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# The Bat

By Crane Wilbur

Cornelia Van Gorder

**(Voiceover):**

is the Oaks, a house  
in the country which  
I rented for the summer.  
As an author, I write tales  
of mystery and murder.  
But the things that  
happened in this house  
were far more fantastic than any  
story I've ever had published.  
I brought a staff of servants  
from my city apartment,  
and my maid Lizzy Allen who had  
been with me nearly 20 years.

Lizzy?

Yes, Miss Cornelia?

Cornelia Van Gorder:

Is the car ready?

It's at the door.

Look.

Hm?

Miss Cornelia, them servants  
you brought from the apartment  
are talking about  
walking out on us.

Really?

Well, I know they  
don't like it here.

But I didn't think  
it was that bad.

Well, they've been hearing  
things about the killer  
that the police call  
the Bat, and the murders  
that he committed  
here this past winter.

Now people are saying  
he's back again.

Well, how can they  
be sure of that?

Has he committed another crime?

No, not yet, but that  
ain't saying that he won't.  
Here's something else.  
You've heard about the  
bats they have here--  
Animal bats, the kind that fly.  
Yes, yes.  
Look what it says  
in this magazine.  
This is a report from the  
state health department.  
And it says some of  
them bats is rabid.  
Well.  
And that ain't all.  
Now there's a rumor going around  
that it was the Bat himself,  
the killer I mean, that  
released the rabid bats  
in this neighborhood.  
Oh, that's ridiculous.  
Well, the housekeeper,  
the cook, the butler,  
and the upstairs  
maid don't think so.  
Well, I can't help  
what they think.  
If hysterical nonsense like  
that can scare them out  
of their good jobs, it's  
their loss not mine.  
Come on, Lizzy.  
I've got to get to the bank.  
Drive directly to  
Zenith bank, Warner.  
I'm afraid we'll have to hurry.  
It's near closing time.  
I'll get you there,  
Miss Van Gorder.  
Thanks again.  
Miss Van Gorder!  
How are you doing, Mr. Bailey?  
How are you?  
I'm very well, thank you.

You remember Lizzy Allen?  
Of course, hello, Miss Allen.  
How do you do?  
So you're spending the  
summer with us again?  
Yes, yes, I've leased the  
Oaks, the home of your bank  
president, John Fleming.  
I heard you had.  
I was surprised.  
Why?  
Is there something  
the matter with it?  
No, I was surprised  
because Mr. Fleming  
said he would never rent it.  
Oh?  
Well I rented it  
from his nephew Mark  
Fleming who has the  
real estate office here.  
He said his uncle would  
be gone the entire summer.  
That's right.  
Mr. Fleming's in the north  
woods now, with his physician  
Dr. Wells.  
Oh, pardon me.  
Dale?  
I want you to meet my wife.  
We were married  
at Christmas time.  
That must have been nice.  
Believe me, it was.  
Oh, here she is-- my wife,  
Ms. Van Gorder, Ms. Allen.  
How do you do?  
How do you do?  
Cornelia Van Gorder.  
Yes.  
Oh, well I've read every murder  
mystery you've ever written.  
I just adored that weird one,  
the private morgue of Dr. X,

even though it gave  
me the shivers.  
Only the shivers?  
Scared hell out of me.  
Oh.  
Well, I really need that  
Miss Corny killed them off  
in that one.  
When you refer to  
my books, please  
don't call me Miss Corny.  
Pardon me, Mr. Bailey.  
My.  
Hynes is here to see you.  
Oh yes, excuse me, please.  
Don't be strangers now.  
No, no we won't.  
Oh, so you're a bride?  
Well, not quite.  
Not since Christmas.  
I'm sure I've seen you.  
Well, I-- I used to be  
my husband's secretary  
here in the bank.  
Cornelia Van Gorder:  
Of course, I remember.  
May I welcome our most  
distinguished visitor  
back to Zenith?  
Oh, that's very charming.  
But, um--  
Lieutenant Anderson.  
Lieutenant Anderson,  
of course, chief  
of detectives of the  
Zenith police department.  
This is Miss Allen.  
How do you do?  
Lieutenant Anderson is one  
of our favorite citizens.  
He's on the bank's  
board of directors.  
Not bad for a policeman.  
You must have made

a good thing of it.  
Well, I saved my money,  
if that's what you mean.  
It's near closing time.  
And I've got some business in  
the safe deposit vault. Please  
come and see me, Mrs. Bailey.  
Oh, I'd love to.  
And you, Lieutenant.  
Thank you.  
Goodbye.  
Goodbye, nice to have met you.  
My, what a charming woman.  
She moved into the Oaks  
just the other day.  
That house is a proper sitting  
for a writer of mysteries.  
Oh, it certainly is.  
Dick, what's the matter?  
Come in here, both of you.  
Andy, we're in trouble.  
Wendell hynes came in to pick  
up \$350,000 worth of bonds  
that we were holding as  
collateral for a loan.  
They were kept in  
our special vault.  
Mr. Fleming and I  
are the only officers  
of the bank who have  
access to that vault.  
So?  
The hynes bonds are gone.  
That's not all.  
Other negotiable  
securities are missing.  
From what I can gather  
short of a careful check,  
the bank has been looted  
of over a million dollars  
worth of securities.  
You'll have to notify Fleming.  
I wish I could talk to him.  
Unfortunately, he and Dr.

Wells are deep in the woods.  
They can't be reached by phone.  
What is it?  
I thought I heard  
someone on the path coming  
from the lake, had an idea it  
might be that guide of ours.  
Oh, Sam won't show  
up until morning.  
It's a 20-mile canoe trip  
from here to civilization.  
Five will get you 10  
Sam has a message for me.  
I thought you told them at  
the bank not to bother you.  
I did.  
But they'll bother me.  
Doctor?  
Yes, John.  
What would you do  
for half a million?  
Anything short of murder.  
Why not murder?  
Too messy.

