



The Nightmare Combination

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston (*the Shadow*)

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

Joe (*his last name is part of the mystery*)

Marna Hildebrand (*a young woman with very few scruples*)

Lou the Locksmith (*a young man who gets in a lot of trouble*)

Jehoviac (*his first name is part of the mystery*)

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, "The Nightmare Combination," a locksmith answers a strange request to open a safe late at night . . . only to learn he has opened a nightmare. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "The Nightmare Combination."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: On a dark, deserted street near the loading docks on the waterfront, the fog makes the crumbling warehouses and empty shipping offices look like the skeleton bones of a ghost town. All the windows are dark . . . except those in the offices of the Triple J Trucking Company. There a man wearing thick-lensed glasses is working at a broken-down desk piled high with shipping manifests, while a girl behind him clacks away at a battered typewriter. . . .

Sound (typing under the following)

Joe: *(Worried)* It's almost nine o'clock, Marna. You sure this locksmith's gonna show? Maybe he's suspicious about something.

Sound (typing stops)

Marna: *(Sighs)* He *was*, Joe. But when I told him Lamont Cranston suggested you call him, Cranston's name worked like magic.

Joe: What if he calls Cranston to check?

Marna: Cranston's in Waterford, giving a talk on criminology. He couldn't possibly get back home by midnight.

Joe: All right . . . so where's the locksmith? We're running out of time!

Marna: He'll be here any minute now.

Joe: *(Sarcastically)* Oh, sure, sure.

Sound (knock on door, off mike)

Marna: *(Whispers sharply)* Sh-h! . . . That must be him.

Joe: *(Softly)* All right . . . start typing while I get the door.

Sound (typing resumes) (footsteps to door, door opened)

Lou: *(Fades on mike)* Mr. Jehoviac? I'm Lou the Locksmith.

Joe: Come on in.

Sound (door closed, several footsteps that stop as . . .)

Lou: Your secretary called about some trouble with your safe.

Joe: Trouble?! I've got my whole morning payroll in it, and I forgot the combination.

Lou: That safe in the corner?

Joe: Wait a second. . . . How do I know I can trust you?

Sound (typing stops)

Lou: (*Bridles*) Trust *me*? If your secretary hadn't told me that Mr. Cranston . . .

Marna: (*Cuts in, soothingly*) Mr. Jehoviac is worried because this never happened before. That's why we called Mr. Cranston, and he recommended you. . . . I'm Miss Hildebrand.

Lou: Oh. . . . And you don't know the combination either?

Joe: (*Grumpy*) I never let anybody at that safe but me.

Lou: Then you should have written the combination down someplace.

Joe: (*Chuckles ruefully*) Well, son, you don't have to rub it in. Can't blame me for being careful.

Lou: At this time of night, I'm the guy who should be careful. If you weren't a friend of Mr. Cranston . . .

Joe: (*Cuts in gruffly*) If you're O.K. with Cranston, you're O.K. with me. Go ahead and get that pesky thing open.

Sound (a few footsteps fade to stop)

Joe: (*Slightly off mike*) Uh—Miss Hildebrand will keep you company while I set up the manifests for the morning haul.

Sound (off mike, door opened and closed)

Lou: H'm . . . pretty crusty guy, isn't he?

Marna: He's really not himself tonight, Lou. He's not himself at all. . . .

Music (bridge and out)

Sound (phone rings, phone off cradle)

Cranston: (*To phone*) Hello.

Margot: (*Filter*) Lamont, this is Margot. I've been trying to reach you for an hour.

Cranston: I just got back from Waterford a few minutes ago.

Margot: (*Filter*) I'm over at Lou the Locksmith's shop. One of my friends lost the keys to her car. She has to leave on a trip, and she asked me for help.

Cranston: Well, Lou's the man for that kind of job.

Margot: (*Filter*) (*Ruefully*) If I could only find him. . . .

Marna: (*Softly*) Remember, Joe, stay in character, and we'll be fine.

Joe: (*Softly*) Go on back in there and see what's what.

