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Charlie Chan at Treasure Island

By John Francis Larkin

~~[Orchestra:

[Thunderclap]

- [Woman] Dirty Dora again.

- I had it last time.

- Care to join us, Mr. Chan?

- No, thanks. I... gotta walk.

Ah, taking a little

stroll? That's the spirit.

Please, I-I'd like my parachute now.

Why, these planes are

perfectly safe, Mr. Chan.

And besides, San Francisco

reports clear weather ahead.

- How far ahead?

- Oh, a few hours.

- A few hours?

- [Thunderclap]

You're not worried, are you, Mr. Chan?

Oh, no. No.

Most statistics prove that you're safer

in a modern plane than in your own bathtub.

I- I'd rather be taking a bath.

- Tell me, how old

are you? - Twenty-one.

- Twenty-one, eh? - If

I reach my next birthday.

Well, according to my insurance figures...

you can expect 45.16 more years of life-

barring, of course, a fatal accident.

Oh-

[Thunderclap]

Hi, Jimmy. Gimme a hand, will ya?

I'm on the last chapter of this yarn.

What would a fella do- a fella like

you- if faced with certain death?

Oh. Pop!

Pop, before it's too late, I think

there's something you ought to know.

Number two son resemble criminal

about to make confession.

I don't know whether I've

told you yet or not...

but I think you're the

swellest pop a fella ever had.
Humble parent thanks unsettled weather for
expression of love from favorite offspring.
Oh, but I mean it, Pop. Honest.
Then do not let fair skies
tomorrow change restless mind.
Oh, I won't. I'll get right on
the train and go back to school.
Appreciate decision. One scholar in
family better than two detectives.
Well, Charlie, this'll make a
lot of people's hair stand on end.
Don't tell my readers, but the
real mystery in this whodunit...
is how I ever finished it.
Only diligent workman can
survive Hawaiian hospitality.
Yeah, what a vacation. Stella was right.
This trip blew the cobwebs out of my head.
There's one wife in a million, Charlie.
Correction, please. Also have
excellent wife in same million.
Wife? After giving you 13
kids, she's an institution.
Sorry, Mr. Gregory. I don't
want my manuscript mixed up.
You can buy a copy after publication.
It'll cost you two dollars.
I go to a lending library.
- Friend?
- Pest.
Says he's an insurance actuary.
Had the bungalow next to mine at Waikiki.
And when he wasn't annoying me, he
was shooting little birds with a .22.
Strange for man who gambles on life
for business to cause death for pastime.
- Oh, can't anybody talk about anything but death?
- Don't worry, Jimmy. It'll soon be over.
- Radiogram for you, Mr. Essex.
- Thanks.
Oh, Pop, I-I feel silly.
Most usual.
Unhappy news sometimes

corrects self next day.

What month is Scorpio?

Scorpio? Um, October-

Tomorrow is first day of scorpion
symbol in Chinese calendar.

You believe in astrology?

No.

No, this is something else.

Paul, could old friend help relieve distress?

No, thanks, Charlie.

I've gotta send a radio.

Well, I hope that isn't bad news.

- Hope what is not bad news?

- That radiogram he just got.

How did you know Mr. Essex receive message?

Oh, the steward brought it to me by mistake.

- Why, Pop,

he's a- - Please.

- This is the only way to travel.

- Imagine- San Francisco already.

- There's the World's Fair, Treasure Island.

- [Man] Where we're gonna land.

[Woman] Oh, it looks like a big wedding cake.

- [Woman #2] What's that big tower out there?

- [Jimmy] The Chinese Pagoda.

- [Man] No, that's the Tower of the Sun.

- It is the Chinese Pagoda.

- The smaller one's the Tower of
the Sun. - [Woman] Oh, I see that-

Gee, Pop, I hope Mr. Essex
isn't missing any of this.

[Chuckles] Don't miss the view, Mr. Gregory.

- It's the Fair.

- I'll wait and see the one in New York.

You would. I'll take California.

Hey, Mr. Essex, come over on this side...

and maybe you can see your wife from here.

Hey, Mr. Essex, wake up.

Paul. Paul?

Pop! Hey, Pop, something's wrong.

Paul.

- He must be sick.

- Take your seats, please. We're landing.

Your seats, please. Something wrong?

- Is he... dead?
- [Steward] Must have been his heart.
- [Man] What's the trouble?
- Go back to your seats, please. We're about to land.
- Please be seated.
- [Woman] I don't know what happened.
L- Look, Pop. The radiogram was on the floor.
"Sign of Scorpio indicates disaster...
"if zodiac obligations ignored.
Unsigned. "
"Zodiac"? Isn't that the chart
astrologers use to tell fortunes?
And Scorpio, I believe, is the
unfortunate symbol of death.
Not correct, but thank you.
All luggage to be inspected at Customs.
All luggage to be inspected at Customs.
All luggage to be inspected at Customs.
- Say, Pop, have you seen Paul's briefcase?
- No.
- [Woman] Too bad about Mr. Essex.
- It was here a minute ago.
Where's Gregory?
Perhaps will find same
holding briefcase in Customs.
Why, I'll take care of him.
Say, Pop, l- I just
thought- Paul's wife-
If she's there to meet him,
what are you gonna tell her?
Only that which comes from heart.
- [All Chattering]
- [Man] Hi, Ed!
- I don't see Paul yet. - Paul
wouldn't be in the line yet-
- Oh, there's Charlie over
there. Mr. Chan! - Who? Oh, uh-
Oh, Mr. Chan!
- I'd better go back to Customs and try to find Gregory, Pop.
- Mmm.
Hello, Charlie. It's grand to
see you again. Where's Paul?
Oh, uh, you don't know my uncle, Mr. Redley.
- I've heard a lot about you, Mr. Chan.

- Thank you.
Stella, wish tongue could
find words to tell you-
What's keeping Paul? Oh, you've no idea
how I've missed him this past month.
Impossible to miss someone
who will always be in heart.
Why, everybody's gone. I don't see him.
- Where is he,
Charlie? - Stella-
Is that someone from the plane?
Most unhappy accident.
Something's happened to Paul.
Strength of heart not equal to homecoming.
Paul's dead?
Oh, no! Oh, Paul!
I knew there was something
wrong. His strange radiogram-
It came last night. We
couldn't understand it.
"Can't escape zodiac.
Good-bye, my love. Paul."
May see, please?
We don't know what he
meant by that word "zodiac."
Paul certainly didn't believe in astrology.
Think best you take Mrs. Essex
home now. Will join you there.
Oh, uh, did he finish the manuscript?
There's a check waiting
for it from his publisher.
Please, what is your interest in same?
Why, I handled his business affairs.
- Better to consider Mrs. Essex at this time.
- Yes.
- Cab, sir?
- Uh, thank you. May reserve one, please?
- [Whistle Blows]
- Number eight up!
- Get in.
- Uh, must wait for son.
- That's all right, sir. You can wait in the cab.
- Oh.
Excuse, please. Have no wish

to intrude. Wanted private cab.
Never mind what you wanted. Stay put.
And don't try anything funny.
Something very funny in being
taken prisoner in broad daylight...
in city renowned for hospitality.
You're gonna get plenty of hospitality.
Hope hospitality will have same generous
size as shoes of brother policemen.