**Dr. hynes:**

For half a million?  
Yes.  
I pinched a million  
from the bank.  
I'm not kidding.  
I embezzled it.  
Not that I think  
you wouldn't do it  
if you thought you  
could get away with it.  
I got away with it.  
I'm not talking about currency.  
I took negotiable  
securities that  
could be converted into cash.  
I have the cash, in tens,  
twenties, and hundreds.  
I'm your doctor,

not your lawyer.  
Why tell me this?  
You'll find out why.  
Who's going to take the  
blame for the robbery?  
Bailey, the cashier, I  
they'll never suspect me.  
I like Bailey.  
Well, so do I. I love the guy.  
I gave him his first chance.  
He has a lovely little wife.  
Charming girl, I  
was the best man.  
Where's the million?  
In my family's tomb in Zenith,  
in the crypt with my father's  
casket.  
I don't buy that, John.  
No?  
No, you forget that  
I had you in charge  
when you were a very sick man,  
when you raved in delirium.  
And I heard you talk  
about a hidden room.  
Now, where else could  
you put a hidden room  
except in that  
mansion you built,  
that white elephant  
you call the Oaks?  
Look, everyone knows  
I have a bad heart.  
Who would doubt it if you  
wired the bank directors  
that my heart had failed, that  
I had fallen from a great height  
here in the woods, and that  
I was badly smashed up?  
You could ship the  
body back for burial,  
and instruct them not to open  
the casket due to the condition  
of its contents.



Well, you realize,  
of course, that we'd  
have to have a body to  
put in that casket, which  
means that we'd have to deal  
with an undertaker at this end.  
Of course.

But where do we get a body?  
Couldn't we provide  
one of our own?  
How about Sam?  
Sam?

Our guide?  
Sam weighs about  
as much as I do.  
He's practically a hermit.  
He wouldn't be missed  
for a long time.  
The local undertaker  
would know him.

**Dr. hynes:**

made him look as if he'd  
been in a serious accident.  
But if Bailey's going  
to take the blame, why  
do you have to do this?  
A jury might acquit him.  
In that case, I'd be  
a logical suspect.  
I could disappear, of course.  
But it's safer if  
they think I'm dead.  
What if I don't  
go for this deal?  
In that case, it  
would be two bad.  
You mean you'd kill me?  
What else could I do?  
Now that I've told  
you about the million.  
I'd say you were shot  
in a hunting accident.  
Now, look, doctor, it you

can find another body instead  
of Sam's, it's  
all right with me.  
There's half a  
million in it for you.  
I'll do my best.  
I smell smoke.  
So do i. What's that noise?  
Look, doctor!  
The woods are on fire!  
It's coming this way!  
We've got to get out of here!  
Out the back way!  
We will, as soon as  
I provide that body  
we were talking about.  
Oh, my goodness dear,  
Lizzie, is that you?  
Yes, Miss cordelia.  
There's a storm coming up.  
And it's going to be a snorter.  
The wind nearly blew  
the door off its hinges.  
Well, that noise blew my  
game higher than a kite.  
I think I've lost  
some of the cards.  
Oh, I'll get them for you.  
Oh, I see you've  
found the paper.  
Drat that paper boy,  
scooting by on his bicycle,  
just chucked it into a couple  
bushes and let it go at that.  
For land's sake, Mr. Vick  
Bailey's been arrested.  
Oh?  
Right there.  
Victor Bailey, vice president  
and cashier of the Zenith bank,  
was arraigned before united  
states commissioner Alvin  
fielding charged with the  
embezzlement of over \$1

million.

I can't believe Vick  
Bailey had anything  
to do with that robbery.  
Oh, well, I see our  
landlord is home again.  
Landlord?

Mr. Fleming, Dr. Malcolm  
Wells is back in town  
with the body of John  
Fleming, president  
of the Zenith bank, who was  
killed in a forest fire.  
Mr. Fleming will be laid to rest  
in his family's tomb on Friday.  
And I hope he stays there.

Why shouldn't he?  
Well, this is his house.  
And ever since he  
died, some funny things  
have happened here.

For instance?  
The housekeeper, the  
cook, and the butler  
said that they heard  
strange noises at night.  
And the upstairs  
maid swore that she  
met a man without a face  
coming up the back stairs.  
Oh, so that's why they  
quit and left me to run  
this place without a staff.  
They didn't tell  
you, Ms. Corny.

But the truth is, they  
were scared to stay.  
But you're still here, Lizzie.  
Haven't you seen anything?  
No, no, and even if I had,  
I ain't afraid of ghosts.  
They're afraid of me.  
Honest, Ms. Corny,  
a spiritualist

told me once that ghosts  
was allergic to me.  
But-- but this Bat  
feller they keep  
talking about in the paper,  
I-- I guess he'd be different.  
I don't think you would  
have the same effect on him.  
Oh dear.  
What are they trying  
to do, drive people away  
from this part of the country?  
Why?  
What does it say about the Bat?  
His specialty seems to be  
killing women-- my goodness,  
two of them in one night.  
All his victims  
died the same way,  
like their throats had been  
ripped open with steel claws.  
Well, that's a  
charming little caper.  
I'll have to try it sometime.  
In a book.  
That aint' nothing,  
just something  
bumping against the house.  
That's just the  
wind banging a door.  
Pay no attention to it.  
Listen to this, one of his  
victims who lived for a moment  
after she was found,  
described the Bat as a man  
without a face.  
Honest, Ms. Corny,  
I think that woman  
must have been exaggerating.  
That's just that heavy tapestry  
at the top of the stairs.  
I know.  
I know.  
I've heard it before

on a windy night.  
But that sounds as if there  
was someone on the stairs.  
I know there isn't, at  
least there shouldn't be.  
There ain't.  
Them's just the noises  
you here in any old house  
on a windy night.  
It says here that the Bat  
never leaves no fingerprints.  
That's understandable.  
Having no face, he probably  
has no fingers either.  
Lizzie!  
And that, I suppose, is the  
cat dropping its dentures?  
No, no, I don't think so.  
But I think it's something  
should be looked into.  
Now, who chucked him down here?  
The wind, I hope.  
There must be a  
window open up there.  
No, Lizzie!  
Let him lay.  
Let him sleep it off.  
I hope the power lines don't  
go down, put the lights out.  
We'll check the windows  
in the living room,  
and drawn the curtains,  
and then we'll go to bed.  
Yes, ma'am.  
I won't be a minute.  
Ms. Corny!  
What was that?  
Oh, when I went to get the  
paper, I turned the latch off.  
I forgot to turn it on again.  
He's out there.  
He was coming in.  
He might have got you.  
Oh, but he didn't.

