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# La sorella di Ursula (Curse of Ursula)

By Unknown

- Good morning.
- Good morning.
- Could you send for our bags?
- Certainly.

Here, these are our passports.

My sister Ursula and I require a twin room. Ideally, the quietest one.

Have you booked?

I didn't think it necessary, out of season.

We do tend to require a booking.

Room 20 might be available. No.

Maybe...

Yes, room 14.

It's very quiet, just as you requested.

Thank you.

Ursula, don't lean out. Be careful.

Come on, there's glass here.

It feels as if you could reach out for the sky.

Isn't it beautiful?

I told you not to touch my suitcase!

So sorry! What was I thinking?

Good evening, Miss Beyne.

I'm Roberto, the hotel manager.

I hope you'll enjoy your stay.

- Where is your sister?

- She'll be down shortly.

She wanted to rest for a bit.

She needs rest.

For any particular reason?

A piano, the evening light, the sea - it's romantic.

- Perhaps too romantic.

- I'd say tempting, rather than romantic.

Yes, but temptation can be dangerous.

Really?

- Where is this music coming from?

- From the nightclub.

A nightclub? I didn't think there was one.

Yes, but don't worry.

It's on the side opposite your room.

It won't bother you.

It has a relaxing atmosphere,

soft music, and Stella Shining.

Stella Shining - what is it?

A woman or a drink?

She's a singer. I keep the nightclub open for her at this time of year.

You'll see. She's worth it.

- She's beautiful! Really beautiful.

- And talented, don't you think?

- Yes, I agree with you, Mr. Delleri.

- Call me Roberto.

I like to be friends with my clients.

That's enough.

Filippo Andrei, meet my new friends,

Dagmar and Ursula Beyne.

It's a pleasure.

We're Austrian.

We were born in Innsbruck.

Have you been to Innsbruck?

There are many Italians. Our mother...

I hope you're not planning to discuss our family in a place like this.

I get the feeling that Ursula doesn't like my nightclub.

- No, it isn't...

- I don't like nightclubs generally.

Ursula found the trip tiring.

I'm the one who insisted she come out.

- Yes, I'm very tired, and I'd like to go.

- Please wait.

I'd like to you meet Stella Shining.

Here's our star.

Meet Ursula and Dagmar Beyne.

Good evening.

- I'd really like to go now.

- Bye.

- Good night.

- Yes, we're really rather tired.

See you tomorrow.

Bye.

See you later.

- Can I have a cigarette?

- Of course, dear.

- Filippo, please.

- I'll spend the night with you.

No, leave me alone. I'm tired.

- Why? Who are you meeting up with?

- That's enough, Filippo. Don't start.

There's nothing that can be done about it, nothing.

I told you as soon as we got here:

I don't like this place,

and I don't like the people either.

- So you said.

- I particularly dislike Filippo.

I get that. Now take your sedative and try to sleep.

Terrible things are going to happen.

I see blood.

- Ursula, that's enough.

- Even our father...

You're pushing me too far.

I can't take it any more.

- If you keep on like this, my nerves...

- Here, take this.

Drink this sedative. You'll feel better.

I gave you some before.

I'll make myself some more.

Forgive me.

You'll see. We'll sleep better.

Of course I have a friend. Do you want to watch me make love to him?

All right, as long as the price is right.

- Now go away.

- Can't I sleep here tonight?

No, I've had a terrible headache all day.

- So why did you ask me round?

- I wanted a shag.

That's nice.

Here, this is for you.

We earned that money.

But now you must explain something.

Why didn't you shag me yourself instead of looking on?

You'd certainly have gotten more pleasure out of it.

No, what do you want to do?

Ursula, darling.

Daggie, it was horrible.

- Horrible.

- It was just another nightmare.

- No.

- Calm down, now.

No, it wasn't a nightmare.

It was worse than that.

It's a beautiful day.

I told you not to greet that man.

- But you never listen to me.

- Enough with all that.

He was nice.

