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Abbott and Costello Meet the Killer, Boris Karloff

By Hugh Wedlock Jr.

Ha-ha.!

You didn't dot the "I."

Whoo!

Hey, Joe,

who's this guy Strickland?

All you news hawks hanging around here,
half the guests are inquiring about him.

A fine hotel dick. Don't you ever
read anything outside The Racing Form?

Amos Strickland is the number-one
criminal lawyer in the country.

Why all the excitement?

Lawyers have visited
the Lost Caverns before.

Sure, but when the lawyer's
Amos Strickland...

and he postpones an important case
to come up here, something's cookin'.

Hold it!

No pictures, boys!

How about a statement? No
statement, and I said no pictures!

Come on, boys, break it up.

You heard the man.

Beat it.

Go ahead.

You must be Mr. Strickland. Brilliant.

You must be the hotel detective.

Jeff, Mr. Strickland. Good
evening, Mr. Strickland.

I'm sorry you were annoyed,
but you know how newsmen are.

Unfortunately, yes.

Tell Mr. Crandall
I'm here.

I'm sorry, Mr. Crandall's not in, but
his niece is anxious to speak with you.

If I wanted to speak to
his niece, I'd ask for her.

The moment Mr. Crandall comes in,
tell him I want to see him. Yes, sir.

Freddie, will you show Mr.
Strickland to room 125? Yes, sir.

Oh, my leg! Be more careful, my good man!

I'm sorry.
My umbrella!
Yes, sir.
Pick up my bag!
Aah! Look! Look!
Look at my glasses!
They're broken. I'll
have your job for this.
Aren't you too old for this type
of work? I'll have you discharged!
Pick up my bag.! Get out,
you, you, you careless idiot.!
Get out of here!
What seems to be the trouble? Who are you?
I'm Mr. Melton,
the hotel manager.
Oh, you are, are you? Well, look at
my glasses! Who's responsible for this?
He is; if you hadn't come here,
you'd never have broke 'em.
I... I insist that you
discharge this moron immediately!
Take off that uniform
and get out; you're fired.
Fired?
Okay. I'll go.
I wanna tell you something, Mr.
Strickland; I'll get even with you for this.
Every dog has his day,
and I'll have mine.
I'm gonna make you pay for
this. Are you threatening me?
In words of one syllable,
yes!
So you got fired, eh?
Yes, I did, and I'm gonna tell
you the same thing I told him:
every dog has his day!
I'll show you to your room, Mr.
Strickland. Casey, bring the bags up.
Who, me? You. The key please, Jeff.
This way. Jeff, give me a hand, will ya?
Jeff, have you been
demoted to bellboy?

No, just helping Casey. They belong to the great Mr. Strickland. I told you to notify me the instant he got here. He didn't want to speak to you, just your uncle. Mr. Strickland's a man you don't argue with; he just got Freddie fired. Betty, I said Freddie's been fired again. What? Oh, Freddie. I'll speak to my uncle. Is there anything wrong? Not a thing. My key, please. Uh, yes, Mrs. Grimsby. Thank you. Mr. Strickland, I'm sorry I barged in like this, but I came in to apologize to you. I'm sorry for the way I talked to you. Really I am, Mr. Strickland. And I'm also sorry, Mr. Strickland, that I dropped the golf bag on your toes. I must've hurt. Mr. Strickland, there's somethin' else I wanna say. I'm sorry I broke your eyeglasses. Thanks a lot for allowing me to apologize to ya. Mr. Strickland, now that I've apologized, would you mind tellin' Mr. Melton? Don't you think it's better if you go inside the next room? There's a bed in there. Hmm? It's a short walk. Mr. Strickland. Don't you feel well? Uh-oh. This guy's plenty sick. Whew. He made it. Ohh! What you need is air and plenty of it... and I ain't gonna give it to ya with a little handkerchief.

I gotta give you
plenty of air.
Mr. Strickland,
come on, will ya!
I gotta do somethin'
to help you.
Come on, I...
I w...
Blood.
Blood.
He's dead.
Who did it,
Mr. Strickland?
Gee, that's funny.
I always thought that if I was in
a room alone with a dead person...
I would be scared.
Ha-ha!
But... Casey!
Hey, Mr. Melton!
Let go of me!
Casey! Let go of me!
Hey! Hey! What's the matter, Mr. Melton?
This idiot just attacked me. Take him
out of here before he kills somebody!
I didn't do it! I just happened
to find the body! What body?
Who's dead? What are you talking about?
M-M-Mr. Strickland!
H-He's been murdered!
Murdered.! Impossible.! We don't
permit murders in this hotel.!
Ahh, Mr. Smelton...
Melton!
The poor man, he's dead,
dead, dead!
Come here!
Excuse me.
Th-Th-Th-There he is!
He is dead! I been tryin'
to tell ya... he's dead!
I'll see ya later. Wait
a minute! Don't go away.
And nobody touch that body. Touch

it? I don't even wanna look at it.
Not a word of this to the
guests; we must keep it quiet.
You'd better leave an extra sheet
for Casey to cover up the dead body.
Dead body?
Ohh! That's enough!
That's enough!
Get her quiet,
and don't touch a thing.
I'm gonna call
the police.
Quiet!
Hello?
What's the matter?
There's been an accident.
Is it serious?
Murder.
Murder?
Aah!
- Hello, Operator. Get me Inspector Wellman.
- Why, it's Mr. Strickland!
Jeff, take Betty
to her room.
No, I don't wanna speak to the
sergeant, I wanna speak to Wellman.!
That's awful.
He was such a nice man.
Do you have a handkerchief?
Yeah.
Uh-uh.
What happened?
Strickland was murdered.
He's dead.
I don't wanna speak to the sergeant, :
I wanna speak to Inspector Wellman.!
And hurry it up.!
What's going on here?
I caught this man trying to
make off with that briefcase.
I thought it might contain
important evidence.
You caught me trying to get away with
this briefcase? It was him! You fibber.

How dare you call Mr. Brooks
a thief? Apologize at once!
Apologize?
Mr. Brooks,
I'm sorry you're a crook.
Pig head!
Ping!
- Freddie.
- Mr. Melton.
Keep this
as quiet as possible.
I'll put this in the safe.
Hello.!

Hello, Inspector Wellman?
This is Casey of
the Lost Caverns Hotel.
You'd better hop right over. Looks like
we've got a murder on our hands. Okay.
Oh, Mr. Casey.
Yeah?
My name's Relia. I checked in this
morning. What can I do for you?
I heard about the murder. My gun
disappeared from my room a couple hours ago.
It's registered
in my name.
If it turns out to be the murder weapon,
well, I just want the police to know.
Any idea who took it? It could've
been a maid, a waiter or a bellboy.
Bellboy. That makes sense.
Bellboys carry pass keys.
It could be a bellboy, 'cause I
was a bellboy myself and I know.
I could get into every room
in the place. What am I sayin'?

