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Charlie Chan in Rio

By Samuel G. Engel

Good evening, Miss Ellis.

Good evening, Mr. Kellogg.

- Armando, I'm expecting...

- Mrs. And Mrs. Reynolds are here already, sir.

Good! Joan and Ken

have beat us to it.

- How is Mrs. Reynolds behaving tonight, Armando?

- Very bad, senhor.

She's been drinking heavily, and they are both quarreling something awful.

I can see we're going

to be in for it, Grace.

Leave it to little Joanie to kill a party.

Hey, senhor. Bring me a drink.

- Make it a...

- Lemonade.

- Hello, Bill, Grace.

- Sit down. Take the weight off your feet.

- Bring on the grape juice, Armando.

- S, senhora.

Aren't you here a little early, Joan?

We'd have been here this morning

if Ken had had his way.

Something about this joint that he likes.

Can't figure it out. Can you, Grace?

Uh, no, I can't, Joan.

Oh, you can't.

I can. It's a little brunette package...

Ken's ex-sweetheart from New York. Lola Dean.

Excuse me. I'm going to the bar.

Make sure it's the bar,

not Lola's dressing room.

- Oh, now, Joanie, please...

- You're being very unfair.

Ken likes Lola,

but so does Bill and Clarke...

That's what's burning you...

Clarke Denton.

You'd turn inside out to get one

of your paws on Lola's boyfriend...

and the other on his father's millions.

Take off that mask.

You hate Lola as much as I do.

I think I shall have to be excused.

You don't want to go any more than Ken does
or I do. I came here to keep my eyes on Ken.
You came here with that excuse for a man
to watch Clarke, while Lola feeds them all bait.

- Where you going, Joanie?

- Ah!

- Hey, why don't you watch where you're going?

- Oh, I'm so sorry.

Thanks.

Mrs. Reynolds.

She's a frequent patron of this place.

Interesting problem in chemistry.

Sweet wine often turn nice woman sour.

Yes! That's very good, Senhor Chan.

Your son, Senhor Chan,

has the happy faculty...

of to combine business with pleasure.

Number two son behave about hot music...

like corn over hot fire... pops.

Have you ever seen the samba

danced before, Jimmy?

Have I?

I saw it in the States months ago.

- It's taken on pretty fast down here though.

- Yes, it has.

- They do it pretty good too.

- They should. It's one of our national dances.

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't think.

Biggest mistakes in history

make by people who didn't think.

- I'm sorry.

- It's quite all right, Jimmy.

Gee, thanks, Cap.

Senhor Souto, please excuse

number two son's North American familiarity.

Expensive college education...

failed to teach offspring

correct manner...

of addressing honorable delegado...

or captain of police of Rio de Janeiro.

- Oh, Pop, I-I didn't...

- Understand. He didn't think.

Never mind, Jimmy.

As you North Americans say, is quite "okay. "

Thanks, Cap. I mean, Senhor Souto.

Say, could you get someone
to teach me how to swing that dance?

Oh, certainly.

Unfortunate, number two son
have no time to learn Brazilian samba.

Must finish business quickly.

Must arrest Lola Dean tonight.

- Don't look now.

- I won't.

But hurry, darling. Hurry.

You can take your hands down,
but keep your eyes closed.

- I can't wait.

- Don't be so nervous, Lola. You'll make me stick myself.

I know. It's a brooch.

- Now you've spoiled everything.

- Oh, Clarke.

It's gorgeous!

Oh, darling.

- What can I say?

- You know what I want you to say.

- Oh. What?

- Say yes.

- Oh, yes, yes, darling.

- Then we'll be married the first of the month.

- Oh, can't we make it any sooner than that?

- Wait a minute, honey.

I have a little missionary work
to do with the family first.

- Oh. You think they might object.

- It isn't that, but...

- Then why wait?

- You forget, darling.

Mother's a Brazilian,
and there are traditions.

Oh. All right.

Helen! Lili!

Wish me luck, Helen.

Clarke and I are gonna be married.

- Congratulations, dear.

- Well, you don't seem very excited.

- Here I'm all bursting with love...

- I guess I'm selfish.

But you see, being secretary and companion to you has been a very cozy job.

Oh, how ridiculous. You and Lili go with the deal. Don't they, Clarke?

- Why, yes, of course.

- Thank you both.

- Best of luck, Miss Lola.

- Thank you, Lili.

And you, Mr. Denton.

Excuse me.

You are on next, Miss Dean.

Oh, good heavens! Run along, darling.

Hurry, Lili. My gown.

Helen, my jewels.

- Oh, Clarke.

- Yes, dear?

Scare up some of the gang, invite 'em over to my house for supper.

- We'll celebrate.

- Of course, honey. But must we?

After all,

they're not really our friends.

All the more reason for asking them.

Grace Ellis's face will turn purple with envy when she sees my brooch.

And Joan Reynolds... when she hears

I'm no longer a freelance...

she'll simply smother me

with "darlings" and "dears. "

Oh, I know it sounds mean, but I waited almost a year to crow like this...

and tonight I'm gonna do my crowing.

- Oh, but, dear...

- Please, darling.

Let me be mean, just for tonight.

Okay. I'll invite them.

Thank you.

Great news, folks. Where's Joan?

- After properly insulting both of us, she departed.

- She did?

- What's the great news?

- Oh. Clarke invited us over to Lola's after the show.

- They're throwing a party... an engagement party.

- Engagement party?

Oh, isn't that marvelous?

Yep. They're getting married

next Saturday.

- Clarke chased Lola for a year, and she finally caught him.

- Why should this make you happy?

Why? With Lola out of the running,
Joan'll stop swinging that tomahawk.