He said hello and I replied.

We were brought up to be polite.

Instead, more often than not,

you're unbearable.

I saw the way he looked at us.

That man frightens me,

and you shouldn't have greeted him.

Put the call through to my office.

What happened?

Something terrible

happened last night.

- Excuse me.

- Come along, Ursula.

- What happened?

- Haven't you heard?

It's already in the papers.

Look at this.

How could anyone go with a man

who might do this to you?

- Where is my sister?

- She'll be right over.

She ran up to the room

to fetch you some medicine.

Don't touch me, please!

- Who are you?

- My name is Vanessa.

It was just a gesture of affection.

- I need a glass.

- No, thank you.

I'm feeling much better.

I just want to leave.

- Would you be so kind as to...

- Ursula, please.  
- Well, as she's better now...  
- Thank you, Doctor.  
I don't know what your plans are,  
but I want to leave as soon as possible.  
- Maybe this crime...  
- It was just another crime of passion.  
Such things happen all over the world.  
Dear Miss Beyne,  
jealously is an ugly beast.  
A green-eyed monster,  
as Shakespeare put it.  
- Jealousy?  
- Yes, they've arrested her lover.  
The victim was found dead  
in her flat.  
He was unable to provide an alibi.  
That's unlikely. Both you and the press  
are just speculating.  
Why must you always  
treat people that way?  
You're rude, unpleasant and hateful.  
And you're incredibly selfish.  
Why should I always  
follow you around?  
Then let's do this - I'll leave and you  
can stay here and do what you want.  
You're right. I'm sorry.  
But it's not my fault if I can see things  
in others they'd rather not see.  
Daggie, it's not my fault if I...  
I find it impossible to like people.  
Ursula, calm down.  
Let's go and have lunch.  
- No, let's leave.  
- It would be silly to leave now.  
We can go in a day or two.  
You just want to stay  
because of Filippo.  
But you know nothing about him,  
nothing! He's just a stranger.  
- And he's a danger to me.  
- This is just more of your nonsense.  
I can't listen to this.

You can meet me in the lobby later.  
Go on! Go in search of that hypocrite,  
that murderer!  
You're mad.  
You don't know what you're saying.  
I know that man will kill me.  
He'll kill me, not you.  
That's why I'm so scared.  
- Hi.  
- Were you looking for me?  
- I was wondering if Mr. Andrei...  
- There were two calls for him...  
- He left this morning at dawn.  
- He left?  
He had to inspect some land  
for his company.  
- He'll be back tonight or tomorrow.  
- But I just saw him.  
- That's not possible.  
- Sorry, I must go.  
- I must be at the harbor in an hour.  
- Certainly, my dear. Excuse me.  
Come, let's have a drink first.  
Hello? Are you calling from Paris?  
Yes, certainly. The room is yours.  
You'll be arriving at the end  
of the month? Fine. Thank you.  
- May I help you?  
- We'd like a room, please.  
- I don't think we have any free rooms.  
- I'll pay in advance.  
Our rooms are reserved  
for our regulars...  
May I speak to the manager?  
Here you go.  
- Take this.  
- Will it be enough?  
Of course.  
Here he is. Mr. Delleri?  
Excuse me.  
- What is it, Patrizia?  
- They would like a room.  
- I'm sorry. We're fully booked.  
- These are our papers.

- Shall we go out, Daggie?  
- Are you feeling better?  
Well, let's go and have lunch.  
You've lost track of our mother,  
and now of your man.  
Who exactly  
are you thinking about right now?  
Filippo isn't my man, for one thing.  
As for our mother, we must find her.  
We can't keep our father's inheritance  
all to ourselves.  
Why not, seeing that he left it all to us?  
Do you have it in for her?  
Wasn't she entitled to move on?  
They were separated.  
She separated...  
and sent us to boarding school.  
I was only five years old.  
And we never saw her again.  
Father came to see us almost every Sunday.  
Come on, he moved on as well.  
If you're passionate about someone,  
losing them is like losing your own life.  
- Our father...  
- Loved other women.  
Our receiver told me he left money to two  
women he was involved with for 13 years.  
A pittance to Corinne Chauvet  
and a pittance to Valeria Monetti.  
Is this what makes you think  
he loved them?  
Our father died alone. All alone.  
How do you know  
about Valeria and Corinne?  
- Did Lorenzi tell you?  
- No.  
Our receiver didn't tell me anything.  
I just know things -  
even before they happen.  
Our mother is with another man,  
and she lives far away.  
Where?  
Our father mustn't find out.  
He mustn't.