And he's still out  
there, thanks to you.  
Now, you hurry now, and  
we'll call the police.  
No, no, I won't  
leave you, Ms. Corny.  
Are you ok?  
Yes, ma'am, I'm ok.  
Ok.

**Operator:**

Give me the police  
department, please.

**Officer:**

police department.  
This is Cornelia Van Gorder.  
I'm living at the Oaks.  
We know about that,  
Ms. Van Gorder.  
Just a moment ago, a man  
tried to force his way  
into this house.

**Officer:**

alone there, are you?  
What about your servants?  
Well, I have none  
except my chauffeur.  
And he's away.  
He won't be back  
until the morning.  
Now, there's only two  
of us here tonight.  
And we're going to lock  
ourselves in my room.  
Now, uh, if-- if any of  
your men see anything,  
will you have them call me?

**Officer:**

over there right away.  
Well, thank you very much.  
Come on, Lizzie.

We're going to sleep in my room.  
Well, nothing can get at us in  
this room now, I don't think.  
This door seems good and solid.  
Like the door to a tomb.  
Uh, I think that couch  
will be comfortable.  
There's some extra bedding,  
you know, in the closet.  
Let's see now.  
Oh, uh-huh, no bolt.  
Well, that's not so good.  
What's that for?  
That, my good woman,  
is a boobie trap.  
If anybody tries to  
open this transom,  
this'll be knocked off.  
And we'll hear it fall.  
Oh, fiddlesticks, I forgot my  
night things, my robe, my gown,  
and my slippers.  
I'll go get them now.  
Now, wait a minute, Lizzie.  
I'll go with you--  
Now don't you  
bother, Ms. Cornelia.  
My room's just down the hall.  
Cornelia Van Gorder:  
Lizzie, I told you to wait!  
It's all right.  
I'll only be a second.  
Get in here!  
Get in here!  
Yes?

**Officer:**

Yes.

**Officer:**

police department.  
There's a police car  
just outside your house.  
And the officers

in it have reported  
that there's no sign  
of a prowler anywhere  
well, the man's inside now!  
He's in the hall just  
outside my bedroom!  
Have your men break  
through the kitchen door  
and search this place  
from top to bottom.

**Officer:**

Gorder, sit tight.  
I will.  
I have a gun.  
And I know how to use it.  
Oh, relax, relax, Lizzie.  
The police did a good job.  
They couldn't find  
anybody in here.  
But we both saw  
him, Ms. Cornelia.  
All right, all  
right, so he got away.  
But there are men  
on guard outside.  
So just try and get some rest.  
There's nothing  
can get at us here.  
Oh, oh, oh, Miss cordelia!  
Miss cordelia!  
What?  
What's the matter?  
A bat!  
Oh, nonsense, you've  
had a nightmare.  
Maybe I did.  
But there was a bat.  
And it bit me.  
What?  
It flew in that closet.  
Oh, good gracious, Lizzie.  
You're right!  
Operator, operator, will



you get me Dr. Malcolm Wells'  
office, please.  
I don't know his number.  
And I have no  
phone book up here.  
But this is an emergency.  
Will you connect me  
with his office, please?  
Oh dear, oh dear, I'm  
going to get the rabies.

**Woman:**

Hello?  
Dr. well's office.

**Woman:**

Dr. Wells is out at moment.  
But if you give me your name and  
number, I'll try to locate him.  
Well, this is Miss  
Van Gorder of the Oaks.  
My maid has just been bitten  
by a bat that may be rapid.  
And she must have treatment  
as soon as possible.  
And I was told that Dr. Wells  
was the nearest physician.

**Woman:**

find him for you.  
And I can't, I'll send  
you another doctor.  
Well, thank you very much.  
Oh, he's out on a case.  
Oh.  
I hope it's not a  
delivery-- a baby, I mean.  
They can be terribly  
complicated.  
It never bothered me none.  
Oh, Lizzie, you  
never had a baby.  
Of course I didn't.  
That's why they

never bothered me.

Oh, does it hurt, huh?

A little.

**Operator:**

Are you there Dr. Wells?

Are you there, Dr. Wells?

This is the operator.

Your call service

is on the wire.

It's an emergency.

This is Dr. Wells.

**Woman:**

call service, doctor.

Oh, hello I-- I was

just doing an experiment.

I left the receiver off.

**Woman:**

thought, but I kept trying.

Ms. Van Gorder at

the Oaks called

and said that her maid

had been bitten by a bit.

And she's afraid

it might be rapid.

What?

Oh, all right, tell her

I'll be right over there.

Who's there?

**Dr. Wells:**

Come in.

Good evening.

Oh, I'm so glad they

found you, doctor.

Well, I reached my office

shortly after you called.

How is your maid?

Is she in any pain?

No, no, she doesn't seem to be.

Did the bat get away?

No.

I believe it's  
still in my bedroom.  
Oh, good, I'll  
want to examine it.  
There you go, Ms. Allen.  
Now you'll feel better.  
Doctor, have I got the rabies?  
Well, I can tell you better  
after I've examined the bat's  
brain under a microscope.  
That thing's got a brain?  
Oh, you'd be surprised.  
Where is it?  
I think the little  
darling is in that closet.  
Oh.  
You know, it's a pity you leased  
this house, Ms. Van Gorder.  
Why a pity?  
Well, my dear lady, I don't  
want to alarm you, but--  
Oh, well after tonight,  
nothing can alarm me.  
Yes, I understand.  
It must have been terrifying.  
So many unexplainable  
things have happened here.  
There's something  
about the place.  
Your servants must  
have sensed it  
when they walked out on you,  
an apprehension of disaster.  
Well, let's see.  
Ah-ha!  
Yes, there he is.  
All right now, take  
it easy, nobody's  
going to hurt you,  
quiet now, quiet.  
Looks quite normal, doesn't  
seem to be sick at all.  
Ain't that nice.  
I've been worried about him.