Say, I've gotta find that jealous spouse
of mine. See you at Lola's.

Bill, would you mind taking me home?

I've got a splitting headache.

Now, Grace,

that's not very sporting, is it?

You should go along to Lola's even
if her engagement to Clarke really hurts.

Bill Kellogg, I fully intended going!

I merely wanted to go home

to freshen up a bit. You needn't come...

I'll come. After all,

that's what an escort's for, isn't it?

#This song of love begins #

#The night they met down in Rio #

In a caf by the bay

#They romance to #

#A midnight serenade #

She told him to forget

#The night they met down in Rio #

#And there were tears in her eyes #

- #As they danced to

- Say, Pop, she doesn't look like a murderess.

- #A midnight serenade

- Pretty girl like lap dog... sometimes go mad.

He whispered

#You must be mine forevermore #

#And then she showed him

someone else's picture #

In a tiny little locket she wore

#And so he rode away #

But left his heart down in Rio

#All that remains of their love #

#Are the strains of #

#A midnight serenade #

#All that remains of their love #

#Are the strains of #

#A midnight #

Serenade

If we're going to arrest her,
we'd better get along to her dressing room.

Please. Make big scandal here.

Rather perform unpleasant duty
at Miss Dean's home.

They're still applauding.

Aren't you going to do an encore?

From now on, darling, I'll be doing
all my encores for Clarke. Is he here?

Yes. Thanks, Arturo.

I'm sorry.

Shall I go in the other room?

No, you'll have to
get used to this from now on.

- Who are the flowers from?

- Paul Wagner.

- There's a note on the other side.

- Who's Paul Wagner?

Oh. Just one of my feverish fans.

I've never even seen him.

Telephone him, Helen, and say that

I can't see him tonight or any time.

Clarke, when you marry Lola, you're going
to make my life a whole lot simpler.

- Where's Lili?

- Home, to help the servants get ready for the party.

What party?

Oh, good heavens! Of course.

Where's that new suit I got at Jeannot's?

- Hanging right behind the screen.

- I'd better hurry. Excuse me.

Lola, on your way home, don't forget
to stop at the Continental Hotel.

- Why?

- Where is your mind tonight?

After all the trouble I went to
to get you an appointment with Marana...
you've completely forgotten about it.

- Oh, good heavens. Of course.

- Marana? Who's he?

He's an Indian mystic.

Very expensive.

Since when have you gone in
for fortune tellers?
He isn't a fortune teller. He's, uh...
You tell him, Helen.
Marana calls himself a psychic.
- Sounds spooky.
- You don't go to Marana for a reading.
He calls it a psychog...
A psychognosis.
That's what makes it so expensive.
Seriously, honey. You're not going to
see this Marana person, are you?
He'll only take a few minutes. You won't
mind waiting in the car for me, will you?
Wait in the car? Not on your life.
If you go, I'm going with you.
I should say not.
That's just like letting you read my diary.
Oh, no. My skeletons in the closet
are my skeletons.
How do I look?
- Beautiful.
- Hurry up now.
I'll straighten up a few things here
and see you at home later on.
- All right, Helen. Good night.
- Good night.
See you later.
I'll only be a minute, darling.
He tells you I love you, he's a faker.
#L-I-I-I-I I like you very much
#L-I-I-I-I I like you very much
#I-I-I-I-I
I think you're grand
- Good evening, Miss Dean.
- Good evening.
- Won't you come in?
- Thank you.
#My heart starts to beat
to beat the band
#I-I-I-I I like you to hold me tight
I was just listening
to your latest recording.
I hadn't heard it myself.

- Not bad.
- I should say not.
I've heard you sing many times at the casino.
You have a lovely voice.
- Thank you.
- Won't you sit down?
Oh, I like your lips
Please take off your hat. You'll be much
more comfortable during the psychognosis.
I've made some fresh coffee.
Will you have some? It's delicious.
- Yes, please.
- Interesting, isn't it?
Yes, very.
I value it highly,
not only because of its artistic merit...
because it's associated with
my early days in the Orient.
But that's another story.
Isn't it amazing, the amount of stimulation
we feel we need in our daily lives?
Coffee, cigarettes.
Everyone but my fianc.
He doesn't indulge in either.
I can understand his abstinence.
Being near you,
he doesn't lack stimulation.
That's a very pretty compliment.
- Your coffee.
- Oh, thank you.
And now let's go
from the sublime to the infinite.
Let's peep around the corner of infinity
and see what we can see.
Answer my questions, please.
What is your real name?
Lola Wagner.
How long have you lived in Rio?
Over a year.
- Where did you come from?
- New York.
How long were you in New York?
About six months.
- Where did you live before that?

- Honolulu.

Why did you leave there?

- I ran away.

- Why?

L... I killed a man.

What was his name?

Manuel Cardozo.

He came to Honolulu on a business trip.

Why did you kill him?

I was madly in love with him.

- Didn't you know he was married?

- Yes.

I wanted him to divorce his wife
and marry me.

He refused, and I killed him.

What happened?

Don't be alarmed, Miss Dean.

- I must have fainted.

- No, You were in a semi-comatose state.

I induced it with a cigarette
and the coffee.

You see, in order to give my patients
a proper psychognosis...

I must free them from any impediment
of expression or conscious inhibitions.

This combination
accomplishes that admirably.

- But you had coffee and a cigarette too.

- Yes, the coffee was the same.

The cigarette wasn't.

I don't know whether
to be frightened or... or angry.

Neither, please.

Frankly, I wouldn't have come here alone
if I'd known that this...

Considering... Considering
what you've just revealed...
that would be most unfortunate.

What did I say?

- I must be perfectly frank with you, Miss Dean.

