! And it has found you . . . silenced your mocking voice forever!

Shadow: Try again, professor! Hurry! Look up at the

sky. . . . Clouds are gathering. They will blot out the sun, and your perverted power to destroy will be gone!

Sound (police siren comes on and stops in street below)

Orloff: You lie, Shadow! The sky is cloudless. . . . The sun . . . (*Gasps, struggles*) Let go of me, Shadow!

Shadow: (*In effort of holding*) Yes, Orloff. I lied about the sun, but the clouds of retribution are closing in on you.

Orloff: (*Struggling*) The police! They'll never take me . . . or my solar gun. I'll destroy it!

Shadow: (*In effort of holding*) No, professor! You've done enough destroying for one lifetime! And if your second victim dies . . . (*Hits*) you will be remembered as a murderer!

Sound (thud of hard blow and crash of body, whir of motor cut and hiss of air fades into . . .)

Music (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)

Sound (car comes on and stops, motor cut, light street sounds)

Margot: (*On mike, calls*) Lamont! What happened? Where is the professor? . . . and Commissioner Weston?

Cranston: (*Comes on*) The professor is on his way to headquarters with Weston. And the superintendent of Warner's building is en route to General Hospital. How is Bob?

Margot: He's regained consciousness and doesn't seem to be suffering any ill effects from the blast of the solar gun.

Cranston: Good! Then there's hope for that greedy superintendent, although he got *his* blast at much closer range.

Margot: How does the solar gun work, Lamont?

Cranston: I think it generates a beam of superheated air that acts as a conductor of an electrical charge similar to a bolt of lightning which stuns but does not kill the victim.

Margot: Then it isn't really the deadly weapon we supposed?

Cranston: (*Grimly*) It *could* be if its range and power were developed. And, with Orloff in custody, I hope Bob Warner will carry on the research for peaceful purposes.

Margot: Was Orloff planning to turn the solar gun over to some foreign power?

Cranston: No. . . . I think he planned to perfect it and use it against any and all who scorned his ideas and rejected his genius.

Margot: (*Shudders*) Ugh! What a waste of a brilliant mind!

Cranston: (*Quickly*) And what a waste of a sunny day! Let's make good use of it and go for a nice quiet drive in the country.

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