Ursula, what are you talking about?

Our father is dead.

- Who are you after?

- I work for the Stanton Agency.

Who is he? What does he want?

- My agency has sent me to visit.

- To visit? Come in.

Where...

Where are your eyes?

Did we gouge them out,

or did you remove them

so as not to see us fall into the abyss?

So what's left to us other than our own

blind eyes that lead us astray?

We walk the path of selfishness

and think it's the path of love.

We gain strength from our mediocrity

and are convinced

we're being understanding.

Our feelings become confused,

blend into each other

like the colors of a rainbow.

We have no answers.

We've substituted our eyes for yours,

and all that's left to us is fear,

madness and lots of paltry excuses.

Don't touch me!

- Is the show going ahead tonight?

- Of course.

- But we start at eleven.

- All right.

- Hi, Stella.

- Hi.

- Welcome back. Everything all right?

- Pretty much.

Apart from the crime.

How did you hear about it?

You left at dawn.

It's in all the papers.

- Who are those two?

- People who don't want to leave.

I think they've run away from home.

She's 16 and he's 17.

They wanted a room, believe it or not.

- Patrizia, get those two to leave.

- Yes.

Two minors.

All the hotel needs is trouble.

I refused them a room this morning  
and they're still here.

- Look who's here.

- Good evening.

Our two foreigners.

- You must leave.

- What's wrong?

- Good night.

- Good night.

I'm tired. I'm going up to the room.

Sleep well.

Filippo.

- I should have known.

- I'm sorry. I should have told you.

Tell me what? I pity you, Filippo.

Now I get your excessive love for me,  
your endless urge to make love,  
your possessiveness.

- It was all down to drugs, not love!

- No, it was love. Listen to me.

You listen to me.

I couldn't stand a jealous lover,  
so why should I put up with a drug addict?

This time we're really through.

It's pretty quiet tonight, don't you think?

No, I don't agree.

- Do you know who that man is?

- Just another admirer.

They spring up around her  
like mushrooms.

Yes, too many.

What's wrong, Ursula?

It's strange, but I've never felt  
the presence of our father like now.

He mustn't come, Daggie. Not tonight.

Try to relax.

Have you taken your sedative?

Yes.

You promised me we'll leave tomorrow.

Ursula, try to sleep.

- We'll leave...  
- I can't, Daggie.  
I'm afraid, so afraid.  
It happened in the premises.  
That's disconcerting.  
Hi!  
Wait for me!  
- Now you're stopping to talk to him?  
- What else can I do? Run away?  
Treat him coldly. He deserves it.  
Is your sister angry at me?  
She's a difficult girl.  
- Did you hear about last night?  
- What?  
You haven't heard? Two youngsters  
were found murdered in the tower.  
- What youngsters?  
- Don't you remember those kids  
who were in the lobby yesterday?  
Yes, I do remember them.  
The strange thing is that the girl was  
killed the same way as that hooker.  
Oh, my God.  
That's terrible,  
but let's not tell Ursula.  
She was so agitated this morning that  
I had a hard time calming her down.  
All right, but she'll soon find out.  
Everybody's talking about it.  
Some of the guests  
have already left the hotel.  
That's my instinct too.  
I'd like to leave tonight.  
- Don't go yet.  
- Why not?  
I don't know...  
You see, I like you.  
Yes.  
Sometimes we meet the right person  
but then, the circumstances...  
These things happen on holiday.  
I'm not here on holiday.  
I'd like to explain why  
I didn't greet you the other morning.

