



# Murder Before the Storm

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

**Lamont Cranston** (*the Shadow*)

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

**Captain Zeb** (*an acid-tongued old sea dog*)

**Rita Zeb** (*Captain Zeb's pretty niece*)

**Greg Tyler** (*manager of Seacliff Inn, a resort hotel*)

**A hotel guest**

**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 Before the Storm," the forces of nature combine with the greed of man to commit murder. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

*(Pause for commercial)*

**Announcer:** And now the Shadow and "Murder Before the Storm."

*Music (up and out for . . . )*

**Announcer:** Like a person, a place can be destroyed by an evil reputation! Three deaths in one summer season, whether by accident or design, can drive guests from a resort hotel as surely as the coming of autumn storms. Such was the case at Seacliff Inn. . . .

*Sound (roll of surf, off mike, under the following . . . )*

*(impatient banging of bell on reception desk)*

**Guest:** *(Calls)* Clerk! Clerk! Where the devil are you?

**Tyler:** *(Comes on, soothingly)* Right here, sir. Sorry, sir.

**Guest:** Huh! I thought you'd fallen off the cliff too!

**Tyler:** No, sir.

**Guest:** What's my bill? I'm leaving this forsaken place.

**Tyler:** Just one day. Twenty-five dollars. I'm sorry, sir.

**Guest:** So am I! I've been coming here for ten years . . . at the end of the season, because I hate crowds. But I don't relish a vacation in a place as dead as some of its guests.

**Tyler:** The police called the deaths unfortunate accidents, sir.

**Guest:** Nonsense! There's a curse on this place!

**Tyler:** The cliff path to the village has always been dangerous during storms, sir. Guests have been warned, but there are always fools and showoffs who ignore all warnings.

**Guest:** It's more than that! Where's Andy Walton? I want to see him before I leave.

**Tyler:** I'm sorry, sir. He's gone to the village to arrange for the closing of the inn.

**Guest:** Good! He might as well! No guest in his right mind would spend a night here. Here's thirty dollars. Keep the change. *(Goes)* Good-by!

*Music (bridge and out for . . . )*

*Sound (speeding car motor up and under . . . )*



**Margot:** (*Puzzled*) Lamont?

**Cranston:** Yes, Margot?

**Margot:** Why are you rushing to Seacliff?

**Cranston:** There's a storm coming.

**Margot:** This is the season for storms.

**Cranston:** And apparently the time for death to strike.

**Margot:** Then this isn't just an impromptu holiday.

**Cranston:** Death never takes a holiday, Margot! (*Slight pause*) Watch for the turnoff sign to Sea Cove.

**Margot:** (*Uneasy*) It's getting dark and all these roads through the dunes look alike.

*Sound (car slows behind the following)*

**Cranston:** And the wind sandpapers the road signs in a season. Guess I'd better turn on the headlights.

**Margot:** That's better. (*Pause*) There! (*Reading a sign*) Seacliff Inn—one mile.

**Cranston:** Andy Walton, the owner, is meeting us at the village of Sea Cove—a sheltered inlet just this side of Seacliff Inn!