- Yes, please. Tell me.

You spoke of having killed a man
in Honolulu... Mr. Manuel Cardozo.

I couldn't have.

I've never been to Honolulu.
You needn't defend yourself to me.
I'm not a policeman.
Besides, I treat anything I learn
as highly confidential.

Excuse me.

- Yes?

- Is Miss Dean here?

- Certainly. Won't you come in?

- Oh, Clarke!

- This is...

- Your fianc, Mr. Denton.

- Why, yes. How did you know?

- Oh, Mr. Marana is simply marvelous.

You must come to him

for a reading sometime.

- I didn't mean to interrupt.

- On the contrary, I'm glad you came.

Miss Dean is perfectly captivating.

Don't be disturbed.

If you have a few minutes tomorrow,
drop in, and we'll have a talk.

- Thank you.

- Good night.

- Good night.

- Good night.

- Thank you, Peter.

- Yes, sir.

Paul Wagner isn't the only one
who can dish out orchids.

Aren't you the jealous one?

Thank you, darling.

Mr. And Mrs. Clarke B. Denton.

Sounds good, doesn't it?

Aren't you listening?

Clarke.

Let's elope tonight.

Why, Lola, are you joking?

- We could catch the 4:00 plane.

- Yes, but, honey...

Oh, darling, it'll be far more exciting
to be married in the States.

- Please?

- Well, all right.

You are an angel.

I'll tell you what...

you drop me off at my house...

then hurry home and pack

and come back and get me.

Say, listen. What about your friends

we invited to the party?

They can see us off at the airport.

- Very well, dear.

- Oh!

- I'm terribly late, Lili. Have any of the guests arrived?

- No, Miss Lola.

- Good. Is Miss Helen home?

- Not yet.

- When she comes in, send her to my room.

- Yes, ma'am.

- I won't be needing you, Lili, so go help Margo in the kitchen.

- All right.

Good evening, madam. I should like

to offer my congratulations.

- Thank you, Rice.

- Is there anything you wish, madam?

- Oh, yes. Bring me my airplane luggage.

- Very good, madam.

What happened after that?

Miss Lola turned to Mr. Denton

and said...

"Helen and Lili go with the deal.

Don't they, Clarke?"

- And what did Monsieur Clarke say?

- He bowed and smiled.

Oh, Margo. He's so handsome.

It must be heavenly to be in love.

Oh, stop mooning like a sick calf.

- Didn't Miss Lola mention me?

- No, she didn't.

I suppose I'll be fired.

I should have known better than to
go into service with a maiden lady.

I'm pretty sure Mademoiselle Lola
won't forget us.

She's been mighty nice to both of us.

Nice to us?

Yes, until something goes wrong.

Then I'd rather tangle with a jungle cat.

Mademoiselle Lola is an actress.

She has temperament.

In my opinion, Madam Lola is...

Lili. Open the door.

Rice. Don't you think

you'd better stop drinking?

I'll thank you

to mind your own business.

As yet, I'm still in charge here.

Good evening, Mr. Reynolds.

Good evening,

my little lotus blossom.

- Has Mrs. Reynolds arrived?

- No, she hasn't.

- Hi, Helen.

- Hello, Ken.

- What's the matter? Did you lose your wife?

- Looks like I'm stag tonight.

- Do you mind if I attach myself to you?

- Love it.

- Rummy.

- What, again? Sixty-seven points.

- That's 160 you owe me.

- Hi, Bill. Hi, Grace.

- Hello, Larry.

- Meet my new girlfriend.

- You oughta see what mine's doing to me.

- Where's the happy couple?

Lola will be in soon,

and Clarke hasn't arrived yet.

It's customary for the hostess to be present at her parties. We've been here over an hour.

- Perhaps we're not welcome.

- Oh, don't be silly. Lola's a little upset.

We had a disagreement. I thought Lola too impetuous, and... Oh, but you don't know.

- They're eloping tonight.

- What?

- Yes, taking the 4:00 plane to the States.

- When did they decide that?

- I don't...

- Miss Helen.

Yes?

Excuse me.

Some guests we weren't expecting.

- The police department.

- Joan!

Don't worry, Ken.

They're here to see Lola.

I'm Helen Ashby, Miss Dean's secretary.

Senhor Souto, Delegado of Police.

- This is Lieutenant Chan of Honolulu.

- How do you do?

And I'm Jimmy Chan of Honolulu,

Pop's assistant.

- Good evening.

- Good evening.

- Is there anything I can do?

- Yes...

I'm so sorry, but we must see

Miss Dean personally.

Lili.

Lili, see if Miss Dean is finished dressing.

- Won't you come in?

- Thank you. Wait here.

Miss Helen! Miss Helen!

- What is it?

- Miss Lola.

Oh! She's dead.

Stabbed.

Senhor Souto, with your permission,
like to investigate.

By all means. I will telephone for
the coroner and fingerprint experts.

Thank you.

Suggest you rest for few minutes.

Examination may take long time.

- Please.

- Thank you.

- Hey, Pop.

- Yes?

I've got a theory. It's suicide.

Startling deduction. Explain, please.

She got hep that we were closing in on her,
and rather than face it, she stabbed herself.

- In the back?

- Well, I-I didn't see the knife.

- I assumed that she was lying on it.

- Assumption incorrect.

Well, then the knife is missing.

Conclusion about murder weapon

must wait for coroner.

- The coroner will be here shortly.

- Pop, look at all these clues.

A crushed corsage, a platinum brooch,

a man's handkerchief...

with the initial "W" on it.

And a broken wristwatch.

I have another theory, Pop.

It's a clear case of robbery.

- Why?