Marna: (*Softly*) All right. Just don't lose your head.

Sound (door opened and closed, several footsteps)

Lou: (*Fades on mike*) Back to watch, Miss Hildebrand?

Marna: (*Pleasantly*) How's it going, Lou?

Lou: Could be better. Could be worse. This might be it. . . .

Marna: Good.

Sound (dial clicks under the following)

Lou: Here goes . . . left, thirty . . . right, forty . . . left, twenty. . . . Now, I put my right thumb on the worn spot on the dial . . .

Sound (slow series of dial clicks to stop as . . .)

Lou: . . . and *this* should be the opening number.

Sound (safe's handle rattles, door remains closed)

Marna: Anything wrong, Lou?

Lou: (*Puzzled*) I don't know.

Sound (off mike, door opens, footsteps fade on and stop)

Joe: Listen, locksmith . . . I thought you knew your business. You've been playing with that safe long enough.

Marna: (*Pointedly*) Don't you have to get those manifests ready, Mr. Jehoviac?

Lou: Wait . . . maybe you can help me.

Joe: How?

Lou: Are you right- or left-handed?

Joe: What's that got to do with you?

Lou: Nothing, nothing . . . forget it. I just need the last number.

Marna: (*Quickly*) Just a little more time, Mr. Jehoviac.

Joe: All right, but I'm staying here to watch.

Lou: (*To himself*) This ought to do it. Let's see. . . .

Sound (dial clicks under the following)

Lou: Left, thirty . . . right, forty . . . left, twenty. . . . (*Stops*)

Joe: (*Impatiently*) Come on, come on!

Lou: You want to bet I get this last number?

Marna: Why should you think you'll get it this time?

Lou: I—I've been using my right hand. Maybe my left is luckier.

Joe: Stop with the betting and start with the dial.

Lou: *(To himself)* Now . . . instead of my right thumb, I put my *left* thumb on the worn spot . . .

Sound (slow series of dial clicks to stop as . . .)

Lou: . . . and bring it up to here . . . like this.

Sound (safe's handle pulled, door clicks and creaks open)

Marna: *(Excited)* You did it! The safe is open!

Lou: *(Whistles in amazement)*

Joe: What's the whistle for, locksmith?

Lou: That's *some* payroll! This safe is stuffed full of money.

Marna: Business has been very good. How much do we owe you?

Lou: Twenty-five bucks ought to cover my time.

Joe: O.K., toss me one of those packets.

Lou: There's nothing smaller than twenties, Mr. Jehoviac.

Joe: So toss me some. *(Catching them)* Thanks.

Sound (seal around bills torn off, bills riffled, two pulled out)

Joe: Here's two twenties. Keep the change for your trouble.

Lou: Thank you very much. Now if you'll just sign this order, I'll be . . .

Marna: *(Cuts in quickly)* I'll sign it.

Lou: *(Guardedly)* Sorry . . . the law says the safe-owner must sign.

Joe: *(Chuckles)* Give me the book. . . . Such a suspicious world this is. You'd think . . .

Marna: *(Cuts in softly to warn him)* Joe . . .

Sound (pencil scratches on paper)

Joe: *(Chuckles)* Such a suspicious world. . . .

Lou: Thank you. Good-by. . . .

Sound (footsteps fade to door, door opened and closed, off mike)

Marna: *(Angrily)* You crazy fool! Why did you sign that?

Joe: Why not? I can imitate Jake's writing. It worked . . . just like you said!

Marna: Don't you understand? . . . Jake's left-handed. You're right-handed!

Joe: So what?

Marna: So I think the locksmith's suspicious. That's what!

Joe: You and your bright ideas! . . . Why didn't you let me plug him like I wanted to?

Marna: I'm still not *sure* he noticed.

Joe: (*Angrily*) All right, Marna. From now on, *I* take over. We'll put the dough in my money belt and get out of here before Jake gets back.

Marna: Then what?

Joe: The locksmith's going back to his shop, isn't he? Well, we'll be there and get rid of him before he talks to Cranston or gets to the cops!

