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# Charlie Chan in Panama

By John Francis Larkin

Making a few camera studies?

- No savvy, seor.

- Don't give us that.

Give me that basket.

- There he goes!

- [Gunshots]

Why are they shooting at him?

The poor man was only fishing.

- With a camera equipped with a telephoto lens.

- Camera?

- I'd be careful if I were you

- Seor Compton has very sharp eyes.

Oh, the lens is easy to spot

at this distance.

He was probably making a record

of that seaplane catapult on the warship.

It's just been approved

by the American navy, I believe

[Woman]

You're not trying to tell me he's a spy?

- I am.

- Oh, come now.

As you English put it,

I think you're pulling my leg.

My dear Miss Finch, surely you learned  
on shipboard I never take such liberties.

Why, Mr. Compton. Oh, well, at least  
we're getting off to an exciting start.

It's like one of those

"blood and thunder" novels you write.

I say, Miss Finch,

do you really read me?

- Well, only so I can warn my pupils not to.

- [Laughing]

Well, I must say I'm disappointed  
that dirty old fisherman a spy.

Miss Finch wants her spies to be handsome,  
suave men of the world.

- Like yourself, Seor Manolo.

- Thank you, seor.

You two make me nervous, as if you  
suddenly didn't trust each other.

Ah. It is the atmosphere  
of this place, seorita.

The Panama Canal draws  
agents of all countries here.  
No one is to be trusted.  
It is the city of spies.  
[Compton]  
"The city of spies"  
Good title for a book, what?  
I think I'll use it  
But seriously, Miss Finch,  
Seor Manolo is right.  
You're in dangerous territory.  
I don't care. For 18 years, I've been  
teaching the children of Chicago...  
the mysteries of algebra and geometry.  
Now I'm going  
to see something of the world  
I've even going  
to Mr. Manolo's cabaret tonight.  
You've promised to show me everything,  
haven't you, Mr. Manolo?  
Oh. S, s, seorita  
Pardon me while I speak to an old friend.  
Any answer, Mr. Cabot?  
Just a minute.  
Tell Captain Vincent  
I must report for duty first.  
I'll try to see him next week  
if I can get over here  
Yes, sir.  
Well, Mac, it is good  
to see you again.  
- How is the seora?  
- I think you've made a mistake.  
I am so sorry.  
You look exactly like a friend of mine.  
Please forgive me.  
I am Manolo.  
- Manolo's Cabaret, you know.  
- Oh, yes. I've heard of it.  
- You are new here, seor?  
- Yes.  
- Government service?  
- Yes. Engineering.  
Then permit me to welcome you.

You will like Panama City.

It is so gay, so cosmopolitan.

- And I hope you will visit my cabaret.

- Thanks. I will.

Well, still asking strangers  
their life story, Manolo?

Seor Godley, I

ThisThis is a surprise, huh?

Why, there's that Mr. Godley  
who was on the boat with us.

- He came from England with you, didn't he?

- Why, no.

- He came aboard in New Yorkwith you.

- Oh.

Hello, Godley, old man.

So you're going with us after all.

I thought you were going on  
to San Francisco.

I am, but I suddenly decided to fly  
over the canal rather than creep through it.

Gives me an extra eight hours  
in Panama City.

- Cigarette?

- No, thanks. I never smoke them.

- Prefer a pipe.

- Very English.

- Miss Finch?

- Well, why not? Other women do.

Miss Finch, you're shedding  
inhibitions every moment.

Congratulations.

- [Coughing]

- [Manolo Chuckling]

If you come to my cabaret tonight  
in a daring red gown...

I will know the tropics  
have done their deadly work.

- [Chuckling]

- Don't talk nonsense.

I'm too sensible to have inhibitions,  
and I'm too sallow to wear red.

- But I am enjoying this trip.

- [Chuckles]

Oh, I say.

Look who's here.

[Airplane Motor Starts]

Isn't that Kathi,  
the stewardess from the boat?

Oh, yes.

The little Czechoslovakian refugee.

- What's a stewardess doing flying cross-canal?

- Oh, I feel sorry for her.

So when she tell me she have sing  
in cafs in Europe, I give her a job.

Oh, you must all come tonight  
and encourage her.

Uh, pardon me, please.

Passengers for Panama City may come  
aboard now. We're taking off in five minutes.

- Thank you.

- All right.

[Laughs]

Ah, seorita, let me take your bag.

There is a good-looking  
young American on the plane.

His name Cabot.

Get acquainted with him  
and find out all you can about him.

Oh, uh, take this.

Please do not look so nervous.

All cameras must be collected  
during the flight over the canal.

- Army regulations.

- All right with me, young lady.

Shows Uncle Sam isn't asleep.

My, isn't this cozy?

Tight fit though.

[Chuckles]

Please, this seat is occupied?

With things that  
have no business being there.

- I'm sorry.

- Thank you.

Ah. Seor Halide, how are you?

Monsieur Manolo, welcome home.

Did you have a nice  
vacation in Europe?

Eh, but of course.

Tell me, business she is still good here?

Oh, very good, except for your barber, Felipe.

He's in jail.

Espionage

- [Chuckles] Eh, I should have expected.

- Why?

Because when you find a barber  
who do not talk all the time...  
it is very peaceful but suspicious.

- [Men Chuckle]

- Dr. Grosser?

Aha. So the good doctor  
is still among us, huh?

Will you take these, please?

Thank you.

- Cablegram for Dr. Grosser.

- I am Dr. Grosser.

- Cablegram for you, sir.

- Thank you.

I'll put that in a baggage compartment  
for you.