Well, you should be.  
From his appearance,  
I'd say that he  
doesn't have any  
infection, in which case  
you've had a narrow escape.  
Now, you take one  
of those tablets  
I left for you and I  
guarantee you a good night.  
And I'll drop in  
on you tomorrow.  
Oh, thanks for  
everything, doctor.  
But I can find my way out.  
I know you can.  
But do let me help you.  
Oh, don't forget  
that once I'm gone,  
you'll have to climb  
those stairs alone.  
Oh, I'm all right.  
I'm armed now.  
Can you shoot one  
of those things  
without shutting your eyes?  
Oh, doctor, there are guns in  
every book I've ever written.  
I don't write about things  
I'm unfamiliar with.  
Lock the door, Lizzie.  
Goodnight.  
Yes, ma'am, good night, doctor.  
Accident?  
No, no, the wind blew  
him down, I think.  
Oh.  
Did you know that young mark  
Fleming leased you this house  
without notifying his uncle?  
No, no, I didn't.  
Well, it doesn't matter now.  
John Fleming is dead.  
And mark's his heir.

But if John were alive,  
he would warn you  
to leave here, Miss Van Gorder.  
Really?  
Yes.  
It's been a tragic place for  
anyone who ever lived in it.  
Well, goodnight.  
Goodnight, doctor.  
Who's out there?  
Nobody you need to  
worry about, doctor.  
Oh, it's Andy.  
That's right.  
Good evening, Miss Van Gorder.  
Good evening, Lieutenant.  
Somebody sick here?  
My maid was bitten by a bat.  
Oh?  
A rabid bat?  
Well, I'll know for sure  
when I get to my lab.  
I-- I caught the bat.  
It happened indoors?  
In my bedroom.  
How'd it get in?  
Well there are ways a  
bat could get in a house.  
You ought to know.  
I, uh, I spotted this hole  
in the window the minute  
I got there.  
That's where the two-legged  
bat got your door open.  
Miss Van Gorder told me  
that she phoned headquarters  
at Zenith.  
Yes, I phoned twice.  
The second time was after  
the prowler got in the house.  
Were you in headquarters, Andy?  
No, but they contacted me.  
An officer came and searched  
the house from top to bottom.

But they couldn't find the bat.  
You better have this  
window fixed tomorrow.  
Oh, yes, I certainly shall.  
Yes, and I-- I better be going.  
I'm due in surgery at 8  
o'clock in the morning.  
Goodnight.  
Goodnight, doctor.  
There will be a man patrolling  
the grounds all night,  
Ms. Van Gorder.  
Oh, thank you.  
And nobody inside, Andy?  
Why should there be?  
Well, how do you know but what  
the bat is hiding somewhere  
in the house?  
I'm quite sure he isn't in  
the house, doctor, not now.  
Goodnight.  
Goodnight.  
Hi, Andy.  
Hello, mark.  
Well, congratulations,  
real estate business  
must be picking up-- new  
office, new furniture.  
New deal, how do you like it?  
It looks expensive.  
Are you squandering  
your inheritance?  
Oh, I haven't got it yet.  
Well, the paper says John  
Fleming left his entire fortune  
to you.  
Funny thing about  
that entire fortune  
is that we can't find it.  
No kidding?  
No, all uncle John  
has in his bank account  
was a couple hundred dollars.  
And his safe deposit

box was empty.

If we don't find  
that missing million,  
mine will be empty too.

How come?

Well, all my savings were  
invested in Zenith bank stock.

The examiners won't  
certify the bank as solvent  
until those stolen  
securities are found.

So the stockholders  
have voted an assessment  
that'll wipe some of us out.  
It's as is those securities  
have been converted into cash.

And if I can't find  
that cash, I'm sunk.

Well, where are you going  
to look for it, Andy?

Here in Zenith.

Your uncle wouldn't take a  
million on a hunting trip,  
would he?

You suspect uncle John?

Why, Andy, he founded  
the Zenith bank.

That'd be like robbing  
the family tomb.

You think he wouldn't?

Well, besides, Vick  
Bailey's fingerprints  
are all over the vault.

They didn't find any  
of uncle John's fingerprints.

Because he wiped them off.

Can the defense prove that.

They'll try to.

Judie Holland had Bailey's  
secretary as a defense witness.

And they believe her  
testimony will have  
a powerful effect on the jury.

Well, she has a

powerful effect on me.  
Judie's a doll.  
Here's the book you  
mentioned, judie.  
Your newest one.  
Yes, it's just been published.  
You can have that  
copy if you wish.  
Oh, it's a first edition  
and you've signed it.  
Yes, of course.  
Thank you so much.  
May I serve tea  
now, Ms. Van Gorder?  
Yes, please do, Warner.  
I see you've  
engaged new servants.  
Yes, of course.  
How did you persuade them  
to live in this house?  
Jane Patterson,  
my new housekeeper,  
knows this house better  
than you do, doctor.  
She worked for John Fleming.  
And Warner was my chauffeur.  
Chauffeur turned butler?  
It's incredible.  
He can play any part  
at a moment's notice.  
Did you-- did you get  
a plumber, Warner?

**Warner:**

plumber for three days, madame.  
What about that leaking pipe?  
The basement will be  
flooded in three days.  
The pipe is no longer leaking.  
You mean it's dried  
up of its own accord?  
Not quite, I packed the elbow  
where the water was coming up.  
Packed the elbow?



Where did you learn  
how to do that?  
Into each life, a  
little rain must fall.  
And a careful man learns  
to keep himself dry.  
Now, is there anything that  
you require, Miss Van Gorder?  
No, not at the moment, Warner.  
Thank you, madame.  
Now, there's a character.  
How long did you say that he  
worked for you as chauffeur?  
About three months.