**Margot:** Why?

**Cranston:** He wants to brief us before he starts treating us like guests.

**Margot:** So those three deaths may not have been accidents or even suicides?

**Cranston:** (*Grimly*) Each death occurred just *before* a bad summer storm.

**Margot:** Is that the only pattern?

**Cranston:** They all plunged off the cliff trail into the sea.

**Margot:** Were the three people related or acquainted?

**Cranston:** No! And they died weeks apart. . . . No apparent reason for suicide and no known motive for murder.

**Margot:** Do you think it's murder?

**Cranston:** Andy Walton thinks it's going to happen again.

**Margot:** Why, Lamont?

**Cranston:** Walton suspects that someone is trying to frighten guests away and close the inn and bankrupt him!

**Margot:** And we're supposed to be *guests*. Ugh!

*Sound (car slows to stop, motor cut)*

**Cranston:** Here's Cap Zeb's store.

**Margot:** Is Andy Walton meeting us here?

**Cranston:** Yes! And he phoned from here.

**Margot:** I don't see . . . (*Breaks off*) Oh, oh! There's old Neptune himself . . . coming out of the shack.



**Cranston:** That's Cap Zeb.

*Sound (heavy footsteps on gravel come on with . . . )*

**Zeb:** *(Comes on)* Good evenin'.

**Cranston:** Hello, Captain. Andy Walton around?

**Zeb:** Ain't seen 'm.

**Cranston:** I'm Lamont Cranston, and this is Margot Lane.

**Zeb:** Recollect *you*. . . . Howdy, ma'am.

**Margot:** I'm glad to meet you, Captain Zeb.

**Zeb:** Why?

**Margot:** *(Startled)* Well, I—I've heard a lot about you.

**Zeb:** What?

**Margot:** *(Flustered)* Well . . .

**Cranston:** *(Cuts in to save her)* I've been telling Miss Lane that you know this coast better than any man alive.

**Zeb:** Or dead!

**Cranston:** *(Quickly)* Speaking of the dead . . .

**Zeb:** *(Cuts in)* Don'

**Cranston:** *(Sharply)* Why not?

**Zeb:** *They* don't like it.

**Margot:** *Who* doesn't like it?

**Zeb:** Them that *took* 'm.

**Cranston:** You're talking in riddles, Captain.

**Zeb:** *(Coldly)* That's right. *(Starts to go)* G'night.

**Cranston:** Wait, Captain! If you see Andy Walton, tell him . . .

**Zeb:** *(Slightly off mike, cuts in)* You tell 'm! If you see 'm! *(Goes off)*

*Sound (footsteps on gravel behind the above and the following)*

**Margot:** Well! What do you make of that, Lamont?

**Cranston:** Cap Zeb hates "outlanders"—summer folks! But how deep is his hate? How strong are his motives for hating?

**Margot:** Now *you're* talking in riddles.

**Cranston:** Death is always a riddle. Three deaths in the same manner and in the same place could be a riddle wrapped in the enigma of murder, to misquote Winston Churchill.<sup>1</sup>

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1. Churchill's exact words were "It [Russia's action] is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." (radio broadcast, October 1, 1939)



**Margot:** (*Short pause*) Why is it so quiet, Lamont? No wind in the dunes? No sound of the sea?

**Cranston:** The calm before *another* storm.

**Margot:** (*Awed*) It makes me feel nervous—jumpy. Let's get to the inn before the storm breaks.

**Cranston:** Yes. My phone conversation with Andy Walton gives me a strange, uneasy feeling that two human storms are building up at Seacliff Inn to match the fury of the elements. (*Snaps*) Let's go!

*Music (bridge and out for . . . )*

*Sound (quick light footsteps hurry across lobby and stop suddenly as . . . )*

*(bell on reception desk rings loudly)*

**Tyler:** (*On mike, calls sharply*) Rita!

**Rita:** (*Slightly off mike*) What do you want, Mr. Tyler?

**Tyler:** Where are you going?

**Rita:** Home.

**Tyler:** Why?

**Rita:** No guests are left to wait on. No tips! Why not?

**Tyler:** There'll be two guests coming tonight.

**Rita:** Wait on them yourself. You don't have anything else to do but hide behind that desk like a crab!

**Tyler:** You'll be sorry you said that . . . next season.

**Rita:** There'll be no next season after the way people died this summer.

**Tyler:** Morbid curiosity or the thrill of danger will bring them.

**Rita:** You won't be here if I ever tell Cap Zeb how you've been after me.

**Tyler:** I'm not afraid of your uncle.

**Rita:** Then I'll tell Mr. Walton why I'm leaving ahead of time.

**Tyler:** (*Menacingly*) You'll tell him nothing, (*Suddenly furious*) you she-devil! You temptress! You . . . (*Breaks off as . . .*)

*Sound (car comes on and stops outside inn)*

**Rita:** (*Savagely on mike, and calls back as she goes*) I don't have to tell Andy Walton! I think he knows what's going on! (*Gasps*) Oh! I'm sorry!