Music (bridge and out)

Cranston: Lou, it's a good thing we waited for you here at your shop. . . .

Lou: (*Desperately*) You're *sure* you don't know this Jehoviac?

Cranston: Positive.

Lou: The guy said you referred him to me. His secretary was there. It seemed so legitimate!

Margot: But now you're sure something's wrong?

Lou: *Wrong!* . . . Margot, that safe was owned by a left-handed man. I could tell by the thumbprint on the dial. . . . That's what confused me. That guy—the one who was there—was right-handed!

Margot: That still doesn't mean you helped commit a robbery.

Lou: (*Bitterly*) What do *you* call opening a safe full of money for a bunch of thieves?

Cranston: I'm going to have to check on your story, Lou.

Lou: Mr. Cranston, *please* don't blow the whistle on me!

Cranston: I won't mention your name . . . *yet*.

Sound (phone lifted off cradle, dialing under . . .)

Lou: Who're you calling?

Cranston: Commissioner Weston at headquarters to see if any safe robberies have been reported in the last hour. . . .

Music (bridge and out)

Sound (car motor idles under the following)

Marna: (*Peering from car*) There are just three people in the shop, Joe—Cranston, Lou the Locksmith, and Margot Lane.

Joe: Good! I'll go in there and get rid of all three of them at once.

Marna: (*Grabbing his arm*) Oh, no you don't! Cranston's calling someone on the phone. Can't you see?

Joe: So what?

Marna: So what if it's the cops? We'll wait and see what their next move is.

Joe: Marna, listen to me. This is strictly a hit-and-run job.

Marna: Yeah, hit them now and run from the cops.

. . . We'd never get out of town, much less the country.

Joe: All right, all right. But I'm going to tail them when they leave . . . just to make sure.

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: Marna and Joe . . . the two people for whom Lou the Locksmith opened a safe full of money at the Triple J Trucking office . . . are secretly watching Lou's shop from their car. . . . Inside, Lamont Cranston has just finished talking on the phone to Commissioner Weston. . . .

Margot: What did the commissioner say, Lamont?

Cranston: No safe robbery has been reported . . . as yet, Margot.

Lou: *(Anxiously)* Mr. Cranston, I'm beginning to think I didn't open a safe. . . . I opened a nightmare!

Cranston: You're *sure* the real owner of the safe is left-handed?

Lou: I can read dials. I know what I saw. . . . *(Miserably)* I'll lose my license . . . probably go to jail.

Cranston: You're positive you've told us everything that happened? . . .

Lou: Everything.

Cranston: Let's see . . . you opened the safe, Jehoviac signed your book with his right hand, and you came straight back here. . . .

Lou: Where else could I go? . . . Besides, I knew Margot was waiting.

Cranston: You should have gone to the nearest police station and reported it.

Lou: *(Pleading)* Listen, I did twenty rotten months in a prison camp once. If the cops threw me behind bars just for a few hours, I'd flip my lid!

Margot: Isn't there some little detail you might have forgotten?

Lou: No. I've told you everything that happened.

Cranston: (*Thinking*) Lou . . . one more thing. Did the man who said he was the safe-owner take down the combination?

Lou: (*Surprised*) Why, no . . . and he never asked for it!

Margot: (*Hopefully*) Lamont, doesn't that prove something?

Cranston: (*Grimly*) Yes. . . . It proves that we'd all better go back there and find out why a man who loses the combination to his safe isn't interested in finding out what it is!

Music (bridge and out)

Sound (car motor up and under the following)

Marna: Pull up, Joe. Cranston's car is stopping in front of the trucking office.

Sound (car slows to curb and motor idles under . . .)

Joe: (*Angrily*) You and your clever ideas, Marna! I could have clobbered them in the locksmith shop, but you made me lose my chance!

Marna: (*Spitefully*) Lose your chance for what—the electric chair? . . . (*Regretfully*) If we only knew who they phoned back there. . . .

Joe: (*Worried*) Maybe they talked to Jake. Maybe they know. . . .