I know Roberto told you  
I'd left at dawn.  
No, Filippo, you don't need to explain.  
My only concern right now is Ursula.  
Yes, the actress, Martha Vueller,  
was our mother.  
When she became famous,  
she fell in love and abandoned us.  
My sister and I were still small.  
They put us in boarding school  
until our father died.  
Was it his death  
that so traumatized Ursula?  
Precisely. Our father died  
in an unpleasant accident.  
My sister adored him.  
He was a very talented musician.  
Ursula would spend hours  
listening to him play the piano.  
She never tired of it.  
She really misses him.  
- Now she needs a lot of affection.  
- You think I deprive her of it?  
Oh, my God.  
Ursula!  
Ursula!  
What happened?  
What's wrong?  
What's wrong, darling?  
Ursula, answer me.  
Answer me, please! Ursula!  
- Daggie...  
- Ursula, calm down, please.  
Ursula what happened to you?  
It was horrible. There were two naked  
women, then our father arrived.  
I saw him, and one of the two women  
was smiling at him...  
in a vulgar, disgusting manner.  
What a horrible scene.  
Yes, it belongs to that little whore.  
It's exactly as I thought. Thank you.  
- I want more than thanks.  
- What do you want?

I want some information  
in exchange for mine.  
All right.  
If you have a question, just ask.  
What do you want?  
Stella Shining.  
Well? What about her?  
Is she involved with anyone?  
Let's cut to the chase -  
who's she sleeping with?  
I've been interrogated all morning  
by the police, the press,  
the forensic detectives.  
And all because those two  
murdered kids came to my hotel.  
I'm not interrogating you,  
just asking a question.  
No, you asked me two questions.  
The first, is Stella in a relationship?  
The answer? Stella doesn't have  
a man - not the one man, that is.  
The second, who is she sleeping with?  
The answer? Lots of people.  
There, you said it - lots of people.  
I'd like to know who she's shagging,  
aside from you, obviously.  
Stella and I? Don't be absurd.  
- You really believe that?  
- Oh, yes.  
That said, if you have a crush on her,  
forget it.  
I want Stella all to myself.  
All to myself.  
If you must do as you please,  
at least clarify once and for all  
your real intentions with regards to us.  
I think I've always been  
more than open about that, Roberto.  
I gave you all the freedom you wanted...  
on condition that  
I'd enjoy a similar freedom,  
- and that we'd both be discreet.  
- But this time you've been caught out.  
They saw you making love

where your friend lost this.  
Ah, yes. It keeps coming loose.  
Well, try to be careful from now on.  
I don't want scandals in my hotel.  
What are you talking about, Roberto?  
It's my hotel. Try not to forget that.  
- Don't provoke me, Vanessa.  
- Don't piss me off, then.  
You know I always do as I please.  
Don't forget that I'm still your husband.  
Maybe not for long.  
I'm considering divorce.  
Divorce?  
Why should we get a divorce?  
- Explain yourself.  
- I want a divorce.  
If it's the business you're worried  
about, we'll break it up.  
That seems a little complicated, dear.  
- Whatever happens, I keep the hotel.  
- We'll see.  
- Then, if you'd like to get out of...  
- Your business?  
I meant,  
if you'd like to get out of my life,  
I'd be most grateful.  
I'd even give you enough money to live  
comfortably with your little whores.  
- Filippo told me everything!  
- And Jenny? Where does she fit in?  
Don't drag Jenny into this!  
You're getting rid of me  
to make room for her, aren't you?  
You think I'll just give up on you?  
Never!  
Go to hell!  
- Hi!  
- Hi!  
Be careful, Vanessa.  
I don't give up so easily.  
We pack, then we unpack.  
Those suitcases never rest.  
When are we going to  
leave this bloody place?