Casey, search him.
He may have Relia's gun.
Now, listen, I...
Quiet, quiet, quiet.
I don't know how I get in the middle of
these things. "Casey, search him. " Hmph!
That's mine.
Nothing on him. Mr. Smelton... Melton...

You're not gonna implicate
me and get away with it.
I heard him threaten
Mr. Strickland.
Don't let him out of your sight
until the police come. Troublemaker.
Casey, I'm worried.
Yeah.
You don't think I had anything
to do with it, do ya? No.
But it looks bad, Freddie,
it looks bad. I know.
You have two things in your favor;
one, they found no bloodstains on ya.
- Eeek!
- Two, the gun that killed Strickland is still missing.
That I'm very happy for. On
the other side of the ledger...
all the evidence
points to you.
You were seen fighting with
him, then you lost your job.
That supplies the motive. Sure.
Then you were heard threatening him
and were seen coming out of his room.
What are you doing?
Gotta t-t-take
to laundry.
Laundry?
To the laundry?
Yeah. Wait a minute, come
here. Just a minute here...
Hey, where'd you get
that gun? I don't know.
For the last time, where'd
you get that gun? I don't know.
Where'd you get that gun? That's not fair;
you said for the last time, I answered it.
You're using unfair tactics.
I'm trying to help you out.
There's no doubt this is really his
gun and that they planted it in here!
We've gotta get it back to his room before
the police come, otherwise you're a dead duck.

Why would anybody
put that here?
When we find that out, we'll find
the culprit. Who's the culprit?
The culprit and the murderer
are the same! Oh, they are?
Come on,
shake a leg.
Duck. Duck.
Something sneaky
about that dame.
I think you're right.
I'm gonna question her.
She went that way,
over the other way.
If he's in here, just pretend
we've made a mistake. Shh.
Ahh, the wrong key.
Try this one.
What?
Where'd you get that? Red.
Red who? Red Skelton. It's a Skelton key.
Opens up any door.
Come on.
Hey.
This guy is a messy housekeeper.
This place has been searched.
I wonder if it coulda been
that dame down the hall.
Whoever it was did a
thorough job. I'll say.
Let's plant the gun here and
get out. Hey, wait a minute.
Here's a telegram to Michael
Relia. Get a load of this.
"Am including your case
in my memoirs.
Be at the Lost Caverns Hotel this
weekend. Signed, Amos Strickland. "
This could tie in
with the murder.
I'm gonna check
on this Relia.
See if the coast is clear; I'll plant

this gun in one of his suits in the closet.

Oh.

You didn't see me.

You didn't see me.

I wasn't here.

Okay, I planted the gun.

Come on, let's go. Come...

What's the matter?

I didn't see him.

You didn't see who?

The man who wasn't here.

What man? All I did was open up the door, see if the coast was clear.

My mind went blank. Your mind's been blank all your life. Close the door.

I said c...

Come on!

I didn't see him.

I'll have a coroner's report on Strickland first thing in the morning, Inspector.

That'll be fine, Doc.

Where were we, Milford? You've been Strickland's secretary nearly 20 years.

Over 20 years.

Any enemies?

Naturally, Inspector Wellman. A big criminal lawyer is bound to make some enemies.

But I don't know of anyone who would've resorted to murder.

You're wasting your time. You've got the murderer... Phillips, the bellboy.

Mr. Melton, if you don't mind, I'll handle this case in my own way.

Bring that bellboy in. Okay, Phillips, the Inspector wants you.

Be firm! You just leave 'em to me. I can handle this two guys.

You can go,

Melton.

Okay, Phillips! I didn't do it, Inspector! I didn't do it!

Please, I didn't do it! Don't hit me! Don't twist my arm!

Don't twist my arm!

I'm innocent, I tell ya!
Don't hit me on the head
with a rubber hose!
Please don't hit me on the head with
a rubber hose! Wait a minute! Shut up!
What? The man didn't touch
you with his little finger.
What kind of third degree is
this? I don't give third degrees!
Stingy.
All right!
What's the matter with that guy?
He's been that way all his life.
He's too dumb
to commit a murder.
But why is he always
hollerin' about rubber hoses?
- Casey, show him the telegram.
- What telegram? Are you withholding evidence?
Oh, no, Inspector. I was
going to give you this.
We found this
is Relia's room.
I'll look this over later. I'm
releasing this bellhop into your custody.
He's not to leave this hotel. But
Mr. Melton said I have to get out.
You'll remain as a guest
of the State. A guest?
They pay for everything? Ha!
If you get a chance,
come up and see me sometime.
Thank you.
Good-bye.
Oh.
Excuse me.
Oh-oh. Just a moment,
dear. It's all right.
- Will you bring the phone
over here, please?
Hello!
Yes?
Of course.
I'd be delighted.

Thank you.
We're gonna
have a guest.
Casey, I want you to order
me peasant on the half shell.
Also order me crepes
tied around Suzette...
and my special order of caviar
with bologna on the side.
You're a guest of the State, but don't
you think you're carrying this too far?
California is a big state. If it
was Rhode Island, it'd be different.
\$8.55,
Mr. Phillips.
Can you spell "California"? Certainly!
Sign the check, please. And
put a big tip on for everybody.
Oh, thank you very much. You're
welcome! You're welcome! You're welcome!
Good-bye now!
See you tomorrow!
You won't be here tomorrow. Yes, I will.
Wait'll Inspector Wellman sees
the report I have on Michael Relia.
You will be just an ordinary
little bellhop again.
I don't intend to be a
bellhop anymore. Mm-hmm.
Furthermore, I have a date
with Angela Gordon. I...
Ha! That good-lookin'
dame made a date with you?
Yes.
I don't believe it.
Angela.
My Angela.
Ha-ha! Please.
Come in, darling.
Darling?
Here's your suit.
Angela, huh?
Angela! Oh, am I intruding?
No, but he is!

Hmm-hmm!

Angela. Won't you sit down, Freddie?

I think so.

Over there?

Mmm.

Sit down?

Please.

Gee, you're pretty. I bet
you say that to all the girls.

Yes. It don't go over so good
with the boys. You're sweet.

To think that they suspect you of
murdering Strickland. It's ridiculous.

If they give me the gas chamber, they're
hangin' the wrong man, and they'll be sorry.

Have you any idea who
the real murderer is? Yes.

Who?

The culprit.

But who is the culprit?

Well?

The murderer.

Casey has to find out only one thing
before he can put him in jail. What's that?

If he did it.

Who?

The culprit.

Who is the culprit?

The murderer!

Don't you understand?

If you could prove who did it, you'll
be a hero, and I just adore heroes.

Get him to sign a confession. Who?

The murderer. Who's the murderer?

The culprit! Don't you understand? Yes!

If I get the murderer to sign a
confession, that'll prove I'm innocent!

Why couldn't I think of
something like that?

Ooh, if I only had a pencil and
paper, you know what I would do...

Thank you. I'll dictate, you write.

Hmm-hmm!

Start.

I hereby confess.
You did it? Oh, no, Freddie. Write.
I hereby confess...
to the murder
of Amos Strickland.
Now sign it.
Me sign it?
Certainly.
You are the witness.
Then when the real murderer signs it, everyone
will know who got the confession out of him.
Huh! Yeah.
That's right. Hmm.
Freddie Phillips.
Pretty good! Boy, will
Casey be proud of me!
Don't tell Casey.
We'll keep it a secret.
Excuse me.
There's someone at the door.
Ahh!
For me? I took the
liberty of ordering this.
That'll be all.
Yes, ma'am.
I thought it might be fun to
have a little... champagne.
Gee, I never thought
I'd live a life like this.
I've got a report on every one of ya,
thanks to Mr. Strickland's secretary.
You've all had enough experience with the law
to know that the sooner you start cooperating...
the sooner we'll get
this case over with.
Okay, who's gonna
speak up?
Nobody, huh?
Inspector, I've gotta
talk to ya right away.
I've cracked this case wide open;
I've got the murderer for ya.
Mike Relia. Maybe that's why we
can't find him. Got any proof?

I sent his fingerprints down to headquarters,
and I've got the complete report.
You know, he was defended on a
murder rap by Strickland in 1940.
Old stuff, Casey.
We know all that.
It matches in with the telegram
he received; that's your motive.
Sure, except
for one thing.
Outside of the girl, everyone in
that room received a similar telegram.
They've all got just as much to
lose as Mike Relia. Crandall too?
Crandall too. Sorry, Casey. Keep on tryin'.
Sergeant, send Mike Relia
and Miss Gordon in here.
I've got two men looking
for them. Not Angela Gordon.
Yep. She was once tried for feeding
her husband champagne cocktails.
Two jiggers of champagne to one jigger
of poison. She's up in Freddie's room!
I saw the champagne wagon
headed that way!
They're having cocktails right now. What?
There's a poison antidote in
the doctor's office! Let's go!
I'm hurt, Freddie.
I mixed one of my special
champagne cocktails just for you...
and you won't even
taste it.
I have a confession to make. You did it?
No! I mean, I never drink that
stuff. That's like drinking poison.
Oh, just one
teensy-weensy sip.
Oh...
Oh, stop it.
The bubbles
is ticklin' my nose.
For little Angela. I wouldn't
drink it for big Angela.

Cut it out, will ya?
Oh, drink it! Give me that
glass! I've had enough of this!
There you are, just as I
told ya! And he drank some!
The antidote! Get him outta
here! What's goin' on here?
Quiet! I got a date with a girl!
What is that?
Mustard and milk.
Mustard and milk? I got
a girl over here! Come on!
This is an outrage. I told them who
you are. You can stop pretending.
Why, you... I also gave the Inspector
the background on your playmates...
including that fake swami
from Brooklyn.
What else have you got? Flour and water.
What are you doing to me? Quiet! Quiet!
Save your strength!
When are you gonna start cooperating,
Miss Gordon? I'll do anything you say.
But don't let my name get into the papers;
I'm engaged, and it would wreck my life.
What else? Sweet oil and lime!
Casey! Casey! Take it easy,
Freddie! I'll take care of ya!
Who killed Strickland,
Miss Gordon? I don't know.
If I knew,
I'd tell you.
What else? Atropin and belladonna.
Casey! Casey! Oh, get
in there! Get in there!
There's nothing
in that drink.
We'll find out soon enough. In
the meantime, I'm holding you.
I've given him everything.
Nothing happened.
See?
Casey, what are you
doin' to me?

Sorry about the rough
treatment, Freddie...
but that champagne cocktail
might've been poisoned.
P... Poison?
Poison? Poison?
Are you tryin'
to tell me... Ohh!
What are you...
Ho-ho!
I didn't even drink the
stuff! Why didn't you tell me?
Every time
I opened my mouth...
you kept pouring something
down it! Ohh! Ohh!
What good is this confession if that bellboy
is still around? You've let us down, Angela.
We were all rather surprised when the
police found there was nothing in the drink.
You don't think
I intended to kill him.
I just wanted to get him drunk and put him
on the slow boat to Shanghai or someplace.
Not permanent enough,
my dear; he'd come back.
If Mike Relia hadn't left, he'd know
how to get us out of this situation.
I've done my part; I got the
confession. I suppose it's up to me.
This bellboy
will commit suicide tonight...
and this will be found
beside the body.
Suicide?
I have ways.
You are in a deep sleep,
a sound sleep.
You hear nothing but
the sound of my voice.
You will do as I say. You
will obey without question.
Open your eyes.
Freddie,

your future is black.
A terrible fate awaits you;
you have nothing to live for.
But you have one escape. Escape.
Yes.
Eternal sleep.
The sleep
that brings peace.
The sleep
that goes on forever.
I-I-I-I-I may as well
be dead.
That's right, Freddie.
Stand up.
S-S-S-Stand up?
Obey me.
Do as I say.
Now walk.
Stand on the foot
of the bed.
Put the noose
around your neck.
Now, when I count three,
jump.
One.
Two.
Three!
Sit up, Freddie.
Stand up
on the floor.
Take the noose
from 'round your neck.
We'll have to try
something else.
Freddie,
do you have a gun?
Then get it.
Do you have the gun,
Freddie?
Then don't delay. Put it
to your head and use it.
No, no, no.
Maybe you'd like to select your
own means of self-destruction.

How would you like
to die?
Old age.
Freddie.
Come to the window.
Climb up on the sill.
Now then, Freddie,
jump!
Not into the room, out of the
window! Now climb up again.
You're going
to commit suicide...
if it's the last thing
you do.
Now then...
take this knife.
Use it!
Freddie.
Listen to me.
You will do as I tell you. You
will obey me without question.
Freddie...
I want you to take this knife
and plunge it into your heart.
Do as I say.
Amazing;
even under hypnosis...
the will of an idiot
to cling to life.
Freddie, would you plunge
this knife...
into the heart of the man
in the mirror?
Good.
Then take the knife.
Plunge it into the heart
of the man in the mirror.
No. No.!
No, Freddie, not me!
Not me, you fool!
The man in the mirror!
Freddie, obey me!
The man
in the mirror.

Freddie.
Freddie! Freddie!
Freddie, wake up!
What is this?
What's the idea of chasing me with
a knife? How could I? I'm in bed.
You... You...
Wait a minute.
What am I doin'?
I must be sleepwalkin'.
What's the meaning
of this?
I must've walked on the
ceiling too. Hmm-hmm!
Casey, what a dream I
had! Never mind your dream.
Relia's run out; we've gotta
find him and make him talk.
Put on your clothes
while I wash my hands.
How'd I ever
make it up there?
I must've come up this way, up this
side wall and walked over that way.
Probably got chewing gum
on my feet.
Hi.
Casey.
Casey! Casey!
What's the matter? What's
this... What's this all about?
What are you do...
Casey.
What are you trying to say?
Get out of the way.
It's Mike Relia!
He's dead.
He's been stabbed!
You didn't do this while you were
sleepwalking, did ya? I wouldn't kill anybody.
I know it, but do the cops? They find
this out, it'll be curtains for you.
We've gotta get this body back
into its own room. What'll we do?

Yeah, what'll we do?
I'll get a laundry cart,
you get that body out of there.
Well, come on!
Get some life into it!
Don't you think that's
askin' a little too much?
Aah!
Mom.
Come on, we've gotta get
this body back to its room.
Why can't I wear
my brown suit?
So nobody'll recognize you when you're
pushing this cart down the corridor.
Come on, make it snappy.
Come on.
Come on, Freddie,
let's get rid of this body.
Come on, come...
Freddie.
Freddie, where are ya now?
Freddie...
Here I am.
Come on!
How am I?
Hello, Casey.
Hello, Inspector.
Maid, would you get me an extra
bath towel? I'd be delighted.
Get a bath towel
for the Inspector.
Any news on the murder,
Inspector?
I'm expecting a phone call from
Stone that'll pin it on that bellboy.
You're keepin' an eye on him, aren't
you? Yes, everything's in hand.
I say, everything's in hand!
Hurry up with that towel.
The dumbest maid we have
in the hotel.
I've been speaking to the boss in regards
to firing her, but nothing happens.

Maybe she knows where the
body's buried. Here's your towel.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
My phone.
Come on.
Push!
Hey, shall we dump him
in bed?
Oh, certainly not. Let's put him in
the closet. Let somebody else find him.
Closet.
Open it up, hurry.
Put the light on.
That-a-boy.
Come on, push it in.
Put him right up
on the shelf here.
I'll get the sheet
off him.
Take it easy.
Give me a hand over here.
Let's get outta here.
Hurry up.
Turn out that light.
Come on...
Wait a minute.
If they find that cart in there,
Wellman might tie this up to you.
Go get the cart.
"Go get the cart. "
Hurry up, hurry up.!
That's all I do.
All I do is the work.
Come on, come on.!
Hurry up.
Get it out there.
Come on,
make it snappy.
Move it right in here before
somebody comes along and catches us.
There ya are. Put it in there.
I'm pushin', I'm pushin'.
Hurry up, hurry up!

Close the door.
That's a load off my
mind. Oh, boy, and how.
Are you excited?
I am.
Whew!
Oh, boy.
Am I glad that's
over with.
Thank you for everything. We were
in a mess there for a couple minutes.
Get right out of that
disguise, and hurry up.
I'm tired out. I'm gonna
lie down. Take care of these.
And don't
disturb me.
Casey!
Didn't I tell you
not to disturb me?
And you haven't hung up my hat and
coat yet! I can't depend on you at all!
No! No!
Where's the cart?
Right there.
Oh. Scared you, didn't it?
Mm-hmm. I'll confess.
You did it?
Oh, certainly not!
Aha!
Ya big dope.
It's Milford,
Strickland's secretary.
What's he hangin' around
here for? He's dead, ya dope.
We've gotta get this body out
of here; get the cart ready.
Ohh! Ohh!
What's the matter now?
He's dead!
It's Relia.! Hey, wait a minute,
we just left him down in his room.!
There's something funny going on. Uh-huh.
Dead men can't walk. This one did. He did.

We can't go back to Relia's room; we might bump into the Inspector again. Yeah... I got an idea. What? Take 'em to the card room; there's nobody playin' cards at this hour of the night. We take 'em down there and dump 'em off. Good idea! Give me a hand. Casey. What? Maybe they don't play cards. Will you talk sense, please? Get these bodies out of here. Come on! Oh, uh... Oh, maid! Say, you're, uh, new here, aren't you? Yes, it's my first night. Well, you certainly must have been busy. Mmm. Look at all this laundry. Don't do that! Don't do that, you... Say, you know something? You're kinda cute. Look, why don't you let your work go for a while... and, uh, stay down here and keep me company. Things have been awfully dead around here tonight. Much deader than you think. Mm-hmm. Ohh! No, you don't, now. Don't do it. Hey... What's going on here? It's getting so a poor working girl isn't safe anymore. Excuse me. The desk phone. Let's get outta here. Get rid of these bodies. Okay, I'll get 'em out. What are you talking that way for? I'm all mixed-up! Huh? Who? Freddie Phillips, the bellboy?

No, Inspector Wellman,
I haven't seen him.
No, sir, nobody's left
the hotel tonight.
Casey? Oh, yes,
he's down here now.
Oh, you'll be down.
Okay.
Let's get out of here.
Uh-oh,
here comes Abernathy.
Ohh.
Get rid of that.
There's nothing like a nice,
sociable game of bridge.
Oh, I love bridge.
Bridge?
With two open hands?
We're playing
with two dummies.
There's a card on the
floor; his hand's dead.
They're
both dead.
Oh, no, you don't.
That's peeking.
Oh, he's always
cheating.
Have, uh, have you got a match? Mm-hmm.
Uh, uh, here's a match.
Uh, here.
Who got the bid?
She did.
What'd she bid?
Grand slam.
You bid a grand slam
on that hand?
Yes.
You know what?
What?
You're going to get
murdered.
Excuse me.
You oughta have me for a partner;

the one you've got's a stiff.
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to
get you all excited that way.
Really, I didn't. You know I wouldn't
do that for the world, don't you?
Get your hand
off me.
Get your hand
off me!
I am partially
engaged!
Now, you leave me
alone!
No more...
What's the matter?
I wanna talk to you.
Come here.
You're so strong!
Now that you dragged me
out here, what do you want?
How 'bout a little smack?
Hmm?
You know,
just a little smack.
Mm-hmm. Hmm!
What happened? Well, he asked
for a smack, so I gave it to him.
Get that wagon outta here, change those
clothes; I'll see if the coast is clear.
Sorry, fellas, but you'll
have to play two-handed.
Here comes
Wellman and Stone.
Casey, I been lookin' for you.
Where's that bellboy?
What bellboy?
Freddie!
Oh, Freddie Kitzmeyer
from Philadelphia.
Now there's a regular kid.
I mean Freddie Phillips!
Freddie Phillips?
You mean that little, round, chubby
sort of, uh... with the black hair?