- The hands of the watch stopped exactly at 12:15.

And that's when she was knocked off.

But Miss Dean didn't get in until 12:30.

I let her in.

- Oh, that blows my theory sky high.

- I'm sorry.

Have no regret. I'm proud pretty, young

countrywoman possess alert mind.

- Thank you, sir.

- Observe, please.

Murderer set hands of watch backward...

but fail to return stem

to proper position.

Evidently the murderer

will use this as an alibi...

- by proving he or she was away from here at 12:15.

- Precisely.

It also occurs to me, Senhor Chan...

that these clues make an interesting grouping,

as if they were carefully placed there.

- Don't you agree?

- Most thoughtful observation.

Clues arranged carefully

to throw police off right trail.

That makes the murderer a professional.

I don't believe that's necessarily

the logical conclusion, Jimmy.

The murderer may or may not

be a professional.

But one thing is sure. He, or she,

is extremely cool-headed, cold-blooded...
And very stupid.
But why stupid, Pop?
It's got me puzzled.
That prove my point very well.
Do you wish to begin the preliminary
questioning of the servants?
Would prefer to wait
for full report from coroner.
I am quite sure robbery
is not the motivation.
Still, while we are waiting, we might as well
eliminate it as a possibility, eh?
Agree. Uh, please.
Would like to ask question
of Miss Ashby.
- Certainly.
- Thank you.
Excuse, please.
Miss Dean possess fine jewels?
- Yes.
- Are familiar where she keep them?
In her wall safe over here.
- Shall I open it for you? I know the combination.
- Please.
Use handkerchief.
Thank you.
Jewels are gone. Must have...
See? I told you it was robbery.
And here's what happened.
The murderer came here to rob the joint.
He wore the handkerchief across his face.
Here. Tie this, will you?
He waited for Miss Dean to come home.
He waited for Miss Dean to come home,
then he forced her to open the safe.
And while he was reaching for thejewels,
Miss Dean tried to get away.
He grabbed her. They struggled
like this, and this, and this!
She fought back.
Fight back, will ya?
Ow!
He lost his handkerchief.

The corsage was ripped off.
The watch was smashed!
In the excitement to get away,
he forgot to pick up the handkerchief.
Look for a guy whose name begins
with a "W," and that's your man!
No good, Pop?
Why murderer stop to take jewels from box?
Why not take whole box?
And why surprised victim not scream?
And why killer forget
to take handkerchief...
and not forget to take murder weapon?
- Aw, Pop. You're too technical.
- Please.
Thank you. Senhor Chan,
while we're waiting for the coroner...
I would like to investigate
the other rooms.
So please. Come.
- Miss Lili, why you kill Miss Dean?
- But, Pop!
But I didn't kill Miss Dean.
I only saw her when she came in.
I was helping Margo, the cook.
Please, Mr. Chan.
- Miss Lola has been so very kind to me.
- Sorry to disturb.
Accusation save asking many questions.
Gee, Pop. My heart
stopped beating for a moment.
Devoted parent no longer interfere
with blooming affair of heart.
- Oh, Pop.
- What is honorable family name, please?
- Wong.
- Oh. Most satisfactory.
Come.
- This is the sitting room.
- Hey, Pop.
I'll have a look around the house.
Just a matter of routine.
- Understand.
- Will you show me around, please?

Yes. This way.

Some guests were waiting for Miss Dean.

They should be informed of tragedy.

No, not that one.

This one over here.

- Think so?

- Sure, goof.

- You fools!

- What's the matter?

Lola. She's been murdered.

- Murdered?

- How awful!

The investigation will proceed as soon
as the coroner has completed his examination.

Regret necessity

of asking you to remain here.

Miss Ashby,

may speak with you in private?

- Certainly. We can go in the dining room.

- Senhor?

No. I must ask these gentlemen

and this lady a few questions.

You, senhor. Your name, please.

As well as I can remember, that's all
that happened this evening, Mr. Chan.

- You speak with Mr. Wagner on phone yourself?

- Yes.

He seem upset when you convey

Miss Dean's message?

- Rather bitter.

- What he say?

I can't remember his exact words...

but he said something about being

a very persistent man and hung up.

You say she went to see Mr. Marana,
the mystic?

- Yes.

- You also know him?

I saw him once last week,
professionally, of course.

- Why you say "professionally"?

- Well...

You afraid I might draw
wrong conclusion?

Well, he isn't entirely unattractive.
Pardon me. The coroner
has finished his examination.
- Would you excuse us, please, Miss Ashby?
- Yes, certainly.
- Miss Ashby been most helpful.
- So?
Uh, Mr. Chan...
You suspect her?
Long experience teach,
until murderer found...
suspect everybody...
even you, Senhor Souto.
Well, if you are so much suspicious...
Clarke Denton, Miss Dean's fianc,
has just arrived.
They were to elope tonight, you know.
Miss Ashby tell me all about him.
What was coroner's report?
Uh, Miss Dean was stabbed through the back
by a very thin instrument.
The angle at which the instrument
entered the victim's body...
indicates she was bending over
at the time... packing perhaps.
Also, it indicates that she was not aware
of the murderer's presence in the room.
Or if aware, she not consider
person in room unfriendly.
- Yes, that's a possibility.
- And, uh, fingerprints?
No, very few, and all carefully smudged.
But I expected that after seeing how
the clues were properly arranged for us.
Evidently not all clues arranged.
Precisely. Still, we've got to
eliminate those obvious ones.
Yes. Agree.
Meanwhile, suggest you send
policeman for two gentlemen:
Mr. Wagner
and Mr. Marana, the psychic.
Bring them here.
Both men live at Continental Hotel.

Sounds very promising.