Hello? Yes, I'm getting ready, Filippo.  
Ursula? No, she's not coming.  
She has a slight headache.  
OK, I'll be right down.  
I'd never have thought  
you'd agree to go out with him.  
Go on. Go rub yourself against him  
like a cat on heat.  
You are beautiful,  
elegant and ridiculous.  
And you'd like to be  
even more beautiful.  
There's nothing  
you wouldn't do for him.  
How could you go out with the man  
who will kill your sister?  
Can't you see how ghastly this all is?  
Anyway, you won't go out with him,  
I can feel it.  
He'll humiliate you, you'll see.  
You'll come back to me  
feeling hopeless.  
You'll feel more frustrated,  
more alone... less feminine.  
Daddy!  
Stella!  
Hello.  
Hello. Roberto,  
would you join me for a drink?  
With pleasure.  
You look beautiful and elegant today,  
and you're alone, like me.  
So shall we go out for lunch?  
I'd love to, Roberto. Let's go.  
- Where are you going?  
- To see Walter.  
Let's go.  
I don't believe Walter brings you  
oriental scents every week.  
It's an excuse to meet up with him.  
Otherwise you'd be swamped  
with bottles of scent.  
- I use them for the shows.  
- Not that many, you don't.

I don't believe you. I really don't.  
That's enough! I have to go!  
This time, I'm coming along.  
I want to meet him.  
You're not meeting anyone.  
Mind your own business.  
No, I'm curious to see  
where you go to shag.  
- Leave me or I'll start screaming.  
- Now you're scaring me.  
You can't shake me.  
Hand it over. I'll carry it.  
- What a pain you are.  
- Where are you going?  
You're spending the day with me.  
We'll have lunch, then make love.  
I don't care if you're not in the mood.  
You're insane.  
Ursula, are you sleeping?  
Things went exactly as you predicted.  
Ursula.  
You look beautiful and elegant.  
Elegant? I am also a woman.  
A woman.  
Stella! Stella, I'm ill.  
- What's wrong?  
- I'm in pain.  
- My show starts in 15 minutes.  
- Who cares about your bloody show?  
- I'm ill.  
- I'll take you to your room.  
- We can't stay here.  
- Just be quiet for a moment.  
If you want to go, then go.  
How can I help you? What can I do?  
I just need some stuff.  
I just need a little.  
Why don't you go  
to your usual pushers? Ask them.  
They've all been caught.  
The last two, who worked for Stanton...  
- I'm sorry, Filippo, but I...  
- If only you could turn that into heroin,  
I'd be really grateful.

Ask Roberto. Maybe he can do something. I really don't know...

- Roberto?

- He knows so many people.

What a good idea. If you say so.

Ah, it's you. I didn't recognize you.

Yes, who is it?

Ah, Jenny, it's you.

I just wanted to do some reading tonight.

Please don't worry.

- What's happening, darling?

- Nothing, don't worry.

I was just dying to see you. Tonight particularly.

You don't feel like it? Really?

I'm not wearing anything.

I really need to make love to you.

I always need you.

All right. I'll wait for you, then.

Hurry.

She said she'd come.

You'll see how good I am.

- Are you glad I'm here?

- It's what I wanted, my love.

Darling.

Did you enjoy that?

I earned your money, don't you think?

What do you mean, there's no answer? Try again.

She's not there? Fine.

You gave her money and she ran away.

It's the only explanation for her departure.

I didn't do that.

But even if I had, it proves you couldn't trust a little whore like Jenny.

She can't have left without a word.

No one saw her leave.

How do you explain that?

You forget that the ground-floor rooms lead into the garden.

The garden leads to the beach,

which leads to the station.  
So she could have left without  
thanking anyone, not even you.  
I don't believe it.  
If I don't find Jenny soon,  
I'll ruin you, dear Roberto.  
Oh, Jenny, Jenny.  
What were you saying?  
Jenny.  
Why?  
Do you know anything about this?  
Daddy!  
Daddy!  
Ursula, where are you?  
What does this mean?  
Jenny!  
So you knew nothing about it?  
You dirty, cowardly murderer!  
- I knew you'd kill her!  
- Calm down. What's wrong with you?  
She found Jenny's body  
in a deserted part of the hotel.  
- Jenny?  
- Yes, yes.  
I know you dragged her there  
when she was already dead.