- [Both Laugh]

- Hey, why'd you go for the rib, huh?
We couldn't put anything
over on you, Charlie.

[Men Shouting]

- Some pinch, eh, Charlie?
- How was it?

Recognize your hand in joke, Mr. Kilvaine.
Well, we just couldn't let you slip
into town without a welcome, Charlie.
Appreciate most hospitable welcome...
but have matter of importance
which need attention first.
Oh, don't give me that.
Come on into my office.
It's been a long time since
I've seen you, Charlie.

You and I are gonna have a good old- fashioned
chin-fest. How's everything in Honolulu?

- Anybody stealing pineapples?
- What are you horning in for?
- Charlie doesn't want to be interviewed.
- Interview, my eye.

I've known Charlie ever since I
started covering the police blotter...

- at the old Powell Street station.
- Police reporter...
- Pete Lewis friend of many years.
- Well, I'm on time.

Oh, it's you. Say, isn't that sign
"private" on my door big enough for you?
Forget it. I told him to meet
me here. Fred, I want you-
Don't tell me. Charlie Chan.
I'd know that face anyplace.

Can return compliment. You
are magician named Rhadini.
Cannot forget watch you borrow five years
ago for trick and return in many pieces.
- [Laughing]
- You're lucky you got it back at all.
Rhadini's improved now,
Charlie. He's a big shot.
Has his own theater
- the Temple of Magic on Treasure Island.
And my paper's backing him
in an expos of fake psychics.
Would you like to see
some of my press clippings?
Pete's paper's offering a
thousand dollars to any psychic...
phony or otherwise, whose stunts I can't
duplicate on the stage of my theater.
[Pete] And so far no one's collected
- not even the great Dr. Zodiac.
- Zodiac?
- Yeah, he's the big shot in the spook racket around here.
The only trouble is, he
won't fall for our challenge.
- He won't come out in the open where I can get at him.
- Now listen, you two mugs.
If you don't mind, I got Charlie up
here for a little private conversation.
He's heard all he wants about black magic.
No, no. Most interesting.
Sometimes black magic very
close relative to blackmail.
Now who said anything about blackmail?
Why, don't you get it? Those
phony psychics dig up the dirt...
hand it over to the customers
in a sance, then hold them up.
That might be the reason for
those three suicides recently.
Say, they all happened to
be clients of Dr. Zodiac.
Yeah, but they're dead. They
can't help us prove anything.
And the living ones won't

talk because they're afraid...

of rattling the skeletons

in the family closets.

[Kilvaine] Ah, you're

talking through your hat.

If there was any evidence connecting

Zodiac with those suicides, I'd-

Well, what can I do without evidence?

Uh, very little, perhaps. But will

ask coroner to perform autopsy...

on body of Paul Essex, who died most

suddenly on China Clipper this morning.

Essex, mystery writer?

He took a trip to Honolulu about six weeks

ago to write a story about the spook racket?

Say, we were talkin' about

Zodiac. Or does that connect up?

[Rhadini] It might-if Essex

was a client of Dr. Zodiac's.

- What are you holding back?

- Did you speak to Essex before he died?

- Did he tell you anything?

- Was he a client of Dr. Zodiac's?

- Did he commit suicide?

- Please, please. Cannot answer question now.

But in humble opinion, suicide

induced by blackmail is murder.

So sorry. Must leave now...

to meet unfortunate widow, Mrs. Essex.

Excuse, please. Excuse.

- Gimme that telephone!

- Outside! This is for official business.

Hey, Charlie said he was going

to meet Paul Essex's wife.

- One'll get you 10 he's on his way to Zodiac's right now.

- And he'll get in. Come on!

- What are we waiting for?

- To give him a head start. We'll crash Zodiac's gate with him.

Hey, Pop. The taxi starter told me a couple

of fellas brought you here. What's up?

They merely brought greetings from

old friend Deputy Chief Kilvaine.

Oh. I didn't find Paul's briefcase.

Gregory gave me the slip at Customs. But

if we could get ahold of that manuscript-

Please remember

- Have given trusting parent promise...

to apply mental ability to schoolbooks.

- Mr. Chan, I've got a message for you.

- Oh.

What is it?

What is it, Pop?

Here. Engage rooms at St. Francis Hotel.

And when Mrs. Essex

call, say will be delayed.

- But what's in the note?

- Ancient Chinese proverb, badly misquoted.

Should read:

challenge supernatural...

unless armed with sword of truth."

[Vehicle Approaching]

- Wait for us.

- Nothin' doin'. I know this spook joint.

Full of dead people talkin' their heads off.

[Chuckles] Well, Charlie,

fancy meeting you here.

Had anticipated fancy. Surprised

you did not arrive first.

Oh, let me introduce Professor Bixby

of Berkeley. Great psychologist.

- Mr. Chan.

- Most happy to meet eminent professor of magic...

hiding under psychological whiskers.

- Quiet, Charlie.

- I told you we couldn't fool him.

If Zodiac finds out Rhadini's

with us, he'll never let us in.

Thrown me out a dozen times, but I figured

I could sneak in under the hair mattress.

Will make first test of Dr. Zodiac's

mystic powers on penetrating false whiskers.

Let's go.

Excuse, please. May consult with Dr. Zodiac?

Dr. Zodiac will be happy to receive the

celebrated detective, Charlie Chan...

and his friends.

Thank you so much.

It beats me, Charlie. That face of
yours can open more doors than a passkey.
Dr. Zodiac is native of San Francisco?
Dr. Zodiac is a native of the universe.
He knows all things about all people.
Follow me, please.
In this room, gentlemen.
- ~~[Eerie Background]
- Make yourselves comfortable, please.
I will announce you to Dr. Zodiac.
Boy, what a layout.
Say, I couldn't put on a better act myself.
He's got all the props: incense, music-
Advise caution. Even draperies may have ears.
What a lot of phony junk.
No. Very genuine and valuable antiques.
Table lamp of ancient Egypt
- Ramses dynasty.
This is Persian sacrificial knife.
Also very, very old.
[Gong Resounds]
[Man's Voice] Dr. Zodiac,
the Eye of Allamata.
Mr. Chan, I am honored.
Thank you. Privilege is mine.
It certainly is a privilege, Dr.
Zodiac. I'm Pete Lewis of the Chronicle.
How do you do, Mr. Lewis?
I have heard of your campaign
to expose the charlatans...
who prey on a too-susceptible public.
- I heartily agree with it.
- And I'm Professor Bixby of Berkeley.
I'm profoundly interested
in your work, Doctor.
Thank you. Be seated, gentlemen.
You will make a most
intelligent and unusual circle.
How can I serve you?
Humbly request you penetrate
beyond the mystic veil of life...
and communicate with
friend recently departed.
That is the supreme demonstration.