**Dr. Wells:**

doesn't have a police record.  
My dear Dale, it  
may interest you  
to know that the last night  
of his life, John Fleming  
told me that he loved  
your husband like a son.  
If Fleming were alive  
today, he would be fighting  
to prove Vick's innocence.  
Could Mr. Fleming  
prove his own innocence?  
Miss Van Gorder, can there  
be any doubt about it?  
There will be when Ms. Holland  
testifies at Vick's trial.  
Oh?  
You know something that we  
haven't heard yet, judie?  
Something I saw  
with my own eyes.  
She's not permitted  
to say what it was.  
My dear girl, I wouldn't  
think of asking her.  
But let's assume for  
a moment that Fleming  
did steal the million.

Now, what would he do about it?  
Where is it?  
Hidden some place  
where he could  
lay his hands on it without  
getting caught in the act.  
Now, if I was  
writing this instead  
of living in the  
middle of it, I'd  
hide it right here in  
this spooky old house.  
Under a loose floorboard  
or up a chimney?  
If Mr. Fleming had the  
nerve to steal a million,  
he'd make his plans  
well in advance.  
I'd say he'd prepare  
a place to hide it,  
possibly when this  
house was being built.  
I rented this place from  
Mark Fleming, his nephew.  
I wonder-- I wonder if  
he'd have the floor plans.  
I'll ask him.  
Yes.  
Lizzie, will you bring  
Mrs. Bailey the phone?  
You ask him now.  
His number is Summit--  
Summit-- 7537.  
Thank you, Lizzie.  
Summit?  
Cordelia Van Gorder: 7537.  
Not bad, hey, Andy?  
That means new business.  
Now, you see?  
Somebody wants to buy a house.  
Mark Fleming speaking.  
Oh, hello, Dale.  
Well, hang on a minute, honey,  
while I see if I have it.

It's Dale Bailey all excited.  
Ms. Van Gorder wants  
to know if I have  
the floor plans of the Oaks.  
Now, what would she want  
with the floor plans?  
Well, she suggested to me  
that your uncle might have  
hidden the bank loot there.  
Are the plans here?  
Somewhere in the house  
itself-- wait a minute.  
There is a place where  
uncle Johnny might  
have kept those blueprints.  
What place?  
Well, I heard him talk about  
it a good many years ago.  
I can't be sure of  
the exact location.  
Anyway, I don't think  
the old boy had the guts  
to steal a million.  
But if I find those plans,  
I'll let you know, Andy.  
Hello, Dale?  
Look, honey, I haven't seen  
those plans since I was a kid.  
But I'll come over tonight,  
and maybe we can find them.  
Thank you, mark.  
We'll expect you.  
He seems to think they're  
here in the house somewhere.  
He's coming over tonight.  
Well, that's good.  
Dale and judie are my house  
guests for the weekend.  
Would you like to have  
dinner with us tonight?  
Oh, no thank you, I couldn't.  
I still have a  
few calls to make.  
You know, if Judy's testimony

is going to clear Vick Bailey  
and implicate John  
Fleming, others  
may get the idea that there's  
buried treasure in this house.  
Don't even mention  
your testimony  
until you're actually  
on the stand.

Oh, I won't.

That's a smart girl, judie,  
and a very lovely girl.

Well, good afternoon, ladies.

Doctor.

Goodbye, Dr. Wells.

Come on, girls, let's go.

Cordelia Van Gorder:

So many unusual things  
have happened here this summer.

The more I think  
about it, the more

I realize I should be  
putting them down on paper.

Weren't you your  
husband's secretary, Dale?

Yes, I was.

Do you take shorthand?

Mm-hm.

Well, my dear, if you'd like  
to have your mind occupied,

I want you to work

with me while I

write the story of this

fantastic criminal, the Bat.

Wonderful dinner.

Thank you.

It was really nice.

It was a good dinner,

Lizzie, as usual.

Wonderful.

Oh, what a lovely

piece of silver.

It's an original, isn't it?

Cordelia Van Gorder: Yes, the

still use them in England.  
That clock hasn't struck the  
hour in the last 10 years,  
if I'm to believe what  
Mark Fleming told me.  
Why is it angled away  
from the wall like that?  
I don't know.  
Somebody must have moved it.  
Lizzie, very like,  
when she was dusting.  
Wait a minute.  
Did you know there's a  
door in this paneling?  
No, I didn't.  
Oh, by gracious!  
So there is!  
Maybe it opens to  
a secret passage.  
Certainly to a  
secret something!  
Who knows, girls, we  
may be about to stumble  
on that missing million.  
There's a panel.  
There must be some  
gimmick to it.  
There always is.  
Oh!

**Officer:**

11, calling car 11.  
Proceed to the Oaks in  
Zenith township immediately.  
A homicide has been reported.  
Ok.  
Proceeding to the Oaks.  
Notify the county  
coroner, Dr. Wells.  
Tell him to come to  
the Oaks at once.  
Horrible.  
It's as if his  
throat had been torn

by some creature  
with fans, or claws.  
That's his sign.  
We found it on the  
others he killed.  
I had hoped those reports that  
he was up to his old tricks  
again were pure imagination.  
But apparently  
they're based on fact.  
He's come back, back to  
the scene of his kills.  
Yes, that's who I mean.  
That's who did this, the Bat.  
Who found mark?  
We all did.  
That is Dale, and judie, and I,  
Lizzie was in the dining room.  
This is my new housekeeper,  
Jane Patterson.  
You know, she worked  
for John Fleming.  
I know her.  
Where were you, Mrs. Patterson?  
In the kitchen cleaning up.  
I cooked the dinner tonight.  
Did you know that this  
secret closet was here?  
No, it was behind the  
grandfather's clock.  
Well, it was I who  
found it, really.  
I noticed the clock  
had been moved.  
And the door wasn't  
quite closed.  
I'll get it.  
Who is it?  
Mark Fleming.  
As coroner, you saw the  
same wounds on the others.  
How long has he been dead?  
Oh, I'd say about  
a half an hour.