**Someone saw you:**

Give me a cigarette.  
It's empty.  
What explanation  
do you have for this?  
Did you arrange this? Look!  
Here's the proof he killed Jenny.  
That's not true!  
It's been in that drawer since the day  
you handed it to me.  
You liar! You gave it back to me  
the following day. Before...  
Anyway, Jenny had it.  
I know she had it.  
It's true. She lost it while...  
I'd rather start at the beginning.  
That woman bothered me, sure.

And I went to her by night,  
to offer her money to get her to leave.  
But when I got there,  
the door was ajar.  
I went in. Jenny was lying there,  
eviscerated.  
I immediately thought  
of the consequences to my hotel,  
and I'll admit I was afraid  
of being accused of the crime.  
I decided to make her disappear.  
I covered her with the sheet  
and dragged her away from there.  
Later, when I got back to the room,  
I found the chain and picked it up.  
I packed her things into the suitcases  
and took them up to the attic.  
Then I tidied the room,  
to give the impression that she'd left.  
After all, someone,  
for whatever reason,  
had already decided that  
she must leave, by killing her.  
I'd have told Vanessa sooner or later,  
but I was afraid at the time.  
I don't believe you.  
These are just sick fantasies.  
That's enough, Vanessa. Or I'll...  
Or you'll what? You dare threaten me?  
- Enough, for God's sake!  
- Let her speak, Roberto.  
At most, she could mention the drugs.  
What are you talking about?  
- You know what I'm saying.  
- Jenny had nothing to do with this.  
- She knew nothing about it.  
- But when Vanessa found the body  
she called a friend - me -  
instead of the police.  
It was a wise move.  
But now that corpse must disappear.  
- Ursula.  
- Daddy, don't come now.  
Please, be careful.

Run away.  
Run away, Daddy. Be careful.  
They'll find you out.  
Ursula, you gave me a fright.  
Doctor, she's better now.  
- How old are you?  
- I'm 20.  
- Are you feeling all right now?  
- I feel fine.  
It was just a moment of weakness.  
She needs to rest.  
A trauma, during adolescence,  
can lead to primitive emotions.  
Heightened intuition,  
telepathy, clairvoyance...  
Men are born  
with supernatural powers  
to defend themselves  
from natural events,  
like hunger, fear.  
Your sister's supernatural powers  
have been triggered.  
So what we call paranormal activity  
is perfectly possible in her case.  
Such as, for example, a door  
which opens and shuts by itself.  
May I ask you how your father died?  
He...  
He killed himself.  
My father was very sensitive.  
A nervous breakdown  
rendered him completely impotent.  
My mother left him after a few years.  
It came as a terrible blow.  
No one ever told Ursula  
how our father really died.  
But she knows everything,  
without having to be told.  
She's sufficiently psychic  
to pick up on things.  
And now she's claiming  
our father is still alive.  
As far as she's concerned, that's true.  
Don't contradict her.

But you must understand

that her subconscious ghosts

are just that - ghosts.

- You scared me.

- Roberto gave me some heroin.

- I bet you've already used all of it.

- You're wrong. It's all here.

It's clever. Drugs hidden in cosmetics  
are easy to smuggle across borders.

Even dogs can't sniff them out.

I hope you didn't tell Roberto

I mentioned his name.

- I don't want to be involved.

- You're not, yet.

But remember that I need lots of drugs,  
not just what I've seen here.

- But how...?

- I don't care how you do it. Find it.

I think someone saw me  
come over here.

What are you worrying about?

- Did you have something to tell me?

- Yes.

- Go on, then.

- Filippo came to my room.

He told me you gave him drugs.

I think we're in trouble.

- Why? Does Filippo worry you?