*Sound (quick footsteps with the above, stop as . . . )*

**Cranston:** (*As if holding her up*) It's quite all right. My fault. I hope you haven't hurt your ankle.

**Rita:** No. It's all right. (*Goes*) I can walk . . . home.



**Margot:** (*Comes on*) Well, Lamont . . . beautiful young things certainly come your way.

**Cranston:** (*Puzzled*) And vanish as quickly.

**Tyler:** (*Comes on*) Good evening. What can I do for you?

**Cranston:** I am Lamont Cranston, and this is Miss Lane.

We'd like two separate rooms.

**Tyler:** But you made no reservations.

**Cranston:** I hardly thought it would be necessary this late in the season.

**Tyler:** We are closing the inn. The kitchen help and serving staff are all gone.

**Margot:** That's all right. We can eat in the village.

**Tyler:** There is no restaurant in Sea Cove . . . only Cap Zeb's store.

**Cranston:** (*Coldly*) We'll stop overnight just the same . . . if you don't mind.

**Tyler:** (*Hesitates*) Very well. If you wish. (*Starts to go*) I'll register you and . . . (*Breaks off as . . .*)

**Rita:** (*Off mike, screams*)

**Margot:** Lamont! It's that girl!

**Tyler:** She's up on the cliff path to the cove!

**Cranston:** (*Fast*) Stay here, Margot. It sounds as if my premonition was right!

*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:** Called to an isolated seaside resort hotel as it is about to close for the season, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane fail to find Andy Walton, the owner, who had summoned them to investigate the apparently accidental deaths of three guests. Now, the terrified screams of a local waitress bring Cranston and Greg Tyler, manager of the inn, running up a narrow path to an overhanging cliff where the three guests had met their fate. . . .

*Sound (stumbling, running footsteps on gravel and rock)*

**Rita:** (*Screams off mike, drops to convulsive sobs and comes on mike as . . .*)

**Tyler:** (*Panting*) Watch your step, Cranston. It's a hundred feet to the rocks below!



**Cranston:** (*Sharply*) Keep going! Either that girl has found something horrible, or she may be hanging from the ledge!

**Tyler:** There she is! . . . holding a flashlight! (*Calls*) What is it, Rita?!

*Sound (running footsteps slow down and stop)*

**Rita:** (*On mike, gasps*) Down there on the rocks! . . . Mr. Walton! . . . like the others!

**Tyler:** Where? I can't see him!

**Cranston:** Give me that flashlight, miss! (*Pause*) Good grief!

**Tyler:** Maybe he isn't dead!

**Cranston:** Not a chance! He's facedown in the water! If the fall didn't kill him, he's drowned by now.

**Rita:** (*Sobs hysterically*) He didn't fall. I *know* he didn't!

**Tyler:** Stop talking like a fool, Rita.

**Rita:** I'm not a fool! And stop calling me Rita!

**Tyler:** Shut up, or you'll get Cap Zeb in trouble.

**Rita:** Why should my uncle be in trouble?

**Tyler:** He knew Walton would never marry a clam digger's niece, no matter how pretty you are!

**Rita:** (*Savagely*) Mr. Walton was just a good friend! He was kind to me! Gave me a job. Never made passes like you! . . . you filthy crab!

