



The Hands of Death

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston (*the Shadow*)

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

Dr. Felix Grelling (*a 50-year-old scientist*)

Rama Shandu (*a Hindu scientist*)

Netta Shaw (*a beautiful young actress*)

Commissioner Weston

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?
The Shadow knows. (*Laughs—"Hahaha-a-ah" in a spectral crescendo*)

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Today's drama, "The Hands of Death," is about a man with strange hypnotic eyes, a cathode tube, and a beautiful young woman who died of old age. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "The Hands of Death."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: It is almost midnight. . . . In a dark, secluded spot on the outskirts of the city, a single light burns in the window of a small building—the home and laboratory of Felix Grelling. Suddenly a car looms up out of the darkness and comes to a stop before the small house. . . . A man, shrouded in a black cape, steps out and walks quietly up to the front door. . . .

Sound (doorbell rings, off mike, after a pause door is unbolted and opened)

Grelling: Yes?

Shandu: *(In a cultivated British-Indian accent)* Dr. Grelling?

Grelling: Yes. . . .

Shandu: May I come in?

Grelling: *(Hesitantly)* Well . . . it's very late and . . .

Shandu: *(Cuts in)* Thank you.

Sound (door closed)

Grelling: Just one moment. . . . Before you make yourself too much at home, what is it you want to see me about?

Shandu: You will know . . . very soon, Dr. Grelling.

(Ominously) Or should I say . . . Dr. Gross?

Grelling: *(Reacts strongly)* Gross?!

Shandu: So sorry. . . . Perhaps I should not have mentioned a name which you have tried so hard to forget.

Grelling: *(Shaken)* What—what do you know about Gross?

Shandu: Everything . . . that he—I mean—that *you* are, shall we say, a fugitive from justice . . . that if certain facts were known, you would instantly lose your position at the university . . . and in all probability be incarcerated in some local dungeon for many years.

Grelling: *(Panting with alarm)* How—how can you possibly know about me?! Only one man in all the world knew. . . .

Shandu: *(Quickly)* Old Rama Shandu . . . the Hindu

scientist with whom you worked for many years in the mountains of Tibet . . . trying to unlock the secrets of cosmic rays.

Grelling: You . . . you look as if you come from India yourself, although your eyes . . . I've never seen such eyes in a . . .

Shandu: (*Cuts in*) Yes. I was born in India . . . many, many years ago.

Grelling: What?! . . . I don't believe you. You're only a young man . . . hardly more than twenty-five, I'd say. . . .

Shandu: Am I? . . .

Grelling: And yet, somehow—somewhere—your path must have crossed that of old Rama Shandu, and he told you about me . . . after I swore him to secrecy. . . .

Shandu: No, Dr. Grelling. Shandu never revealed your secret to a living soul. You . . . *you* were the one who told me.

Grelling: What?! How could I? I've never seen you before in . . .

Shandu: (*Cuts in, sternly*) Look at me, Felix. . . .

Grelling: *Felix!* How do you . . .

Shandu: (*Cuts in*) Look at me well. . . . Do I look familiar?

Grelling: (*Slowly*) No-o. . . . I don't . . . Wait! There *is* a faint resemblance! You could be . . . yes, you must be a son . . . no . . . a *grandson* of old Rama Shandu. . . .

Shandu: (*Laughs*)

Grelling: Why do you laugh?

Shandu: My friend . . . Rama never had a son or a grandson. I . . . *I* am Rama Shandu.

Grelling: What sort of joke is this? Rama was an old man when I worked with him thirty years ago! He'd be well over ninety now! . . .

Shandu: I am exactly one hundred and six years old.

Grelling: Come now! . . . How can you expect anyone to believe *that*?!

Shandu: I can prove it, Grelling. I have been very careful to preserve proof—photographs, fingerprints, and so on. But I didn't think I would *have* to prove it to you. . . . *You* know what we were working on together. *You* know what we learned.

Grelling: Yes, that cosmic radiation is responsible for the aging process.

Shandu: Precisely . . . that the constant bombardment by cosmic rays from outer space—from the day we are born—is what makes us grow old and wither and become feeble. . . .

