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Jack the Ripper

By Jesús Franco

She's going to win the race today.

- You'll collapse in the fresh air.

- Tell me how much it costs.

My little conk.

I don't think so, fatty. Get lost.

Not even the Bank of England could afford what you're asking of me, you bastard.

What is he thinking? Who knows what kind of a person he is? So much is happening.

Half the night wasted with that beer barrel, and I haven't earned a single guinea.

What dreadful deed did he propose?

There's nothing you haven't done before.

Do you have to get your three ha'p'orth in?

Mind your own business.

- You're just as bad as him.

- If you want, I'll give you a lift.

You have to walk through Kensington and Chelsea, where he looks for his victims, then... you're dead.

If I meet him, I'll get two guineas out of him and have it off with him.

Suit yourself.

I won't let anyone infringe upon my liberty.

I'll walk home if I want to.

What are you doing here?

What do you want?

My child, I'm not doing anything.

I'm simply waiting for my death.

I'll be standing here, asking for pennies, till the Lord calls me to Him.

I beg, and charitable people give me small handouts.

It is a pleasant way of making the wait for my death pass more quickly.

- And every now and then you have a drink.

- Yes, lass, I do.

Everyone lives their life in their own way, until the Lord shows them mercy.

Thank you. Thank you, my little girl.

May heaven grant you a long and happy life.

Thank you.

- It's all right, my friend.

- Farewell.

My child, where are you?

My child!

What has he done to you?

My child!

Doctor.

- Good evening, Frieda.

- You've brought me another doll.

- Yes.

- Doctor.

A beautiful doll.

I'm coming.

Snip.

Snip.

Frieda. Come and give me a hand.

Of course. Yes, Doctor. Right away.

- Is this my doll?

- Keep going, Frieda.

- Doctor.

- Stop that.

- Do you want me to throw it in the water?

- Yes, of course.

When are you coming back? Soon?

I don't know yet, Frieda.

I never know. I can't know.

Hey, Frieda. Good morning.

Did you sleep well?

Yes.

And now you're looking

for somewhere to have breakfast?

I'm having breakfast by the sewers.

I've brought something to eat -

a sack full of rotten old plants.

I'd keep away from anything old.

I prefer green young things myself.

Oh, it's you. Good morning, Doctor.

Did you work all through the night again?

You will finish yourself off

if you go on like this.

You're not helping your patients this way.

In what way do they benefit, if you're ill?

You should have a strong cup of coffee first.

Is anyone waiting yet?

Yes, they've messed up

my corridor with their dirty shoes.

You should work less
and only treat wealthy patients from now on.
More sophisticated people.
Do you really think...

- Would you like some pie?

- No, thank you.

You haven't eaten anything yet.
Don't you like home-baked pie?

- Not for breakfast.

- It's an old family recipe. It's delicious.

- You should do something for your health.

- Yes.

- Mrs Baxter...

- Yes?

Would you mind if I paid my rent
a little later this month?

Well, for me that isn't a problem,
but it is for you.

You really are an admirable person,
but unfortunately, you are also rather naive.
Thanks very much for the coffee...
and for the compliment.

You're welcome.

Did I make you wait again?

- That's all right. Morning, Doctor.

- Never mind.

- Just one moment, please.

- Take your time, Doctor.

You work day and night,
so we should be able to wait a while.

Hello, little girl. Still afraid
of the doctor with the knife?

No.

- Who was here first?

- I was, Doctor.

- Please sit down over there.

- All right.

My leg is causing me
a great deal of trouble, Doctor.
I'm in a lot of pain.
But I'm sure you'll manage to fix it.

- Let's see.

- Yes.

It's looking better than before.

To hell with that rotten abscess.

They won't want it there.

Pull yourself together.

It's burning like fire.

- Now it's better.

- All right. That was it.

- It's better already.

- See?

- In three days, I'll take another look at it.

- I'll come back then.