- As number two son would say, "Case in bag. It's cinch. "

- Yes.

The case is in the bag.

It's a cinch.

What makes you so certain, Mr. Chan?

Let's make it, uh, Jimmy and Lili, huh?

Okay, Jimmy.

Um, as I was saying,

from what you tell me...

there are enough suspects
to take care of a massacre.

- Well, I don't know much about these things.

- You're young. Stick around me.

- I'll educate you.

- Would ya, Jimmy?

Sure. Uh, say.

Maybe you could do something for me.

- What?

- Can you dance the samba?

- Yes. Why?

- Will you teach me?

Now? Here?

Sure. We can go out in the garden.

We can't dance without music.

Here.

I'll hum it for ya.

- Well, let's try it.

- All right.

Hey! Hey there!

How do you get out

of this place anyway?

- Help me out of this jungle, will you?

- This isn't a jungle.

- Oh, it isn't? Where's Lola Dean live?

- This is her home.

Well, why didn't you say so?

Say, you're cute. Who are you anyhow?

- I'm Jimmy Chan.

- He and his father, Charlie Chan, are famous detectives.

- Did you say detectives?

- A murder's been committed here.

- That's what I've been wanting to... What?

- Miss Dean has been killed.

- Are you on the level?

- Yes, ma'am.

Somebody beat me to it, huh?

Wouldn't be hard to guess who either.

- You know who did it?

- Yeah, and I know why too.

- You'd better tell my father about that.

- What's he got to do with it?

- He's handling the case.

- And Jimmy's his assistant.

Well, I'll be a maraschino cherry.

- A Chinese flatfoot from Brazil.

- From Honolulu.

Hey, wait a minute.

Did you say Honolulu?

Yes, ma'am.

Whoo. Am I woozy.

How did I get here?

- You're all right.

- Yeah, I'm all right. I start out in Rio and I end up in Honolulu.

- Say, come in, will you?

- Yeah, but I don't need anybody to help me. You go ahead and go.

Waikiki, here I come. Yippee.

I resent being treated as a criminal.

Remember, Mr. Chan, I'm an American citizen.

I'm proud to say, so am I.

We should get on splendidly together.

Hey, Pop!

- Joanie.

- Ken.

- Are you in Honolulu too?

- Honolulu?

Don't be mad at me, Kenny boy.

I'm so glad you found me.

It's been so horrible the last few days.

Now, Joanie, take it easy.

Take it easy.

- You're all in Honolulu.

- What's all this Honolulu business, Joan?

Hey, you!

- You killed Lola.

- You're insane.

Oh, I am, am I?

Where's your father?

- This is Lieutenant Chan, Joan.
- Have met before.
Tonight at Casino Carioca
I pick up your purse.
You did? Thanks.
Here's your man, Lieutenant.
Five will get you 10,
if you put her under a hot light...
- and give her the third degree, she'll talk.
- Why, you...
You seem most familiar with
certain American police methods.
Why shouldn't I be?
I was married to a cop once.
That was before I met my Kenny boy.
Now, Joanie, come and sit down.
Come and sit down.
Hey, Pop.
Excuse, please, Mrs. Reynolds.
Number two son inform me you say...
- Oh, a stool pigeon, eh?
- Joan! Go on, Mr. Chan.
You say you wish kill Miss Dean yourself,
but somebody beat you to it.
Yeah. She did.
If she hadn't, I'd have filled Lola full of lead
myself. That's what I came here for.
It wouldn't take much encouragement
to let her have it instead!
This has gone far enough. I insist upon
being permitted to speak to the ambassador.
I'm very sorry, Miss Ellis, but until
Lieutenant Chan has completed his questioning...
nobody will be permitted
to leave this room.
Gun recently fired.
Suggest ballistic expert compare gun
with bullet found in victim's body.
- Holy mackerel! Maybe I shot her and didn't know it.
- Steady, Joan.
- What are they saying?
- I don't know, sir. It's all Chinese to me.
- What?
- Sure. I don't speak the language.

I was raised in an American orphanage
in San Francisco.

Please excuse number two son
bad manners.

When very excited, he sometimes lapse
into ancient honorable language.

I beg your pardon, sir.

A Mr. Paul Wagner is here with
a Hindu gentleman, a Mr. Marana.

- Show them into the seating room.

- Yes, sir.

And please, bring strong drink
for charming ex-wife of policeman.

Thanks, Lieutenant.

You're a gentleman.

- Coffee.

- Yes, sir.

Will you step inside, please?

- Good evening, gentlemen.

- Good evening.

- Evening? It's 2:00 in the morning.

- Won't you be seated?

- Thank you.

- Why'd you pull me off of that boat?

Lieutenant Chan will explain.

You were leaving Rio deJaneiro?

- Sure, I was leaving and glad to get away from here.

- Why?

I never wanted to see Miss Dean
or set foot in her house again.

You been here this house before?

Certainly. A couple of hours ago.

Hey, Pop, the handkerchief
with the "W" on it.

What's this all about anyway?

Miss Dean been murdered.

Lola dead?

Poor kid.

You knew Miss Dean long time?

She was my wife.

We were divorced three years ago.

I've carried the torch for her ever since.

Jealousy, Pop.

Continue, Mr. Wagner.