Do you believe it was the Bat?  
That's the Bat's trademark.  
Perhaps he's  
still in the house.  
It's possible.  
Why should he be?  
Because he's looking for  
something, and like you,  
he believes it's here.  
And he's a persistent killer.  
I would advise you  
get out of this house  
as quickly as possible, not  
withstanding our expert police  
protection.  
Have you called the morgue?  
They're on their way here.  
Oh, good, I want to examine  
the body before they get here.  
May we take it  
into another room?  
Yes, to the sun  
room in the back.  
Thank you, give me a hand.  
Excuse me.  
Oh, Warner, where have you been?  
Well, madame it--  
There's been an accident?  
There's been a murder.  
Mark Fleming, the young man  
from whom I leased this place,  
was killed here tonight.  
They know who did it?  
Well, they-- they  
believe it was the Bat.  
I'm sorry I had to use the  
front door, Miss Van Gorder.  
Bu I forgot my keys, and when  
I rang the bell at the kitchen  
door, there was no response.  
Oh, this is Warner, Lieutenant.  
He's my butler.  
He was my chauffeur.  
Why'd you promote him?

Well, it's very difficult  
to find a butler.  
They don't like  
service in the country.  
Have you been a butler before?  
I've served in many  
capacities, sir.  
But this was my night  
off, and I forgot my keys.  
I heard that part.  
What time did you leave  
the house tonight?

**Oh, about 6:**

I had dinner at  
wiley's roadhouse.  
Can you prove where you  
spent the rest of the evening?  
I can try.  
Try hard.  
And don't leave the house.  
I'll get to you later.  
Very good, sir.  
I shall be in my room, Miss  
Van Gorder, if you need me.  
Yes, Warner.  
Surely, you don't think he's--  
Warner and I have met before.  
I can't recall where or when.  
But I will.  
There will be a crew here  
shortly from headquarters,  
dusting for fingerprints,  
taking photographs.  
But in the meantime,  
Mrs. Patterson,  
you aren't leaving the  
house tonight are you?  
No, Lieutenant.  
Don't, I'll talk to  
you in the morning.  
Goodnight.  
Goodnight, sir.  
Goodnight.



Dale, I was with mark  
Fleming this afternoon  
when you talked to him about  
the floor plans of this house.  
I heard him tell you he  
was coming here tonight.  
Dale called him at my request.  
She told me he was coming.  
Who else heard  
her tell you that?  
Judie, Lizzie.  
And that nice Dr. Wells.  
Dr. Wells?  
There are few killers who  
kill for the fun of it.  
The Bat very likely  
is a mental case.  
And I'm convinced that his  
crimes are by his person gain.  
There's a million  
dollars at large.  
And he's going to  
keep on hunting for it  
until he lays his hands on it.  
Now, these young ladies  
are staying here tonight?  
Yes, they're my house guests.  
Well, when my crew arrives,  
we'll be busy for a while.  
So I'd suggest that--  
That we go to our rooms?  
That's a very good idea.  
Come on, girls.  
What a police guard for this  
house tonight, Lieutenant?  
You've got one.  
I'm going to cover  
this place tonight  
from the attic to the basement.  
If the Bat makes  
another call, I'll  
have a little surprise for him.  
Who, uh-- who is he?  
Have you any idea?

He could be anybody.  
So far, there are  
clues to his identity,  
but nothing we could  
take before a jury.  
I am afraid we must look  
higher than the criminal world.  
He may be a merchant,  
lawyer, doctor, scientist,  
one of the pillars  
of his community.  
Ladies, lock your doors tonight.  
Stay behind them.  
I promise you you'll be safe.  
Goodnight.  
Goodnight, Lieutenant.  
Poor mark.  
Yeah, it's a pity.  
So young.  
Well, doctor, do you  
agree it was the Bat?  
In my report, I  
shall say the death  
was caused by the  
same technique used  
in the other killings, a  
paralyzing blow to the throat,  
followed by a severe  
lacerations of the jugular,  
resulting in  
excessive hemorrhage.  
In a layman's language, he  
didn't know what hit him.  
Oh, he knew, but he didn't  
have time to think about it.  
You staying here tonight, Andy?  
Well, until I check  
the doors and windows.  
But I'll be back bright  
and early in the morning.  
Neither snow, nor rain,  
nor heat, nor gloom of night  
stays these couriers  
from the swift completion

of their appointed rounds.  
A lot of people are due for a  
shock when I close this case.  
Yes, I'm sure they are.  
Goodnight, Andy, don't get hurt.  
Goodnight, doctor.  
You know, I think we'd  
better let get some sleep.  
Oh, well Lizzie and  
I share this room  
for mutual protection.  
You know, one night, a  
storm blew the wires down,  
put the lights out.  
And I went out the next day  
and bought a half a dozen  
of these things.  
You better take  
one with you, Dale.  
Oh, thank you.  
We'll go across the hall.  
Are you sure there's  
nothing else you need?  
Quite sure, we'll be all right.  
Well, if anything bothers  
you, you just sing out.  
And two strong women  
will come to your rescue.  
Oh, nothing will bother us,  
not with Andy on the job.  
Goodnight.  
Goodnight.  
Don't worry, everything  
will be all right.  
Goodnight.  
Goodnight.  
Come on, Lizzie.  
I don't think  
I'll sleep tonight.  
Me neither.  
All I can see is poor  
mark Fleming staring at us.  
I thought that when people died  
their eyes closed, as in sleep.

Don't think about it.  
I bet you're thinking about it.  
No, I was thinking of my  
poor husband sleeping in jail  
tonight.  
Oh, judie, I love him so much.  
What's that noise?  
Oh, I don't know.  
I kind of fell half asleep.  
For a moment, I thought it  
was something from a dream.  
It's somewhere in the house.  
Yes, on the floor above,  
not directly over us,  
probably a room  
overlooking the driveway.  
Should we call Ms. Van Gorder?  
She'll hear it.  
How can she help but hear it?  
Besides, we don't want  
her to think we're  
a couple of hysterical women.  
I'm about to become one.  
I've had it for one night.  
Dale, you're not going  
out in that hall.  
I want to know what's  
happening up there.  
But Lieutenant  
Anderson said if we  
stayed behind our locked  
doors, we'd be safe.  
Vick isn't safe  
locked up in that jail.  
Suppose that stolen  
money is in this house.  
Mark Fleming seemed  
to think it was.  
Maybe that's what  
somebody's looking for.  
Oh, for heaven's  
sake, don't you  
hear that awful noise up there?  
Now, Lizzie!