*Sound (sharp slap on Tyler's face)*

**Cranston:** (*Quickly*) Stop it, miss. Tell me . . . was Andy Walton wearing any kind of uniform tonight?

**Rita:** No! . . . Why?

**Cranston:** I just found this brass button at the edge of the ledge!

**Tyler:** (*Fast*) That's off Cap Zeb's old pea jacket!

**Rita:** He *never* wears it except when he takes fishing parties out on the *Mary Ann*!

**Cranston:** (*Grimly*) Let's recover Walton's body and go see if Cap Zeb made an exception to the rule . . . tonight!

*Music (bridge and out for . . . )*

*Sound (light roll of surf behind the following)  
(crunch of footsteps on gravelly beach)*

**Margot:** Do you think you can recover Walton's body from the rocks, Lamont?

**Cranston:** We'll try. Wait here with Rita Zeb . . . and watch her.



**Rita:** (*Comes on*) There are the rocks . . . where the sea cuts under the cliff!

**Cranston:** Stay here with Miss Lane. Tyler and I will move the body up above the high-tide mark.

**Tyler:** (*Quickly*) It's almost high tide now. Maybe we better leave the body where it fell.

**Cranston:** Not with a storm coming. The surf would carry it out to sea. Let's go.

*Sound (footsteps crunch on gravel)*

**Tyler:** Why are you so interested in this matter, Cranston? I am the manager of the inn. By what right do *you* take charge and give orders?

**Cranston:** (*Coldly*) I don't care *who* gives the orders as long as Walton's body is recovered and the police notified.

**Tyler:** (*Quickly*) I'll tend to that. I'll phone the state police at Dunehead as soon as we get back to the inn.

*Sound (footsteps on gravel stop, continue light roll of surf)*

**Cranston:** (*Grimly*) All right. There's the body in that shallow pool between the rocks. Hold the flashlight while I drag him out to higher ground.

**Tyler:** (*Savagely*) Cap Zeb will hang for this!

**Cranston:** (*Coldly*) That will be for a judge and jury to decide . . . when *all* the evidence is in.

*Music (bridge and out for . . . )*

*Sound (car motor up and under the following)*

**Rita:** (*Sob in her voice*) Poor Mr. Walton! Why did it have to happen to him? . . . Why? *Why?*

**Margot:** (*Gently*) Perhaps because he was trying to find out what had really happened to those three guests of his who were killed the same way, Rita.

**Cranston:** Has there been any trouble this past summer between Andy Walton and Cap Zeb, Rita?

**Rita:** It's only that Uncle Zeb hates "outlanders"—summer folks, and blames . . . I mean blamed Mr. Walton for their being here.

**Margot:** But your uncle makes money out of them . . . selling supplies and taking them fishing.

**Rita:** It's on account of me.

**Cranston:** But he let you work at the inn.

**Rita:** This is the first season. I'm of age. Uncle Zeb said it



would be the last. (*Chokes*) With poor Mr. Walton dead, I guess it *will* be.

**Margot:** Does Andy Walton have any relatives, Lamont?

**Cranston:** (*Grimly*) No, but the inn is almost bankrupt.

*Sound (car slows)*

**Margot:** There's no light in your uncle's store, Rita.

**Rita:** Uncle closes early. We live in the back.

*Sound (car stops, motor cut)*

**Cranston:** Stay in the car with Miss Lane, Rita. I want to talk to Cap Zeb . . . alone.

**Rita:** (*Uneasy*) I'm sure he doesn't know anything about Mr. Walton going off the cliff. . . . I'm sure. . . .

**Cranston:** Let's hope he doesn't.

*Sound (car door opened, intermittent roll of distant thunder behind the following)*

**Margot:** Will the police come by here on their way to examine the body, Lamont?

**Cranston:** It's the only road. Stop them if they get here while I'm talking to Zeb.

**Margot:** Shouldn't they be here by now if the manager notified them by phone?

**Cranston:** Pretty soon. It's ten miles to Dunehead.

*Sound (off mike, ramshackle door jerked open)*

**Zeb:** (*Off mike, calls*) Who's that? Who's out there?!

**Cranston:** (*On mike, calls*) Lamont Cranston, Cap Zeb.

(*Quick aside to Margot*) Stay in the car. (*Calls*) I want to talk to you.