Marna: Could *be*. . . .

Joe: Maybe Jake'll find out before we get away. . . .

Marna: Who's going to tell him?

Joe: The locksmith. Jake could make him identify us.

Marna: You're right. I suppose we've got to get rid of *him*.

Joe: Now you're making sense. We'll just sit tight and follow them until he leaves Cranston and Margot Lane. (*Chuckles*) Then that locksmith's job'll be making keys for St. Peter's gate! . . .

Music (bridge and out)

Sound (footsteps along corridor to stop as . . .)

Lou: (*Softly*) Triple J Trucking. This is the place.

Cranston: (*Softly*) Somebody's still inside.

Sound (knock on door, door opened)

Jehoviac: (*Slightly off mike, surly*) Yeah? What do you want?

Cranston: We're looking for Mr. Jehoviac.

Jehoviac: *I'm* Jehoviac.

Lou: (*Almost a moan*) Oh, no! . . .

Cranston: How long have you been here tonight?

Jehoviac: What's it to *you*? You a cop? This visit official?

Cranston: (*Grimly*) It *will* be official if I don't get some straight answers.

Jehoviac: Come on in.

Sound (door closed, footsteps to stop as . . .)

Jehoviac: Well, what's on your mind?

Lou: Plenty. Where's the secretary—Miss Hildebrand?

Jehoviac: I got no secretary.

Lou: Mr. Cranston, this man is *not* Mr. Jehoviac!

Jehoviac: You must be sick, son. I been Jake Jehoviac all my life!

Lou: Listen, I opened your safe a few hours ago, and it was full of money!

Margot: (*Softly*) Take it easy, Lou.

Cranston: What about it, Mr. Jehoviac?

Jehoviac: I'll tell you what about it! That safe's got nothing in it but dust. Where would a guy like me get a safe full of money?

Cranston: That's a very good question.

Jehoviac: I was here all night long, and nobody opened that safe.

Margot: But Lou says he *did*!

Jehoviac: (*Sarcastically*) Then you better get him to a doctor real quick.

Lou: Then how would I know the combination to your safe?

Jehoviac: You don't. Nobody knows it but me.

Lou: You want to bet?

Jehoviac: Why don't you get out of here?

Cranston: We will, but first I'd like to try an experiment.

Jehoviac: All right, but I don't want no trouble.

Cranston: You won't have any. Lou, you say you opened the safe a few hours ago, and you remember the combination.

Lou: Sure . . . it's left . . . (*Breaks off as . . .*)

Cranston: (*Cuts in sharply*) Hold it! Now, Mr. Jehoviac . . .

Sound (paper torn from pad, paper rattles)

Cranston: . . . here's some paper and a pencil. Take it over to your desk.

Jehoviac: (*Resignedly*) O.K.

Sound (a few footsteps fade to stop, chair scraped on floor)

Cranston: Lou, you go over to the safe.

Sound (a few footsteps fade to stop)

Margot: (*Softly*) What's this all about, Lamont?

Cranston: (*Softly*) You'll see. (*Raises his voice*) Now, Mr. Jehoviac, you write down the numbers of the safe's combination on that piece of paper so Lou doesn't see what you're writing.

Margot: (*Whispers*) Lamont, Jehoviac's writing with his left hand!

Jehoviac: (*Off mike*) All right. I'm finished.

Cranston: Margot, take the paper from Mr. Jehoviac, and check the numbers against Lou's.

Sound (a few footsteps fade to stop, then fade back on)

Margot: I'm ready.

Cranston: All right, Lou. Call out the numbers as you open the safe.

Lou: (*Off mike*) Left, thirty . . .

Margot: (*Checks it off*) Correct.

Sound (dial clicks as Lou calls numbers)

Lou: (*Off mike*) Right, forty . . . left, twenty . . . and right to fifty. . . .

Margot: He's right, Lamont.

Sound (safe's handle pulled, metal door creaks open)

Lou: (*Off mike*) There it is. . . . Hey!

Margot: What's the matter?

Lou: (*Comes on mike*) This safe . . . it's empty!

Jehoviac: You finished with your little game? You satisfied?

Cranston: I'm satisfied all right. Come on, Lou . . . Margot.

Jehoviac: Hey! . . . just one thing before you go. . . .

Cranston: Well, Mr. Jehoviac?

Jehoviac: How did this guy dream up the combination to my safe?

Cranston: (*Grimly*) I don't know, but it must have been some nightmare! . . .

Music (short bridge and out)

Sound (car motor under the following)

Lou: I'm sorry I got you two involved. Maybe I'd better get out and turn myself in to the first cop I see.

Cranston: On what charge, Lou?

Lou: I don't know, Mr. Cranston. Robbery, unlawful entry . . .

Margot: (*Cuts in*) But the police will check your story with Jehoviac, and he'll tell them you're crazy.

Lou: So . . . I'm crazy.

Cranston: Margot and I believe your story.

Lou: Huh?!

Cranston: It's some tale, but it's as real as the tail that's following us right now. Look out the rear window. . . .

Lou: Well, I'll be . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in grimly*) You'll be a dead pigeon if you don't do exactly as I say. Hang on! . . . I'm going to lose that car! . . .

Sound (car speeds and skids around corner)

Music (bridge and out)

Sound (different car motor under the following)

Joe: (*Disgusted*) How do you like that? Cranston got away from me!

Marna: (*Sighs*) What now, mastermind?

Joe: Marna, I'm going back to Jake and settle him for good, like I should've done instead of listening to you.

Marna: But the locksmith can identify us. . . .

Joe: Not when *I* get through with him.

Marna: Want me to wait for him at his shop?

Joe: No. He's too smart to go back there. Maybe they'll head for Cranston's place.

Marna: Yeah, and if you can drive fast enough, they'll have a surprise waiting for them . . . me and my gun!

Music (bridge and out)

Sound (Cranston's car out of skid, slows down and idles)

Cranston: That's better. We've lost them.

Margot: (*Ruefully*) I think we lost my stomach on that last turn too.

Sound (car motor stops, car door opened as . . .)

Cranston: Lou, you have to hide someplace where you'll be safe. I think I can get Commissioner Weston to . . .

Lou: (*Cuts in*) I told you . . . I don't want any part of jail.

Cranston: All right. Go to my apartment . . . here is the

key . . . lock yourself in, and *don't* open the door for anyone but Margot or me.

Lou: (*Baffled*) But why? . . .

Cranston: Because Jake Jehoviac might try to force you to identify the people who posed as the owners of the safe.

Lou: Sounds pretty bad. . . .

Cranston: Here's something worse. . . . The fake Jehoviac wants you for another reason. If I'm right, he wants to kill you to shut you up!

Music (short bridge and out)

Sound (footsteps along corridor to stop . . . key in lock, key turned and door opened as . . .)

Marna: (*Off mike*) Come in, Lou. . . .

Lou: (*Startled*) Miss Hildebrand!

Marna: Come all the way in.

Sound (door closed)

Lou: Wha—what are you doing here?

Marna: (*Calmly*) Waiting for you.

Lou: How'd you get in Mr. Cranston's apartment?

Marna: The skeleton key is a professional secret we share in common. . . . Telling Cranston was a big mistake, Lou.

Lou: My mistake was believing you in the first place.

Marna: It can be rectified.

Lou: Lamont Cranston knows enough to stop you.

Marna: (*Grimly*) *He* can be rectified, too . . . with this.

Lou: (*Bitterly*) Is that gun you're pointing at me your rectifier?

Marna: If you don't want to find out the hard way, sit down with your hands placed carefully on your knees. . . . That's a good boy.

Lou: Now what?

Marna: We wait.

Lou: What for?

Marna: Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane. Like you said, they know as much as you do.

Lou: What makes you so sure they're coming back?

Marna: Cranston lives here. Besides, they'll want to know how you're doing. And if you're nice and quiet, you might still be alive to tell them!