You've just got to stay awake!  
The house phone and the outside  
phone wires have been cut!  
And we can't get help!  
Where's that policeman?  
Oh, I don't know.  
Something must have  
happened to him.  
Now, go on.  
Get on your robe.  
Oh, Dale, please  
don't go up there.  
I've got to.  
Think what it  
could mean to Vick.  
Now you stay here.  
Oh no, if you go, I go.  
You stay here.  
No, no--  
You wait here.  
I'm going to see what it is.  
Oh, please let me go with you.  
Judie, will you warn  
me if anyone comes?  
And I'll only be a moment.  
Now, wait.  
Oh no!  
What did he do to her!  
Judie!  
No, not judie!  
Give her to me.  
I'll look after her.  
Poor baby.  
Judie.  
The Bat.  
Yes, the Bat.  
He caught her at the  
head of the stairs.  
We saw him rushing  
down the stairs  
as we came out of the room.  
I hurled that after him.  
I hit him, I believe.  
I'm going to cover this

place from attic to basement,  
you said!  
Well, what were  
you covering when  
that poor child was murdered?  
Where were you?  
I saw a man outside  
on the grounds.  
I went out there and hunted him.  
I heard him in among the trees.  
And so I followed the sound  
of him as far as the brook  
down near the back road.  
And then I lost him.  
Oh.  
I'd rather give my own life  
than have this happen to Judy.  
But I told you to stay in  
your rooms and lock your doors  
and stay there!  
What was she doing at  
the head of those stairs?  
That was my fault.  
They heard a strange  
noise, heavy pounding in one  
of the rooms on the third floor.  
We all heard it.  
I wanted to see what it was.  
Judie, she wouldn't let  
me go out by myself.  
I made her stay on the balcony.  
What about your new butler?  
Well, he's in his  
room, I suppose.  
Oh, Mrs. Patterson.  
Yes?  
Did you know what  
happened here?  
No, sir, but I  
heard the screams.  
I to call Warner.  
We have rooms on the same floor.  
But he wasn't in his room.  
His bed hasn't been slept in.

If Mrs. Patterson  
heard the screams,  
Warner could  
certainly hear them.  
You're quite right, sir.  
I heard them.  
Oh, you did?  
And where were you?  
Outside on the grounds.  
Ms. Holland has been murdered.  
No.  
So you're surprised, shocked.  
Well, I've seen  
better performances.  
I remember you now.  
Your name's not Warner.  
I've got a circular in my  
office with your picture on it.  
The Chicago police  
not so long ago  
were hunting for you in  
connection with a robbery.  
You're right again, sir.  
And they found me,  
and they tried me.  
And I proved my innocence.  
And I was acquitted.  
That could have  
been a lucky break.  
Where were you when  
this child was killed?  
I told you before,  
sir, outside.  
What were you doing there?  
I was following you.  
I saw you leaving the house.  
And it seemed that you  
were hunting someone.  
I thought you might  
need some help.  
Oh, yes, sir, I followed  
your flashlight down  
through the trees.  
Then it disappeared.

And then suddenly as I was  
staring out into the darkness,  
I was struck by something  
on to the back of the head.  
Next thing I knew, I  
was lying on the ground.  
I realized I'd been knocked out.  
I wish you had  
been knocked out.  
For then we'd have  
found you with your mask  
still on your face!  
You were hit here in this  
house with this poker  
as you were rushing down those  
stairs after that child--  
Oh, no, sir, you  
can't pin this on me.  
I'm not the Bat!  
I've never killed.  
I couldn't kill.  
I won't take the rap for this!  
Well, doctor, we have another  
case for the county coroner.  
You see, the Bat came back.  
Why did you come back, doctor?  
Well, I-- I had an accident  
about a mile down the road.  
The right rear wheel  
of my car came off,  
and I plunged into the ditch.  
This was the nearest house.  
So I came here to call for help.  
I thought I'd find  
you around, Andy.  
Physician, heal thyself.  
You're must have  
been hit by something  
on the back of your head.  
I told you.  
I had an accident.  
So you did, doctor.  
So you did.  
I could be wrong.



But maybe I'm not.  
We shall see.  
Fine, dear, let's  
start a new chapter.  
For days, the murders  
held the headlines.  
Lieutenant Anderson grilled  
us, and ransacked the house  
from top to bottom.  
Warner was not  
placed under arrest.  
But his every move was watched.  
At night, except for a  
detective on guard in the house,  
the police and the  
reporters left us alone.  
And on one of those  
nights, without telling  
Lizzie or anyone else, I  
pursued a secret investigation  
of my own.  
It was in an empty  
room on the third floor  
where we kept our  
trunks and other things.  
Put 'em up, Bat.  
That's a bright idea to  
kill me in my own lab  
and let people think  
that I'm the Bat.  
But you had to kill me first.  
What was it to be, ambush?  
Clever as you are, you're  
not smart enough to do that.  
Nor were you smart enough to  
find the money, though you  
came quite close to it.  
But I know where it is.  
And when you're dead with that  
sign pinned on your chest,  
I'm going to collect it and  
live happily ever after.  
He destroyed himself,  
how true that will be.