Please join me in silent meditation...
while I seek my control-
an Egyptian priestess who
passed beyond 3,000 years ago.
[Moaning Through Horn]
[Rattling]
[Woman's Voice] Zodiac. Zodiac.
I am here.
I am here.
You have a message for Mr. Chan?
There is someone...
newly arrived in the spirit world...
who wishes to get through to Mr. Chan.
I will help him.
He is a man who was named Paul Essex.
Ask the question that
fills your mind, Mr. Chan.
Paul, old friend...
Charlie Chan most grieved.
Cannot understand death
which struck so suddenly.
[Paul's Voice] My heart-
My heart was tired.
Stopped.
Who drove you to suicide?
[Paul's Voice] No suicide.
Then you were not victim of blackmail?
There was no blackmail.
What was meaning of radiogram,
"Cannot escape zodiac"?
Stars were against me.
[Charlie] Can explain more clearly, please?
[Woman's Voice] Paul Essex...
is not strong enough yet to talk any longer.
Do either of the other...
gentlemen care to ask a question?
Yes. I'd like to know something about a girl.
And she's not in the spirit world either.
You want to know about...
a girl named Eve Cairo.
You must not think of
marrying her. She is psychic.
She is one of us.
You must not interfere with her work.

So that's what you've been
telling Eve! I know she comes here.

- You might have her buffaloed, but you don't fool me.

- I've had enough of this faker.

How can you sit there and insult our
intelligence? I'm going to expose your tricks-
Stay where you are, Mr. Rhadini.

So you thought that I would not
see through your childish disguise.

I would have let it pass in respect to
Mr. Chan had you not shown your hand.

- Now leave this house. - Why, you cheap
four-flusher. I'll give you a blast...

in print that'll run you out of this town
like the rest of the gyp fortune-tellers.

If you do, Mr. Lewis, your paper
will pay me a large sum for damages.

I do not predict the future.

What you witnessed here was
a scientific demonstration.

Regret most sincerely
unfortunate termination of sance.

I accept your apology, Mr. Chan.

I know these two... gentlemen forced their
company on you when you entered my house.

My servant will see you out. Good day.

Are we gonna let him get away with that?

- We oughta take the place apart.

- Would not recommend violence.

Have no authority to intrude on
privacy without search warrant.

The fee for the consultation,
gentlemen, will be \$20.

- What?

- What? Try and get it.

If request music, must be
willing to pay for fiddler.

- I could get you a whole orchestra for that price.

- [Charlie] Should not complain.

Received most enlightening
message concerning lady friend.

Well, Eve and I are going to get married,
no matter what that faker had to say.

Eve Cairo's part of my act,

Charlie. Pete met her through me.
She's tops in mind reading.
- Mind reading?
- She's on the level, Charlie. Her stuff's no gag.
And I'm gonna have a showdown with her
tonight. She's not coming here anymore.
Very wise. Dr. Zodiac man of great ego.
Enjoys using power to
dominate lives of others.
Advise caution. To destroy false prophet...
must first unmask him
before eyes of believers.
[Phone Rings]
Yes, please?
Oh. Hello, Mr. Kilvaine.
You get autopsy report?
You had a hunch, Charlie. There was
enough poison in Paul Essex's stomach...
to have polished off 10 men.
Think it was plain suicide or fancy murder?
Voice of crime still very faint.
Think it best you tell newspapers,
coroner reports suicide.
Pete tells me you sprung the
blackmail angle on Zodiac.
What's up, Charlie? Was
he squeezing Paul Essex?
Hunch say yes, but facts say maybe.
Will keep you informed. Good-bye.
[Deep Voice] Good evening, Mr. Chan.
May I have a minute of your time?
Do you have a son named Jimmy Chan?
Wearer of disguise only fool chambermaid.
[Normal Voice] Aw, gee, Pop.
Father who depends on son is
happy or foolish according to son.
Please, job.
Hey, this is my tie
- my best tie.
Little mouse lucky his
clothes do not fit elephant.
You haven't asked me where I've been.
Looking for Mr. Gregory.
Yeah. I checked at several

hotels, and I found him too.

He's registered at the Walling, and

he's got Paul's briefcase with him.

But when he saw busybody son, he vanished.

That's right. When he saw me, he ducked

out of the lobby, and then I lost him.

What time was this?

Gee, Pop, I-I'm awfully sorry.

I didn't look at the time.

Was Gregory at Hotel Walling at 4:00?

Yes. No, uh, earlier, I think.

Yes, earlier. No, I'm... not sure.

But if it's important, I can check.

- Right now check into dress clothes.

- Where are we going?

Have invitation to a small party

Mr. Rhadini gives on Treasure Island.

- You don't like parties.

- Am anxious to make acquaintance...

of girlfriend of newspaperman-

girl who believes and obeys Dr. Zodiac.

But I'd like to help out. We've

got to find that briefcase.

Can best help out by disguising

self as obedient son for few hours.

Come.

Don't wait for me, Pop. See you later.

What you say?

- ~~[Hawaiian]

- [Men Chanting]

Hello, Irma. How are you?

It's swell of you to come. Glad to see you.

Make yourself at home, will ya?

~~[Continues]

Hey, why aren't you serving?

- You told me to act like a guest, didn't ya?

- Now look, Elmer.

I only asked you to be helpful.

Now leave the food alone.

What's the matter? Ain't it any good?

~~[Continues]

Okay. I can take a hint.

I've been anxious to meet you, Mr. Chan.

Also happy to meet future wife of old friend.

Very future. I'll have a long white beard
down to here if she keeps holding out.

Pete told me what you're up
to, Mr. Chan, and you're wrong.

Dr. Zodiac's a genius. You'll
never expose him as a fraud.

[Pete] Don't stop a fella from trying.

Pete, if I have any gift
for reading minds, then-

There's no argument about that.

Then others can be gifted to read the future.

Can tell if anything is
on mind of that young man?

[Grunting]

- [Grunting Continues]

- [Others Screaming]

[Pete Laughs]

- Oh, hello, darling.

- Hello, Mrs. Sibley.

Still monopolizing Mr. Chan? Won't you
give poor little me a chance to talk to him?

Here he is. Talk your head off.

Tell him what a great guy Zodiac is.

- [Eve] Now, Pete, none of that.

- [Pete] Sometimes I think she steers for him.

- What on earth do you mean?

- You got Eve to go to Zodiac. She was sane till then.

Darling, she didn't make me go.

We never had a row till you met him.

- You better get ready, Eve. You're on soon.

- Yes. Excuse us, please.

Well, Bessie, I see you've cornered Mr. Chan.

You better watch out, Charlie. Mrs.

Sibley thrives on scandal and husbands.

Never let one go around

with a mussed-up tie.

[Rhadini] You, uh, better not
let my wife catch you doing this.

Mmm. She knew she was marrying
a popular man, didn't she?

Yeah. She hasn't asked for a
divorce yet either. [Chuckles]

Well, let's sit down.

- Oh, hello, Myra, darling. Where have you been?

- Behaving myself.
- Do you know Mrs. Rhadini?
- We've met.
- Now who on earth mussed you up?
- Huh? Oh.