That's right.
The bellhop?
He was fired! I know he was
fired! What are you tryin' to pull?
No, no, no, no...
I thought you were tryin'
to hide somethin'.
Who, me?
Yeah, you.
Where's Phillips?
I wish I knew.
What a detective! I told you not
to let Phillips out of your sight.
He's too fat to slip down a rat hole.
Where is he? I've told you, I don't know.
Maybe he's in his room. No, we
stopped there on our way here.
Phone headquarters.
Get a dragnet out.
- Hey, you!
Yes?
Yes?
You and I are gonna have a
little talk. I agree with you.
Let's talk over here...
We'll talk right here.
Let's go upstairs. It's more
comfortable. My room's a mess up there.
What do you know about
the murder? Which one?
There was three of 'em! There was a
papa bear, a mama bear and a teeny...
Never mind the fairy tales. Why did
you kill Strickland? I didn't kill him.
I told you before. He's too
dumb. What do you call this?
Uh... could be ashes. We
found it in this guy's room.
It's the remains
of a linen handkerchief.
A burned handkerchief
can't prove anything.
It does when our tests prove
it had bloodstains on it.

- I burned it.
- So you admit it?
Oh, no. Mr. Strickland, he was in
the room, he was layin' there dead.
I don't know anything like that.
I saw the handkerchief there...
Wait a minute! Why didn't
you tell me this before?
I ain't got any sense.
I thought everybody'd think I
was the murderer. A handkerchief!
Might have had a monogram
on it or a laundry mark.
That one piece of evidence could
have led us to the murderer.
I think it has.
You stop looking at me!
Don't jump at conclusions.
Let's go upstairs and talk it over
peacefully. Now, stop! Stay here.
Tell us one thing, Phillips.
Were you and Relia in cahoots?
The last time I saw Relia,
he didn't talk to me.
If I could find Relia, I could
make him talk. It'd be a good trick.
You don't know Wellman.
You don't know Relia.
I think
he's in your room.
There's nobody there.
Let's go and find out.
Will you get your hands...
Let's ride up and find out.
I'm done.
I'm done.
Are you coming with me?
I'm comin'.
I'm such a young boy too.
Hey, fellas,
you can come up now.
Come on,
stick with me.
What's the problem?

What's the matter?

Blood.

Take it easy, lady.

Pull yourself together.

What happened?

I've been trying to get in here
all evening, but no one answered.

I finally let myself in
and then I saw... that!

Whose room is this?

Mr. Milford.

Strickland's secretary? This case
is gettin' screwier every minute.

You go to your room.

I'll call you if I need you.

Any of you people seen Mr.

Milford in the last few hours?

I was in the lobby late.

I didn't see him go out.

Okay, we'll start
with you, Swami.

What are you doing
fully dressed at this hour?

Just a little game of cards
with Mr. Brooks.

And you?

I was the third hand.

And naturally,
you two were there?

Naturally.

Naturally.

That makes it convenient.

One for all and all for one...

as far as the alibis
are concerned.

And you, Mr. Crandall? I couldn't
sleep. I went out for a walk.

- Do we take your word or did somebody see you?

- I was with him.

You people can go back to your
rooms. Not you, Phillips or Casey!

The rest of you stay here. What about me?

You can go.

You too, Wilson.

I'd like to remain,
if I may, Inspector.
The reputation of the
hotel is involved. Okay.
Betty!
Why didn't you want me to tell him
we were out on the terrace together?
Please don't ask me, Jeff. And
thanks for not giving me away.
Someone in this room knows a lot
more than he or she is admitting.
I intend to find out
who it is.
Are you making an accusation? Maybe.
You all had a motive
for killing Strickland:
to prevent his memoirs
from being published.
Last night he was murdered.
Tonight his secretary disappears.
Maybe he's still alive,
maybe he isn't. He isn't.
- How do you know?
- Because, I mean...
'Cause that spot on the carpet,
that ain't ketchup there.
It could mean Milford has been
murdered; it might be a red herring.
No, that looks
more like borscht.
You don't have to waste any more time,
Inspector. You've got your murderer.
I thought so too, but Phillips
has come up with an airtight alibi.
Thanks, Inspector. Hear that,
Casey? I got an airtight alibi.
I'm going to locate Milford and Relia if I
have to take this hotel apart with my hands.
Nobody leaves this hotel without
my permission. You can all go now.
Not you, Casey!
Oh, not you, Casey, huh? I'm
sorry you're one of the suspects.
I'll do everything I can

to get you out. Phillips!
I want to talk to you.
Me?
Yeah. You're in this
thing up to your neck...
but there was something phony about that
bunch of creeps bein' dressed at this hour...
so I'm gonna give you one
more chance to clear yourself.
I'm getting sick and tired of
everybody accusing me of murder.
You could be
the murderer yourself!
What are you trying to
do, get away? Shut up!
Casey, Casey!
Now, take it easy.
Now listen to me!
Talk to him, Casey.
As long as Phillips was under
suspicion, the real killer felt safe.
But now he's going to be pretty
anxious to get that handkerchief back.
So, Phillips, you're gonna put
the handkerchief up for sale.
Who's gonna buy a lot of ashes?
Nobody but us knows you burned it.
I get it. I get it! Ha, ha! I get it too!
The one that buys the handkerchief
is the murderer. Exactly.
So spread the word around that you've
got the handkerchief and you'll sell it...
for about 5,000 dollars.
Sure!
Don't try to blow
in the meantime.
You sure you're smart
enough to handle this? Him?
I'm plenty smart.
I'm going to my hotel room and
figure the whole thing out. Yeah?
Where's your hotel key?
In my pocket where I...
Is that so?

I had it.
Here it is.
Oh.
I didn't get this
for nothing, you know.
Here it is.
Hey, come on.
Where'd you ditch the
bodies? In the elevator.
In the elevator?
Come on.
We gotta get rid
of those bodies.
This one over here.
There's no bodies in there.
Some dirty crook stole 'em.
At least we're rid of 'em.
Now we've got to find someone willing to
pay 5,000 dollars for that handkerchief.
Wait a minute, Casey. Suppose
the murderer hasn't got the money?
Then they're apt to murder you to get it
back; either way, they'll show their hand.
f they murder me, I'm apt
to be killed. That's right.
But at least you've proven
your innocence.
That's true. One way or
another, I can't lose.
That's right.
Ain't I a lucky stiff?
Lucky stiff! I should've never
left Patterson. Let's go upstairs.
I don't need a handkerchief.
I have plenty.
But I-I'll let you have
this handkerchief very cheap.
Only 5,000 dollars. 5,000
dollars? You're insane.
But it's such a beautiful
handkerchief. It's nothing to sneeze at.
Neither is 5,000 dollars.
Ah, please.
Please buy the handkerchief.

If you do, I'll let you have
it on the easy payment plan:

3,500 dollars down
and small monthly payments.
15 months?

No.

18 months?

No.

21 months is as far as I can go. No!

Aye!

How'd you make out?

Ah, no good. Nobody wants
to buy that handkerchief.

It's cheaper to kill me. I wish they'd
quit stallin' and get around to it.

They're getting around
to it, all right.

It's only a kitten.

Bet somebody's puttin' him up
to it. Better luck next time.

Now they got
the Indians after me.

Hey, paleface,
give me my arrow.

You!

Another false alarm.

I wish somebody'd do something to
you. I'm becoming a nervous wreck.
Disgusting, isn't it? Have you talked
to everybody about that handkerchief?
Everybody but Mr. Brooks. Brooks? I
just saw him going in the health club.

Freddie,
this is your last bet.

If he's the killer,
you'll be vindicated.

If he's the killer, I'll be perforated,
assassinated, exterminated and marinated.

Well, that's that.

Just a little longer,
Mr. Brooks. All right.

Right here, Freddie.

This my stall?

That's right.

Hello, Mr. Brooks.

Hello.

Takin' a steam bath, huh?

Naturally.

For a steam bath to do you any good, you got to stay in here at least ten minutes.

You gotta find something to do while you're here.

Wanna play cards?

Mr. Brooks,

do you catch many colds?

No. Why?

Psst-psst. I've got a handkerchief I'd like to sell you.

Cheap.

5,000 dollars.

Why, that's ridiculous!

Hmph.

That's enough.

You know, the way you're perspirin' now, you could use that handkerchief.

It's a big one!

I'll take my rubdown in my room, Bozzo. Okay, Mr. Brooks.

I'll get you in a minute, Freddie.

Okay, Mr. Bozzo. Uh,

Mr. Brooks! Mr. Brooks!

I'd like to talk to you for another minute!

Oh-ho, you.

Guy never gave me a chance to cut my price. He could've chiseled me a little bit.

Ha-ha. That's all.

If you...

Casey!

If you let me sweat that bellhop a little, I'll get a confession.

If nobody falls for the handkerchief gag, he's all yours.

There's still a chance that Brooks is the killer.

Freddie's working on him now.

You've got until tonight to prove it.

There's a train outta here at 9:00, and
that bunch of creeps are plannin' to take it.
You're not gonna let 'em? They
know as much about the law as I do.
I got to book 'em or let 'em go.
I haven't got a thing on 'em.
Help! Help!
The hotel's burning!
It's the health club.
Freddie's in there. Come on!
Freddie.! Freddie.!!
Casey!
Freddie, where are you?
Casey!
Wait'll I turn off
the steam!
Get him out of there,
quick!
Whew.
Somebody was trying to cook
my goose. What do you mean?
I-I saw a hand come around the
corner and he put on a lot of steam.
A lot of steam,
all the steam he could put on.
Full force. I think
somebody's trying to kill me.
Sounds phony to me.
You're just tryin' to divert suspicion for
yourself. You're not as dumb as you look.
Get your hand off me. I don't
want anymore of this from you.
I'm a citizen and a taxpayer and it's my
taxes that buys you your gun and your badge.
It's my taxes that pays your salary
every week. You're workin' for me!
You're a public servant!
So what?
Get me another bottle of water. Okay.
What?
Well, the Inspector's not foolin' with
you anymore. You heard what he said.
If nothing develops by 9:00 tonight, he's
gonna place a charge of murder against you.

Murder? Murder? Are you nervous? Gimme the key.
Absolutely!
Wait a minute. Stand back. What's wrong?
Get in. Get in! What's the matter with you?
What in the world is that? It's a booby trap.
What for? I'm not taking chances of anyone sneakin' in here... and killin' me without me knowing it. You big dope.
What's to prevent anybody from coming in those French doors?
Ah.
It's pretty good, isn't it?
That is the most ridiculous thing I have ever seen! Is that so?
If the murderer comes in this room by himself, somebody else is gonna carry him out.
Why, you dirty double-crosser.
We've got it all arranged to have somebody try and kill you and you're trying to prevent it.
Ya know... Come here. Come here!
I suppose you've got these windows rigged up too? They can't hurt me here.
We're three stories up.
Boy, are you lucky. Somebody's finally trying to bump you off. Congratulations.
Wait until the Inspector hears about this.
Oh, boy, oh, boy.
Uh... Get me Inspector Wellman.
Uh... Oh, look at those bullet holes. Marvelous!
Wonderful.! Casey, why is everybody so happy I'm gonna be killed?
Boy, are they really after you.
Oh, come. Come, put a smile on your face.
That's a boy. Sure, enjoy life. That's it.
Go in the other room and lie down.

Go in and rest. Relax, go ahead.

I will.

Sure, go ahead.

That's swell.

Uh, what?

He's not in his room?

Well, page him
in the lobby.

Everybody's so happy

I'm gonna get murdered.

I don't understand nothin'
about the whole thing.

Uh-oh.

Every time I open up one of those
closet doors, I always find a dead body.

Is there anybody in there?

Hmm?

Ah.

Casey?

Casey!

I didn't hear you come in. You're supposed
to be out there talkin' to Inspector Wellman.
People around here are all dyin' to kill me
and here you come in resting. Oh, you! Casey!
You oughta be embarrassed. That's why you
got your face all covered up. Now, come on...

Now, Casey... What was the matter with
the dark suit? You look good in that one.

Fine.!

What's the matter? Freddie,
what's wrong? What happened?

Come in! I wanna show you
something! Take it easy.

There he is, over there! All right,
so you messed up the bed. Relax!

No, he was here. Milford.

Are you trying to tell me that
Milford's body was there and it's gone?

Take care of yourself. Take it easy.

Go get yourself a drink of water.

That'll fix you up.

Go ahead.

Take it easy. Take it easy.

Don't get excited.

Go ahead.

Wait a minute.

What's the matter now?

Now what? Where? Milford.

Must be a leak in the tub. Come here.

Keep quiet.!

There's nobody in this suite.

Now, uh, uh, shut up!

Just to satisfy ya, I'll check. You get on the phone and see if the Inspector's on his way up.

- Hurry up. Go on!

- All right, all right.

That boy don't know what's goin' around here. He don't know what's happening.

I know I saw it in there before.

When I go back, it ain't there.

I was in the other room there,

I went in to gargle my throat.

And I go down like that. I, I saw it. I was in the bathtub over there.

I know I'm not losin' that.

I know that.

I could be havin' ha... who... su... nation... halluke-inations... but I know I saw it.

Hello?

Hello.

What's a matter now? What are... Come here.

Come on, let me in on it. Now what?

What? Oh, no, no. Not again.

You mean to tell me that

Milford was there? He was there.

Now, listen. I am getting sick and tired of this nonsense of yours.

He was there. Don't tell me that! Milford was there.

Milford was there! How could he be? The man is dead.

For a dead man, he's sure gettin' around.

Listen, I'm gonna prove to you once and for all that he's not here.

Is he there?

No.

Come here. Is he there? No.

No.
Come here.
All right.
Is he there?
Yes.
Milford!
Cover it up!
There's something strange goin' on here.
Somebody's tryin' to scare you out of this room.
I know who it is.
Him.
That's the Inspector. We gotta get rid
of him before he finds this body in here.
Uh, hello, Inspector. I'm sorry to
have bothered you, it was all a mistake.
It was just his imagination.
That's right, Inspector.
You see those three bullet holes in
the window? That's only my imagination.
That's all.
Where were you
when these shots were fired?
I was sittin' right here,
but not for long.
Mike Relia!
Casey, do you think I'm
in the right room? Yes.
Stone, go in the bedroom and get a
sheet. Bedroom! Not in the bedroom...
Shut up.
Sure.
Shut up!
Shut up.
I ain't said nothin'.
Well, Phillips, what do you
know about this? Oh, sure, sure.
What do you know about this? Quit stallin'.
Now you got two murders to explain.
- Better make it three,
Inspector.
Milford! I pulled the
spread down and there he was.
Freddie! Freddie couldn't have done
this. These bodies were planted here.

This one was
planted over here...
Look, I don't understand the whole thing.
In the suite, I got every door locked.
That whole room is all booby traps.
I'll prove it. I wanna show it to you.
Look, Inspector. What in
the world is that thing?
I'm gonna show you
how it works.
As soon as I go outside, I leave the
door open, I reach in with my hand...
and I take this and I put
it on the doorknob, get it?
If somebody should come in, the
door opens up, pulls this down...
and hits you
on the head.
I got French doors
rigged up.
I'm not worried about these windows
because we're three flights up.
That door over there, that leads
to Mr. Crandall's apartment.
Mr. Crandall's a neat man. He wouldn't
leave bodies lying around. He did this time.
Phillips is telling the truth. I brought
those bodies in here. Is that a confession?
Of course not. My uncle had nothing
to do with the murders. Excuse me.
Are you the guy that's been playin'
hide-and-seek with Milford and me?
I don't know what you're talking
about. I found the bodies in my room.
I got panicky. There was no
other place. I brought them here.
How could you find the bodies in
your room? I put 'em in the elevator!
Nou you put
your foot in it.
That's good enough for me. I place you
under arrest for premeditated homicide.
Thank you, Mr. and Miss
Crandall. I'll talk to you later.

Okay, spill it. Why did
you kill those three men?
I didn't kill 'em. I don't
go around killin' people.
But all the evidence
points to me.
Take me down.
Freddie Phillips.
What did you say?
That wasn't me.
Freddie Phillips.
Did you call me?
Freddie Phillips.
Freddie Phillips. Hey,
it's comin' from over here.
Freddie Phillips.
Did I scare you
with the bodies?
You sure did!
Shh.
Then listen carefully.
If you don't want to die...
come to the caverns

at 7:

Bring the handkerchief.
I'll be on the west bank
of the bottomless pit.
Tell nobody
and come alone.
Come alone. Come alone. Come
alone. Persistent, isn't he?
That's a phonograph record. It's coming from
the basement. Anyone recognize the voice?
I don't know anybody who lives in
there. I think our plan has worked out.
Freddie'll go to the cavern and catch the
murderer red-handed. Last chance to clear yourself.
I'm not going to the caverns by
myself. I'm afraid! Wait a minute.
Would you rather die a hero
or live like a rat? Well?
Get the cheese ready.
Casey, look.

It says, "Do not enter. " Shucks. Just
when I was lookin' forward to goin' in.
Well,
I guess that's that.
Mm, mm, mm.
Freddie, you go ahead alone.

It's nearly 7:

It's dark in here. Go ahead.
We won't be far behind ya.
When you find the guy that
wants that handkerchief, yell.
Go ahead! Go ahead! Do I have to?
Yes!
Pardon me, are you the man that
wants to buy the handkerchief? Whoo.
You.
Now, where could he have
gone so quickly? Whoo.
Freddie. Hey! What is
that? It's only an owl.
Let's find Freddie before
something happens to him. Come on!
Well, what do we do now? Looks
like the killer's outsmarted us.
We've gotta get to Freddie. There's another
entrance about a half-mile down. Come on.
What's the matter?
I turned my ankle. You'll
have to go on without me, boys.
You can't miss it. It's the
first big turn to your left.
Go ahead, boys. I'm
going back to the hotel.
C-C-Casey!
Casey!
Casey!
Casey.!
Was that an echo?
Was that an echo?
Inspector Wellman! Sergeant Stone!
Casey! Are you still behind me?
Inspector Wellman.! Sergeant Stone.!
Casey.! Are you still behind me?

- I'm all alone.
Oh, no, you're not.
Oh, yes...
Wow.
That's the biggest thing
I ever saw.
"Beware of bottomless pit.
If lost, do not wander around.
Call for guide. "
Mr. Guide.
Mr. Guide!
I'll sit here
and wait for him.
Oh, I wish the guy that wanted that
handkerchief would come and take me outta here.
I don't like it here.
A movin' rock!
Eew.
I gotta get
another candle.
Hmm.
Come on. It ain't gonna work. Not that one.
Hey, hey.
Aaah.
Ahh. I'll get
another candle.
Hey, mister.
Hey!
What happened...
Whoa! Oooh!
Whoa!
Whoa-oh!
Whooo!
Careful.
Careful, I say.
Hang on.
Hang on, Freddie.
Get up here
and I'll help you.
Come on. A little closer. Take my hand.
Give me the handkerchief and I'll
save your life. Save my life...
and I'll give you the handkerchief. No.
Whoo-oooh.