No. I look after this myself.

- But the rules say that you can't

- Ach Rules.

This box contains the result  
of a delicate experiment.  
Months of difficult research.

One clumsy move  
could ruin everything.

Everything.

- Well, may I take this?

- Thank you.

Fasten your safety belts, please.

We're taking off.

- I'll put this out of your way, sir.

- Thanks.

Oh, my my cigarettes are there.

- I'm sorry. Smoking is not allowed.

- All right.

Isn't this exciting?

Oh, look. There's our ship  
just going through the first lock.

- Oh, I can't get up.

- You may unfasten your belt

until we're ready to land.

Here. Sit on this side.

Please do.

- This your first glimpse of the canal?

- Yes.

It's rather a shame

to fly it the first time.

It looks so insignificant

from the air.

When you go through it by boat, you realize

what a gigantic piece of engineering it is.

That's what I've heard

I'm sorry I missed it

Were you on that ship?

- What's the matter?

- Nothing.

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

[Finch]

I can't help thinking of those poor sailors

who used to have to sail ships

all the way around the Horn

What if they could see us now?

It seemed fantastic enough

when the canal was built...

and they cut the transit

down to 10 hours.

Precisely. Not satisfied with that,

we want to fly it.

Stewardess,

when shall we be in Balboa?

- Twenty minutes, sir.

- Imagine!

[People Chattering In Spanish]

- ## [Singing In Spanish]

- [Chattering]

[Boy]

: Un nmerol

Un nmero, seor?

[Boy]

Nmero?

- Un nmero?

- No. No, thanks.

Ror favor Lotera

##[Singing Continues]

Thank you, seor.

Monsieur Godley.

Going to buy a hat?

Yes. They tell me this fella  
makes fine panamas.

Oh, yes. And come to me  
for the best cigarettes.

You bet.

Where's the boss Fu Yuen?

Fu Yuen speaks and offers welcome.

How can I best serve  
most honorable patron?

Uh, gentleman would like  
panama hat. Please.

Try this one for size.

Oh, excuse, please.

This one mine.

Gentleman seek headgear  
for sports activity, for formal wear?

Or perhaps businessman special.

I hear you're a man of many friends.

Thousand friends too few.

Do you have enemies?

One enemy one too many.

I guess we understand  
each other, Mr. Chan.

- Rlease, name is Fu Yuen

- Sorry

Uh, try this one, please.

Good afternoon, seor.

Good afternoon, Fu Yuen.

In Panama, walls equipped  
with eyes as well as ears.

You can't be too careful.

Washington has a pretty straight tip  
that there may be an attempt at sabotage...  
when the fleet passes through the canal  
tomorrow night.

Humble self responsible for tip.

Notice large increase  
in number of secret agents...

after fleet ordered back to Pacific.

Anything more definite than that?



Regret to report  
nothing definite enough to act upon  
Maybe I can help you.  
We've learned that the person  
who sabotaged the Eldridge dry dock...  
who crashed the 409  
- Was secret agent named Ryner.  
- Right.  
He's the one man we can't spot.  
It's uncanny.  
He's brilliant,  
and yet he's a cold-blooded killer.  
We think he's here.  
Ryner in Panama?  
Hope you bring some slight clue  
to his identity.  
Yes.  
You see  
[Coughs]  
[Gasping]  
Call doctor!  
Wait.  
Too late for doctor.  
Call police.  
: Muertol i: Rolical i: Rolical  
[Continues Shouting In Spanish]  
[Man #2 Shouting In Spanish]  
[Men Shouting In Spanish]  
[Shouting Continues]  
Is he dead?  
While purchasing hat,  
deceased light cigarette.  
He take one puff and fall to floor.  
- What you take from the corpse?  
- Merely seek identification.  
Fu Yuenl Fu Yuenl  
What has happened?  
- Monsieur Godley  
- You know this man?  
Why, yes. I saw him on the airplane,  
but I can't understand.  
He was well and strong  
when he left the seaplane landing.  
S? Huh?

Hmm. Diplomatic passport.  
He's an American official.  
You a spy maybe. You kill him!  
You come with me!  
- One moment.  
- Stop!  
My hat, please.  
S Vamos  
[Spanish]  
[Spanish]  
[Men Chattering In English, Spanish]  
I'll have another shilling on that!  
There we are!  
[Chattering]  
[Chattering, Shouting Continue]  
- Hey! What's going on?  
- Pop!  
Am I glad to see you.  
How'd you know it was me?  
Frequent spankings have made  
favorite son's anatomy most familiar.  
Blimey, don't leave the game now.  
You've got all my money.  
- I'll be back. Just a minute.  
- [All Chattering]  
Last information,  
offspring working as steward on boat...  
during college vacation.  
- Where is boat now?  
- Well, gee, I guess it's sailed for New York.  
Explain presence here.  
Well, when my boat docked in Balboa  
this morning, I set out to find you.  
And on the way, I stopped along  
the waterfront to take some pictures.  
A few art studies you know,  
machinery, locks and battleships.  
I was arrested as a spy.  
Man without relatives  
is man without troubles.  
Say, Pop, what are you  
doing in jail?  
Cannot talk now. Later.  
- You do not know who or what parent is.