Grelling: Yes, yes. . . . But what has that to do with you?

Shandu: Years ago, after you left me, I discovered a method of warding off these cosmic rays . . . a process by which the human body could be enabled to repel the rays—stop the aging process—grow young and strong again. . . .

Grelling: (*Incredulous*) And you . . . you have used this process on yourself?

Shandu: Yes. And year by year, as my body grew stronger, my heart and lungs and glands, I grew younger and younger. I have come back to you . . . in my prime.

Grelling: Incredible!

Shandu: And now, my dear Grelling, I am ready to demonstrate my discovery to the world . . . with your help.

Grelling: My help? . . . No, no! I won't have anything to do with it!

Shandu: (*Menacingly*) I think you will. Yes . . . I *know* you will. I know too much about you. You and I, Felix . . . we will find some young and very beautiful person. . . . We will subject her to the Shandu process. . . . We will keep her young and enchanting forever!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (light murmur of voices in restaurant, soft music in background)

Cranston: Well, Margot? . . . Did I misrepresent the facts?

Margot: Oh no, Lamont! You said this is one of the finest restaurants in the city . . . and it *is*. What *I* don't understand is how they can afford it.

Cranston: Who?

Margot: The young actors and actresses. . . . This place is just full of them.

Cranston: (*Chuckles*) If you take a closer look, you'll notice only the very successful ones are here—the top bracket.

Margot: You're right! Why, Lamont, this place is practically a *Who's Who* of the theater. Look over there! . . . Robert Ashe, and over there Greta Ander . . . (*Breaks off as . . .*)

Netta: (*Fading on mike, breathless, frightened*) Mr. Cranston! . . . Mr. Cranston, please!

Cranston: I beg your . . . oh, Miss Shaw! How are you? You know Margot Lane. . . .

Margot: Of course. . . . That was a perfectly charming party you gave at your apartment last week. . . .

Netta: Mr. Cranston . . . Miss Lane . . . please don't think I've suddenly gone mad, but I—I'm frightened to death.

Cranston: Frightened? . . . About what?

Netta: A man. . . .

Margot: What man? Where?

Netta: (*Terror-stricken*) Back there . . . just a table or two away from where I was sitting. No . . . don't look now. . . . He's watching us.

Cranston: What about him, Netta? What is it that frightens you? . . .

Netta: The way he looks at me. His *eyes* . . . he has the strangest dark, piercing eyes—eyes that look as if they've seen everything . . . eyes that almost hypnotize you!

Cranston: Oh, come now. . . .

Netta: It's true, I tell you! He kept staring at me . . . all through dinner. . . .

Cranston: Naturally . . . you're a beautiful girl. . . .

Margot: Are you sure you weren't . . . imagining it?

Netta: No! I could see him out of the corner of my eye. Even when I turned my back to him, I could feel those eyes . . . boring into me. Lamont, I—I'm terrified!

Cranston: Well, suppose you turn right around now and point him out to me. Perhaps I can stare him down.

Netta: No . . . no! You don't understand. . . .

Cranston: (*Firmly*) Miss Shaw! . . .

Netta: Very well. He's sitting right behind (*Stops short*) No! He's gone! . . . He's not there anymore.

Margot: *There* . . . you see?

Cranston: Just finished his coffee and took off . . . even as you and I. . . .

Netta: I wish I could think so, Mr. Cranston. But I just can't get those eyes of his out of my mind.

Cranston: Well, maybe a good night's sleep will do it. . . . I suggest you go right home, Netta. Drink a glass of warm milk, and go to bed.

Netta: Yes. . . . Yes, I suppose you're right. Good night, Mr. Cranston. Sorry I bothered you. . . .

Cranston: (*Slightly off mike*) Not at all. Good night.

Margot: (*Off mike*) Good night, Netta. Sleep well.

Netta: Thank you, Margot. (*To attendant*) Good night, Mario. No—no taxi. I'll walk. It's only a few blocks. . . .

Sound (door opened, traffic sounds, door closed)
(footsteps receding behind . . .)