Does anybody want some of this stuff? It ain't bad.

No, Elmer.

Well, I just said it ain't bad, that's all.

The people my husband picks up. Anything for a laugh.

Myra, darling, you're not looking a bit well.

Hasn't Dr. Zodiac been able to cheer you up?

- I wouldn't believe that faker under oath.

- Then why go to him?

[Myra] It was Mrs. Sibley's idea.

Oh, but you were so worried about Rhadini and his popularity with the girls.

- [Laughs]

- Darling, let me worry about him.

You worry about that husband of yours who died.

What do you mean?

Didn't his sudden exit have the district attorney bothered?

- Oh, now, Myra- - It's awfully stuffy here.

Excuse me, please.

Why, that jealous guttersnipe.

Don't ever pick a knife thrower for a wife, Mr. Chan.

- Sharp words from sharp tongue?

- No, I mean real knives.

She used to be in vaudeville.

Thinks she's an actress.

Dr. Zodiac can't help her. She's too conceited.

I beg your pardon. Are you Mr. Rhadini?

No. There's Mr. Rhadini over there.

Oh, thank you. Excuse me.

- What- Uh, excuse, please? -

[Bessie] I said she's too conceited.

Good evening, Mr. Rhadini. It's awfully nice of you to invite me here tonight.

I'm glad to have you. Make yourself at home. Give the house a good name. Thank you. I'll do my best. Say, Bessie, you know everybody. Who's that fellow over there? Thank you. Well, he's a new one to me. But he looks interesting.

- You do not know own guest?
- I never laid eyes on him before.

Pardon me, Mr. Chan. You're wanted on the telephone.

- I'll show you the way, Charlie.
- Excuse, please.

Hurry back, Mr. Chan. I want all the news about Honolulu. Oh, excuse me a minute, Charlie. The phone's right over there. You can't miss it. How many times do I have to tell you? Didn't you say I could be a guest? I didn't tell you to make a pig out of yourself. Well, if you invite me, you gotta invite my tapeworm. Yes? Who, please? Who? It's only me, Pop-Jimmy. I've located Gregory, and he's registered right here in our hotel. Mr. Gregory here at party now. I know it. I sent him a fake invitation so that he'd leave his room, and I could search it. You invite Gregory? Keep an eye on him, will you? Good-bye.

- ~~[Ends]
- Uh-
- [Applause]
- Mr. Chan, I thought I recognized you.
- Good evening.
- Strange we should meet again so soon. Odds are about 40-to-1 against travel mates meeting within 48 hours.
- I've made a study of it.
- Even here you pursue art of statistics? Everywhere

- even in my sleep.

[Bells Chiming]

Charlie, Eve's just about to go on,
and I don't want you to miss her.

Now look, if you folks will bring
your chairs up a little closer...

we're gonna have a little
entertainment for you...

by one of the finest
prestidigit- presti-

He's a magician. I know you all know
him. Needs no introduction to you.

The Great Rhadini! Ta-da!

Thank you, thank you. Now

before we go any further, l-

Uh, Irma, would you mind

holding this cage for me, please?

- [Irma Laughs]

- Just a sample.

As you all know, I give two performances
a day at the Temple of Magic.

I didn't ask you to come here
tonight to watch me perform.

I want to introduce a little lady
from my show whom I consider...

the world's greatest living mind reader.

It gives me great pleasure
to present Miss Eve Cairo.

Would you mind putting
out the lights, please?

Thank you. Now, ladies and gentlemen,
I must ask for absolute quiet.

Under hypnosis, Miss Cairo becomes a
delicate radio-receiving apparatus...

tuned to every forceful mind.

Thank you.

[Steady Ticking]

Your eyes close.

You will sleep.

I am your control.

You will seek the mind I name.

I will seek the mind you name.

All right, give me something

- anything.

What have I in my hand?

It is a ring-

a gold wedding ring.

In it are engraved words:

"Bopsie loves Toots."

- [Woman Laughing]

- Okay, Toots?

- Oh, why, it's simply incredible.

- All right, how about you?

- No?

- Very clever. How does he give her signals?

I tell you, it's real.

They don't use any code.

- Would you care to try it?

- I would.

- [Whispering, Indistinct]

- What? Again?

I've been asked a question. What is it?

The lady wishes to know if-

if she will marry again this year.

- Oh, that's wonderful. That's right. Will I?

- [Gregory Chuckles]

I'm sorry. She cannot predict the future.

There's nothing supernatural

about Miss Cairo's powers.

They've been recognized by

scientists as extrasensory perception-

or the "sixth sense"

- which we call mental telepathy.

[Pete] Go on, Charlie. Test her.

[Ticking Continues]

What have I in my hand?

A card.

There are... Chinese characters on it.

Possible to read characters?

I tell you what you do, Charlie.

You concentrate on the translation,

and Eve will read it from your mind.

The Chinese words mean...

"Great happiness follows great pain."

Is mind still open book to young lady?

Can you tell us what

else Mr. Chan is thinking?

Dr. Zodiac.

I hear the name "Dr. Zodiac" in his thoughts.

Most uncanny.

All right. Now let's

have something real hard.

This last demonstration proves
that she doesn't read my mind alone.

She can read any strong, dominant thought.

- Would anyone else care to try it?

- [Woman] I would.

[Rhadini] Will you please
concentrate, Miss Cairo?

What do I hold in my hand?

It is-

You-

- There's someone else!

- [Ticking Continues]

I can't go on!

I can't! I hear death among us!

I'm frightened! There's evil here!

Someone here is thinking murder!

[Audience Murmuring]

- [Pete] That was Charlie, all right. He came in this way.

- Are you sure?

Sure. Hey, Charlie. Come out,
come out, wherever you are.

- [Whispering] Please, quiet.

- [Gasps] Don't do that.

You left like a bloodhound on the
trail. I knew you were up to no good.

He had a hunch you were coming this way.

Do not need brass band
to commit simple burglary.

Burglary? Which window do we use?

Better to ring bell like
law-abiding citizen...

to make sure house is empty.

- [Pete] But suppose the Turk's here.

- That'd be a break.

He'd either talk or take a punch in the nose.

- [Pete] I think we ought to try a back window.

- No, try bell first.

Oh. Only honorable sprout.

Gee, Pop, I wasn't expecting you.

- Surprise mutual.

- You scared the daylights out of me.
Can explain presence here?
- I wanted to find out who the doctor is for you.
- How'd you get in?
- Through an open window upstairs.
- Where's the light switch?
No. No lights.
Please remove disguise.
[Jimmy] Gee. Nothing but black curtains.
- This must be the spook room.
- ~~[Eerie Background]
- [Pete] What was that?
- Shh!
- [Gasps] Pop!
- [Crash]
- [Moaning Through Horn]
- [Tambourine Rattling]
- Hey, look!
- [Gasps]
Ectoplasm most interesting.
Ghost filled with hot air.
Well, what about Paul Essex's voice?
Proof Dr. Zodiac knew Paul Essex.
Doctor excellent ventriloquist.
Uncle maybe to Charlie McCarthy.
Yeah? What makes all this operate?
Mechanical spirits respond
to buttons concealed in floor.
Dr. Zodiac sit here with feet
hidden underneath table...
and conduct spook show
like leader of orchestra.
Observe.
Boy, oh, boy. Whoever rigged
this up is a mechanical genius.
I could use him to design
some illusions for my show.
So this is how he fools his customers.
Favorite pastime of man is fooling himself.
- [Door Opens]
- Pop!
[Quietly] Get beside door.
[Switch Clicks]
You will please drop revolver to floor.