- Oh, I catch on.  
Captain Lewis,  
I show you the spy I catch.  
Lieutenant, your vigilance and cooperation  
are greatly appreciated.  
[Dice Rlayers Chattering]  
I'll take this man  
to the governor at once.  
You, come with me.  
Hey! What about me?  
Oh, maybe tomorrow  
we shoot you, I think.  
[Man]  
Come on.  
Ryner here in Panama?  
Any clue to his identity?  
Unfortunately, Mr. Godley join ancestors  
when about to reveal same.  
- That's bad.  
- [Knocking]  
Come in.  
Governor, I've completed  
the autopsy on Godley.  
- Let's have it, Doctor.  
- Concentrate of poison in both lungs.  
Please, poison called "boanide"?  
Yes. How'd you know?  
Most deadly when inhaled  
with smoke from cigarette.  
You were right then, Charlie.  
- Did you analyze the cigarettes in the package?  
- They all contained boanide.  
Why, the poor devil  
didn't have a chance.  
All right, Doctor. Thank you.  
- What do you make of it, Charlie?  
- Too soon to make much.  
But unusual method  
of causing death...  
is Ryner's signature to crime.  
Godley and Ryner  
play "cat and mouse" game.  
- And mouse strike first.  
- He mustn't strike again.

With the fleet scheduled to go through the canal  
in the next 18 hours, we've got to work fast.  
Look here, Charlie.  
Here's our fleet  
concentrated off Cristobal at the Atlantic gate.  
To reach battle stations  
in the Pacific...  
the fleet's full war complement  
must pass through the Gatn Locks...  
the Galliard Cut...  
the Pedro Miguel  
and the Miraflores Locks  
any one of them  
a possible point of danger.  
If the lock does not function,  
battleship caught like fish in trap.  
A lot of fish, Mr. Chan.  
The canal is practically invulnerable  
against naval or aerial attack.  
But we're at the mercy of Ryner  
and his kind till they're run to earth.  
We've got to stop him.  
The full resources of Military Intelligence  
are at your disposal, Charlie.  
Am deeply grateful,  
but think it wiser at present...  
to remain humble purveyor of hats  
Fu Yuen.  
Say, gee, Pop,  
this is just like old times.  
Ah. But getting offspring  
out of jail must not become habit.  
No I mean you and I working together  
on a case is just like old times  
Was not aware  
of current collaboration.  
Gee, now that I'm here,  
I can be a great help to you.  
You just wait, Pop.  
You'll be proud of me yet.  
Can hasten pride by removing  
odor of jail.  
Scrub.  
What have you got there, Rop?

Floor plan of airplane  
which bring Mr. Godley to Panama City.  
Same supplied by Captain Lewis who has  
questioned stewardess and all passengers.

- You mean the murderer might  
have been on the plane?

- Yes.

How do you figure that?

Before boarding plane,  
Mr. Godley and schoolteacher...  
smoke cigarettes from Mr. Godley's pack.  
Neither suffer ill effects.

So someone substitute poison cigarettes  
after boarding plane.

How'd they do it?

Weren't they in Godley's pocket?

Cigarettes in pocket

Mr. Godley's topcoat...

which stewardess place on rear seat.

Easily accessible to all passengers.

- Then one of them is Ryner.

- Quite possible.

But hiding behind what name?

- Finch? Halide?

- Achmed Halide?

Say, he sells cigarettes  
right across the street from you.

And Godley was killed  
by a poison cigarette.

Have not overlooked fact.

- Who's Miss Finch?

- Chicago schoolteacher.

- Young?

- Young maiden of 50 summers or more.

Oh

"Richard Cabot"? Who's he?

- Government engineer.

- Oh, he's out then.

Say, here's a foreign name

"Kathi Lenesch"

Who's she?

Young lady who left job  
as stewardess on boat...

to sing in cabaret

operated by Seor Manolo.  
Left the boat, huh?  
Dad, that sounds suspicious.  
I think I'll go to the cabaret  
and look that girl over tonight.  
Parent has reserved task for self.  
Well, isn't there anybody  
I can investigate?  
Who's Dr. Rudolph Grosser?  
Also neighbor.  
Viennese scientist.  
- Has rooms over Halide's tobacco shop.  
- Wait a minute.  
Dr. Grosser. Rudolph.  
Vienna bugs!  
I've got it!  
We studied Grosser  
in our biology class  
He's an expert  
on tropical diseases and plagues  
Don't you see?  
Grosser's our man.  
And he knows all about plagues.  
Why, he could manufacture one...  
and let loose horrible disease germs  
into the American fleet.  
Why, Pop, it-it's horrible!  
It-It's awful!  
Quite correct.  
Suggest you waste no time  
investigating doctor.  
All right, Pop. Who, me?  
Investigate him? Alone?  
With all those bugs?  
Oh, Pop!  
- Dr. Grosser.  
- Out of my way.  
But you must listen to me. You have got  
to move from here or stop what you're doing.  
- It's driving me insane.  
- Mind your business.  
The rent I pay is big enough.  
I do as I please.  
- The danger!

- Ach! You are stupid,  
and I have no time for fools  
Stop it, Grosser, or I'll make you.  
You'll make me?

I do not advise you to try it.

Oh, Monsieur Compton.

You come to pay a visit to my shop?

I thought I'd like  
some more of your mixture.

- Oh, yes. Come in, please.

- Thank you.

Were you pleased  
with my last shipment, monsieur?

An excellent blend.

I thought I'd stock up  
while I'm here.

I have a new mixture

I would like you to try, monsieur...

but, uh, it will be more expensive.

If I like it, I'll pay your price.

Send it along

to the Hotel San Pablo.

- Anytime this evening will do.

- Thank you.

Oh, so Dr Grosser lives here, huh?

- Yes, monsieur.

- Interesting fellow, what?

Well, cheerio.

Good night, monsieur.

[Yelps]

[Chittering]

Bubonic plague? Oh!

- [Chittering]

- [Yelps] Pop! Pop!

**##[Orchestra:**

[Sharp Slap]

## [Woman Singing In Spanish]

## [Singing Continues]

## [Lenesch Humming]

##[Singing Resumes]

##[Singing Continues, Muffled]

[Latches Snap]

## [Singing Continues]

- ## [Song Ends]  
- [Cheering, Applause]  
[No Audible Dialogue]  
##[Orchestra Resumes]  
Good evening, seor.  
Oh. Fu Yuen.  
[Chuckles]  
This is a surprise.  
Many time you visit my store.  
Am now returning compliment.  
Well, don't look so sad about it.  
Have a drink.  
Very difficult to smile.  
Death visit my humble shop today.  
Ah, yes. Seor Godley.  
I forgot it happen in your place.  
Eh, just think. Only today,  
we were on the same plane together.  
Oh, it is too bad. I  
Gentleman complain  
of being sick on plane?  
Well, I do not know.  
I was asleep most of the way.  
Ah, General. Greetings.  
I have a fine table for you. Come.  
You're kinda curious, aren't ya?  
You'd better come go with me.  
- No! Let me go! Let me go!  
- Hey, Corporal!  
- Corpl Corpl  
- Let me gol I've done nothing wrong  
- What's the idea, sailor?  
- I don't wanna start no spy scare, Corporal  
but this girl here, she's  
she's trying to pump me about the fleet.  
Yeah? Well, what  
does she wanna know?  
She wants to know the exact time  
the fleet goes through the canal.  
- Oh, she does?  
- Just a minute, Officer. This is ridiculous.  
- I'll vouch for this girl.  
- Who are you?  
I'm Cabot, new superintendent



of the Miraflores power control.

- That cuts no ice here. You come with us.

- What has happened here?

Oh, the police.

Who cause trouble in Manolo's Cabaret?

They're arresting

Miss Lenesch as a spy.

- But for why? She is a singer.

- Yeah?

Well, why does a singer want to know

the exact hour the fleet goes into the canal?

Is that why you arrest her?

My good man, this is Ranama

Everyone is interested in the coming

and going of ships It is our living

And with the entire fleet coming in

perhaps to anchor, well [Chuckles]

You can understand

why a pretty singer...

she is interested in the sailors

who would come to hear her sing.

- Is that all you had on your mind, sister?

- Of course.

I didn't know it was wrong

to ask questions.

Well, I guess there's

been no harm done.

- Of course not.

- All right, get back to your dancing, folks.

- Have a drink with me?

- No, thanks. Not while I'm on duty.

- ## [Orchestra Resumes]

- Sorry, lady. Can I buy you a drink?

I'm cutting in here, sailor.

Let's find a quiet place.

Miss Lenesch, it's none

of my business, I know, but

- Is there any way I can help you?

- Help me?

Why, thank you,

but I don't need any help.

You're frightened of something.

What is it?

But I'm not. I assure you.

Why are you working here?

I must earn money to live.

You're a stranger to this country,  
and that's the reason I'm talking like this.

Oh, please don't misunderstand me,  
but this is no place for you.

- Why, it's just a dive.

- I know.

Do you have to work for Manolo?

Do you have to?

Please, if you really  
want to help me...

don't ask any more questions.

- All right.

- Thank you.

[Roliceman Shouting In Spanish]

This is a high-class place.

You're gonna like it.

- Ah, Miss Finch. You have keep your promise.

- Oh!

- Welcome to Manolo's

- Thank you

Well, now, this doesn't  
look so wicked

Ah, you have looked  
for wicked place, huh?

Of course not. But I do intend  
to see all there is to see.

Aha. So you bring  
a police escort, huh?

Well, that is very nice.

Will you have a drink with me?

Oh, not at the bar,  
but at a table perhaps.

Why, yes, of course.

This way.

Pop, you've gotta come with me.

- Good evening.

- What's this? Did you bust out of jail?

No need to bust.

Absence of proof open cell door.

This is news, Mr. Fu Yuen.

What were you in jail for?

Offense of no importance, seor.

Of no importance?

I arrest you for espionage, "suspicious"  
of murder and you say no importance.

Oh, goodness!

Another spy?

- [Man] Where's the spy? Who's a spy?

- [Ratrons Shouting]

- Who's the spy?

- Really, I don't know,

but the lieutenant said that man.

- Take him outside! Come on! Let's go!

- Leave him alone!

: Silenciol

[Shouts In Spanish]

You make a mistake. I make a mistake.

You crazy!

Well, of all the nerve.

You said he was.

- [Crowd Shouting]

- [Man] Get the guy out!

[Shouting Continues]

: Un momentol i: Un momentol

You see what you did? You start a riot.

I started it? You started it.

You said you arrested him.

- [Man] That's enough for me! Come on!

- [Crowd Shouting]

- No! Stop!

- Come on!

Stop! He's not a spy!

He's my pop Charlie Chan!

- [Man] Charlie Chan?

- Charlie Chan?

Char Charlie Chan?

The great Charlie Chan!

[Man]

Charlie Chan?

Well, this is really exciting.

Mr. Chan? Why, I'm honored.

Not every day

do I entertain a celebrity like you

Gee, Pop, I'm awfully sorry.

I was afraid they'd hurt you.

Perhaps much better

to let cat out of bag than drown same.

- [Crowd Chuckling]

- Excuse, please.

- Oh, Mr. Chan, you aren't going?

- No, no. Please, do stay.

I insist, as my guest.

I will give you royal box.

I will give you champagne.

And you can tell us some

of your experiences. Do stay, Mr. Chan.

Thank you so much for hospitality...

but, please,

must ask for rain check.

- Good night.

- [Chuckles] Good night.

"Rain check." He talks nice.

Now will please explain reason

for untimely visit?

Dr. Grosser

his place is full of creepy animals.

- Tarantulas, monkeys and rats.

- Yes, yes. I know.

Have not been asleep while living

across street from mysterious doctor.

But do you know his rats are infected

with bubonic plague?

- Bubonic plague?

- Yeah. He's gonna use 'em to infect the fleet.

Must see rats.

When prepared for worst,

can hope for best.

You must feel pretty foolish, Lieutenant,

arresting Charlie Chan for espionage.

Maybe not so foolish

While still posing as Mr Fu Yuen

Chan told me that Seor Godley

die in his hat shop.

He did? Is that why

you arrested him, Lieutenant?

I don't talk police business

before nobody.

You don't have to worry about Halide, Pop.

I saw him following Dr. Grosser.

Hey, Pop,

that room wasn't lit before.

[Charlie]

Perhaps doctor has returned

Dr Grosser

- Dr. Grosser.

- [Low Yowl]

Oh. Don't be nervous, Pop.

It's probably just that monkey.

- [Yowls]

- Oh! That was no monkey.

Honorable pussycat.

Oh. I knew

it was some kind of an animal.

[Quiet Thud]

That's funny.

I could have sworn I heard a noise.

I must be hearing things

Think you hear own imagination.

Did same imagination create infected rodents?

Why, they're gone. I tell you, Pop, these cages  
were full of rats when I left to get you.

These lights weren't on.

Somebody came in here and took 'em.

He's going to infect the fleet.

He's gonna spread the plague  
through the canal zone everywhere.

- Pop, Dr. Grosser is Ryner.

- Possible.

Colonel Webster,

Lieutenant Chan speaking.

Request detention of Dr. Grosser.

Bubonic rats?

That's fantastic.

All right.

We'll pick him up for questioning.

Call Medical Corps  
and send out plague warning.

And have Dr. Grosser  
brought in for questioning.

- Yes, sir.

- Anything else, Charlie?

No, but One moment, please.

Yes. Please request  
from British consul...

complete information on Cliveden Compton,  
English novelist.

- Thank you so much.

- Cliveden Compton?

But what's he got to do  
with Grosser?

When answer is known,  
may prove very interesting. Come.

But what are we gonna do now?

Put number two son to bed.

Ah, gee, Pop, you can't drop me  
right in the middle of a case.

- [Chittering]

- Pop!

To bed. Young brain like grass  
need dew of sleep.

- Oh, but, Pop, I've got a swell theory.

- Theory also belong in bed.

Oh, well, all right.

Will return after small errand.

Do not wait.

[Rattles Doorknob]

Good night.

- Mr. Compton, please.

- Mr. Compton?

Room 35.

The key is here.

I'm afraid the guest is out.

- Thank you. Will wait.

- Seor

Coffee, please.

- Quick, Lieutenant, follow that man.

- What?

He was on the airplane today  
with Mr. Godley.

I think someone on that plane  
killed him.

I think if you don't stop playing detective,  
somebody gonna kill you.

All right, I'll behave.

Thanks so much for escorting me.

Shall we say the same time tomorrow night?

Excuse, but I'm not on duty tomorrow night.

I'll send someone else.

Thank you. Very well.

- Buenas noches

- Good night, lady.

What are you doing here?

Why you are not at the cabaret?

I-I was looking for you.

Mr. Manolo,

I-I can't go on with that job.

You saw what happened tonight.

You are very independent

for a girl without a passport.

Go back to work.

[Speaking Spanish]

[Spanish Continues]

[Handset Settles In Cradle]

[Knocking]

[Grunts]

- Pop.

- You.

It's a good thing you turned on that light.

I might have hurt you.

Thought too horrible to contemplate.

This was theory

that overheat son's brain?

Yeah. I-I must have been thinking

along the same lines as you.

You're here.

- Was door unlocked when you arrive?

- Yes.

And what has amateur housebreaking

revealed Dr. Grosser's rats?

Well, no. But I found out

Compton's an Englishman.

Excellent. How you arrive at that?

Well, I figured Compton might be Ryner

posing as an Englishman.

But his clothes are really English.

So is his soap and his shoes.

Why, even this humidior has

an English school emblem on it. See?

Huh.

You know, the Englishmen

are very sentimental about their schools.

Does son suppose operator as clever as Ryner

would be ignorant of same?

Gosh. I never thought of that.

If he was posing as an Englishman...

this is exactly

the kind of stuff he'd use.

Pop, be carefull

Did-Did you see him?

That gun was aimed right at you.

Am now very happy offspring divide time  
between study and baseball team.

They're gonna let me  
pitch next year.

Why wait?

Aim already perfect.

What's that?

Son also reveal secret  
of tobacco mixture.

Close doors.

[Jimmy]

Who's that girl?

Young lady who calls herself  
Kathi Lenesch.

Gee, Pop, that's the way  
they photograph convicts.

Also method used in some  
European countries...

where police keep record  
of all citizens.

But what's Compton doing with it?

Is only one of many questions  
would like to ask invisible Mr. Compton.

[Jimmy]

A military map

Pop, I've got it.

That tobacco came from Halide's.

I heard Compton ask him for a special mixture  
tonight, and Halide said it was expensive.

Don't you see?

They were talking about secret information.

Compton is Ryner.

And Halide's been spying on fortifications.