Goodbye, Bat.  
Here's a serum that will  
heal you whether you're rabid  
or not.  
Something's wrong.  
Something's wrong.  
Miss Cornelia?  
Miss Cornelia?  
Now, where would she be  
going at this time of night?  
I never!  
Oh!  
Mr. Davenport, Mr. Davenport--  
Oh, a fine thing, the door  
unbolted, the chain off,  
and you asleep on the job.  
Wait till Lieutenant  
Anderson hears about this.  
Come on!  
Wake up!  
What's the matter with you?  
I don't know.  
I don't know.  
My head hurts, my  
whole body is numb.  
Here, here, take a sip of this.  
Try to snap out of it.  
I'll be back in a minute.  
Hurry, will you?  
It's Lizzie.  
I'm terribly worried.  
I can't find Ms.  
Cornelia anywhere.  
And something's happened  
to the policeman.  
I don't know what.  
Get Warner.  
Bring him to the drawing room.  
Tell him we need him.  
Are you all right now?  
Yeah, I'll be all  
right in a minute.  
I remember now.  
I took a drink of wine

from that decanter there.  
Ms. Van Gorder told  
me to help myself.  
She wouldn't put nothing in it.  
Well, somebody did, somebody  
who knew I was on duty here.  
And it was somebody  
that got Ms. Van Gorder.  
I can't find her  
anywhere-- upstairs,  
downstairs, or in the basement.  
I told the housekeeper  
to get Warner.  
Lieutenant Anderson will  
want to know about this.  
Hello?  
Yeah, this is  
Davenport at the Oaks.  
We've got trouble here.  
Well, for one thing  
I was drugged.  
Yeah.  
But I must have been knocked  
out, because the maid tells me  
Ms. Van Gorder's missing.  
You better call Anderson  
and let him know.  
He's not at home?  
Well where is he?  
Out on a case?  
What case?  
Dr. Wells?  
What else did they  
tell you about him?  
Oh, hurry, will you?  
We've got to find Ms. Cornelia!  
Ok.  
Lieutenant Anderson  
is out on a case.  
Dr. Wells was found  
dead in a room  
next to his garage, murdered.  
Dr. Wells?  
There's something queer

about the killing of Wells.  
But headquarters  
won't talk about it.  
Lizzie, Warner  
isn't in his room.  
There's no sign of him anywhere.  
And I was supposed to  
keep an eye on that guy.  
Where's Ms. Cornelia?  
That's what I want to know!  
Wait a minute!  
Didn't you say that  
the chain and the bolt  
were off of the front door?  
I certainly did.  
Well, maybe Ms. Van  
Gorder went outside.  
Oh, she never would.  
We better look.  
I can't-- I can't breathe.  
There's no air.  
Ms. Cornelia?  
Ms. Van Gorder?  
Ms. Van Gorder?  
Look!  
There's a light in that  
room on the third floor.  
Were you up there tonight?  
Well, of course I was,  
but I turned the lights out  
before I came downstairs.  
Ms. Cornelia might have  
turned them on again.  
That's where we're  
going to look first.  
Come on!  
Cornelia?  
Miss Cornelia?  
Miss Cornelia?  
Yes!  
I'm here!  
Right here!  
Here we are, Ms. Van Gorder.  
What do we do now?

Over the mantle,  
there are five panels.  
Try to-- with your hands.  
Which panel did you  
say, Ms. Van Gorder?  
Oh, I-- I just--  
Ms. Van Gorder!  
Which panel!  
We couldn't hear you!  
She said strike it!  
What difference does  
it make which panel?  
Strike them all!  
Look!  
Oh!  
Oh!  
Oh, it's all right now.  
It's all right, dear.  
Lizzie's here.  
I'm  
feeling better?  
Yes, much better.  
We'll take you to your room.  
Oh, no you want.  
I'm going to stay right here.  
I'm quite all right.  
Oh, how blessed it is to  
breathe without an effort.  
You know, no one knows how sweet  
the air can taste until someone  
shuts it off for a moment.  
That room is just like a box.  
When the mantle piece closed,  
it seemed like all the air  
was drawn out of it.  
Look!  
There it goes again!  
Let it close.  
I can open it from in here.  
There's a control panel behind  
this blueprint, electric motor  
under the trap door here.  
Once the door's open,  
you can keep it that way.

I believe that the  
fireplace in this other room  
opens the same way.  
And it does.  
I tried to find this.  
But I couldn't find it.  
Yeah, it was back of  
this blueprint here.  
Well, it's-- it's  
quite a set up.  
Too bad we can't open  
that safe the same way.  
Take an expert to crack this  
box, or a shot of nitro.  
Maybe-- maybe that's  
what the Bat had in mind.  
Could be, seems he's  
on the prowl tonight.  
Ms. Van Gorder,  
Warner has disappeared.  
Really?  
And Dr. Wells  
has been murdered.  
Dr. Wells?  
Lieutenant Anderson's  
on that case right now.  
Well, does he know what  
happened here tonight?  
They got word to him.  
He'll be here any minute.  
What's that noise?  
Ms. Van Gorder, the  
garage is on fire.  
Great scot!  
Look at that!  
Lizzie, put that light  
out in the other room.  
Now, where are you going?  
To report the fire.  
Well, you just stay right here.  
But Ms. Van Gorder, the garage.  
Let it burn.  
You watch the stairs.  
Can't you see that fire was

set to get us out of the house.  
Out of the-- well,  
you're talking about the--  
Yes, yes, I'm  
talking about the Bat.  
Now that the lights  
are out, he'll  
think his trick has  
worked, and we've gone.  
He'll be here any minute.  
Well, so will  
Lieutenant Anderson.  
I hope so.  
But the Bat will be here first.  
And he'll kill again  
if we're in his way.  
We've got to be as  
clever as he is.  
But you'll be safer downstairs.  
I'll take care of him.  
Well, the others can go.  
But I'm going to  
stay right here.  
All right, but  
get out of sight.  
Let's face it, ladies,  
and get it over with.  
Others have seen my  
face before they died.  
But I'll have to deny  
you that pleasure.  
This would make a good scene  
for your book, Ms. Van Gorder.  
But I'm afraid you'll  
never write it.  
That is Warner.  
I could tell.  
You misjudge me, Ms. Ellen.  
Warner!  
I don't like being a murder  
suspect, Ms. Van Gorder.  
I was headed for a plane.  
But halfway to the airport, I  
changed my mind and came back.

I'm glad that I did.  
Why, it's Lieutenant Anderson!  
Yes, it was Anderson.  
He had discovered the  
secret of the hidden room  
and was waiting to get into  
it and open up the safe.  
We found the money in  
it, little over a million  
in tens, and twenties,  
and hundreds.  
Good old Andy, with  
all his ill-gotten  
gains invested in bank stock.  
It's rather a clever way to  
hide stolen money-- in the open,  
as it were, and so respectable.  
But don't try it.  
No matter how clever you  
are, you can't hide murder.  
Well, that's it, Dale.  
That's the end.