Mr. Chan makes empty command.
Man with gun stand behind you.
- Drop it.
- [Gun Hits Floor]
- Search him.
- Now don't try to put anything over on my pop.
Please lock door.
Go ahead, Pop. Ask him anything you want.
[Door Closes]
Finger of death fit glove perfectly.
- What are you getting at?
- This weapon sought my life at party tonight.
- [Pete] Did he try to kill you?
- Believe gentleman to be same.
Gee, Pop, you got him for attempted murder!
- [Pete] Lights! Hey, turn on the lights!
- Come on. Put 'em on, will ya?
- I can't find the button!
- Well, feel around there. You had it before!
- [Pete] Push the table!
- [All Chattering]
[Jimmy] Where's that light button?
- Where's the Turk?
- Where's my pop?
Now wait a minute. People can't vanish into thin air. Come on! We've gotta find them.
[Pete] That door's still locked.
Now wait a minute. Wait a minute. Shh! Look. Gentlemen, what are you doing in my house?
Wh-What have you done to my pop?
You have search warrant?
Come on, Zodiac. Open up and talk fast.
[Charlie's Voice] Thank you so much. Appreciate bravery.
- [Rhadini] Why, it's Charlie!
- [Jimmy] Pop!
- Pop, don't ever do that again.
- What have you got there?
Face rubber. Beard false.
Massive body an illusion.
Elaborate disguise indicate
Dr. Zodiac two other people.
Wait a minute. Do you mean to say that wire framework...

is used to make a person appear taller?

- Exactly.

- Then Zodiac could be a woman.

- Or the Turk.

- Anything possible.

But where is the Turk?

Make disappearance like ghost.

Ran into closet. Found

blank wall but no Turk.

Zodiac disguise hang here.

One of these walls must be false.

[Rhadini] Ah-ha. That's it.

This is the office.

He certainly did a goodjob of concealing
this place. Did you find something, Charlie?

Have found elusive manuscript of Paul Essex

- one taken by Gregory.

Oh, that. I brought that here.

I got it out of Gregory's room at the hotel
and left it here when I broke in tonight.

- You brought it here?

- Yeah. You didn't give me a chance to tell you before.

If befriend donkey, expect to be kicked.

How you get in here?

Through here.

I couldn't find my way
out of this place, so...

I went back out through here

- same way I came in.

Then I saw you from the
window and let you in.

Get a look at the size of this safe.

I wonder what a fortune-teller's
doing with a safe this big.

[Pete] I wish we could open it.

Suggest you start zero.

- Are you kidding?

- [Charlie] No.

Make two turn to left to five.

- One turn to right to 18.

- [Dial Clicking]

Two turn back to left to... 21.

- Back to zero.

- [Dial Clicking]

- [Door Bangs]
- [Pete] It works.
- How did you get the combination?
- Found same among possessions of Turkish gentleman.
[Pete] Boy, it's dark in here.
There must be a switch someplace.
[Rhadini] Here's one.
Boy, what a setup.
It's a fireproof room.
What kind of a business is Zodiac in anyway?
Reason for presence here.
[Whistles] All kinds of dope
about all kinds of people.
Please, do not touch.
Suspicion confirmed.
Unfortunate and illegal experiences
of many people hidden in these boxes-
information collected from
false psychics in many cities.
- Organized blackmail.
- We'll get Kilvaine to seize that stuff.
Gee, Pop, here's one on Honolulu
- people who live there.
Here's something on
somebody named Bessie Sibley.
Mrs. Sibley doubtless supply
information on many others...
to buy Dr. Zodiac's silence.
I'll bet he had plenty on her.
What have you got there, Charlie?
Envelope on Paul Essex.
This letter written by
Paul Essex positive proof...
Dr. Zodiac demand money under
threat of exposing past misdeeds.
- Now we can nail him!
- Must punish Dr. Zodiac...
without betraying Paul
Essex secret... to widow.
- Uh, suggest thorough search of
office first- Dr. Zodiac desk. - Okay.
- What a yarn. This dynamite'll blow the whole town wide open.
- We oughta phone Kilvaine.
- I'll yell if I find anything, Pop.

- Mmm.

How to Tell Fortunes by Cards.

Maybe that's how he got his start.

Almanacs, horoscopes, astrological charts

- Ah, what a lot of trash.

- Say, we better get outta here before the Turk comes back.

- We are about ready to leave.

[Rhadini] Hey! Something's burning!

Am asking flames to keep secrets
of many unfortunate people.

- But, Charlie, the
evidence- - It is best.

We are destroying web of
spider. Now let us find spider.

[Yawns] Oh, good morning, Pop.

Hey, your bed's still made
up. Didn't you turn in at all?

- Have just read most interesting story.

- Paul's book?

- Yeah.

- Any clues in it?

Possible truth disguised as fiction.

Secret of Pygmy Arrow is story of
fake psychic who blackmail clients.

- Swell. How does that help us?

- No help.

Last page containing crime solution missing.

Yet we know Paul finished same.

- Then Gregory must have it.

- [Phone Rings]

Say, I can't understand why
you don't arrest that guy.

- [Rings]

- Please, do not ignore telephone.

Hello. Who?

Gregory wants to see ya.

Well, what you wait for?

Here is man ready for arrest.

Please come up, Mr. Gregory.

- [Handset Settles In Cradle]

- Boy, am I gonna pin it on him.

Would favorite son like
to make personal pinch?

Oh, you're kidding, Pop.

- Say, we'd better have a gun.

- [Knocking]

- Good morning, Mr. Chan.

- Good morning.

Say, didn't I see you yesterday at the Hotel Walling wearing glasses and a false mustache?

- O-Oh, that. -

Good morning, sir.

- Please accept humble hospitality.

- Thank you very much.

- Have cup coffee?

- No, thanks.

- Mr. Chan, I've come to lay my cards on the table.

- Yes?

- First of all, I'm not an insurance actuary.

- Please continue.

I'm a private investigator for the Granville Insurance Company.

- A detective?

- That's right.

- Gee, Pop, he's one of us.

- If I were one of Mr. Chan, I shouldn't be so worried.

Modesty forbids acknowledgement.

- Mr. Chan, I need help.

- Cooperation possible, Mr. Gregory...

- if you will answer one question.

- With pleasure.

Why did you remove Paul Essex briefcase from Clipper?

I thought it might

furnish me with some leads.

I was unable to make head or tail of it.

Somebody took it from my room last night.

You follow Paul Essex to Honolulu?

- Yes.

- Why?

My company's already had three suicides down there.