He sent him this map

in a jar of tobacco. Look.

Here's the canal.



These buildings are probably fortifications.

And this "X" is the spot  
where they're gonna strike.

- Sincerely hope so.

- Huh?

If enemy strikes at spot marked "X"...

- then fleet is very happily out of danger.

- Why? What do you mean?

This is map of old Panama cemetery.

- Old Panama cemetery?

- [Knocking]

[Knocking]

Mr. Compton?

Mr. Compton?

[Charlie]

Excuse, please

You seek document containing  
most unflattering photograph?

Can explain how Mr. Compton  
obtain possession of this?

No. But he telephoned me  
tonight he had it.

He said he'd return it if I came here  
and answered a few questions.

- What sort of questions?

- I don't know

Did he suggest Baroness von Czardas...

- might be secret agent?

- No, no.

Truth win more friendship than lies.

Yes. He suspected me  
because I concealed my identity...

because I'm so afraid  
of being sent back.

Why? Map of Europe  
has lost your native country.

But I could be sent back.

I have no passport.

Rlease Rlease don't give me away

I want to make a new home  
in the United States

I want to forget how my father  
and brother were executed...

because they spoke against

the cruelty of the invaders.  
Don't you see?  
I can't go back.  
It means death for me or  
or the concentration camp.  
You know person named Ryner?  
How do you know that name?  
Excuse. I ask question first.  
Ryner was a member of the secret police  
who arrested my father and brother.  
Is he here?  
Has he come for me?  
No. On soil of democracy,  
you are safe from persecution.  
May I have my identity card, please?  
Later. Inside pocket  
like vault of national bank.  
You won't show it to anybody?  
- May I go back to work now?  
- Yes.  
- Thank you.  
- Good night.  
Gee, you sure believed  
her alibi awful quick.  
Bad alibi like dead fish  
cannot stand test of time.  
Meantime, suggest thorough search  
for more light on Mr. Compton's identity.  
Oh, you know me, Pop.  
I never miss a thing.  
Pop!  
Is he dead?  
No heart strong enough  
to hold bullet.  
Wh-What does the passport  
say his name is?  
Passport and photograph  
say "Cliveden Compton."  
Then he isn't Ryner.  
Or wait a minute.  
Maybe he is, and the baroness killed him.  
She has a strong motive  
Please, please. Call police.  
Hello. Operator. Operator!

They don't answer.

Hello, Seor Chan.

Seor Manolo,

may use telephone for urgent call?

- Why, yes, of course. Come in.

- Thank you.

There is the telephone.

Connect me with military police.

- Have one of mine.

- Thank you.

Captain Lewis, please

Captain Lewis,

Lieutenant Chan speaking.

Regret to report death of Mr. Compton  
at San Pablo Hotel.

Mr Compton murdered

- Thank you Will wait here

- [Handset Settles In Cradle]

- When did this happen?

- Sometime earlier this evening.

- Did you hear the shot?

- Oh, no. I-I just come home.

Quick! Where you get cigarette?

Why, I-I found them

on the table in your room.

- Well, what is wrong?

- These are cigarettes from Mr. Godley's body.

Godley? Why, they are poison!

Seor Manolo

How you know secret shared  
only by police and murderer?

[Murmurs]

[Jimmy Groans]

[Groaning]

I'm going, Pop.

Everything's going black.

[Groans]

Suggest postponement of deathbed scene.

Cigarette quite harmless.

[Groans]

Huh?

You-You mean they

they weren't Godley's?

Boy, oh, boy!

Why don't I think of nifties like that?

Say, you just proved Manolo

knew how Godley was killed.

- He's Ryner.

- Perhaps.

Gee, if that gun could only talk,  
it would tell us who tried to kill you.

Gun can be made to talk.

Observe, please.

Art of ballistics prove that bullet  
from Mr. Compton's body...

fired by same gun

also aimed at humble self.

No doubt about it.

The test bullet matches the murder bullet.

Marks left by gun barrel  
on bullet like fingerprints.

And you say this gun the gun that killed  
Compton is registered in Manolo's name?

Yes. The police have been  
on the lookout for him...

ever since he ducked out  
of the hotel last night.

Charlie, do you think

Manolo could be Ryner?

Could be, or confederate.

If that's so, where does Compton come in?

Why was he killed?

Will know more when identity  
of Mr. Compton established.

We're checking on that  
as fast as we can.

He could be Ryner.

So could the missing Dr. Grosser.

In fact, any one of them  
could be Ryner

Charlie, the fleet goes  
through the canal today.

We've got to break this.

You've got to get Ryner.

Will do humble best.

That map might have meant something  
to Compton or the man that killed him...  
but it doesn't tell me anything.

"X" marks the spot.  
But where's the spot?  
We take path here to right.  
Mr Chanl Mr Chanl  
Come over here quickly.  
There's someone alive in one of these tombs.  
I was photographing the stained glass window  
in one of the older tombs...  
when I heard someone groan.  
I'm sure it came from there.  
And, Mr. Chan,  
look at the name on it.  
[Lewis]  
Achmed Halide?  
Isn't that the name of the Egyptian  
who was on the plane with us?  
- You heard sound from inside?  
- Distinctly. Like a groan.  
In view of what happened to Mr Godley  
and then Mr Compton  
I decided it was wiser  
to get help than to investigate alone.  
Most wise. Suggest you remain outside  
and away from door.  
[Muffled Shouting]  
- What, again?  
- What are you doing here?  
Gee, Pop, am I glad to see you.  
Why, it's your son.  
Features familiar as markings on bad penny.  
Now, son unharmed?  
- Yeah.  
- Please explain.  
After you left for the governor's office,  
I saw Halide leave his shop.  
- I decided to follow him.  
- He led you here?  
- Yeah Did you see the name on the tomb?  
- [Charlie] Yes  
Well, I got it all doped out  
The real Achmed Halide is dead  
and this fellow Ryner, whoever he is,  
is posing as Halide.  
'Cause what would a guy that's alive