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: Lou the Locksmith is trapped in Lamont Cranston's apartment by Marna, the woman who posed as the fake safe-owner's secretary. Meanwhile, Cranston and Margot Lane have driven to the daily-paper building, where they are on their way to the newspaper morgue. . . .

Sound (footsteps in corridor under . . .)

Margot: What do you think of Lou's story now, Lamont?

Cranston: Let's assume everything he said is true, Margot.

Margot: About the money, too?

Cranston: Yes. Someone else knew the safe was stuffed with cash. With the woman posing as his secretary and using my name as a reference, he fooled Lou into thinking the safe-opening job was legitimate.

Margot: Then why didn't the real Jehoviac report the robbery?

Cranston: That's what we're here to find out.

Margot: Then you hope to find the key to the whole story in the newspaper files? . . .

Sound (footsteps stop, door opened)

Cranston: Yes . . . right here in the back issues, Margot. Start checking back on every news story involving unsolved robberies—the ones that netted the thieves a lot of money. I'll join you as soon as I call my apartment to check on Lou.

Music (short bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (phone rings insistently under the following)

Marna: (*Threateningly*) Stay away from that phone, Lou! I don't want to shoot you yet.

Lou: But Mr. Cranston knows I'm here. I'd better answer.

Marna: That's why you'd better *not*. . . . The sooner he knows something's wrong, the sooner he'll come back here.

Lou: What's the hurry?

Marna: I've got a date with a boat I don't want to miss. Now just sit back and relax and enjoy some of that coffee I was good enough to make for you.

Music (bridge and out)

Sound (newspaper pages being turned under . . .)

Margot: *(To herself as she reads)* Robberies, unsolved, 1964.

Sound (footsteps fade on to stop as . . .)

Cranston: *(Comes on)* Find anything yet, Margot?

Margot: Not yet, Lamont. Lou still doesn't answer the phone?

Cranston: No.

Margot: *(Worried)* Something must be wrong.

Cranston: *(Thinking)* Or somebody must want us to think so.

Margot: Shouldn't we go back and see?

Cranston: Not yet. We're racing against time, Margot. We can't help Lou unless we find out what the *real* story is.

Margot: I've gone through every newspaper for the past twelve . . . *(Breaks off, then)* Lamont! . . . Look at this story!

Sound (rattle of newspaper)

Cranston: *(Reads)* "Daring Daylight Payroll Theft . . . One Hundred Thousand Dollar Loot Vanishes Without Trace."

Margot: And here's the list of the serial numbers on the stolen money!

Cranston: Good! . . . Check the serial numbers on the twenty-dollar bills Lou got paid with from the safe against the serial numbers on that list. . . .

Sound (rattle of newspaper)

Margot: Let's see. . . . Here they *are*—both of them!

Cranston: That's the reason the money's been in the safe all this time. . . . It was too hot to spend.

Margot: What do we do now?

Cranston: We go right back to the trucking office to see if we can get Jehoviac to tell us who the hijackers are.

Music (short bridge and out)

Sound (knock on door followed by several more knocks)

Margot: *(Softly)* Nobody answers, Lamont.

Cranston: *(Softly)* I was afraid of that. Try the door.

Sound (doorknob turned, door opened)

Margot: *(Softly)* It's open. . . . Let's go in.

Sound (footsteps in to sudden stop as . . .)

Margot: *(Gasps in horror)* Lamont! . . . That—that man, lying on the floor!

Cranston: *(Grimly)* Stay where you are, Margot.

Sound (a few footsteps fade to stop)

Margot: Is—is he dead?

Cranston: (*Slightly off mike*) Yes. . . . Looks like he was strangled with an empty money belt.

Margot: Is it Mr. Jehoviac?

Sound (footsteps fade back on, then stop as . . .)

Cranston: No, Margot. . . . (*Thinking*) This must be the man who posed as him. If he had the money in that belt, it's gone now. . . .

Margot: (*Weakly*) How—how terrible. . . .

Cranston: (*Not unkindly*) Are you all right?