- Of course he does.

He blackmailed me.

He seems to think

I can get him loads of the stuff.

- But I don't trust that man.

- I wouldn't worry so much.

He's the one who needs us.

Still, be careful.

- Don't say anything you might regret.

- Don't worry, I won't.

Now go to your room. Go!

Why do you look at me like that?

Now I know, now I'm certain  
that our father is...

- Yes, maybe you're right.

- I haven't even finished my sentence!

- Listen, darling.
- Don't call me darling!
- Don't shout, it's bad for you.
- Stop treating me like an invalid!
- Mr. Delleri, please.
- Yes, sir.

Ah, there you are.

I need another batch of cosmetics.

Where would I get them from?

Stella's room is full of them.

Take me there.

If you're there,  
she'll definitely hand them over.

Warn Miss Shining

that we're on our way.

This is quite a blow for us.

Now we're really in trouble.

You're the one in trouble,

dear Mr. Delleri.

What do you mean?

- This crime has finally closed a loop.

- What are you talking about?

My name isn't Filippo Andrei.

I'm Gianni Nardi.

I work for the police, in narcotics.

What have I got to do with all of this?

You have no proof, no witnesses.

Here are the names of all your dealers,  
whom I've arrested.

Stella would have been

the last witness, but you killed her.

Now I understand.

You're all policemen.

You called them, didn't you?

You'd already called them.

How did you know there'd been  
a crime if we've only just found out?

Are you accusing me now?

- You think they'd believe I'm a killer?

- Why not?

I could prove it.

You were madly in love with Stella.

You were insanely jealous.

You followed her around obsessively.

Here's a witness to that.  
He's a witness.  
Tom? But Tom was a friend of Stella's.  
Tom? Lieutenant Proietti.  
- Everything all right?  
- Of course.  
You and your drug traffickers  
were all under surveillance.  
- But you're a drug addict, too.  
- No. We just pretend to be.  
We just need to be believable,  
without raising suspicion.  
You're in deep trouble.  
Ursula. Open up.  
- No, go away, both of you!  
- Please, Ursula, open the door!  
I'm sorry, ma'am,  
but you're under detention.  
- But...  
- You can't leave the hotel.  
- Are you the police?  
- Yes.  
I'm going to my room.  
Go to my room.  
I'll come up as soon as I can.  
After you.  
Is Delleri in his office? Forensics are on  
their way. Go downstairs.  
My time is approaching.  
I won't be able to leave  
before it happens.  
Don't go, Daddy.  
Come, Ursula is waiting for you.  
I knew you'd be here.  
If I'd asked you, you'd only have lied.  
That's not true, Ursula.  
Why would I have lied to you?  
You're almost naked.  
You've already made love to him.  
You've made love to my murderer.  
You're a whore, like our mother.  
Listen to me...  
Listen to what, Martha?  
You want to leave with that man

simply because you're a whore.  
Not because he told you he loved you.  
You just like being shagged, you bitch!  
Ursula!  
Dagmar.  
Dagmar.  
Ursula.  
Ursula, what does this mean?  
Why are you dressed like our father?  
Is this why you didn't want me  
to open your suitcases?  
You're scaring me.  
What are you afraid of, Martha?  
Of this?  
But you gave it to me, as a last gesture  
of contempt, before you left me.  
You wished me luck, remember?  
What are you talking about?  
I saw terror in the other women's eyes,  
too, before I killed them with this.  
Now it's your turn, Martha. This is  
the only way I can forget your betrayal.  
You're a whore.  
You think love is all about sex.  
I'll give you enough sex to kill you with.  
Help! Help! Help!  
Help! Help!  
What do you want to do,  
steal my wife?  
Just because you think you love her?  
You're too mediocre for love.  
You all are!  
You're like ants, utterly selfish.  
Love and horror  
slip over you without leaving a trace.  
You're lost, lost.  
Don't come near me. Don't touch me.  
Don't touch me. Don't touch me!  
Ursula!