want with a tomb?  
Say, there's something  
in what he says, Charlie.  
Unless you consider his nationality  
and possible religion.  
Miss Finch is right.  
Not exceptional for Egyptian  
to prepare final resting place before death.  
Sounds awful screwy to me.  
Son's grammar result  
of expensive American education.  
Did Halide enter tomb?  
No. He circled around to the back  
and then disappeared.  
I waited almost an hour  
before I decided to investigate.  
Even in graveyard,  
son forgets parable of angels and fools.  
Well, I didn't exactly rush in, Pop.  
But the door was open,  
so I thought I'd take a look around.  
And just as I started  
to investigate...  
somebody hit me over the head  
and dragged me over here.  
- Did you get a glimpse of who jumped you?  
- No.  
I was standing just about here  
when it happened. Yeah, just about here. Ahh!  
Gee, I-I didn't break my neck.  
You're lucky, son.  
Parent extremely grateful  
for son's safety.  
Also discovery of hidden tomb.  
Someone here recently.  
- Is it safe for me to come down?  
- Well, suit yourself, lady.  
What's this, Pop?  
Clothing too modern for corpse.  
Look for identification  
of living man.  
Okay, Pop.  
I won't miss a thing.  
Mr. Chan, come over here.

Look.

Mirror, makeup pencil

all articles necessary for disguise.

Nothing in these clothes, Pop.

All the labels have been cut out.

Charlie, look.

Container designed

to treat contents gently.

- This one's empty. No smell.

- Oh.

- This one's full.

- Please.

Empty tins cause for alarm,

not full ones.

What do you mean, Mr. Chan?

Go on up, Miss Finch.

You too, Jimmy

- Gee, Pop, you look almost scared. What is it?

- Explosive.

Explosive?

Empty tins indicate contents

recently transferred to different containers.

Gee, if some of the stuff isn't here,

he must have taken it into the canal zone.

He's going to blow up the canal.

Sincerely hope

son exaggerating as usual.

Oh. I asked for excitement,

but I didn't expect anything like this.

Gosh, this is terrible.

- What's the matter?

- Why, the door. I-I can't open it.

- Dad, it's locked!

- What?

Oh, Mr. Chan, do something.

Hiya.

Okay. Better get a new card

before this one falls apart.

- Hi. Need any help?

- Oh, no, no. No, seor.

- Aw, come now. I'll give you a hand.

- Uh! No!

Up she goes.

- What's the matter?

- Well, if I break a bottle, I  
- Oh, they dock you, huh?  
- Oh, s, seor S  
- Well, have Joe sign for  
this supply in the office.  
- S  
Aw, it's some more  
of that front office stuff.  
I suppose we'll have to do it.  
Gee, I'm thirsty today.  
- Give me a cup.  
- S, seor  
See you next week if we don't  
get too thirsty by then  
- Hasta la vista.  
- Hasta la vista  
They left here

**at 11:**

Any hint about where  
they were going?  
There's something gravely wrong...  
or Captain Lewis would have communicated  
with me sometime during the day.  
And with Chan also missing, gentlemen,  
I confess, I don't know how to proceed.  
[Jimmy Grunting]  
- What time is it now, Dad?

**- 8:**

[Finch] Only three minutes  
since we looked the last time.  
Nerves make time crawl backward.  
- We've got to find some way out of here.  
- Wait.  
Have wasted enough shots on lock.  
Tomb constructed like prison cell.  
It's got me crazy. We don't know where  
that stuff is planted or when it's due to go off.  
- And every minute that passes  
- I'll yell some more if you  
think it'll do any good.  
If shouts fail to bring visitor in daytime,  
highly improbable at night.



Mr. Chan, I have an idea.  
It may seem pretty foolish, but  
Dividing line between folly and wisdom  
very faint in dark tomb.  
Well, I wondered if we could take  
a small portion of that nitroglycerin...  
and blast our way out of here  
Rop, we could We could rig up  
one of those cans with some string  
- Please. Please.  
- Use one of those candles  
Very brave idea...  
but prefer to meet ancestors  
in more recognizable form.  
I'll bet I could fix it.  
Wait.  
[Frogs Croaking]  
- Oh!  
- Quiet.  
- But if we don't call, they may go away.  
- Shh!  
Blow out candles.  
[Lewis]  
Put up your hands!  
[Jimmy]  
There he is!  
[Finch]  
Mr Chan! Mr Chan!  
[Gunshots]  
You got him, Charlie.  
- I did not fire.  
- You didn't?  
Neither did I.  
I was afraid of hitting you or Jimmy.  
- Most strange.  
- [Finch Screams]  
Miss Finch, where are you?  
- Here  
- What happened?  
Someone fired two shots  
and ran right past me.  
- I'll take a look.  
- One moment, please.  
Identity of victim

may establish clue.

[Jimmy]

Manolo

Is he... dead?

He's dead all right.

Oh, Mr. Chan,

that's the third one to go.

The third passenger on that plane

- What is it, Pop?

- Most important we find telephone at once.

[Rings]

Hello.

Hello, Charlie.

Where are you? What happened?

No time to explain.

Must prevent fleet from entering canal.

That's impossible now.

The fleet began entry four hours ago.

Then make immediate search of powerhouse  
at Miraflores for high explosives.

Yes. I understand. We'll fine comb the plant.

I'll meet you there.

- Get me the Miraflores power control.

- Mr. Governor.

The fleet is well into the canal

Our only hope now

is to discover where Ryner  
planted the explosives.

We've searched every inch of the building, sir.

No evidence of any explosives.

I told you there's no bomb in here.

How could they have smuggled it in?

- Could we be wrong, Charlie?

- Of course you're wrong.

Most earnestly hope so.

Strange Governor Webster

not yet arrive.

- He should be here.

- What are you doing here?

- I don't know. They sent soldiers for me.

- Who?

- Why have I been arrested? I have done nothing.

- No one's been arrested yet.

Merely suggest all fellow passengers

of Mr. Godley brought here for questioning.

- But why here?

- Patience lead to knowledge.

- How very true.

- Hey, Pop, we'd better get out of here.

They can't find the stuff,

and all of us will be blown up any minute.

- [Halide] Blown up?

- What does he mean? Why are we here?

Oh, Mr. Chan, what's he saying?

- Monsieur Governor

- Just a minute, please.

Dr. Grosser delayed me.

Have you found any explosives?

Unfortunately, no.

Precaution much safer than daring.

Suggest immediate

evacuation of building.

- Order everybody out at once.

- Yes, sir.

[Lewis] Everybody outside!

Keep those doors locked.

Sorry. Must ask

present group to remain.

Are you insane? If there is real danger,  
you can't hold these people here.

Detention necessary

to save Panama Canal.

Think what you're doing, man! If there is a bomb  
in here, you're murdering innocent people.

A few minutes ago, Mr. Cabot

strongly doubt existence of bomb.

Well, please let Miss Lenesch go

or at least the women.

- Thank you.

- Stay where you are.

Regret you are all suspects in plot

to imperil fleet at moment of war crisis.

One among you is notorious

master of sabotage known as Ryner.

Only Ryner knows

where nitroglycerin is hidden.

Only Ryner know exact moment

bomb set to explode

Only Ryner can save own life now...

- and your lives

- But suppose he doesn't?

Suppose he's the kind

who's willing to die?

Have considered possibility.

But can he wait minute by minute...

second perhaps by second

knowing exact moment

explosion will send him to join his ancestors?

There's Ryner! The plot is not only explosives

but a plague, a horrible plague.

The man is insane! I experiment

with plague virus on rats, yes.

- Without permission of authorities?

- True.

But when I found the rats had been stolen,

I did not hesitate in my duty.

Tonight I reported everything

to the governor. Everything.

- And I accuse you of stealing them.

- Anyone would have done that!

- Did you destroy them?

- Of course I did!

One moment, please.

You will explain tomb in cemetery...

and frequent journeys there.

I bought it years ago

as a final resting place.

Recently, I learned others

have visited there

that it is used to hide something,

and I suspected the doctor.

- That he was Ryner!

- How you know then of spy named Ryner?

Monsieur Compton was a member

of the British secret service on the trail of Ryner.

And I sold him information.

That's how I know his

In the name of mercy,

let us out of here!

- Please!

- Question these people someplace else.

Sorry. Must continue question here.

You fool! You'll die with us!  
Am willing to assume risk  
to assist fleet of favorite nation.  
Let me go back to my pop. You can't  
let him stay in there. Please get him out.

[Gasps]

- Why don't we do something?
- We are three against one.
- Let's get him out of the way.
- Stay where you are, gentlemen.
- Oh, Mr. Chan, please.
- We're getting out of here.
- Stay where you are.
- Dr. Grosser, Halide, come on.

Drop that gun, Mr. Chan.

Drop it!

Get out of the way.

Get away from that door.

Don't one of you move.

- Just a minute, Miss Finch.

- [Governor] A woman.

Is she Say, is she

You think you've won, Mr. Chan,  
but you haven't. You'll die with me.

Correction, please, Miss Ryner.

Sorry to steal moment of triumph.

But time bomb

without electric arteries cannot speak.

- Gosh, Pop, you mean you mean  
there wasn't any danger?

- No danger.

Infernal machine rendered harmless  
before arrival of suspects.

Forgive trick of terror,  
but trick necessary...

to force Ryner to betray identity  
through fear of death.

Miss Ryner,

reputation for cleverness not exaggerated.

Our timely arrival in cemetery today

prevented cold-blooded murder of favorite son.

Gosh, Pop, you mean me?

Knowing Captain Lewis and self  
about to find son...

lady cleverly led us to him...  
knowing at same time  
she was planning to lock us in tomb.  
- But she locked herself in too.  
- Proving superior intelligence.  
Knowing explosives  
already on way to canal  
had only to wait with us in tomb...  
and provide self  
with unbreakable alibi.  
But like actress  
intoxicated by success...  
lady overplayed part.  
When speaking of blasting way out...  
she thoughtlessly  
used word "nitroglycerin"...  
when humble self had not revealed  
nature of explosives in container  
Lady's gun, please.  
Too late now to punish  
your confederate, Manolo...  
for murder of Mr. Compton  
and Mr. Godley.  
But science of ballistics  
will prove...  
that bullets which kill Manolo  
in graveyard tonight...  
were fired from this gun.  
Take her away.  
Baroness von Czardas  
need have no fear.  
Betrayer of loved ones  
will now receive just punishment.  
Gee, that's a great sight.  
Intelligent defense of nation  
best guarantee for years of peace.