But at the moment...

I don't have more than five shillings.

Pay the rest when you've got it.

I really wonder

what a benefactor like you lives on.

You must be stinking rich.

- Possibly, but that's my concern, not yours.

- No offence.

Please move on.

There is absolutely nothing to see here.

Move along. Please move along.

- Scotland Yard in a large-scale operation.

- Exactly.

I'm afraid there's nothing to see here,
young man.

- Ah, Inspector. Everything's ready for you.

- The two witnesses?

Sergeant McCollough entrusted them to me.

I sent them to the pub.

- Was that a good idea?

- I told the landlord not to serve alcohol.

Well, I shall see.

Come with us, Miller.

Inspector.

I think she's called Mrs Higgins.

Come on, stand up.

Listen, I'm a lady,

and I'll only stand up for the Queen.

You're quite right. It seems this young man
has only served in the colonies. And you?

- I see. Take the witness to me.

- Yes, sir. Come on.

Just come with me.

Here we are. Please sit down.

My name is Selby.

I work as an inspector for Scotland Yard.

My name is Pritchard.

Mr Pritchard talked to the victim Sally Brown shortly before she disappeared.

Before her death.

Shortly before her death, I spoke to her.

How do you know she's dead?

Blindness has sharpened my ears
and I can distinguish

a cry of fear from a cry of death.

I'm like a dog in that respect.

He approached the spot from whence
the cry came. He heard a struggle.

The cry was uttered, and then sounds
of dragging and gasping were heard,
as if the victim was being towed away.

I know what you're thinking. The testimony
is too precise for a blind man.

You don't know how to use your senses of
hearing and smell. My senses are sharper.

If I ever met you again, I would
without doubt recognise you immediately.

I sensed and took in
your aura immediately.

Would you be able to pick out the murderer
from ten people?

Without a doubt.

This man has a personality, even if he
is tormented by his physical urges.

And last night, he was probably tormented
by greater fears
than poor Sally and myself.

Yes, he was incredibly nervous.

So he's a madman?

Perhaps, but he suffers
from the particular kind of madness
that borders on genius.

Do you understand?

Despite everything,
the man does not have a bad aura.

He's more like a victim than an executioner.

Nothing concrete, then.

If you want concrete information,

I shall do my best to provide it.
He has to be short and strong,
and he certainly is not a manual
but rather an intellectual worker.

- Why is that?

- Because he has a certain smell.

A strange, peculiar smell that combines
intellect and strength at the same time.

- Do you know a lot about spices?

- No, I wouldn't say that.

- Then I'll try and give you an example.

- All right. Fire away.

- Indians have special spices for sauces.

- You must have served in India.

Yes, and I learnt a lot there.

It was the most important lesson of my life.

Were you there a long time?

Yes, I was. I gained a lot in India,
and I also lost something - my eyesight.

That's when I learnt to identify
the scents of oriental spices for sauces -
mint, kokum, curry...

With this man, I also felt that I was
able to identify his various scents -
sweat, expensive soap, top quality fabric.
And another very special odour,
one that even you would be able to detect.

- Alcohol.

- Indeed I would. On you, for example.

That would be too easy.

It contained 90% alcohol,
and it triggered a surprising reaction.

I felt as if I had been
transported back to India.

It was the smell of a rare tropical plant
which you only find in the greenhouses
of botanical gardens here - Aechmea.

- Inspector...

- Yes?

I... I'm sorry,

but you can't treat people like this.

I'm in a hurry. Annette is alone in the shop,
and the young thing is inexperienced.

I must go back

before she does something stupid.

- Miss Higgins, please sit down.

- I have waited long enough.

- If you want to ask me something, do it now.

- You saw the murderer?

I saw an abductor. A girl in the arms
of a short, dubious guy, a midget.

I mean, I only really saw blurred silhouettes
because it was dark.

- The night was pitch-black and foggy.

- But you didn't hear a scream first?

I heard three screams -

a quiet one, a loud one, and a very loud one.

And then the shouts. That must have been
the blind man. He kept shouting, "My child."

- Did you assume that the girl was dead?

- Well, she'd stopped moving.

And even when he suddenly lifted her up,
she didn't make a sound.

- Describe that moment in detail, please.

- But I've already done that.

All right. Would you recognise
the murderer or abductor, if you saw him?

- Yes and no.

- What do you mean?

There's a chance of 50% that I would.

I'd be able to say if it wasn't him,
but I'm not sure if I'd be able to say if it was.

You can't be too careful on this point.

And now I must get back to my shop.

Oh, by the way, it's a needlework
and wool shop at 31 Old Compton Street.

If you send your wife to my shop,

I'll give her a special price.

I'll have to get married
sooner than I had planned.

- You're at the right age, young man.

- May I ask if you're married?

No, I'm a few weeks past the right age.

- Can I go now?

- Sure.

Thank you. See you later.

Pas de bourree, to the front and to the side,
and the fifth position.

And pas de bourree, and front and side,
and the fifth position.

Pas de bourree and reverence.

Well done, Cynthia.

Don't forget the arms.

The arms are everything.

Stop, Ludmilla. You snap at the barre
like a dog snaps at a bone.

You're supposed to float like a snowflake.

Fourth position.

Stretch your foot. Mind your port de bras.

What about the knee, Cynthia?

You know what pains me the most -
bent knees and wooden arms.

Oh, khorosho. Your boyfriend, Anthony.

Get away from the barre.

Fifth position, please.

- I didn't think you would come.

- Didn't you? Why not? We're not enemies.

- So we're friends, then?

- Yes. As you wish. It's up to you.

- Well... What's the reason why you're here?

- I'm not sure. Everything and nothing.

- I'd like to... Can I talk to you?

- Not now, in the middle of a class.

- What will the others say?

- It's always the same.

All you care about is ballet. I come last,
and I have to put up with so much.

You don't think about anything
other than your tour, anyway.

And I'm sitting here,
supposed to find the killer.

- Don't start all that again.

- You find it ridiculous, I know.

Look, we agreed to split up,
so it would be better if we didn't
see each other for the time being.

Yes, I know. But it's hard.

- Because nothing's right at the moment.

- Yes, of course.

You're like a child.

You saw me as a kind of mother figure.

I never felt like your lover.

That wasn't good for me.

But if you have problems at work,
you're welcome to discuss them with me.

You're looking for Jack the Ripper?

Continue your declaration of love later.

I need Cynthia.

- When will you be done?

- I think it will be a late night tonight.

- I'll pick you up.

- All right.

Come here.

What was I, then?

I was a good mother to you, wasn't I?

What the punters paid
supported both of us.

You and me, my son, my little idiot.

Darling.

You peeped through the keyhole.

If you hadn't done that, I would still be alive.

But the man had already
made up his mind.

Come on.

Take your chance.

You're a darling. I focused
all my attention on you.

Your father will have to pay too,
as soon as you have paid,
or he will hit me.

The fact that you have seen me now
makes everything much easier.

It means that you can do it too.

Come on, my pretty boy,

I'm inviting you. We'll do it.

I'll do a particularly good job on you.

No.

- Who is that? Oh, did I scare you?

- It's me, Mrs Baxter.

You're not going out at this hour, are you?

- It's very urgent.

- No case can be that urgent.

- The patient can wait ten minutes.

- I have to go.

I'll do what I can to stop you.

I can't stand by

and watch you go out every night. I will...

Give me that. You have no right
to interfere in my affairs.

But, dear Doctor, what's wrong with you?
You're completely different.

Let me suggest something to you. We'll
have a cup of tea and you can relax a little.
Please sit down.

Doctor, you should sit down.

Just a moment.

Some lemon?

- Doctor, I asked you something.

- Yes?

- Would you like some lemon?

- I'll leave it up to you.

All right, my dear.

There you are. I'll have a sip as well.

Here we are.

Now tell me, Doctor,

do you like it here in my house?

It's all right, you can admit it.

I know it's not very luxurious.

- That doesn't really bother me.

- I'm glad. So, you're happy here?

If you, well...

If you could afford to rent a better place...

...would you stay here with me?

- Yes, of course. Why?

I was thinking of our conversation yesterday.

I seem to have been

a little too insistent that you take it easy.

I think that I have feelings

of true friendship for you, my dear.

- Yes.

- You are such an extraordinary person.

But even you need friendship,
affection and warmth, not to mention love.

Do you really want to live without all that?

A man who is as interesting,
attractive and generous as you -

I know you don't want to admit it - should,
despite his readiness to make sacrifices,
think of his own life sometimes,
and not just the lives of others.

Yes.

Of course.

Just a little sip.

Damn you, you stupid old bitch!

Please forgive me. I'm a little irritable.

It's because I'm overtired.

You meant well. I was wrong.

Why are you afraid of women, my friend?

Hello, mister.

Yes, I meant you. Don't run away.

I won't hurt you. I just want to accompany you. You can't deny a lady that.

- Sorry, I don't have time.

- Oh, you're worried that you'll have to pay.

- All right, if you insist.

- That's what I like to hear, sweetheart.

- I'm sure we can agree on a price.

- I'll pay whatever you wish.

What a gentleman!

Come in.

Why don't you sit down?

Don't be afraid, sweetheart.

Don't squeeze me so hard.

No! Don't!

Lulu? Please open the door. Lulu!

- What's the panic?

- Let me in. I can't tell you in the corridor.

There was somebody there.

Jean! Has she gone? Jean!

Oh, Jeanny.

- What a rotten day. They're not biting.

- Charlie!

You want to fry a famished trout like that?

I'd like to see you catch such a beauty.

The most you'll ever catch is a fly.

Not bad for an amateur like you.

The bastard's cleared off.

You were too smelly for him.

Another one!

Pull it in.

Perhaps it'll give you its paw this time.

Blimey!

- Hello.

- Hello, Inspector.

- Well, aren't you cheerful? Any news?

- Not that I know of.

All right.

- There's a madman waiting for you.

- What does he want?

He won't talk to people like me.

I'm obviously not trustworthy enough
for the state secrets he intends to reveal.

We'll see.

- So, you're in charge?

- Only of the murder squad. Just a moment.

You're the one who's after the Ripper
and who isn't catching him?

- That's right. I'll try again later.

- My name's Charlie.

- And your last name?

- My father's name? I'm afraid I don't know.

- Perhaps it's Meyer.

- Mind your own business.

- Your profession?

- I fish.

Then I sell

whatever I don't eat myself or give away.

- So let's say you're jobless.

- Don't interrupt.

- What allegations are you making?

- Allegations? I'm not making any.

I've found something for you. There you are.

- Where did you find that?

- I fished it out of the canal.

Why are you bringing it to me?

I thought you might like to know

where the murdered girls end up.

The Ripper's victims. Here, this proves it.

He cuts them up into pieces

and throws them in the water.

Look. This was in the water

for less than a week.

I know what I'm talking about.

And the fact that she's still wearing the ring
will make your work easier.

Take a close look at it.

If I were you,

I'd have the whole canal searched,

but further up from where I found this.

In the current, of course.

- You understand, don't you?

- Yes, thank you, Charles.

- You're welcome. My pleasure.

- Where can we find you, if we need you?

Well, I'm of no fixed abode,

but if you need me,

you'll find me at the Dolphin.

I like to have a little drink now and then,

you see?

See? I was right. Waiting for your boss

was just the right thing to do.

Your most obedient servant,

Your Excellency.

Now, tell me, don't I deserve some kind of

compensation for my assistance,

some kind of reward?

Your Excellency, surely Scotland Yard may

assume that you did this out of altruism.

I don't know that word,

but since it was you who said it,

it can't mean anything good.

Hello, Mr Channy.

Yes, please send me a chemist.

I need something analysed

that's been given to me. Thank you.

Arrange for Sally Brown's mother

to come here. She has to identify the ring.

I will talk to Major Bentley. We'll have

to have the canal searched, of course.

At last something tangible

has fallen into our hands.

I find that expression a little distasteful.

Forgive me for venturing this remark.

- Unbelievable.

- Quiet, please.

Ladies and gentlemen, the head of Scotland

Yard's murder squad asked you to come

because we're starting a new experiment

which should help us track down

the killer known as Jack the Ripper.

- What a nice boy.

- Just my type.

The artist Mr Altmeyer,
whom some of you may know,
will try to draw a portrait of the murderer,
based on your descriptions,
which might help us with our investigation.
We think that he frequents
your establishment, Miss Lulu,
and that he has close contact
with the ladies you employ.
Yes, poor Jeanny was the last one.
Oh, she was an angel.
An angel! Since when have angels
looked like that?
One of your guests aroused your suspicion.
Please describe him.
Yes, my attention was drawn to one of them.
I'd seen him with Sally Brown a few times.
He dresses unobtrusively
and acts like a gentleman.
He has a very striking profile
and is of average height.
He seems to prefer dark colours.
He wears a black coat...
with a cape, if I remember rightly.
- Is his hair blond or brown?
- Greyish-blond. Like salt and pepper.
- It's quite long and straggly.
- And the shape of his face?
It's more of a thin and angular face.
A strong, prominent chin
and a receding hairline.
- Does he resemble Mr Altmeyer's drawing?
- Yes, it's not bad at all.
But something's not right.
I don't know what. I think it's the eyes.
- They may be bigger and further apart.
- Thank you, Miss Lulu.
Now I'd like to hear
what the others think of this sketch.
Is this how you remember the suspect?
The ladies who work at Pike's Hole
will be able to help us the most.
Perhaps some of you
could give us a more precise description.

It's strange. I've seen this man
at our establishment several times,
but I couldn't describe
his eyebrows or his mouth.
Could he have been with Sally
the night she was killed?

- Possibly. I'm sure I saw her with him.

- No, no. I was sitting at the next table.
I saw the man Sally...

I mean, the man she waved to.
He was wearing dark colours,
but he was short and fat.

- And he was wearing glasses.

- That's true. I saw him.
I was in my cab, outside Pike's Hole.
They came out drunk, arguing.
Sally was cursing him.
He went away looking very sheepish.
Judging by her moral indignation,
this guy must have demanded
some pretty filthy things.

- My, was she angry!

- What do you mean by "filthy things"?

The way you interrogate witnesses
is unacceptable for a lady.

- With your permission, I'll wait outside.

- No, sit down and be quiet.
If factual remarks make you up in arms,
that's your problem.
At your age,
you should know about filthy things.

- I protest against...

- You don't protest against anything,
or we'll take you into custody.
Please continue.

- Where was I?

- I asked you to define "filthy things".

- Damn it...

- I can't. Sally wouldn't talk about it.
But she was really hopping mad.
I would have taken her home,
but she didn't want that either.
I wish I had insisted.
She was such a good girl.

Yes, they're all true saints.
According to the ladies' and the coachman's descriptions, the man was very tall.
Look, Miss Higgins.
Inspector, you shouldn't trust those loose women in this case.
- Hey, the old mummy's getting cheeky.
- Calm down, please.
I couldn't have known that. Oh dear.
So, what do you think of the drawing?
The key characteristics seem to have been portrayed perfectly accurately, but I would say that the man was slightly taller and slimmer.
- First he's a dwarf, and now he's a giant?
- I wish I had her imagination.
What can you do, if she wants a bigger one?
Yes, good. Very good.
That's what he looks like.
We have two different opinions about the killer's appearance.
- May I say something, Inspector?
- Please, go ahead.
I believe that we are talking about two different people here.
I feel quite certain that the man whom Miss Higgins described and who is also suspected by Miss Lulu is the only one who could have killed Sally Brown.
The other one is not worth considering.
How can you be so sure?
The short, fat one she left the bar with was described as drunk.
- That's right.
- The murderer could have breathed on you. He hadn't had a drop of alcohol.
I can swear to that.
The mouth is similar. I remember it.
The lips are a bit thinner, and he has Slavic cheekbones.
A lofty brow...
Yes, that's right,

the wrinkles on the forehead.
The hair doesn't cover the ears.
Rather large ears, they are.
That's him exactly. But he wasn't in
our establishment the night Sally was killed.
He was there a few nights earlier.
He came to my table.
Yes, he invited me to his house.
He would have paid a lot of money,
if I'd gone along.

- Why didn't you go with him?
- I still get a hot flush thinking about it.
I said no because I had my period.
It was the second day, which is the worst.
Can't you at least prevent
the most intimate revelations?
That's something perfectly normal.
I just say it like it is.
Blondie,
can't you see she can't remember it?
She had her last period
in Methuselah's days.

- Ladies, you're at Scotland Yard.
- Inspector Selby.
What is it?
Yes.
- Yes.
- Reliable.
Thanks, Miller.
Mr Pritchard, my scepticism
about your nose has proved unfounded.
They found a thorn when they dissected
one of Sally Brown's hands.
Closer examination has revealed
that it's from the Aechmea plant,
a tropical plant with a very bitter smell.
It's the same smell
that you had detected on the murderer.
What do you think, my friend?
Have you seen this man before?
Well, the face looks somewhat familiar,
but I can't recall where I might have seen it.
No.
I hope you don't mind

that I'm picking you up. I had to see you.

- Have you had a hard day?

- Hard enough.

- Oh, I've forgotten my bag.

- Never mind. I'm used to bigger problems.

Just a moment, madam.

We'll sort this out.

- Milady.

- Anthony, follow him. That was the killer.

No, the other way.

- What are you doing? What do you want?

- Oh, I'm sorry.

- Your behaviour is extremely disconcerting.

- It was a mistake.

Sir, you are talking to Lord Salisbury,
if that means anything to you.

Marika!

What a minx!

Isn't that your ex?

She's put on a lot of weight.

She's putting on quite a show.

Well, at least she's livening up the place.

Miss Lulu is lucky to have found her.

- That whets your appetite.

- You're such a gourmet.

- Flowers, pretty flowers.

- I'll have some, please.

Keep the change.

- I'm a big flirt.

- Oh, you too?

Hello. There you are.

- We could just go for one little drink.

- All right, if we must.

I really liked the flowers,

but why didn't you wait for me inside?

I thought it was too loud and too depraved.

You're a posh one, aren't you?

You don't mingle with the mob.

- Where are you taking me, darling?

- Gee up! You'll see where I'm taking you.

The flower woman said

you'd probably give me ten shillings.

Hey, listen, you're not

one of those odd birds, are you?

- What do you mean?
- You might demand odd things of me.
I met a guy once who insisted
I go to the cemetery with him.
I had to sleep with him on his wife's grave.
- You don't want anything like that, do you?
- No, I don't want anything like that.

Darling.

Gee up!

- So, where we are we going? It's so far.
- Gee up!

Where are you taking me?

Nobody lives here.

Don't scare me.

I really don't like jokes.

How much longer are we going to drive
through the dark? You can't do this to me.

What's the matter? Say something.

I don't like this at all.

This place gives me the creeps somehow.

No! Help!

Help!

Help!

Stop!

No! No!

I'm suffocating. No!

Don't!

Don't! Please don't!

You'll be glad when we're finally on tour,
won't you?

Yes.

And what about your boyfriend, Anthony?

It's a shame.

Yes, it is.

It's unfortunate for him that Scotland Yard's
search for the killer hasn't been successful.

People don't like seeing
a Scotland Yard inspector
taking home a pretty dancer like you
in the evening,

while Jack the Ripper
is slipping through his fingers.

Yes.

To make matters worse,

the Times prints those readers' letters.

- Is that you, Charlie?

- We have something to discuss.

- At this hour?

- I've made an effort to come here in secret,
so you can be sure that I have my reasons.

- But not now.

- I think now is the best time.

- I don't know why you're here, either.

- Don't you? The main thing is that I know.

This way, I can jog your memory a bit.

I don't understand. You're talking in riddles.

If I were you, I would have a good think.

Then you might realise why I'm here.

I'm really sorry, but I'm very tired,
and I don't want Mrs Baxter to be disturbed.

Hold on! Just a minute.

I know that you are Jack the Ripper.

That will cost you a pretty penny.

You do realise that, don't you?

Don't worry, I don't want to grass on you.

Although I do have enough proof.

- More than enough.

- How much?

500 guineas, and I'll leave you alone.

- And where should I get the money from?

- Your relatives at Buckingham Palace.

Doctor?

Doctor?

Excuse me.

What a waste.

Look at that, a new girl.

I'm surprised you still dare to come here.

Aren't you afraid? You're just the type he's
after. But don't worry, I'll keep an eye on you.

If you protect me, I'll feel safe.

I'm honoured by your trust,

but what do I get out of it?

It's nothing compared to the other one.

Hello, pretty child. How about it, you and
me? I'll buy you bottle of champagne.

- No, thanks. I don't want any champagne.

- Well, I never!

- Hello. Why don't you sit down?

- No, thanks. I'm looking for someone.

What a pity.

- Good evening, Ruppert.

- Good evening, Inspector.

- This is the mother.

- Why didn't you inform me earlier?

You need your sleep.

A gardener from Kensington Park said he'd found blood and a woman's clothes, so I started an investigation. And that's when the mother, Mrs Stevenson, came. The missing girl is called Marika Stevenson, a girl from the country who used to perform at Pike's Hole as a singer and dancer.

That's where she was last seen.

I'm Inspector Selby. Your daughter's disappearance is really very mysterious.

- Has she been found yet?

- No. But you shouldn't fear the worst yet.

Don't raise false hopes.

My Marika always came home.

Despite her profession, I could always rely on her, even if she came home very late.

She knew I would be worried.

But you don't care.

You and your policemen are unflappable.

While you and your sort are having a good time in posh bars, my poor child is cut into pieces by this guy.

But what does it matter? One harlot less means one problem less for you.

Why haven't you hung this fiend on the nearest lamppost yet?

No one helps the poor.

No one bats an eyelid, if we get killed.

We're the lowest of the low, aren't we?

- Please calm down.

- Come on, madam.

- This is really going too far.

- Maybe, Ruppert. But she has a point.

Hello, this is Inspector Selby's office.

Yes, the inspector is here.

Hello.

No.

She hasn't come home?

Yes.

Has another one disappeared?

Cynthia hasn't come home.

Don't be afraid.

A small offering for a poor man, please.

Yes.

Thank you, milady, but what are you doing here, all alone at night?

I'm looking for someone.

Make sure you don't meet anyone who might be looking for you.

- You'd better go home to your parents.

- How do you know I...

You have such a lovely smell of soap and baths and expensive perfume.

But you also smell of camphor, mothballs and suchlike, as if you had dressed up in a costume tonight, as if you were putting on an act and pretending to be something you're not.

But your refined speech gives you away.

Be careful, my child. This is a dangerous area. It's not the right place for you.

- Excuse me... can I still get a drink?

- I'm sorry, dolly bird. I'm closing now.

Only a small one. I'm in a bad way.

Haven't made a guinea today.

- All right, then. Come in.

- You're a good boy.

- The bloody fog.

- Yes, it was making me feel queasy.

- What would you like?

- I don't care. Anything.

- A double rum?

- Whatever. It's up to you.

- Rum it is, then.

- If only I wasn't feeling so sick.

- What's making you feel sick?

- Oh, all that shit.

- You must be new to the game.

- Yes.

I'll go and count the dough now,
but hurry up.

Considering how much I earned today,
it won't take long.

Good evening.

I may be mistaken,
but haven't we met before?

- It's possible we've crossed paths before.

- Why don't we celebrate our reunion?

- All right.

- Here or somewhere else?

Why not here? It's the same everywhere.

- Let's sit down, then.

- Yes.

- Would you like more rum or champagne?

- I'd prefer champagne.

Don't bother. I'd better go myself.

Sit down. Johnny's a friend of mine.

He was just about to close the pub,
but perhaps I can still talk him
into giving me that bottle of bubbly.

Back in a minute.

- Is there another exit here?

- Yes, that back door. Why?

Please run to the police.

Jack the Ripper's sitting in the pub.

- Is he?

- It is him. I'll detain him until you return.

- All right, at your own risk.

- Yes.

- Stop. Nobody's allowed to go in there.

- Inspector Selby wants you to stay here.

- Are they here?

- They're waiting for you.

- Where are they?

- By the stage.

Please step aside.

Make way. Step aside.

- You take charge here.

- Please step back.

- That's him.

- So, it happened at your establishment?

Yes, I was about to close

when the girl came asking for a drink.
The man didn't arrive until I was downstairs.
And what makes you think
that he was Jack the Ripper?
The girl was convinced of it.
That's why I went to the police.
I see. You might recognise her
on this photograph.
- Yes, that was her.
- I think I saw her too.
Oh, did you?
Yes, she was here. She came alone.
She walked around
as if she was looking for someone,
but the way she was dressed
was completely different.
Yes.
- No doubt.
- Do you think she was looking for you?
She was looking for Jack the Ripper.
Don't you understand?
- Has she gone mad?
- She wanted to help me find the killer.
- Well, she found him.
- And now he's wondering how we'll find her.
- I think I can give you a clue, Inspector.
- Can you?
I was at the botanical garden today.
I wanted to help you too.
In one of the large greenhouses,
I noticed this smell,
the bitter smell of the tropical plant
we talked about,
the smell which the killer exuded as well.
That's what I smelled there.
You damned whore.
You'd have loved that, wouldn't you?
You were going to finish me off.
You were going to kill me.
You hussy. And you killed me long ago.
When I was still a child. I loved you.
I loved you and hated you at the same time.
But now I want your death
because all that's left is hatred.

And with your blood I will then
cleanse myself of all my sins.
Look how beautifully the knife is gleaming.
But you loved me. How can you kill me?
Because you're a whore, mother,
a dirty whore.
And I want to see you suffer.
I want to destroy you
the way you destroyed me back then.
You dirty... Why aren't you laughing?
Why are you screaming?
Why aren't you laughing?
You used to be able to laugh. When you
wanted to make me angry, you laughed.
When I was crying with shame,
you laughed.
When I didn't want you to caress me
with your revolting hands, you laughed.
You always tried to caress me,
with these gentle fingers that were
all tender and warm, even when it was cold.
And they were so seductive too.
Don't!
No, don't!
No! No!
I love you. You're not like the others.
- Doctor! There are enemies outside. Run!
- Damn!
Cynthia! Cynthia.
It was almost too late.
Don't ever do that again.
You can be certain of that, Anthony.
Surrender.
You're not going to get out of here.
We've surrounded the greenhouse.
Surrender.
Look out!
From now on, you'll have time to think.
Scotland Yard has made quite a catch.
You are Jack the Ripper.
You will have to prove that first.