Margot: I guess so.

Cranston: It's time we got to the bottom of this. . . . Margot, I'm going to have to leave you here alone. Call Commissioner Weston, tell him the story, and wait here till he arrives. Don't use the phone until I leave.

Margot: But what if the killer is still around?

Cranston: (*Significantly*) You will be safe, Margot . . . beyond a *shadow* of a doubt. . . .

Margot: (*Gets it*) Oh . . . I understand, Lamont.

Cranston: Good-by, Margot. Make your call to the commissioner now. By the way, be sure to tell Commissioner Weston that Lou didn't answer when I phoned my apartment. That fake secretary must have trapped him there. . . .

*Sound (off mike, a few footsteps, then door closed)
(on mike, phone lifted off cradle, dialing begins)*

(off mike, door opened and closed as . . .)

Jehoviac: (*In a rage*) Put that phone down, Miss Lane!

Margot: (*Startled*) Mr. Jehoviac!

Sound (footsteps fade on quickly as . . .)

Jehoviac: (*Comes on shouting*) I said . . . put that phone down!

Margot: (*Struggling*) Let go of me!

Jehoviac: Don't make me use this gun!

Margot: (*Stops struggling*) You—you were here all the time!

Jehoviac: (*With an evil laugh*) You were right, Miss Lane. . . . The killer is still around.

Music (bridge and out)

Sound (rattle of cup on saucer)

Mafna: (*Yawns*) Another cup while we wait, Lou?

Lou: (*Bitterly*) This might come as quite a blow, but you make lousy coffee.

Marna: (*Sharply*) You're really making my trigger finger itch.

Lou: (*Hastily*) I just changed my mind . . . the coffee is wonderful.

Marna: H'mm . . . not *bad*. I'll have to use this technique on Joe.

Lou: Who's Joe?

Marna: My husband. You met him earlier this evening . . . remember? I *told* you he wasn't himself.

Lou: Yeah, you mean he was pretending to be Jehoviac. *Very* funny.

Marna: Stick around for the windup, Lou. It'll be killing.

Lou: What have you got against me? I opened that lousy safe. You got the money. What . . .

Marna: (*Cuts in*) You knew your business *too* well. You got wise.

Lou: (*Bitterly*) Yeah, the thumbprint. . . . I had to be a smart guy and tell you what a genius I was.

Marna: When we saw you were suspicious, we figured you'd go back to Jehoviac, and he'd force you to identify us. Then we'd never be able to get away.

Lou: What makes you think you can get away now?

Marna: It's simple. We stole the money from a thief. That hundred thousand dollars was the loot from a job the three Jehoviacs pulled.

Lou: (*Surprised*) There's more than *one* Jehoviac?

Marna: Triple J Trucking . . . three brothers—Joe, Jerry, and Jake. Jerry got killed in the getaway when they lifted the payroll. Jake has been keeping the money in his safe while Joe, my husband, was hiding out on the coast with me.

Lou: I'm afraid to ask you why you're telling me all this.

Marna: Isn't it obvious? When we're finished, neither you, Cranston, nor Margot Lane will be able to tell anyone else.

Lou: What about good old brother Jake?

Marna: Joe's raising Cain with him as soon as he's able. . . . Get it? . . .

Sound (off mike, knock on door)

Marna: (*Whispers*) Ask who it is, Lou.

Lou: (*Loudly*) Who is it?

Margot: (*Off mike, muffled*) Margot Lane!

Marna: (*Whispers*) Let her in . . . and no funny business!

Lou: If only you didn't have that gun . . .

Marna: (*Cuts in, whispering*) Well, I have it. Now, get going. Open the door.

Sound (footsteps to door, door opened)

Lou: (*Miserably*) I couldn't help it, Miss Lane. It's a trap.

Margot: (*Wryly*) You're twice as right as you think you are.

Marna: (*Slightly off mike*) Come on in, Miss Lane, with your hands up.

Sound (sudden scuffle as . . .)

Jehoviac: (*Grabs Margot*) Mind if *I* join you, too, Marna?