*Sound (footsteps on gravel to back of store)*

**Zeb:** (*Off mike but closer*) What about?

**Cranston:** Put away that rifle, and I'll tell you.

*Sound (footsteps on gravel stop)*

**Zeb:** Come inside.

*Sound (footsteps on creaky wooden floor, door closed)*

**Zeb:** What's wanted?

**Cranston:** You been here all evening, Zeb?

**Zeb:** What's it to you?

**Cranston:** Andy Walton is dead.

**Zeb:** Good riddance!

**Cranston:** The police won't look at it that way.

**Zeb:** How'd it happen?

**Cranston:** He went off the cliff path like his guests.

**Zeb:** Durned fool. I warned him!



**Cranston:** Against what?

**Zeb:** That *place* when a storm's makin' up.

**Cranston:** (*Sharply*) Did you go there and warn him tonight?

**Zeb:** Who says I did?

**Cranston:** (*Coldly*) I found this brass button at the spot where he went to his death.

**Zeb:** (*Pauses*) Hold it a spell!

*Sound (footsteps and curtain rings jerked)*

**Cranston:** Greg Tyler, the inn manager, says the button's off your pea jacket.

**Zeb:** (*Harshly*) 'Tis!

**Cranston:** How did it happen to be there, Zeb?

**Zeb:** I'm findin' out!

*Sound (clatter of rifle jerked off table)*

**Cranston:** Not with that rifle, Zeb.

**Zeb:** (*Backs away*) Follow me and I'll kill you!

*Sound (door jerked open, distant rumble of thunder)*

**Cranston:** Let the police handle this, Zeb!

**Zeb:** (*Short harsh laugh*) What police?

**Cranston:** Greg Tyler phoned Dunehead . . . notified them.

**Zeb:** He couldn't 've!

**Cranston:** Why not?

**Zeb:** Phone line's down . . . or cut.

**Cranston:** How do you know?

**Zeb:** Tried phonin' for gas . . . same line to the inn, and deader than Walton.

**Cranston:** Then wait till I drive to Dunehead.

**Zeb:** No! And if you follow me, *you'll* be dead. (*Goes shouting*) Mind you that!

**Rita:** (*Off mike, calls wildly and comes on*) Uncle Zeb! Stop! Wait! Come back! (*Goes off*) It isn't what you think! Come back! . . . Come back!

**Margot:** (*Comes on*) Lamont! I couldn't hold her! Why didn't you stop her?

**Cranston:** (*Grimly*) Zeb has a rifle. He might have hit her . . . shooting at me.

**Margot:** Why haven't the police arrived? They've had plenty of time.

**Cranston:** Zeb claims the only phone line is down or cut.

**Margot:** (*Fast*) Then Greg Tyler couldn't report Walton's death from the inn.



**Cranston:** Apparently not, Margot.

**Margot:** Why? What could he gain?

**Cranston:** Time.

**Margot:** What'll we do?

**Cranston:** You're driving to Dunehead for the police.

**Margot:** What are *you* going to do?

**Cranston:** The Shadow is going to take the shortcut along the cliff trail to the inn.

**Margot:** Be careful you don't meet with an . . . "accident."

**Cranston:** The Shadow is a specialist in dealing with this kind of accident. Hurry, Margot. Try to get the police to the inn before the storm breaks and destroys the evidence of murder!

*Music (bridge and out for . . . )*

*Sound (door jerked open and closed, quick light footsteps across lobby of inn which stop as inner door is jerked open)*

**Rita:** (*Cries*) You liar! You murderer!

*Sound (office chair shoved back violently)*

**Tyler:** (*Alarmed*) What are you doing here? Why did you come back to the inn?

**Rita:** To find you before my uncle does!

**Tyler:** Why?

**Rita:** To save him from killing you.

**Tyler:** Where is he?

**Rita:** Coming by the road . . . with his gun.

**Tyler:** How did you get here ahead of him?

**Rita:** Over the cliff path, and you better get out of here!

**Tyler:** (*Mockingly*) Thanks for the warning, you beautiful spitfire!

**Rita:** (*Infuriated*) I'm nothing to you, and you're dirt to me—and always will be!

*Sound (desk drawer jerked open and clatter of gun on surface of desk)*

**Tyler:** But I'm still manager of Seacliff Inn, and I'll soon be the *owner*.

**Rita:** You'll soon be *dead* if you don't get out of here!

**Tyler:** I'll save the state the trouble of hanging Cap Zeb if he comes in here with his rifle.

**Rita:** He's not fool enough to come in here. He'll be waiting out there in the dark . . . waiting for the storm to break.

**Tyler:** (*Growing tense and sullen*) Where's that meddling Cranston and his girlfriend, Lane?



**Rita:** They're at the store . . . waiting for the police.

**Tyler:** The police aren't coming! (*Shouts in a rising tempo as his hysteria mounts*) No one is coming! No one!

**Rita:** You're a fool. You're crazy!

**Tyler:** (*Doggedly*) No one is coming! No one is leaving! Not you. Not Zeb. Not Cranston. Not Lane! . . .

**Rita:** (*Shocked*) You *are* crazy!

**Tyler:** No! . . . not crazy. Rejected by you, *yes!* Scorned by the stupid guests in this rotten inn, *yes!*

**Rita:** *You're* the one who pushed them off the cliff!

**Tyler:** Yes!

**Rita:** Just because they treated you like a clerk!

**Tyler:** I won't be a clerk next season! I'll own this place.

**Rita:** How?

**Tyler:** It's bankrupt. Those accidents fixed that! I've saved and saved and saved . . . (*Exalts*) and stolen too . . . from the guests . . . and Walton.

**Rita:** (*Chokes*) And you killed him too. . . .

**Tyler:** Yes . . . and I'll buy this inn at auction, and it'll be mine!

**Rita:** It won't . . . ever. . . .

**Tyler:** It will! The storm will take Walton's body . . . and yours . . . and Zeb's . . . and Cranston's . . . and Lane's! And there'll be no one left to say it wasn't a ghastly accident!

*Sound (sudden rhythmic tinkling of bell on reception desk)*

**Rita:** (*Gasps in surprise*)

**Tyler:** (*Alarmed*) Who rang that service bell on the counter?

**Shadow:** (*Slightly off mike*) An unexpected guest, Greg Tyler, . . . the Shadow. (*Laughs*)

**Tyler:** No! There's no one anywhere near that bell.

**Shadow:** Wrong!

*Sound (single light tap of bell)*

**Shadow:** And the Shadow will remain an unseen guest, because I have the power to cloud your tormented mind.

**Tyler:** No!

**Shadow:** Yes! And if you're not convinced . . .

*Sound (rustle of hotel-register pages and sharp scratching of pen)*



**Shadow:** . . . the Shadow will be glad to register . . . in your book of the dead!

**Tyler:** (*Frantic*) It can't *be*. It's a trick! . . . to trap me!

**Shadow:** You've trapped yourself! . . . The Shadow heard your confession.

**Tyler:** I'll kill you, Shadow! . . .

*Sound (shot)*

**Tyler:** Kill you!

*Sound (shot)*

**Tyler:** Kill you!

*Sound (shot)*

**Shadow:** You're a poor shot, Tyler! Much better at crouching in the darkness of the cliff path . . . a quick lunge at your imagined enemies . . . a hard shove . . . a falling cry . . . then death in the sea!

**Tyler:** It's a lie! . . . I was only boasting to Rita . . . imagining how it might have been! Cap Zeb did it because he hates us all!

**Shadow:** Of course you imagined it, Greg Tyler . . . season after season . . . year after year . . . until your fevered brain had to turn fancy into fact.

**Tyler:** (*Turns sly*) All right, Shadow. What do you want? Why have you come here?

**Shadow:** (*Coldly*) A dead man asked me to come . . . perhaps knowing he was about to die.

**Tyler:** (*Slowly*) What are you going to do, Shadow?

**Shadow:** Put an end to your killing.

**Tyler:** How can you keep me from killing Rita with the rest of the shots in this gun? (*Sinisterly*) I can't see *you*, but I can see *her*!

**Shadow:** (*Effort of throwing*) This way!

*Sound (flutter of pages as heavy hotel register is thrown, and clatter of gun on floor)*

**Rita:** (*Stifled scream*)

**Shadow:** Run, Rita Zeb! Run home! Run!

*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)*

**Announcer:** Following the strangely similar, but seemingly



unrelated, deaths of three summer guests, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane arrived at Seacliff Inn too late to forestall the death of the owner. Now, as the Shadow, Cranston confronts Greg Tyler, the embittered and murderous manager, as an autumn storm strikes the deserted inn. . . .

*Sound (wind and intermittent thunder under the following)*

**Shadow:** (*Mocking laughter*) Forget the gun, Greg Tyler. It is useless against the Shadow. And Rita Zeb has gone.

**Tyler:** (*Dazed and groggy*) How . . . how did you stop me from killing her . . . knock me down . . . make me drop the gun when I can't even see you?

**Shadow:** The heavy register served a better purpose than listing the names of guests you hated enough to kill.

**Tyler:** I didn't hate them that much . . . not all the time.

**Shadow:** No, only at times like tonight . . . before a storm . . . when the air was still, heavy, and oppressive . . . fraying your nerves, driving your tortured brain down into the depths of depression and frustration with each drop of the barometer.

**Tyler:** How do you know that, Shadow?

**Shadow:** I can see it now . . . mirrored in your bloodshot eyes, etched in your contorted face, crying out in your voice.

**Tyler:** (*Recovering slyness*) Keep speaking, Shadow. Keep talking to me.

**Shadow:** Why, Greg Tyler? Are you afraid to be alone with your own thoughts . . . your own conscience?

**Tyler:** No! Because *now* I know why I can't see you! You *are* my thoughts . . . my mind. You're not real . . . not flesh and blood . . . not here in this office at all.

**Shadow:** Think that, if it gives you any comfort, until the police come . . . but don't try to leave.

**Tyler:** You couldn't stop me from . . . (*Pause*) lighting a cigarette . . .

*Sound (nervous strike and flare of match)*

**Tyler:** (*Inhales and exhales deeply*) . . . or even keep me from having a drink. . . .

*Sound (clatter of pouring from bottle to glass)*

**Tyler:** (*Mocking with fully regained confidence*) You



see? . . . I salute you, Shadow! . . . Skoal to my conscience . . . (*Breaks off as . . .*)

*Sound (whine of ricocheting rifle bullet and shattering of drinking glass)*

**Tyler:** (*Startled cry*) Shadow! You are real! You shot the drink from my hand!

**Shadow:** (*Fast*) No! Get down! That's Cap Zeb outside . . . with a rifle!

*Sound (rifle shot, smash of glass)*

**Tyler:** The light! He shot out the light! He's after me!

**Shadow:** Why? . . . Is he your accomplice? Did you frame him for the murder of Andy Walton with a brass button torn from his pea jacket?

**Tyler:** No! (*Panic-stricken*) I've got to get out . . . get away!

**Shadow:** Stay here, Tyler! That's what he wants . . . to drive you into the storm!

*Sound (rush of blundering footsteps, office door jerked open behind the following)*

**Tyler:** No! He'll corner me in here! (*Goes off fast*) Kill me like a rat in a trap!

**Shadow:** (*Laughs*)

*Music (short bridge and out for . . .)*

*Sound (car comes on fast and brakes to quick stop, car door opened, roar of high wind under the following)*

**Margot:** (*Calling*) Lamont! Lamont!

**Cranston:** (*Comes on*) Margot! What are you doing here? Where are the state troopers?

**Margot:** They're on their way! I found a phone in a gas station on the way to Dunehead . . . called from there and hurried back! Where's Rita . . . Cap Zeb . . . and Tyler?

**Cranston:** All out in the storm . . . hunting each other! Go back to the store! Wait for the state troopers! Tell them Tyler is the killer, but Zeb is after him with a rifle.

**Margot:** Come back with me, Lamont. Let the troopers round them up!

**Cranston:** No! We can't let Zeb commit murder in the name of justice!

*Music (bridge and out for . . .)*

*Sound (high wind and intermittent roll of surf under the following)*



**Tyler:** (*Panting from fright and exertion*) I've got to get away . . . get away. . . . The cliff path's the shortest way. . . .

**Zeb:** (*Slightly off mike*) I figgered you'd figger that!  
*Sound (scuff of gravel and out)*

**Tyler:** (*Gasps*) Cap Zeb!

**Zeb:** Yep.

**Tyler:** How . . . how'd you get here ahead of me?

**Zeb:** By livin' right.

**Tyler:** You'll go to prison if you kill me.

**Zeb:** No need for me to kill you, Tyler.

**Tyler:** What do you mean?

**Zeb:** You've killed yourself . . . comin' here in a storm.

**Tyler:** How?

**Zeb:** This headland of rocks is made funny.

**Tyler:** Huh?

**Zeb:** The wind pulls hard down to the sea. (*Mocking*) Feel it tuggin' at you with each gust?

**Tyler:** (*Panic-stricken*) Let me go!

**Zeb:** Sure, Mr. Tyler. Just let go the rocks . . . walk past me.

**Tyler:** No!

**Zeb:** Come on. I won't push you . . . like you did . . . *them*.

**Tyler:** (*Even more panic-stricken*) No . . . I'll go back!

**Zeb:** Ain't no turnin' back on death, Mr. Tyler.

**Tyler:** I'm going back! They'll hang you if you shoot me.

*Sound (bullet pumped into chamber of rifle)*

**Zeb:** Reckon I'll have to chance that.

**Shadow:** (*Slightly off mike*) Wait, Cap Zeb.

**Zeb:** Who said that! Who's up here on the ledge with us?

**Shadow:** The Shadow, Zeb. . . . And hold your fire.

**Zeb:** What do you want?

**Shadow:** Justice done, but not by us.

**Zeb:** Show yourself.

**Tyler:** (*In a panic*) Don't shoot! You'll hit me! You can't see *him*! . . . even in a lighted room! He isn't real. . . . He isn't really here. (*Breaks completely*) You're crazy if you think you can really hear him! Listen to me, Zeb. Help me! I'll confess everything . . . everything! (*Sobs wildly*)

*Sound (scuff of gravel as Tyler throws himself down)*

**Shadow:** (*Pause*) Pick him up, Cap Zeb. Take him with you. . . . (*Fades off mike*) Take him to the police.



**Zeb:** (*Awed and puzzled, calls*) Shadow! . . .

Shadow . . . you hear me?

*Sound (gust of wind)*

**Zeb:** (*Grunts*) Huh! Better keep shut about this. Maybe it was one of . . . *them!*

*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 (car motor up and under the following)*

**Margot:** Lamont. . . .

**Cranston:** Yes, Margot?

**Margot:** How does it feel to be able to strike such terror into the hearts of people?

**Cranston:** The Shadow doesn't really strike terror, Margot. The terror is already there, born of guilt or fear or remorse.

**Margot:** Cap Zeb and Rita never said a word to the police about the Shadow. It's happened before, but it always amazes me.

**Cranston:** Perhaps it's because they feel they won't be believed.

**Margot:** What will happen to Greg Tyler?

**Cranston:** He'll be committed most likely.

**Margot:** I feel better just leaving that place.

**Cranston:** The storm has cleared the air. The barometer was rising when we left.

**Margot:** So is my appetite. Couldn't we stop some place for breakfast?

**Cranston:** Sold, Margot. I see a sign ahead, and it says Ham and Eggs.

*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