Before going back to the States, I thought I'd give her one more chance to turn me down. She refused to see me at the casino, so I came here and waited till she got home. Excuse me, Mr. Chan. I answered the door all evening and I didn't see... I know you didn't. I knew Lola would send back word not to let me in, so I went around the back way. You remain long time? Only a few moments. After I found out she was going to elope, I... - I knew it was hopeless. - The handkerchief, Pop. Listen, you, if you found one of my handkerchiefs... I might have dropped it climbing over the wall as I arrived. You leave same way, by back wall? No. He came in with some of Lola's luggage. - She asked him to show me out. - Gentleman speak truth? I can only testify as to the gentleman's manner of leaving the premises. - He left through the front door. - Thank you. - Not at all, sir. - Please be seated. So sorry to have delayed journey. - I have nothing more to tell you. - Unfortunately, must ask you to remain. I suppose it's my turn next to pull my neck out of a noose. - Should have little trouble. - Why? Employ professional ability... mind reading. I'm afraid that has its limitations. I believe, Mr. Chan, that I... - You know my name? - Yes. I've seen you in Honolulu. And I believe that I can easily establish my innocence...

by suggesting that you check with
the floor clerk at my hotel.
You'll find I haven't left the room

since 10:

However, I have something here
that might be useful to you.
May I use the phonograph?
Yes, of course. Over here, Mr. Chan.
Watch out, Pop.
He's oily and slippery.
Slippery man sometime slip in own oil.
Shall we begin?

Will you answer my questions, please?

- What is your real name?
- Lola Wagner.
- How long have you lived in Rio?
- Over a year.
- Where did you come from?
- New York.

And how long were you in New York?

About six months.

- Where did you live before that?
- Honolulu.
- Why did you leave there?
- I ran away.
- Why?
- I killed a man.
- What was his name?
- Manuel Cardozo.

He came to Honolulu on a business trip.

Why did you kill him?

I was madly in love with him.

- Didn't you know he was married?
- Yes.

I wanted him to divorce his wife
and marry me.

He refused, and I killed him.

That is all.

Most interesting.

I'm curious to learn how you obtain
confession from Miss Dean.

- I got it by putting Miss Dean in a
semi-comatose condition. - You resort to hypnotism?

No. A combination of caffeine in coffee
and a natural herb in a cigarette.

Oh, Pop, you don't believe
all that stuff, do you?

Quiet. You make record because
you are Mr. Alfredo Cardozo.

How do you know my real name?

Professional ability: Detective.

- You are brother of man Lola Wagner killed.

- Yes, Mr. Chan.

Despite the Honolulu police
and everyone else, I was convinced...
that my brother had not committed suicide,
but that he was murdered.

Agree. I held same conviction.

Proceed.

I spent over a year running down clues...
and they all pointed to Lola Wagner,
or Miss Dean, as she called herself.
Miss Ashby was one of my first patients.
I compelled her to have Miss Dean
come to see me.

- Compelled?

- Yes.

You see, a patient
in a semi-comatose condition...
reveals many things
that they later want kept confidential.
Miss Ashby was very revealing
and, therefore, very obliging.

What you propose to do with record?

In the morning I was going to
take it to the American Consul...
and ask him to have
the local police make the arrest.
When police call on you at your hotel...
they tell you Miss Dean murdered?

- No.

- Then why you bring record here?

Mr. Chan, when a man works over a year
to get a valuable confession like this...
he doesn't leave it in a hotel room.

- Oh, horsefeathers.

- Silence.

I'm sorry, Pop.
It's all a lot of hoey to me.
I might go for everything if it weren't
for this semi-comatose stuff.
If it would help to allay your suspicions,
my young friend...
I'd be glad to prove my ability
to accomplish this semi-comatose stuff.
- You're a bet.
- Have I your permission, Mr. Chan?
Most happy to give permission.
Well, what are we waiting for?
Very well.
May I have some coffee, please?
Yes, certainly. Rice.
- Cigarette?
- Thanks.
- You had better sit down.
- Oh, I don't need to sit down.
No? Just as you say.
Will you drink this, please?
He's all right. I assure you
he'll have no bad effects from this.
You may question him now.
Answer questions, please.
Explain bent fender on parents' car
before we leave Honolulu.
I banged it into a fireplug.
In Honolulu,
you say you not use car that day.
I was lying.
Explain also failure
in mathematics at college.
Mathematics class

is 8:

I am too lazy to get up that early.
What is largest interest
in present murder investigation?
Miss Lili.
She sure is cute.
I go for her like flies for honey.
After this, you no longer use parents' car,
then you not bump into fireplug.

Also, you rise very early in the morning...
in order to attend
mathematics class at college...
and keep mind
on present investigation...
and not on pretty Chinese cousin.
Gee, Pop, did I...
Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Marana.
I take back everything I said.
That's all right. You're a game boy.
And thank you for helping me
to vindicate myself.
Excuse, please.
Must consult with honorable associate.
Uh, could provide guests
with refreshment?
Why, yes, Mr. Chan. I've already arranged it.
Come on, everybody.
- I'm fairly starved.
- So am I.
I know how you feel, Clarke,
but won't you come and join us?
- Maybe you can persuade him, Helen.
- Come on, Clarke.
Oh, Lili. I hope you didn't mind
what I said about you.
- No, I didn't, Jimmy. I liked it.
- That's swell. Let's go out in the garden.
I'd love to,
but I've got to help the cook.
Okay. Well, come back
when you're through then, huh?
- Won't you join us, young man?
- Oh, no, thanks.
- Oh, Mr. Marana.
- Yes?
- Can I... Is it possible to get...
- Why, certainly.
You can have a cigarette right now.
For the young lady, huh?
How'd you know what I had in mind?
Have you forgotten?
Professional ability: Mind reader.
You think you have found something?

Remote possibility.

Well, considering that thus far
all we have is a large group of suspects...
each with a very strong alibi, even a
remote possibility sounds encouraging.

This possibility very remote.

Number two son call this long shot.

I have played those before
and occasionally have won.

Experience teach,
unless eyewitness present...

every murder case is long shot.