This could've been serious.
Casey! Oh, Casey!
Wow!
Hoo-hoo!
Oh, Casey!
Inspector Wellman!
Hang on.
Catch the rope.
Throw it down, will ya?
Atta boy. Good work.
Good work, if I can catch it. Get...
Aye-eee. Hey, get the
rope a little closer!
Can't ya get the rope a
little closer? Atta boy.
Oh, why do ya...
Why do ya keep it...
Why don't you
make up your mind?
Hey! I think
my coat is caught.
Whoo!
Whoa-ohh!
Tie it around your waist. Yeah. Yeah.
- Are you ready?
- Okay. Okay. First floor.
Freddie!
Freddie Phillips!
Now, I'll have the
handkerchief. I haven't got it.
But if you get me outta here, I'll
take you where it is. It's in my room.
I'll find out where.
What are ya doin'?
What are ya doin'?
What are ya doin'? In two minutes,
the water will be over your head.
Casey! Casey!
Casey.! Casey.!
Where are you, Phillips? I
think it came from over there.
Inspector Wellman!
A fine way to end up,
a drain plug.

He isn't in here.
Look!
Where's Casey? Did you
see who the killer was?
The killer did it.
Did you see who he was?
No, he had a slicker on and a mask on
his face. What about the handkerchief?
I told him it was in my bedroom. Come
on. We've still got a chance to nab him.
Oh! Oh-ho. My trap, it
worked! I got him! I got him!
My trap got the killer.
Come on, get it up. Oh-ho.
I knew it was gonna work.
Get that killer up.
Casey. You lunatic. Why didn't
you tell me you reset that thing?
I set that trap
to catch the killer.
Ohhh. So you must be the killer. Nonsense!
What are you doin' up here? My
ankle hurt. I come up to lay down.
You come up here to get the
handkerchief. You're crazy.
Is that so? It's all beginnin' to
add up. You're tryin' to frame me.
You're the only guy in the room with
me when the body was moved around. Shh.
I wouldn't put it past you if it
wasn't your voice outta the ventilator.
You were standing alongside of me.
So, you're a ventriloquist, huh?
Freddie, don't talk like that.
I'm your friend. My friend?
You're tryin' to kill me! Inspector, I
demand you arrest this homicidal maniac.
Uh, uh, uh... Tut-tut-tut-tut.
Nothin' I can do to help you now.
Stop puttin' ideas in the
Inspector's head. He doesn't need to.
I'm glad you're all here. It saves the
trouble of me sendin' for you. Sit down.
Casey's the murderer. I

caught him by myself. Quiet.
No help whatsoever from the Inspector. Shh.
I caught him. Caught him
all by myself. Uh, uh...
Mr. Melton. The murderer.
Will you stop that?
I've known for some time
why Amos Strickland was killed:
to keep him from finding out that his secretary
Milford had been blackmailing Crandall.
Milford? Exactly. Strickland
knew nothing about it.
When you phoned him that you wouldn't
pay another penny, he came down here...
to find out
more about it.
But Milford couldn't have killed
Strickland. He was 400 miles away.
So he must've been working with somebody
in this hotel, a partner in the blackmail.
Casey, blackmailer. Now I know how you
can afford to smoke them 20c cigars.
You killed Strickland so he couldn't
get to Crandall who had the goods on you.
Freddie, you shouldn't talk like that.
We're cousins. We have the same blood.
Yes, and I wanna keep mine.
Milford knew Strickland was going to be
killed, so he rounded up former clients...
to have them on the scene in order to
throw suspicion in many directions. Please.
What about the memoirs? Fake. Milford
invented them to get you down here.
Strickland had
no intention of retiring.
Any lawyer that would publish a book like
that could never expect to get another client.
Pretty cute, eh? You and Milford? I
wanna tell you, I'm glad they caught you.
Please, please. Folks, see
that? He's tryin' to choke me.
He don't know his own strength.
Did you see that? Like that.
When Relia disappeared, I suspected

that he was Milford's accomplice.

But when Relia and Milford were found dead,

I knew that I had to look someplace else.

You're lookin' at him now.

Stop that!

Believe me, I'm innocent.

You're innocent? You're innocent?

Well, let me tell you somethin'!

I forgot what I was gonna say.

You lucky boy.

Why Relia was murdered is one of the angles of this case that still puzzles me.

I have a theory. You remember the murderer stole Relia's gun for the killing.

- Perhaps Relia found out and had to be put out of the way.

- Brilliant deduction, Melton.

You're right.

It was Casey!

He put the gun in my room so everybody would be suspicious of me.

Why did the killer take the bodies from the elevator and leave them in my uncle's room?

That was very obvious.

Oh, will you shut up!

You tell it to her. When Phillips was no longer under suspicion...

the killer hoped to make Mr.

Crandall number one suspect. See?

I'm glad that's cleared up.

Now at this point...

the killer's remaining problem was to recover the incriminating handkerchief. Handkerchief!

That's it. Casey come in here lookin' for the handkerchief and he couldn't find it.

Clever deduction. Except

for one thing, Mr. Melton.

Casey was one of the few that knew there was no handkerchief. Phillips burned it.

Inspector, I found what

we were looking for.

Thank you, Sergeant.

I have a confession to make.

You did it?

Oh, no, no.

I kept you here to give Sgt. Stone
a chance to go through your rooms.
There's mineral mud in the caves, so whoever
was in there would have it on their shoes.
All right, everybody. Get
back against that wall. Quick.
Don't try anything. You
can't get away. I think I can.
Are you going out that door? I am.
Aha.

That's in case
the big one didn't work.

There he is, Inspector.

Get him outta here.

I want all you folks to go down to the
Champagne Room and have some lemonade on me.

Nice work. You can have your job
back too. Thank you, Mr. Crandall.

Casey, never once did I believe
you were the murderer.

I knew it all the time. I
was usin' you as a decoy.

It's okay, kid. See you
downstairs. Okay, Casey. Nice fella.

Freddie, I wanna
congratulate you.

Without all those booby traps, we
could have never solved this murder.

Thank you. I'm gonna change out
of these wet clothes. Sure. Ohhh!

Yeeee!

This one I completely
forgot about.