I thought the islands might furnish the motives. It was a blind alley.

The only thing I discovered was...

that Dr. Zodiac had told Mr.

Essex that he would die this month.

Dr. Zodiac predict Paul Essex death?

Certainly. You knew I read that radio that came to Mr. Essex.

- I've been trying to see Zodiac. I can't even get an appointment.

- Please, what can I do?

You get to Zodiac and make him talk, and my company will take care of you.

Always willing to cooperate with insurance company.

Will keep you informed of developments.

Well, that's fine. I'll let

you know if anything turns up.

- And I'm awfully glad I came to see you.

- Thank you. Pleasure is mutual.

- Thank you very much. - Good-bye.

- Thank you.

- Oh, not at all.

- Gee, Pop, I certainly had him pegged wrong.

- You did?

Uh, the manuscript

- He's taken it again. Hey!

- Morning practice for track team?

- Young man imitate puppy dog chasing bumblebee.

Well, where do we stand? Did you read our mystery story? Get any leads?

- Crime never solved by books.

- I lost him. The chambermaid said he checked out this morning.

Gee, now that manuscript's gone again.

Gee, Pop, you're a magician.

What was in the briefcase?

Very comprehensive San

Francisco telephone directory.

Gee, nice goin', Pop.

- Hey, what's this all about?

- Say, I've got an idea.

Let's call up the Granville Insurance Company and find out if Gregory's on the level.

Telephone all insurance companies yesterday.

No one ever heard of Mr. Gregory.

I knew it. I knew he was a phony.

Say, he might even be Zodiac.

One'll get you 10 we'll never see Zodiac with his whiskers on again-not after the way we went

through his place last night.

It is possible.

But Dr. Zodiac not ordinary criminal.

He is man of great ego...

with disease known to science

as pseudologia fantastica.

- [Whistles]

- Is it serious?

Listen:

suffer from exaggerated fantasy...

"unleashed vanity and great ambition...

which robs them of caution

known to saner men."

Or, as Pop would put it, "Swell head

gives owner more trouble than indigestion."

Correction, please. Swell

head sometimes give police...

more cooperation than criminal mistake.

Say, I'll buy that. We might

trip Zodiac through his vanity.

Criminal egotist find

pleasure in laughing at police.

If we give him a chance to laugh at us-

That might bring him out in the open, and then

- But how are we gonna work it?

Suggest artful flattery in form of

special challenge from Rhadini...

to demonstrate powers before men of science.

That's great, Charlie, and I

know my paper will go for it.

- [Man] Say, my nose on Rhadini. Who do

you like? - [Man #2] Well, I like Zodiac-

[Crowd Continues Chattering]

- That Dr. Zodiac certainly has his nerve with him.

- [Chattering Continues]

Charlie, you were right. It's happened.

Zodiac took it hook, line and sinker. Come on.

Please, folks, step aside.

Gee, that's a funny-lookin' knife.

Balance weapon used by knife throwers.

What is it, a P. S?

This is missing last page of Paul Essex

manuscript. Note was written on back of it.

- What do you mean?
- Say, then Gregory must be Zodiac.
- Unless you drop same in Zodiac house last night.
- Gee, Pop, maybe I did.

Carelessness may prove blessing in disguise.

Hey, I betcha we'll have a full house tonight, I'll betcha.

- What does it say, Charlie? Does it help us?
- No.

Merely that murder was not caused by sword cane, as suspected...

but by poisoned Pigmy arrow.

Pigmy arrow? We got a Pigmy arrow.

- Where?

- Over here. I'll show ya.

The bow and arrow's gone! I know it was here this mornin'...

- 'cause when I was sweepin' up, I went by and it stuck me.
- Some souvenir hunter took them.

[Jimmy] If Zodiac left the note, then he probably took the arrow.

- At least we know where to find it.

- ~~[Orchestra:

- ~~[Continues]

- Hello, Charlie. What a house.

I socked Zodiac's acceptance across the front page, and look at that sellout.

[No Audible Dialogue]

- We've got every door in the place covered.
- Good.

Now when Zodiac gets here, seal the place up.

Don't let anyone out till after the show is over. And be ready for trouble.

- If we don't see a show tonight, we'll never see one.
- What's your plan, Pop?

Expect to witness most interesting performance...

if attention not distracted by too much conversation.

Well, we're all set, Charlie.

~~[Overture Continues]

- Well, is Dr. Zodiac here yet?
- No, I don't see him.

What a fine spot I'll be
in if he doesn't show up.

- A fine spot if he does and you don't show him up.

- Aw, don't even think it.

- [Elmer] Places, everybody. All set, Mr. Rhadini?

- Yeah, okay.

All right, clear the stage,
folks. Kill your houselights.

[Overture Ends]

[Fanfare]

Thank you. Ladies and
gentlemen, as you all know...
the famous Dr. Zodiac has accepted
a challenge to meet me here tonight.

- Is Dr. Zodiac in the house?

- [Murmuring]

Not even the ghost of a whisper.

- Or the whisper of a ghost.

- [Crowd Chuckling]

So, while we're waiting for the renowned
doctor of the occult to materialize...

I will endeavor to entertain
you. Professor, please?

- ~~[Dramatic, Exotic] - Of course

I'm just an ordinary magician myself-
one of the old-fashioned kind
whose hand is quicker than the eye.

Now watch very closely, ladies
and gentlemen. Empty, empty.

- That's what you thought.

- [Laughter]

- Flowers for madame.

- [Applause]

~~[Continues]

Nothing in here...

- nothing in here.

- [Laughter]

Empty, empty.

What a fix for a sphinx.

Elmer, if you please, rotate.

Well, there's life in the old sphinx yet.

- ~~[Ends] - Miss Eve

Cairo, ladies and gentlemen-
a very charming and mysterious young

lady who will assist me in deceiving you.

Excuse me, please. Now, ladies and gentlemen, for our first illusion...

I will require some witnesses here on the stage.

Are there a couple of good witnesses in the house—the kind to have when you bump into the other fella's car?

- How about you, sir?

- Oh, no, thank you.

Come on. Don't be bashful. Leave your watch and wallet with your wife.

- Oh, she's not your wife.

- [Crowd Chuckles]

Well! Spotlight. Charlie, stand up.

- Come on, Pop. Take a bow.

- [Pete] Go ahead, Charlie.

Ladies and gentlemen, I want you to meet Mr. Charlie Chan—the world's foremost whodunit celebrity. I'm going to ask Mr. Chan...

to honor my performance by acting as a witness of my illusions.

And if I can trick him, I'm good.

- This'll give you a chance to watch

Zodiac while he works. - Hey, Pop-

And you too, Jimmy. And Jimmy

Chan, ladies and gentlemen-

- a chip off the old chopstick.

- [Crowd Laughs]

And this gentleman completes our gold-panel jury:

Deputy Chief Kilvaine of the San Francisco Police Department.

[Rhadini] Now stand wherever you wish.

Stubs, please.

[Gasps] Oh!

- ~~[Continues]

- [Crowd Murmuring]

Dr. Zodiac, I believe. Spotlight!