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

Sound (girl's footsteps on sidewalk)

Netta: (*To herself*) Ought to be ashamed of myself . . . kicking up such a fuss over (*Gasps*) . . . What's that? Up ahead . . . a shadow . . . someone's there! . . . a man coming out of the alley. . . . I've got to run. I've *got* to, but I can't *move*. I can't. . . . I *can't!* . . .

Shandu: (*Fading in*) Good evening, mademoiselle.

Netta: (*Terrified whisper*) It's . . . it's *you!*

Shandu: Yes. You followed me from the restaurant. I knew you would. You could not resist my hypnotic powers, although you tried. Now you will come with me . . . quietly.

Netta: Where . . . where are you taking me?

Shandu: You have nothing to fear, my dear. I am going to give you what men have searched and died for throughout the centuries. . . . I am going to give you the gift of eternal youth. . . .

Music (ominous-sounding bridge and out)

Margot: I don't know why it is, Lamont. . . . But every time Commissioner Weston sends out an SOS for you, it means a visit to the morgue.

Cranston: Not *every* time, Margot.

Margot: Well, almost every time.

Cranston: Don't you like it here?

Margot: (*Sarcastically*) Oh, sure . . . I *love* it. I wouldn't give this up for a front-row ticket to a Broadway show.

Cranston: Well, I know how you feel. But an unidentified body . . . death under peculiar circumstances—from causes unknown . . . you can't blame Weston for being upset.

Margot: She's an old, old woman. She died. Her body was found in the park. There's nothing mysterious about that.

Weston: (*Fading in*) I'm glad *you* think so, Miss Lane.

Margot: Commissioner! I didn't hear you come in.

Weston: I've just been talking to the department laboratory. They've come up with a few items that may change your mind.

Cranston: Something strange about the cause of death?

Weston: I'll say. The poor woman was shot full of some foreign substance . . . only the fellows in the lab can't identify it.

Cranston: What type of substance? What does it do? . . . What's the effect of it?

Weston: The medical examiner is stumped. But the electronics division reports that for some unknown reason there's a magnetic field all around the body . . . a strong electrical charge. . . .

Margot: What?!

Cranston: But she didn't die of electric shock or poisoning?

Weston: No . . . nor of old age, either.

Margot: How can you be sure of that, Commissioner?

Weston: How? . . . Hold onto your hats! . . . This old woman—shriveled, wrinkled, bent with age—was twenty-seven years old yesterday.

Cranston: What?!

Margot: Oh no, Commissioner, that's impossible!

Weston: It's unbelievable, Lamont, but it's true. We have labels in her clothing, a birthmark on her arm, her fingerprints, which match those found all over her apartment. . . . This old woman—found dead in the park—is Netta Shaw . . . the beautiful young actress.

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: Frightened by a strange man with dark, hypnotic eyes, Netta Shaw, a beautiful young actress, appealed to Lamont Cranston for help. The next day she was found dead in the park, mysteriously aged and withered. . . . Unable to account for the incredible change, Cranston decides to consult an expert. . . . As he

and Margot Lane drive to the outskirts of the city, Margot says . . .

Sound (car motor up and under the following)

Margot: Lamont . . . this man we're going to see . . . you say he's an expert?

Cranston: Uh-huh . . . one of the greatest.

Margot: Expert in what?

Cranston: Geriatrics (jer'ē at'riks).

Margot: What's that?

Cranston: The science that deals with aging and old age.

Margot: Is that a science? I thought old age just naturally happens. . . .

Cranston: For years, Margot, doctors and other scientists have been trying to discover just what the aging process is . . . what causes living things to develop—grow stronger and bigger up to a certain point—and then gradually begin to shrivel and decay.

Margot: Well, have they learned anything?

Cranston: Nothing conclusive . . . although there are a number of theories. . . .

Margot: And you think this professor we're going to see may be able to throw some light on Netta Shaw's death?

Cranston: It's worth a try. I'd certainly like to find out what could cause a person to age fifty years overnight!

Margot: So would I, Lamont. But I have a hunch we won't get much from this expert of yours. . . . What did you say his name was?

Cranston: Grelling . . . Dr. Felix Grelling.

Music (short bridge and out)

Grelling: I'm honored by your visit, Mr. Cranston. I had no idea my feeble efforts had attracted anyone's attention.

Cranston: Don't be so modest, Dr. Grelling. I've been following your work for many years. . . .

Grelling: Really?

Cranston: Only a few months ago I read a report on your experiments with vegetables.

Margot: Vegetables!

Cranston: Dr. Grelling has developed a process by which certain foods can be preserved almost indefinitely . . . without refrigeration. . . .

Grelling: (*Chuckles*) Only—unfortunately—it costs about five dollars to preserve one carrot.

Margot: A little too expensive. . . . Professor, do you use all this equipment in your work?

Grelling: Oh yes. We have a small but very complete laboratory—electric generators, cathode tubes, a Wilson cloud chamber, chemical equipment, and a small X-ray unit.

Cranston: Very impressive. (*Pauses*) Dr. Grelling, perhaps with all this know-how, you can answer one small question for me.

Grelling: I'll be glad to try. . . .

Cranston: Last night the body of an old woman was found lying in the park.

Grelling: (*Uneasy*) An *old* woman?

Cranston: Well, she looked old . . . her skin, face, hands, and body all shriveled up. But investigation established that she was really a *young* woman—a beautiful young woman—who had aged overnight.

Grelling: Oh no, Mr. Cranston. . . . That is impossible.

Margot: Just what *I* said. . . .

Cranston: Nevertheless, it's true. . . . Professor, you must have some sort of theory on how such a thing could happen.

Grelling: (*Alarmed*) I? . . . No, no. I don't know anything about such things. I had nothing to do with it. . . . Why do you . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) Hold on, professor. No one's accusing you of anything. It's just that . . . (*Breaks off as . . .*)
Sound (door opened)

Cranston: Oh. . . .

Shandu: You must excuse my colleague, sir. . . . Dr. Grelling is so easily excited. . . .

Margot: (*Whispers*) Lamont . . . those eyes!

Cranston: (*Aside*) Margot! (*On mike*) I didn't know you had a colleague, Dr. Grelling.

Grelling: (*Shaken*) Yes. May I present Rama Shandu, a brilliant scientist. . . . Mr. Cranston and Miss Lane.

Shandu: How do you do. . . . Mr. Cranston, I happened to overhear what you said about the unfortunate young lady. . . . Very interesting.

Cranston: Well then, perhaps you can give us some information.

Shandu: (*Regretfully*) No-o . . . I'm afraid not. It is out of my field. However, if you like, we can think about it. There

may be some clue in the scientific papers written about the subject. . . .

Margot: You don't have much hope though, do you, Mr. Shandu?

Shandu: In science, Miss Lane, one can be neither hopeful nor discouraged. One of my wisest teachers—Professor Lee Singh at the University of Shanghai—used to say that a scientist must be as unemotional as a test tube.

Cranston: You *will* try to help us, won't you?

Shandu: Of course, Mr. Cranston. And as soon as I think of something, we will let you know.

Cranston: Thank you, Mr. Shandu . . . and you too, Professor Grelling. Good day.

Margot: Good-by!

Shandu: Good day, Miss Lane.

Sound (door opened and closed)

Grelling: I don't like it, Shandu. I don't like it at all.

Shandu: Don't like *what*?

Grelling: Cranston's coming here . . . to ask questions about that girl.

Shandu: Why *shouldn't* he come here? After all, you are the greatest in the field . . . after me. (*Sharply*) What are you doing?

Grelling: I'm leaving. I'm getting out of here before it's too late.

Shandu: It *is* too late, my friend. You are in this with me, and you will stay . . . to the end.

Music (short bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (car motor up and under the following)

Margot: I tried to tell you, Lamont, but you wouldn't let me.

Cranston: Tried to tell me *what*, Margot?

Margot: When we were back there—at Dr. Grelling's place, I tried to call your attention to Shandu's eyes. . . .

Cranston: What about his eyes? They're dark . . . yes . . . but there's nothing remarkable about *that*.

Margot: Just the same, I saw you giving him a pretty thorough looking over.

Cranston: Well, there *were* a few things about that setup that bothered me. For one thing, I didn't like the way Grelling jumped when we mentioned the body of Netta Shaw.

Margot: M'mm. And it was just then that Shandu walked

in . . . as though he felt his colleague was getting in too deep.

Cranston: He's a pretty young man to be the colleague of an old-timer like Grelling. . . . Usually they call fellows *that* young their assistants. Something odd about that.

Margot: And their equipment! I never saw anything like it in my life.

Cranston: Oh, I don't know. . . . The only strange thing in the place was the (*Pauses*) yes . . . the Wilson cloud chamber!

Margot: Cloud chamber! What in the world is *that*?

Cranston: An instrument that records the presence of energized particles in our atmosphere . . . particularly cosmic rays.

Margot: I don't follow you. . . .

Cranston: There's a theory, Margot, endorsed by many leading scientists, that all living things get old and gradually disintegrate because they're subjected to the constant bombardment of cosmic rays.

Margot: Cosmic rays . . . from where?

Cranston: (*Waxing eloquent*) Outer space. No one really knows where they originate, but we *do* know that they're constantly showering down on the earth . . . striking us all the time . . . like so many beta or gamma rays. . . .

Margot: But we never see them . . . or feel them?

Cranston: No. And yet—yet they may be destroying us slowly . . . like water dripping constantly on a rock. . . .

Margot: (*Getting the idea*) Lamont! That girl . . . Netta Shaw . . . she suddenly got old and withered long before her time . . . as if . . .

Cranston: (*Cuts in*) Yes . . . as if she'd been hit by a massive bombardment of cosmic rays.

Margot: Is it possible, do you think, that Grelling and Shandu had anything to do with Netta Shaw's death?

Cranston: I can't say for sure . . . but I intend to find out. . . . I'll drop you off at your apartment. You wait there till you hear from me.

Margot: Where are *you* going?

Cranston: To the university . . . to look up one small item that intrigues me. If I find what I'm looking for, there'll be work for you . . . and the Shadow!

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: Investigating the death of beautiful young Netta Shaw, who had apparently aged overnight, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane have sought information from Dr. Felix Grelling, an authority in the field of geriatrics—the science dealing with the process of aging. But certain things in his laboratory have made them suspicious, and Cranston is trying to find out whether Grelling and his associate, Rama Shandu, had anything to do with the death of Netta Shaw. Cranston has checked on a significant clue and has issued instructions to Margot. And now in Grelling's laboratory . . . Shandu is arguing with Dr. Grelling. . . .

Shandu: It's no use, Felix. I'm telling you once more . . . you cannot withdraw from our venture now!

Grelling: *Your* venture, not *ours*. I was perfectly content with my lectures and experiments until *you* came along.

Shandu: (*Scornfully*) Experiments . . . with vegetables? . . . with carrots and turnips? . . . I gave you an opportunity to experiment with human beings. . . .

Grelling: Yes, and your experiment ended with death. You killed that poor girl . . . murdered her with your mad dreams and untested techniques!

Shandu: My dear Felix, you are getting positively maudlin.

Grelling: You promised her eternal youth . . . and instead, you turned her into a horrible old corpse.

Shandu: A slight error in calculation, that's all . . . and very easily corrected. I will prove it to you as soon as we find our next subject.

Grelling: (*Shocked*) Our *next* subject! Are you utterly mad? Do you think . . . (*Breaks off as . . .*)

Sound (doorbell rings)

Shandu: I will answer it. Your nerves are a little unstrung.

Sound (footsteps to door, door opened)

Shandu: Well, Miss *Lane*! This *is* a surprise.

Margot: I . . . I'm sorry to barge in on you this way.

Shandu: We're delighted, aren't we, Dr. Grelling?

Grelling: (*Alarmed*) No, *no*. Go away, Miss Lane. *Please*.
Go away. . . .

Shandu: (*Laughs*) Poor Dr. Grelling. *So* conscientious
. . . dislikes so much to be interrupted in his work. Don't
mind him, Miss Lane. Come right in. . . .

Margot: But . . . I wouldn't want to disturb you. . . .

Sound (door closed)

Shandu: You won't disturb us, I assure you. As a matter of
fact, you may be of considerable help to us. Yes . . . you
came at exactly the right time.

Grelling: No, Shandu . . . I won't let you do it.

Margot: Please. . . . All I came back for was my
handkerchief. I must have dropped it back there near your
equipment. I remember I had it out for a moment.

Shandu: In that case, we must go back and look for it.
Come. . . .

Sound (footsteps under the following)

Margot: I'd never have bothered . . . except that I happened
to be passing by.

Shandu: Of course. . . . And no one knows you are here?

Margot: Why, no. . . .

Shandu: Excellent, excellent. (*Louder*) Did you hear that,
Dr. Grelling?

Sound (footsteps stop)

Margot: Oh, *here* it is . . . on the floor. I knew I . . . (*Stops
short*) *That's* funny! . . .

Shandu: Something wrong?

Margot: This hankie! . . . It's not mine at all.

Shandu: It *must* be. It's a lady's handkerchief . . . and you
are the only . . .

Margot: (*Cuts in*) Wait. There's a monogram on
it . . . *N S*. . . .

Shandu: *N S*? . . .

Margot: I've seen that same monogram somewhere
lately. . . . Unusual, isn't it? I wonder . . . (*Gasps*) Of
course! . . . Netta Shaw! She has that monogram on
things all over her apartment.

Shandu: You must be mistaken, Miss Lane. We don't know
any . . .

Margot: (*Cuts in, terrified*) She *was* here. Netta Shaw
came here . . . or was brought here. . . . A beautiful young
girl . . . and you did something to her with . . .

Shandu: (*Cuts in*) Really, Miss Lane. . . .

Margot: . . . those horrible machines and things. You turned her into an old woman. You killed her . . . and threw her shriveled body into the park! . . . Why? . . . Why?!

Grelling: (*Between clenched teeth*) I told you, Shandu. . . . I told you it was no good.

Shandu: No, but it *will* be. . . . My congratulations, Miss Lane. You are very clever . . . and also very beautiful.

Margot: You fiend! . . . You horrible creature! . . .

Shandu: I am sorry you feel that way. I could have done such wonderful things for you.

Margot: (*Scornfully*) Like what?

Shandu: I could have put you through my electro-repellent process . . . made you immune to cosmic radiation . . . guaranteed you eternal youth. . . .

Margot: (*Bitterly*) As you did for Netta Shaw.

Shandu: What happened to her was only an accident. In your case, Miss Lane, the result will be the same . . . but it will *not* be an accident.

Margot: (*Frightened*) What?

Shandu: I must do it, my dear. I have no choice. You know too much. . . . You are in my way. . . . Grelling, get everything ready.

Margot: Don't touch me. . . . *Please* don't touch me! . . .

Shandu: It won't hurt, Miss Lane. You won't feel a thing. Just one injection of this fluid, and you won't even know when the electrodes are attached. (*Calls*) Start the cyclo-generator, Grelling!

Sound (whine of generator up and under the following)

Margot: (*Screams*) No! No! Stay away from me! . . . Help! . . . Someone . . . please help!

Shadow: (*Laughs*)

Shandu: Who's that? Who laughed?

Grelling: No one. . . . You're imagining things.

Sound (generator dies out)

Shandu: Why did you turn off the cyclo-generator, Grelling?

Grelling: I didn't.

Shandu: Then who did?

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

Shandu: What shadow? . . . I see no one.

Shadow: No one sees the Shadow. But the Shadow sees all.

Shandu: No, no. I don't believe it. It's a trick. Turn on the generator, Grelling. . . . Hurry!

Grelling: (*Effort of twisting*) Impossible. Something's holding it. . . .

Shandu: You fool! You're ruining everything!

Shadow: No, Rama Shandu . . . *you* are the one who has ruined everything. You thought you could improve on nature . . . turn back the clock . . . make people live forever. . . .

Shandu: (*Quickly*) Yes, yes. I can do it. I can improve on the work of God.

Shadow: All you did was murder an innocent girl. For that crime, you will answer to God.

Shandu: (*Contemptuously*) Murder? . . . Crime? . . . Oh no, Shadow. There was no murder. The lady died of old age. You cannot punish me for *that*. . . . No one can punish me.

Grelling: (*Suddenly*) I can, Shandu!

Shandu: What?!

Grelling: I can punish you . . . with this gun. . . .

Shadow: No, no, Dr. Grelling! Don't shoot!

Grelling: You've lived long enough, Shandu . . . *too* long. This is the end.

Shadow: (*Effort of holding*) No! No! You cannot take the law into your own hands! . . .

Grelling: (*Struggling*) Let go of me! I've got to do it now.

Margot: (*Screams*)

Sound (two gunshots, body falls to floor)

Grelling: (*Panting*) One hundred and six years old! He was a wicked, evil creature always. . . . He should have died fifty years ago. . . .

Margot: (*Gasps*) Look! His face . . . his throat . . . his body! . . . They're changing!

Grelling: (*Incredulous*) No, no . . . it *can't* be!

Margot: He's getting older . . . and older . . . by the second. Those wrinkles . . . he's shriveling up before our eyes!

Grelling: His hair—white. . . . His hands—twisted and gnarled.

Margot: That face! . . . that awful face! (*Shudders*) I—I can't bear to look at him!

Grelling: A man one hundred and six years old . . . who looked so young just a few moments ago . . .

Shadow: (*Cuts in*) And now looks like death itself. He managed to hold it off for many years . . . but in the end, nature took its toll, as it always does. . . . The Shadow knows. . . . (*Laughs*)

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)

Announcer: Dr. Grelling voluntarily accompanied Margot Lane down to police headquarters and gave himself up. . . . Now, after making her report and seeing Grelling booked for the murder of Rama Shandu, Margot is with Lamont Cranston, driving away from police headquarters. . . .

Sound (car motor up and under the following)

Margot: Lamont, do you suppose Rama Shandu was right?

Cranston: About what?

Margot: About his claim that he couldn't be tried for the death of Netta Shaw because she died of old age.

Cranston: I'm pretty sure he was wrong, Margot. The fact is he *did* cause her death. The method is immaterial . . . whether it's shooting, poisoning, or strangling. . . .

Margot: It seems a pity . . . such a great scientist—a man who did succeed in keeping himself young for over a hundred years.

Cranston: Whether or not his method had anything to do with his living so long . . . no one will ever know. He left no notes. . . . He didn't even confide in Grelling.

Margot: Lamont . . . when you went to the university without me, what was it you found out that made you so sure Shandu was connected with the death of Netta Shaw?

Cranston: You remember Shandu mentioned Lee Singh, the great professor he studied with in Shanghai? Well, tucked away in the back of my mind was an item about

Lee Singh . . . something about his wonderful achievements during the First World War.

Margot: The First World War! That was over fifty-five years ago! . . .

Cranston: Exactly. . . . If Shandu studied under him, he'd have had to be close to eighty-five.

Margot: So you checked. . . .

Cranston: And I was right. . . . I put two and two together and sent you back to Grelling's lab with one of Netta Shaw's hankies—one I picked up at her apartment on the way back from the university. . . .

Margot: And I dropped it—pretending it was mine. . . . What's going to happen to poor Felix Grelling? After all, he *did* try to save me. . . .

Cranston: He'll have to pay for his crimes . . . the killing of Shandu, as well as his earlier crimes . . . the embezzlements and forgeries. . . .

Margot: He didn't really have to confess those earlier crimes. No one would have known. . . .

Cranston: No one but Grelling himself, and he was bound to carry the guilty knowledge with him for the rest of his life.

Margot: So he decided to make a clean breast of everything.

Cranston: Yes. He may spend a few years in prison, Margot . . . but with nothing to conceal—even behind bars—he's a free man at last!

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