Margot: (*Straining*) Let go of me!

Marna: (*Slightly off mike, startled*) Jake! Why you . . .

Jehoviac: (*Cuts in sharply*) Don't try using the gun, Marna. The bullets will have to go through Miss Lane to get to me!

Marna: (*Slightly off mike*) Pretty clever, aren't you?

Sound (door closed)

Jehoviac: Now . . . ain't this just perfect . . . all of you in one big score!

Lou: You haven't got Lamont Cranston!

Jehoviac: (*Viciously*) When he comes home, I'll be waiting.

Marna: You—you forgot somebody, Jake . . . your brother.

Jehoviac: Joe changed his mind, Marna. The money's back in the safe.

Marna: You're crazy. We're going to spend that money in Europe, where they're not particular about hot serial numbers.

Jehoviac: Well, Joe and I had a little talk about that. Then, all of a sudden, he stopped talking. He saw how empty his money belt was and he got all choked up. . . .

Marna: (*Shocked*) You killed him! You killed your own brother!

Jehoviac: Yeah . . . before he got a chance to kill me! Well, folks, now it's your turn. Anybody volunteer to go first?

Shadow: (*Laughs*)

Jehoviac: (*Angrily*) You think that's funny, locksmith? You find death a laughing matter?

Lou: Who's laughing, Jehoviac?

Jehoviac: You are. . . . I just heard you.

Shadow: That wasn't Lou, Jehoviac. . . .

Jehoviac: (*Startled*) What? . . . I don't see anybody else in this room!

Shadow: Justice is something you can't see, either. And you can't escape justice!

Jehoviac: Who are you?

Shadow: The Shadow.

Jehoviac: You can't stop me, Shadow! This gun is my justice!

Shadow: Your gun won't help you now, Jehoviac!

Jehoviac: Oh no? All right, Marna, you get the first bullet!

Shadow: (*Effort of restraining him*) Oh, no you don't!

Jehoviac: (*Struggling*) My arm! . . .

Shadow: (*Straining*) Drop your gun! . . .

Sound (gun clatters to floor)

Marna: (*Sharply*) Now that you've dropped your gun, Jake, I can use mine! Stand back, all of you!

Lou: (*Lunging*) That's what *you* think!

Sound (scuffle as . . .)

Marna: (*Struggling*) Let go of me, Lou!

Lou: (*Straining*) Give me that rectifier! That's better!

Sound (gun clatters to floor, quick footsteps to stop)

Margot: I've got both the guns, Lou. . . .

Sound (off mike, door flung open, footsteps fade on)

Cranston: (*Comes on*) Margot . . . Lou . . . I see you two have the situation well in hand.

Lou: (*Chuckles*) Sure, Mr. Cranston . . . thanks to the Shadow.

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)

Margot: I guess Lou really learned something from his experience with the Jehoviacs, Lamont. . . .

Cranston: Yes, Margot. The job of the police is to *protect* honest citizens . . . not to throw them in jail. Lou had made an innocent mistake, so he had nothing to fear from the law.

Margot: And everything to gain. It was wonderful of you to see that he got the reward money.

Cranston: Let's hope he uses it for psychiatric treatment to cure himself of that phobia about getting locked up.

Margot: Speaking of fear . . . I must admit I was really frightened when you made it look like you were leaving me alone in Jehoviac's office.

Cranston: I knew Jehoviac was still around because his brother's body was still warm. We must have gotten there before he had a chance to get away, so he hid in the back room.

Margot: I see. So you figured he'd hear you instruct me as to what I should tell Commissioner Weston on the phone. And you knew that information would lead Jehoviac right to your apartment in an attempt to get Marna.

Cranston: Right. He didn't know where she was till then. And, of course, he wanted to kill her, too.

Margot: He must have been afraid to jump both you and me, but when you walked out the door of that office . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in with a chuckle*) Lamont Cranston walked out that door. . . . But the Shadow remained to make sure you were safe . . . beyond a *shadow* of a doubt!

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