Would you care to come up on the stage, Doctor?

I was just about to toss

off one of my best illusions.

I'll give you a chance to unmask
me, Doctor, before I... unmask you.

- That would be a pleasure, Mr. Rhadini.

- That's the spirit.

[Rhadini] Stand wherever you wish, Doctor.

- Now, ladies and gentlemen,
before I continue- - ~~[Ends]

I want to say in fairness
to our distinguished guest...
that I do not intend in any way to
ridicule his faith in the supernatural.

But I will prove that I can
duplicate anything he does...
with the same old bag of tricks that
have been mystifying gullible humanity...

- since the first magician laid an egg.

- [Laughter]

My initial endeavor will be to nullify
the law of gravity through levitation-
an art practiced by the holy men of Tibet...

who are credited with being able to
project their bodies through space.

- Thank you.

- ~~[Resumes]

Now watch Miss Cairo and
particularly the table.

We are under observation by a
supercritical jury of witnesses.
Nothing below, a beautiful lady above.

No wires connected to the
table, no mechanical devices...
yet, unless your eyes deceive you,
the table and the young lady...

are rising into the fourth
dimension of space...
supported by nothing but thin air!

Levitation was a religious rite of the
ancient world, known to the priests of Chaldea-
a guarded secret in the temples of Babylon-
a fearsome ceremony of the pagan
gods who cried for sacrifice...

and before whom victims
vanished and disappeared!

~~[Ends]

- [Applause]

- [Screams]

[Applause Fades, Crowd Murmuring]

[Pete] Eve!

[Kilvaine] An arrow!

Stuck directly in heart. Death instantaneous.

Boy, what a finish for

Dr. Zodiac. Who is he, Pop?

[Rhadini] It's the Turk!

[Kilvaine] Wait a minute. Houselights!

Everybody stay right where you are.

No one is to leave this theater.

[Whistle Tweeting]

Have everybody go back to their seats!

Please, remove body out there.

- Back to your seat, lady.

- You've no right to keep me here. Let me by.

Look! Somebody threw this bow in here.

Get bow, please.

This is what he was shot with, all right.

Gee, Pop, I-I didn't mean to do that.

No matter. Accident proves

arrow not shot from bow.

Weather-beaten wood too old to

put driving force behind bowstring.

Why, that's from my exhibit in

the lobby. It's the Pygmy bow.

Problem number one then: How was

arrow which killed Turkish gentleman...

projected into his body?

- [Rhadini] Someone must've been close enough to stab him.

- It must've been from the stage.

Maybe, maybe not. The lights

were out long enough...

for anyone to come up on the stage

and then gotten back to their seat.

Makes problem more difficult

- takes in entire audience.

Suggest confining selves to one who could

have been within striking distance of victim.

- When did you leave stage, Mr. Rhadini?

- As soon as the lights changed.

I follow the table down the aisle. I'm

at the back when Eve makes her entrance.

Rhadini must have been in the aisle. He dropped this wand...

beside my seat in the second row.

- Hello, Stewart. What are you doing here?

- Kilvaine.

- Say, do you know him too?

- Sure. Charlie, I want you to meet Stewart Salsbury...

the investigator for the

Granville Insurance Company.

Then he is a detective?

But now his name's Salsbury.

That's why the insurance company

didn't know anyone named Gregory.

May chalk up one error

against blundering parent.

Mr. Salsbury, you were sitting in second row?

I was interested in watching you work. I

knew you were on the stage for a purpose.

I wanted to be nearer to you and Dr. Zodiac.

Thank you so much. May see wand, please?

This is wand used in floating table illusion?

Yes. I guess I dropped it in the

aisle as I ran back to the stage.

Silver-tipped wand more

prolific than silkworm.

- You're stealing my act, Charlie.

- [Audience Laughs]

Perhaps have extra one

handy? Up sleeve maybe?

Say, I shouldn't have let

you watch me so closely.

- An orchid for you, Charlie.

- Thank you so much.

Miss Cairo, please, just when you

cease to float on flying table?

I wasn't on the table, Mr. Chan. I was

in the wings waiting for my entrance.

Not on table? Very mysterious.

Just a minute, Charlie. You don't mean to say that Eve had anything to do with this.

Please, I'm merely trying to place

positions of people on stage...

to get clear picture of crime.

Well, I don't quite get you, Charlie.
Let's place 'em in the positions they
were in before the lights went out.

[Charlie] Very excellent suggestion.

Would request, Mr. Rhadini,
you start act all over again...

from point where Miss
Cairo is placed on table.

- Right.

- [Crowd Murmuring]

Now, you people in the audience
please settle down and be patient.

- We're going to stage Rhadini's act again.

- [Exclaiming]

We want all the cooperation you can give us.

The person sitting next to you might
be the murderer we're looking for.

Will need volunteer to take place of victim.

- You will oblige?

- What? Me be the murdered man?

- But I ain't a good subject, Mr. Chan, I ain't.

- Hmm. No.

Can request you assume

humble position, Mr. Lewis?

- To break a story, I'd do anything, Charlie.

- Thank you so much.

Miss Cairo, it will be necessary
for you again to take place on table.

- No, no, I can't do it.

- What's the matter, honey?

I wouldn't advise you to use Eve.

She's different from the rest of us-
high-strung, nervous temperament,
sensitive to things like this.

One moment, please. Have thought.

Will not be necessary to use young lady.

Uh, let everyone assume original positions.

You, Miss Cairo, were in wings.

Mr. Rhadini, you were on platform, please.

- Who's gonna ride on the table?

- Number two son.

He long have weakness for
displaying histrionic ability.

Here is opportunity to disguise

self as Sleeping Beauty.

Who, me? Take a ride on that table?

- Oh, but flying makes me seasick, Pop.

- Go.

All right, Jimmy. Come on. Come on. Hop up.

You're gonna get a lot of surprises. Okay, Charlie?

- Lights!

- ~~[Resumes]

[Rhadini] Watch Miss Cairo and particularly the table.

We are under observation by a supercritical jury of witnesses.

Nothing below-

No wires connected to the table, no mechanical devices.

Yet, unless your eyes deceive you, the table and the lady...

are rising into the fourth dimension of space...

supported by nothing but thin air!

Levitation was a religious rite of the ancient world, known to the priests of Chaldea- a guarded secret of the ancient temples of the-

Mr. Chan, something's wrong.

Rhadini didn't finish his speech!

Lights! Lights! Turn on the lights! [Screams]

[Crowd Clamoring]

- How did that happen?

- Do something.

[Kilvaine] All right, folks. All right. Take your seats and be quiet.

[Man] Get him to his dressing room!

Why, he's wounded! Get him to his dressing room and call a doctor.

Now, keep calm, folks!

Joe, get everybody out of that aisle.

Lady! Lady! Sit down, lady. Be calm, be collected.

Don't get excited. That won't get you anything.

Take his coat off. He's bleeding.

Come on. Come on. Get

him to his dressing room.

Well, if this don't send me back to Billy Goat Hill pounding pavement, I'm an Eskimo.