- What is your long shot?

- Observe.

Tip of pin is broken off.

One moment.

Looks like long shot begin
to turn into short shot. Examine.

Observe scratches in floor.

Yes. Oh, then your idea is...

that the murderer crushed
the brooch with his shoe...

and that the broken tip of the pin
still remains embedded in the sole.

- Mmm.

- Well...

Too big long shot for you?

- There is no harm to try. What's your plan?

- Come with me.

When this mess is over, Clarke, why not
come up to my dad's place in Maine?

- Have all guests had refreshments?

- Yes, sir.

Please close door.

Will you excuse us?

This floor has polished surface, no rug.

Suggest we examine floor under chairs
where guests were sitting.

- Lili, come here.

- I'm busy.

- Come here, I tell you.

- Ow!

Shut up! Now remember
what I told you.

If the police should ask you any questions,
you don't know a thing.

- You didn't see me carry anything into my room. Do you understand?

- You're hurting my arm, Rice.

That's nothing to what you'll get
if you don't keep your mouth shut.

I won't say anything, I promise.

Please let go of me.

Well, remember what I told you then.

Still haven't found anything?

Must have patience.

Ah, Senhor Chan, I'm afraid
this possibility is too remote.

One moment, please. Here. Observe.

Yes, those are definitely pin scratches.

Stick 'em up!

Stick 'em up, I tell ya.

Keep your hands up.

Come.

Try to stop me, I'll let you have it.

Keep your hands off that gun.

Now open that door.

- Nice work, my son.

- Thanks, Pop.

I'll take that gun now, please.

Has earned right to carry one.

You haven't seen anything yet, Pop.

Wait till you see this, Senhor Souto.

Well, Miss Dean's jewels, no doubt.

Yep. The butler's your man, Pop.

Most incriminating.

But not proof of murder.

Oh, listen, Pop,

what do I have to bring you...

a talking picture of this killer
knifing Miss Dean in the back?

Same would be most excellent proof.

Have something to say?

Yes. Those are Miss Dean's jewels
all right, but I didn't kill her.

I only happened to enter the room when I saw...

Get the lights.

- He's dead.

- There's the gun, Pop.

It's a cinch. All we got to do
is find out who had it in his pocket.

- Not very difficult.

- Who?

You.

Sometime learn not to carry gun
in outside coat pocket.

Excuse me.

One of you turned the lights off
at this switch.

Pardon me, Senhor Souto.

But this isn't the only switch
that controls the lights in this room.

There's one over there.

And another over there.

Excuse me.

Now, look here, Mr. Souto.

I'm sick and tired of all this.

Miss Ellis, I regret to say
that your personal discomfort...

is of no concern to us

at all right now.

Two people have been murdered
here tonight.

It's quite obvious that the same person
committed both crimes...

and that that person is in this house,
in this very hall room now.

One of you, in order to stop Rice
from telling who killed Miss Dean...
turned out the lights at that switch...

or that switch, or that switch...

and took the gun from Jimmy's pocket
and shot the butler.

Also wish you to know

Senhor Souto and self...

have discovered method

of trapping murderer.

- Mr. Chan, may I ask one question?

- Certainly.

Amateur detective work

has been more or less a hobby with me...

and I've especially admired your work...

so I know that a trap is an essential part

of the technique of a good detective.
Doesn't tipping the murderer off to the fact you
have a trap set defeat the fundamental purpose?
- Sort of puts the murderer on guard.
- Precisely, Mr. Kellogg.
Putting murderer on guard is the trap.
Well, I hadn't thought of that.
That's very good.
Here we are, knee-deep in murders,
and Bulldog Drummond comes to life.
I find his comments most interesting,
Mrs. Reynolds.
Perhaps Mr. Chan would even be unorthodox
enough to reveal the exact nature of the trap.
Most happy.
Can best do so if everyone
will come with me into dining room, please.
- One of us is going to be
the next to be bumped off.
Please take same chairs as before.
I don't remember where...
Oh, yes. I sat on the other side.
Oh, Joan, you were there.
Mr. Wagner, you were here.
- Ken, you were at the end of the table.
- That's right.
Thank you.
This is very exciting.
So is parachute jumping,
but I don't like it.
Will explain purpose
of unusual procedure.
Senhor Souto and self
have discovered freshly made scratches...
on floor in Miss Dean's room.
Have also discovered similar scratches here
on floor near one of these chairs.
Have assumed scratches
made by tip of pin...
missing from Miss Dean's
crushed brooch.
Is possible this pin still lodged
in shoe of murderer.
Will find out in few moments.

That's a very clever deduction,
don't you think so, Joan?

Be just my luck
that I picked up that pin.
Stop worrying.

You weren't in Lola's room.

How do I know where I was tonight?

If you ask me, the murderer is making
a great mistake in underestimating Mr. Chan.
From his reputation, I should say
he was making a fatal mistake.

- Mr. Chan.

- Yes, Mr. Kellogg?

If you don't mind, one more question.

I like your processes of deduction.

But could you say, if you were
successful in finding this pin...
that it gives positive proof of guilt?

Couldn't you or Senhor Souto
or the murderer even...

have tracked it from Miss Dean's room
into this room and one of us stepped on it?

- Is possible.

- Well, in that case, what would you do?

Perhaps follow suggestion offered
by former wife of policeman.

Put each of you under hot lamp
and give you third degree.

- Would you really?

- Prefer not to walk across before coming to bridge.

- Yes, but...

- Oh, be quiet, Bulldog Drummond.

Come on, Lieutenant.

I can't stand the suspense.

Near what chair
did you find those scratches?

- This one.

- Miss Ashby's chair?

Why, you're not serious, Mr. Chan?

Surely you don't think that I...

Did not say that, Miss Ashby.

Merely said found scratches near this chair.

With kind permission,

will examine shoes, please?

Yes, of course.

Nothing here. Other shoe, please.

You are right, Senhor Chan.

The pin.

Well, what about it?

I was in Lola's room.

My shoe could have picked it up.

- Is possible, Miss Ashby, but...

- Excuse, please.

To satisfy suspicious colleague...

suggest you undergo questions...

after using Mr. Marana's

cigarette with coffee.

- Have no objections?

- Of course not.

Uh, pour coffee, please.

Cigarette, Miss Ashby.

Here's the coffee, Pop, but it's cold.

Caffeine exist in coffee hot or cold.

Drink this, please.

- Prefer to ask questions?

- Yes.

You killed Lola Dean?

Miss Ashby?

You killed Lola Dean, didn't you?

No.

But you did kill Rice, the butler?

No.

- Do have any knowledge of who might have killed them?

- No.

You've vindicated yourself,

Miss Ashby.

Sorry to have embarrassed you.

That's quite all right, Mr. Chan.

- Will continue with experiment, please.

- Two-to-one Grace is next.

- I'm willing.

- I'll bet you are.

- Will try cigarette on humble self.

- Oh, Mr. Chan.

- Please be seated, Mr. Chan.

- Pour coffee.

A copper giving himself the third degree.

Now I've seen everything.

What's the big idea, Pop?
Wish to give son opportunity
to question parent.
Say, that's swell.
Here's the cigarette, Mr. Chan.
Thank you. In these troubled times,
best to be economical.
Match, please.
Don't do it, Pop. Supposin' it hits you harder
than it hit me? Think of your heart.
- Afraid I not wake up?
- Yeah.
Appreciate son's devotion.
Make parent very happy.
That makes us all happy.
Just one big happy family.
Oh, cut it out, Lieutenant.
Let's get this thing over with.
Uh, match, please.
Wonder why he doesn't fold up.
Don't you feel woozy, Pop?
It isn't working.
He isn't going under.
Slip him a Mickey and he'll go under.
Do something, Senhor Souto. The cigarette's
made Pop wacky. He's acting awful funny.
Practically laying us in the aisles.
Quiet, Joan.
You're watching a master at work.
You're quite right, Mr. Kellogg.
He is a master.
You can stop smoking
that cigarette now, Mr. Chan...
and you can stop worrying
your devoted son.
I killed Lola Dean.
- I knew it!
- I still think Grace bumped her off.
- Arrest him!
- One moment.
Obviously Marana was implicated.
As soon as I saw the cigarette didn't affect
Mr. Chan, I realized... Wait a minute.
Mr. Chan, you smoked the same cigarette

that Helen did, didn't you?

Then why did it affect her and not you?

Oh, that's a cinch.

Pop's got a stronger constitution.

No. Miss Ashby merely pretend
cigarette affect her.

Was willing to undergo questions...

because she knew Mr. Marana

would not give her a potent cigarette.

Then Helen must be Marana's accomplice.

Wait a minute. That's stupid.

I killed Miss Dean to avenge my brother.

The butler caught me in the act and I had to
kill him in order to keep him from exposing me.

Miss Ashby had nothing to do with it.

- She killed Lola Dean. Also Rice, the butler.

- No. No.

Very noble of you

to defend wife of dead brother...

Mrs. Barbara Cardozo.

- All right...

- Wait a minute. They can't make you talk. Don't you talk.

No, Alfredo, it's over. I'm glad it's over.

For one whole year, I've thought
of nothing, lived for nothing...

but to find the person

who killed my husband.

And tonight I found her.

Yes, I killed Lola Dean.

I killed the butler too.

- Barbara, stop it!

- I've got to go on. I can't pretend any longer.

Mr. Chan,

after Lola left Alfredo's tonight...

- he telephoned me and told me about her confession.

- Yes.

He said he was going to turn her over
to the authorities in the morning.

- Go on.

- When I got home, Lola was packing.

She told me that she was eloping
with Clarke, tonight.

I asked her

why the sudden change in plans...

and she said that Marana had advised it...
I knew she was lying.
She was guilty and afraid.
Afraid Marana wouldn't keep her secret.
She went on to say that I might not
hear from her for some time...
that she wanted to be alone with Clarke.
Something about the way she said it...
made me realize that if she left tonight,
I'd never hear from her again.
Nor would anyone else.
The thought of Lola and Clarke
living in happiness when I...
Please continue.
The next thing I knew, I'd killed her.
Why you kill butler?
Rice came in
when I was preparing the clues.
He threatened to expose me,
and to silence him I gave him Lola's jewels.
When he was caught with them...
and was about to accuse me...
I shot him.
Understand.
To one who kill, life can suddenly
become most precious.
Your prisoner, Senhor Souto.
- Senhor Marana is free.
- S, senhor.
Miss Ashby, you're under arrest.
- Thank you all for being so patient. You may now go.
- Thank you.
Congratulations, Senhor Chan,
on a remarkably fine job.
Fruits of labor sometimes very bitter.
Gee, Pop, it's too bad you didn't
get woozy on that cigarette.
I had a very important question
I was gonna ask you.
- May ask now.
- Okay.
If Lili will consent, may I take her
back to Honolulu with us?
- No.

- Oh, gee, Pop, I'm crazy about her.

So sorry. I forgot to tell you.

Have received cable

from your honorable mother.

You have been drafted

in United States Army.

Well, how do you like that?

Now I got a war on my hands.

- Not wish to go?

- Sure. With me in it, Pop, the war's in the bag. It's a...

I know, I know. It's cinch.