Not necessary to take such icy view of situation.

- Matters progressing most interestingly.

- Interestingly? For who, Rhadini?

Fortunately, only wound in shoulder, induced by this knife.

- Where did you get that?

- On step.

It is brother to one used to pin

Dr. Zodiac's note to door of theater.

It's a cinch whoever threw that knife is the same one who knocked off the Turk.

We're through playing theater. If I can only figure the angle that knife was thrown from...

it'll give me a clue to where the killer was standing.

Position of killer not so important to anxious parent...

as position of number two son who took trip on mysterious flying table.

- He's in the cellar. All he has to do is come upstairs.

- Oh. Show way, please.

- Surely. Come on.

- [Kilvaine] I've got an idea.

I've been tryin' to figure out the angle this knife was thrown from. I figured- Captain Kilvaine, will you tell your stupid cops that they must let me be with my husband?

Now just a minute, young lady. Nobody can talk to him until after I've questioned him.

And I have a few questions for you too.

You're a fine detective

- letting one man be murdered right under your eyes...

and then setting the stage so they could try to kill my husband!

I've tried to be calm-

Come out of there! Come out of there!

[Charlie] Jimmy!

Did not know theater provided elevator service.

That comes from inside the sphinx.

Mr. Chan, I want to go to my husband.
The detectives won't let me see him.
Thought Rhadini's dressing room was on stage.
It is, but there's an
entrance from down here too.
Son seems to have disappeared
as completely as flying table.
Maybe he went up into
the boss's dressin' room.
- Come with me, Mr. Chan. We'll see.
- Mmm. Yes.
I hope somebody sees somethin'
around here pretty soon.
I wish I was back with my trained seals.
You could try a cross-stitch- the
kind we use in appendix operations.
Please explain absence of pants and self.
Gee, Pop, I-I had an accident.
Get dressed quickly. Disappearance
take one year off father's life.
Uh, you are doctor? Uh, how
is Mr. Rhadini's shoulder?
Not too bad. It's only a flesh wound.
He's suffering from shock right now.
I fixed him up, and I think we'd better
let him go home as quickly as possible.
Most fortunate escape. Can offer no
solution as to who make attempt on life?
I haven't the slightest idea, Charlie.
I'd just reached the bottom of
the steps, and I felt a blow.
And my shoulder seemed to be
on fire. That's all I remember.
- It must've been thrown from the audience. And
if it was, I- - Recommend we remove selves...
from dressing room and allow
Mr. Rhadini needed rest.
Excuse, please.
Look here, young woman. You knew all
about this before the lights came up-
before anyone else knew that Rhadini
had been clipped with a knife.
- How did you know it?
- I've told you before, I can sense things like that.

I had a mental vision of him lying
there with a knife stuck in his shoulder.
Mental telepathy confirmed
by scientific investigation.
Am convinced young lady's
strange power can be...
of utmost assistance to us
in apprehending murderer.
Better to probe through
penetrating mind of one girl...
than try to sift contents of whole theater.
All right, then go ahead. I'm in
this with ya. I might as well stick.
I'll tell the audience, Pop.
One moment.
Refrain from showing to
audience seat of pants, please.
Oh. I'll take care of that.
I'll wear this coat.
Ladies and gentlemen...
my father has requested me to, uh-
[Audience Laughing]
- [Laughing Continues] - My father
has requested that I call your atten-
My father has requested that I call your-
[Laughter, Applause]
[Laughter Continues]
[Laughter]
Oh, gee, Pop, this isn't my fault.
Recommend you imitate excellent
example of sphinx and keep silent.
Ask you will please excuse
amateur exhibition of magic...
by ambitious offspring...
and request you will again
lend most necessary cooperation.
and request you will again
lend most necessary cooperation.
With assistance of Miss Cairo...
will try to find solution
of most perplexing crime.
Can assure you will witness most
scientific and remarkable demonstration...
of mental telepathy.

Electrician, you will turn off all
lights except one on mirror, please.
You will read thoughts in my mind until
dominant thought of killer comes to you.
[Steady Ticking]
[Ticking Continues]
Concentrate.
Close eyes, please.
Am now your control.
You are my control.
You lips will speak my
thoughts as they come to you.
I will speak your thoughts.
[Ticking Continues]
I get the impression of a
strange, mysterious room.
There is a man. It is Dr. Zodiac.
He has learned secrets of people's lives...
and uses his information to blackmail them.
I see one of his victims.
He's in an airplane.
He commits suicide because Dr.
Zodiac threatens him with disgrace.
That man's wife is here in the theater.
Her heart is filled with bitterness.
There is another woman here
who is helping Dr. Zodiac...
but she fears him.
Only his death can bring her freedom.
I see another man here
- a rival...
who has staked his reputation
on unmasking Dr. Zodiac tonight.
There is another...
who fears the loss of his
position and prestige...
because Dr. Zodiac has outwitted him.
And a young man who believes Dr.
Zodiac is interfering with his romance-
trying to separate him
from the girl he loves.
There's someone confusing
our contact, Mr. Chan.
Go on, please.

Yes, I have your control again.
There is a woman who is filled
with jealousy and hatred.
Dr. Zodiac is trying to influence her.
Mr. Chan, there's a mind here that is fighting me
- trying to keep your thoughts from me.
Continue, please.
He is frightened, desperate. It is-
It is Dr. Zodiac! He is not dead.
- He is here in this theater!
- [Murmuring]
Zodiac here? Then who was the Turk?
Will soon learn.
[Charlie] Concentrate, please.
The man who was murdered
was Dr. Zodiac's servant...
who was impersonating him here tonight
to throw the police off the trail.
What was motive for murder, please?
The servant was the only one
who knew his master's secret.
Zodiac killed him to silence him...
and make the world believe
that Dr. Zodiac was dead.
Who is Dr. Zodiac?
It is-
It is-
Something is keeping it from me
- a control stronger than yours.
Killer is trying to prevent you from
reading my thoughts. Make effort, please.
I'm trying. It's coming closer.
It's filled with evil,
with thoughts of murder.
It's Dr. Zodiac!
He's ready to strike again! [Screams]
Lights! Lights!
- [Jimmy] It's Rhadini!
- Fred! - My boss!
Otherwise known as Dr. Zodiac.
Very clever to have Turk impersonate
you at sance and thus avoid suspicion.
Nice work. But you'll never
convict me of killing the Turk.

Contradiction, please. Will demonstrate.

Silver-tipped wand used in floating
table illusion not same as this one...

which you carry up sleeve,
from which you produce orchid.

Mechanism make most potent
murder weapon. Observe.

[Clicks]

Easy for magician to
confuse picture of crime-
even to inflicting wound in
own shoulder to avert suspicion.

All right, men. Take him out.

- So sorry.

- I didn't know, Mr. Chan. I never even suspected.

Rhadini sure was covered
up, but we nicked this case.

Appreciate valuable
assistance. But please remember:

Obvious clues, like tricks in
magic, usually prove deceptive.

You bet. From now on, I'll be just like you.

I'll keep both feet right on the ground.

~~[Orchestra: