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# Man in the Attic

By Robert Presnell Jr.

You clatter like a horse.  
You'll not steal up  
on any Jack the Ripper...  
thunderin' through  
the streets like that.  
Three thousand men  
called out...  
all wearin' rubber slips on their boots-  
except the Yorkshiremen.  
And one Yorkshireman's  
worth the lot of you.  
Never mind me boots.  
They'd be better off  
giving us guns...  
not yawpin' about rubber soles.  
And what do we do with this...  
against a cunning devil  
with a long, sharp knife?  
- An Irishman knows what to do with that.  
- You go now, Katy.  
Now go home, and don't come back here  
till you learn how to behave yourself.  
- I won't go home.  
- I've warned you, Katy, 100 times if I've said it once.  
Let go of me.  
I'll go when I'm ready and not before.  
- Let go of me!  
- Now, come now.  
- Is that any way to be acting?  
- Now, just gentle like.  
Easy and gentle, if you please.  
Three strong men, it takes-  
Three men to keep one poor woman  
from having a little drink.  
Now, you'll be feelin' fine  
after a little sleep. Come on.  
I'm feeling fine now, you great ape.  
You've got a quick eye, miss.  
He is a bit like an ape.  
- Here, you for home. You've had enough.  
- Now look here.  
I will drink till I float if I want to...  
- and no one is going to stop me.  
- I might-

Here, let me handle this.  
You see, miss, it's our duty to protect you  
from Jack the Ripper.  
I don't think you mind  
a bit of protection...  
from a fiend like that, do ya?  
You know...  
I will be honored...  
to have a stalwart  
and polite constable such as you...  
take me home.  
I live... just around the corner.  
Just around the corner.  
You know, it's a rare thing...  
to find a constable  
with such lovely manners.  
Yorkshire gallantry, ma'am.  
Well, here it is.  
And-And-And thank you kindly.  
It's our pleasure, ma'am.  
Sleep well.  
Thank you. Good night.  
Good night.  
Bah. Rot. Rot!  
This fellow George Bernard Shaw  
should be shipped back to Ireland posthaste.  
- What did you say, dear?  
- I was talking to the dog.  
About what, dear?  
I said George Bernard Shaw  
should be sent back to Ireland.  
Why? What did he say  
that you don't like?  
He said if a duchess  
went down to Whitechapel...  
and got slaughtered  
by Jack the Ripper...  
something would be done to protect  
the lives of the poor women who live there.  
- Well, it's true, isn't it?  
- In the first place, it's not true.  
The second, I was talking to my dog.  
Very well, but I think at least  
you should tell him both sides.

That's ridiculous.  
Now who could that be,  
this time of night?  
I'm sure if you think carefully,  
you will discover a way of finding out.  
William.  
I feel something.  
- Helen.  
- Well, I do.  
Good evening.  
Do you have rooms to let?  
I saw your advertisement...  
and the estate agents  
gave me this order to view.  
You must forgive me for coming so late.  
I was working.  
Oh, yes, of course.  
We do have rooms.  
Please come in.  
- I'm Mrs. Harley.  
- My name is Slade.  
- Well, Helen, who is it?  
- My husband, Mr. Harley.  
This is Mr. Slade, dear.  
He's come to see the rooms.  
Yes. How do you do?  
That's odd, you know.  
He never does that with strangers.  
May I see the rooms, Mrs. Harley?  
Oh, yes, of course, Mr. Slade.  
If you'll just come upstairs-  
Here we are.  
I'm awfully glad  
I dusted in here today.  
I had a feeling someone might come.  
I'm sure you'd be  
very comfortable here.  
Uh, this is the bedroom.  
These are the only rooms  
you have, Mrs. Harley?  
I could let you have them  
quite reasonably.  
There isn't anything else,  
except the attic, of course.

The attic?

Please let me see it.

It's really very small, you know.

I would like very much to see it.

Do you like those?

They're old-time actresses.

Quaint, aren't they?

As you see,

it isn't very nice.

Excellent. This is excellent.

Exactly what I need, madam.

You see, I am a pathologist.

I need a place to study

and do a little experimental work...

where I won't be interrupted.

I'd take the other rooms

as well, of course.

I would live downstairs

and work up here.

- Would that be all right with you?

- Yes, of course.

This will be most useful.

I suppose a scientist's experiments always  
seem mysterious to other people.

I assure you,

I won't be doing anything dangerous.

That's good.

May I take the rooms tonight?

Yes. Uh, but the terms-

Would five pounds a month

be acceptable?

- Aye, well, now, that's more than adequate.

- Done.

You're our first

paying guest, Mr. Slade.

You see, we've come upon

a period of hard times.

So you must now let rooms?

Yes. Mr. Harley suffered

business reverses...

and with nothing to do,

he's become so nervous and restless.

If at times he seems

a little eccentric or rude...

- you will understand, won't you?

- Of course I will.

I believe I should

pay you now, Mrs. Harley.

My habits are irregular,

I'm afraid.

I often need to be out

late at night.

But I will be very quiet.

If you'll just regard me

as a lodger, not as a guest...

you'll-you'll hardly know

I'm in the house.

- A month in advance.

- Oh, you are thoughtful, Mr. Slade.

I'm so pleased

it was you who came.

Are you?

Well, that's very kind.

The maid will get your meals

whenever you want them.

- You have a maid?

- Yes.

This happens to be

her night out.

But I can get you

some dinner, if you'd like.

Yes.

This is a beautiful old Bible.

Yes. It belonged

to my grandmother.

I hope you'll not take it away.

I should like to have it here.

It comforts me.

The Ripper again! Murder In Whitechapel.

- Murder. Another Ripper murder.

- Another one.

- Another murder.

- Another one of those horrible Jack the Ripper murders.

Why can't the police stop them?

"Jack the Ripper."

What a revolting, stupid name.

I'm sorry, Mrs. Harley. The-

The whole thing

is repugnant to me.

If you'll excuse me,

I'll get your dinner now.

Murder. Evening Standard. Echo.

The Ripper again.

Murder In Whitechapel.

Murder. Another Ripper murder.

Another murder.

Evening Standard.

Echo.

- Oh, it's you.

- Oh, you heard?

- Yes. Another murder.

- The fourth. All the same.

He cuts their throats and then uses his knife  
like a doctor who's gone mad.

The papers dare'n't print  
all the details. Too gruesome.

- Want to read it?

- Uh, no, thank you.

William,

Mr. Slade took the room.

- Mm-hmm.

- And the attic too.

- He's taking them as of now.

- I say, that's a bit quick, isn't it?

He won't be any trouble  
to us at all.

Don't like renting out  
bits and pieces of my own home.

Can't have any privacy.

Besides, we need the money.

I suppose you want me  
to go up and make a show of hospitality.

No. Tomorrow will do, dear,  
but if you're finished with the paper...

let me take it up to Mr. Slade  
with his dinner.

Finished with it?

I just got it.

There, you see?

It's beginning-

- Well, now. Where's that dog?

- I think I saw him go upstairs.

Look, that fellow is not  
going to have my dog too, is he?  
These pictures-  
Their eyes follow you wherever you move.  
They watch.  
They get on my nerves.  
I don't like being watched.  
I understand.  
I'll have them taken down tomorrow.  
Further, they are  
pictures of actresses.  
Yes. I hope you don't  
really object to actresses.  
My niece Lily is on the stage.  
- Your niece?  
- Yes, we're very proud of her.  
She opens next week  
at the Piccadilly Theatre Royal.  
She's bringing over  
some special dances from Paris.  
They're quite shocking,  
but they're most delightful.  
And she is very beautiful too,  
I suppose.  
Oh, yes.  
Walt till you meet her.  
Meet her?  
Yes. She'll live here  
in this house.  
Oh, you'll soon change your mind  
about actresses, Mr. Slade.  
Come on, Prince.

**Helen, it's 7:**

Be quiet, dear. Read your paper.  
We're just coming.  
Oh, I'm as good  
as my word, Daisy.  
I've got your pass  
for Miss Lily's performance tonight.  
Oh, Mr. Harley, sir,  
you're awfully nice.  
What's the matter?  
Don't you want to go now?



Oh, I do, sir. I do.

- But I'm afraid.

- Afraid?

Well, there ain't a girl in all London  
who fancies walking home alone at night...  
what with the Ripper  
up to his devilish tricks.

Well, I suppose  
I don't blame you.

Tell you what.

See the show and  
come home in a cab.

Oh, bless you,

Mr. Harley, sir.

- Now run along and fetch us a carriage, will you?

- Yes, Mr. Harley, sir.

Come along, Llly darllng, or you'll be late.

I'm coming, Auntie.

Uncle Wllllam, you look  
very handsome and elegant.

You look very ravishing yourself.

Oh, I'm so excited I'm  
afrauld I'm golng to burst.

You must contain yourself at all costs.

Especially in the theater,  
where people are helplessly packed together.

Oh, do be quiet.

Be sure you've got everything.

Hello there, Mr. Slade.

Are you coming to the theater, Mr. Slade?

- I'm afraid not.

- Llly, I don't belleve you've met Mr. Slade, have you?

My nlece, Llly Bonner.

Good evening, Mr. Slade.

I'm sorry you can't  
come to the opening.

- I have work I must do.

- You work at night?

Yes, quite often.

Sometimes all night.

- It's quieter at night.

- I like the night too.

It's the only time

I feel really alive.

It's at night that  
the interesting things happen.  
What kind of work  
do you do at night, Mr. Slade?  
I doubt if you'd be interested.  
Do you just work?  
Sometimes I walk close by the river.  
The river is like liquid night  
flowing peacefully out to infinity.  
I must not delay you.  
I wish you success tonight.  
Thank you.  
Good night.  
Good night.  
He's so odd, isn't he?  
I believe he's shy and lonely  
and all wrapped up in his Chinese puzzles.  
- What Chinese puzzles?  
- Oh, science and pathology or whatever you said he did.  
I can't help feeling  
there's something odd about him.  
He skulks, he prowls.  
That's the something about him.  
And if he's lonely, he has only to pop  
out of his shell and speak to someone.  
I think he's interesting.  
Evening Standard. Echo.  
Evening standard. Echo.  
Four thousand police  
on duty in Whitechapel.  
Evening Standard. Echo.  
Four thousand police  
on duty In Whitechapel.  
Oh, thank you, governor.  
Evening Standard. Echo.  
Dressing Room 1.  
Hello, Annie.  
Flowers for Miss Bonner.  
Please.  
May I see Miss Bonner?  
- Miss Bonner is dressing.  
- Who Is It, Lelah?  
It's Annie Rowley-  
"La Belle Anne," remember?

It's all right, Lelah.  
I know who Annle Rowley Is. Come In.  
Oh! It looks very nice.  
Thank you for  
letting me come in.  
I always like to come  
and say hello to my old dressing room.  
It's perfectly all right, Annie. Help yourself  
to champagne, courtesy of the management.  
- I've got to hurry.  
- Yes, I remember.  
- Did you know royalty was coming tonight?  
- Yes, the prince of Wales.  
Oh, I had it all once-  
royalty, champagne, flowers.  
I remember my opening night  
and how excited I was.  
I looked  
in this very mirror.  
I wish I knew then  
what I know now.  
I came up overnight.  
Overnight I was forgotten.  
Won't be that way with you.  
Who knows?  
No, it won't.  
I went on looks alone.  
You have talent and... all the rest.  
Thanks, Annie.  
You coming tonight?  
- No, I have what I call my work.  
- ?  
- I still sing and dance, you know.  
- Oh? Where?  
- I still sing and dance, you know.  
- Oh? Where?  
La Belle Anne now performs...  
at Madame Tussy's School  
of the Dance.  
Gentlemen come in the evening  
to learn the latest fandango.  
That's in the parlor  
in the front of the house.  
Is there anything

I can do, Annie?  
Too late.  
You know, Annie,  
perhaps it isn't all up with you.  
Perhaps I could help you.  
I don't think there's a place  
with my girls...  
but I'm sure  
I could do something.  
She's gone, Miss Lily.  
Yes.  
Did you see that?  
The little minx flirted  
with the prince of Wales.  
Commissioner, there's been  
another murder by the Ripper.  
Are you sure it was the Ripper again?  
The report said it was  
a murder just like the others, sir.  
Where was it? Whitechapel?  
- Yes, sir.  
- All right.  
To Lily Bonner and her beautiful,  
talented troupe.  
- Long life.  
- Long life.  
London is yours, Lily,  
and if I were lord mayor...  
I'd give you the keys to the city.  
Miss Bonner.  
You know, champagne  
has a special significance for me.  
As I was growing up  
in the old Limehouse District...  
Champagne was only a remote word.  
She is very beautiful,  
if I may say so, sir.  
Mm-hmm. Wait here, Bates.  
Dislike very much interrupting your party,  
Miss Bonner.  
It's a matter of utmost importance  
to Scotland Yard.  
Sounds fascinating,  
Inspector... Warwick.

And how can I help

Scotland Yard?

I want to ask you about a woman who came  
to see you before your performance this evening-  
- a certain Annie Rowley.

- Yes, she was here.

I felt terribly sorry for her.

How much do you know about her?

Not much, I'm afraid.

Why, Inspector?

She has become another victim  
of Jack the Ripper.

Can you tell me if she was with anyone?

No. She was alone.

Someone said a man was seen near the place  
where Annie Rowley was found-  
a man carrying a small black bag  
and wearing an ulster.

Of course, that description  
fits thousands of people...  
but you saw no such man?

No.

No, I saw no one like that.

Finally got Lily settled  
for the night. Poor thing.

She thought she was so excited  
she couldn't sleep...

but she dropped off  
while I was talking to her.

That's possible.

I just opened it.

I'm thinking.

- Thinking.

- You know, that man from Scotland Yard...  
said the Ripper was carrying  
a little black bag.

All he said was,  
there was a report...  
that a man carrying a black bag  
was seen in the vicinity of the murder.

And Mr. Slade came to us the night  
of the other murder...  
and all he had with him  
was a little black bag.

And tonight he took his black bag  
with him when he went out.

- He did not.

- Yes, he did.

His bag is not black,  
and he didn't take it with him tonight.

- William, he did.

- Would you stake your oath on that?

Your solemn oath in a court of law?

So you're not sure

of the color of his bag...

nor that he had it with him

when he went out.

You're always leaping

to illogical conclusions...

which you call thinking.

And the window.

Oh, I'm sorry, dear.

I forgot.

Women can sense things, William.

Now you know that's true.

Remember when I said something

had happened to my sister Sophie...

and we found out that she'd fallen

and broken her hip?

And remember-

What are you looking at?

It's Mr. Slade.

- He's just coming in.

- Why not? He lives here.

He creeps.

You can hardly hear him move.

Naturally he creeps.

### **It's 3:**

Do you think he should come in dancing  
and singing and waking up the whole house?

He stopped at Lily's door.

He did?

- The window.

- Oh.

- More tea, dear?

- Hmm.

Paper says that the murderer

used his knife in ways quite unprintable.

Ridiculous.

How can a knife be used unprintably?

- Tea, dear?

- Hmm.

Queen Victoria's issued  
a statement.

"She has told Commissioner Warren  
that no married man...

"could possibly be to blame  
for these murders...

"and therefore every  
bachelor in London...

should be rounded up immediately."

- Tea?

- What a wise queen.

Now all Scotland Yard  
has to do is round up a million men...  
and ask them if they  
are Jack the Ripper.

Well, she's right.

No married man would do such a thing.

Oh, she's so gay, even in the morning.

Good morning.

Isn't it a beautiful world?

- All the reviews are raves.

- Why, of course.

Don't say it.

- Don't say what, dear?

- "I wonder who that can be."

Oh. I'll go, Daisy.

Hello. I'm Paul Warwick  
of Scotland Yard again.

Oh. Oh, yes.

Do come in.

- Good morning, Mr. Warwick.

- Hello, Miss Bonner.

I'm sorry to bother you  
so early in the morning...

but it was important  
that I talk to you again.

- Hello.

- Hello.

- Do come in and have a cup of tea.

- Thank you.  
- I'll get It, dear.  
- Did you know I found out last night after you left...  
that Annie Rowley  
sent me some flowers?  
Oh, yes. As a matter of fact,  
that was my excuse-  
I mean reason-  
for calling.  
The stage doorman told me.  
I'd like to find out  
what florist the flowers came from.  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
I didn't keep the box.  
Well, it was a possible lead.  
Though it did no help to Scotland Yard...  
- it did give me the opportunity-  
- Good morning.  
I beg your pardon.  
I didn't mean to Interrupt.  
Mr. Slade, this Is Mr. Warwlck.  
How do you do?  
Mr. Warwick's  
from Scotland Yard.  
He's engaged on the Ripper case.  
Now tell me, Inspector.  
Is it really true that this time  
the Ripper was seen?  
Yes. I was about to ask that too.  
- He may have been.  
- I don't think you'll ever catch him.  
- Why not?  
- Well, five murders-  
This time Whitechapel  
was swarming with police...  
and yet you didn't even  
come near to finding him.  
You don't know any more now than  
you did in the beginning.  
- Yes, we do.  
- Oh? What?  
He's of average height, he's very quick  
and strong and he's left-handed.  
Perhaps he carries a black bag,



which would contain his knives.

- What I want to know is, why does he do it?

- There are many theories.

The favorite one is that he's a maniac who kills at random.

- Do you believe that?

- No.

Hmm. Well, he may not kill at random, but he's not sane.

You're a medical man, Mr. Slade.

Would you say he was sane?

I tend to agree with Miss Lily.

The police will not find him.

- Why not?

- The police are searching for a criminal.

In reality, there are no criminals.

There are only people doing what they must do because they are who they are.

So perhaps the police are searching for someone who doesn't exist.

Well, if my theories are correct...

I shall make Jack the Ripper's own hands tie the noose that will hang him.

I still don't see how you worked it out that he was left-handed.

- Uh, do you, Mr. Slade?

- I've intruded too long.

I really only came down for the morning paper.

Thank you.

Have you all finished with it?

Oh, yes. Sorry.

Should have sent one up to you.

Thank you.

Excuse me.

Odd how that dog acts.

Seems to have fallen

in love with him.

Mr. Slade?

Mr. Slade.

Is something burning?

Don't come up here.

I'm sorry there's

an odor, Mrs. Harley.

There was something  
I had to burn. My work.  
I'll open a window.  
Just leave the tray  
in my sitting room, please.  
Oh-  
Oh, I was thinking  
I would have to clean the room today.  
Whenever you wish, Mrs. Harley.  
You'd be a darling if you could have  
that dress mended by tonight.  
I'll try, Miss Lily.  
You were so good  
in the show, you know.  
I don't think it half matters  
what you wear on the stage.  
It does, Daisy, and so  
does what I don't wear.  
- I shall be at the hairdresser's most of the time.  
- Yes, Miss Lily.  
Good afternoon.  
You're going out early.  
Yes. I have  
just completed an experiment.  
I- I must test it.  
And when you've  
tested it and proved it...  
what will you know, Mr. Slade?  
A little more about life and death.  
I wonder what else you need  
to know about life...  
except that it's  
wonderfully worth living.  
And of death,  
what is there to find out...  
except it is the end of life?  
That is a philosophy for a young and beautiful  
woman who is the toast of London.  
Thank you.  
Which way are you going?  
Your way, Miss Bonner.  
Isn't that what your  
enraptured young men would say?  
I think they might.

What do you say, Mr. Slade?

- I am going to work.

- Oh? Where's that?

Everyone is so curious about me.

Very well.

I am going

to the university hospital...

where there are

laboratory facilities that I use.

I may not come home

until late...

and then your charming aunt

will become suspicious.

And soon, because I am not like everyone else,

she will ask me to leave.

I've had it all before.

Poor Mr. Slade.

Walk with me to the cab

across the square.

She won't ask you

to leave, Mr. Slade.

If she did, we'd all object.

- Would you?

- Of course.

I'm afraid you've been alone too much.

That makes one

quite broody, you know?

- I am broody?

- A little. And when you're like that, you miss things.

There's so much delight

in the world.

The whole sky,

with the sure sun in it.

The sound of laughter, and of music.

The sweet enjoyment

of a man's kiss.

Do I shock you, Mr. Slade?

You are an astonishing woman,

Miss Bonner.

Oh, dear.

I don't know what to do.

Ooh. Where is William?

Why doesn't he come home?

But what is it, Mrs. Harley?

What is it?

Never mind, Daisy.

I can't tell you now.

I must see Mr. Harley first.

Oh! Lily is walking with him.

- Lily's walking with that man.

- What man?

Why, It's only Mr. Slade

she's with.

Daisy, Mr. Slade is the Ripper.

Oh, William,

thank heavens you're home.

- You must stop them.

- What are you getting at?

Don't let her go off

with that man.

Helen, you've been nipping

at the sherry again.

Oh, please!

William, Mr. Slade is the Ripper.

Mr. Slade is the Ripper.

- Look at that.

- What is it?

The other morning when I took him his breakfast,

I smelled something burning.

He said it was his experiment.

It was his black bag.

He burned his bag, William,

right after he found out...

- the police were looking for a man with a bag.

- I see.

- Oh, is that all you can say?

- Very sensible of him.

- What?

- I said, very sensible of him.

Nobody can afford to own

a bag like that now.

Come here.

A man was mobbed this morning

in Trafalgar Square. They nearly tore him to pieces.

Why? Because he was carrying

a little black bag. This is my black bag.

I didn't burn it because

I didn't think of it. I just hid it in here.

Anyone who owns such a bag  
is under suspicion.  
The whole city has become hysterical.  
People are flocking to the police  
to inform on their neighbors.  
Do we have to have this  
nonsense in our own home?  
If Slade wanted to be rid of his bag...  
he wouldn't leave that  
around for you to find.  
The man isn't a fool.  
You're just a little  
overwrought, that's all, old girl.  
How about a spot of sherry?  
I think you better have one too, Daisy.  
Oh, I don't mind if I do, sir.  
I rather wish we could  
talk again sometime.  
You've done something good for me.  
Then perhaps you will  
have tea with me.  
- Tomorrow?  
- I'd be delighted.  
Thank you, Miss Bonner.  
Hello, Chief.  
We're in trouble.  
A meeting has been called.  
The high commissioner resigned  
this morning, and Her Majesty accepted.  
- Resigned?  
- Too much pressure on the Ripper case.  
If we could find a fingerprint-  
Fingerprints?  
That won't help.  
I know that theory-  
No two prints alike.  
It's nonsense.  
No, we'll have to do better than that, Paul,  
or we'll have no jobs.  
Perhaps you could  
put aside your social life...  
and help us do something  
about the Ripper, eh?  
Yes, sir.

Must you stop?  
If I must choose between music and you,  
I- I will choose you.  
More tea?  
Yes, thank you.  
Do you enjoy  
Robert Browning's poetry?  
Sometimes.  
Depends on my mood.  
I read this author  
or that one as I feel like it.  
I like to pretend  
that it was all written for me.  
Perhaps it was.  
Every so often, a woman lives  
for whom men do all things.  
I'm only a woman  
like any other.  
Not like any other.  
You don't know, Miss Bonner,  
about the others.  
Are you saying that you like me?  
Miss Bonner, it has done me  
great good to know you.  
It has? How?  
Oh, I- I'm afraid it's a long  
and very personal story...  
and I should dislike  
troubling you with it.  
I already know.  
You are a man very much alone...  
and you need to find  
those who will love you.  
And when you do,  
you won't be lonely anymore.  
Those who will love me?  
Is it really true  
that you dislike actresses?  
I seem to have touched on  
an old wound. I'm sorry.  
No!  
Yes. I will tell you.  
My mother was an actress.  
She was one of the most angelically

beautiful women who ever lived-  
exquisitely graceful,  
talented and captivating.  
I loved her deeply.  
Deeply.

She had the face of heaven...  
and the wretched heart of Jezebel.  
For every aspect of beauty  
she possessed...  
she contained  
a double portion of evil.

- I hated her.  
- But I thought you said you loved her.  
One can love the beauty  
and hate the evil.

Didn't you know that, Miss Bonner?  
Come.

I will show you.  
I didn't mean to do this,  
but now I've begun, I will finish.  
I will show you this face,  
and you will see for yourself...  
that there was no way for  
my poor father to know...  
that she was cunning  
and faithless and rotten.  
It's not difficult to understand  
that my father fell in love with her.  
Perhaps she never met a man  
she didn't entice.  
She knew no love, only lust.  
She betrayed my father  
a hundred times...  
and when she finally left him  
for a young, rich Frenchman...  
- my father killed himself.  
- Oh.

Not with a gun,  
with absinthe-  
with a thousand  
green glasses of absinthe.  
Part of my growing up  
was spent with a drunken man...  
who searched the face of every

passing girl in Paris-  
who spent 10 years  
dying of a broken heart.

And your mother?

Did you never see her again?

Yes.

Yes, I saw her.

She had become

a woman of the streets.

And it was in the streets

that she died.

Then they must be

In Mr. Slade's room.

Lily.

Excuse me, Mr. Slade.

- Inspector Warwick is here to see Lily.

- I forgot.

I, on the other hand,

did not forget, and here I am.

Mr. Slade.

We're going to the Black Museum

at Scotland Yard. Would you like to come along?

Is it all right if Mr. Slade

comes with us?

I don't believe Mr. Slade

would really enjoy himself.

Do come.

Yes. Yes, I believe

I'd like to come.

I'll be just a moment.

And these are the death masks

of various murderers.

That one was publicly hanged

outside Newgate Prison six months ago.

You can see the rope marks on the neck.

You treat them like trophies-

like a stuffed elk head

mounted over the fireplace.

Yes, a little. But these were

more dangerous than an elk.

- Man, unfortunately,

is the most dangerous of all beasts.

- Man is not beast.

Murderers are beasts.



There are the ropes that were actually  
used to hang these men.  
To me, it's the noose  
that's the wickedest looking.  
It hangs so calmly,  
making a graceful loop, neatly tied-  
a simple design, by which  
a man's breath is caught...  
and forfeited for his crime.  
I'm afraid I'm making  
Mr. Slade a little queasy.  
If you'd prefer  
to wait for us outside-  
It's not the rope. It's your policeman's  
philosophy, Inspector Warwick.  
Perhaps I'm too used to murder.  
I must seem callous.  
Miss Bonner, I have  
a question to ask you.  
Just one?  
I have dozens to ask you.  
- You too?  
- Yes.  
For instance,  
what was that used for?  
Oh, that was used  
in the Tufnell Park murder.  
And would you come Friday  
for tea at my home?  
- I'd like some friends to meet you.  
- Hmm, I see.  
What was that used for,  
Inspector Warwick?  
That is a poker, with which some poor chap  
beat his sweetheart to death.  
- Why did he do it?  
- We never found out exactly,  
but my belief at this moment...  
is that she failed to answer  
some perfectly simple question...  
like "Will you come to tea?"  
Very well, Inspector. I'll come.  
That table is expressly reserved  
for one murderer.

The Ripper?

Those are pictures of the five victims.

Ah, there you are, Paul.

I wanted to pay my compliments  
to our distinguished and beautiful visitor.

May I present Chief Inspector Melville,  
Miss Bonner.

- How do you do?

- How do you do, Miss Bonner?

- And Mr. Slade.

- Mr. Slade.

I've been to the palace,  
Miss Bonner...

where I heard Prince Edward say the most  
complimentary things about you.

- Why, thank you.

- Also, I was told that Her Majesty has decided...

that the Ripper can't  
possibly be an Englishman.

Now I suppose we shall have to  
investigate all foreigners.

Not long ago, we were  
to investigate all bachelors...

because he couldn't  
possibly be a married man.

Has Paul told you that he's our expert  
on Jack the Ripper?

He even claims to be able to predict  
the time of each murder.

There is a strange periodicity  
to the Ripper's crimes.

It's as if the need to kill surges inside of him  
up to a peak, is satisfied...

and then is quiet until the compulsion slowly  
builds up again to another climax.

- When do you expect another?

- Two days ago.

He's broken the pattern now.

Usually it's every five or six days.

It could come anytime. Perhaps he is sated.

- Sated?

- If you're ready to go, Miss Bonner...

- I would be delighted to take you home.

- Oh, not yet.

Then I hope you will  
forgive me if I go on.  
I have seen all I care to see  
of Inspector Warwick's little museum.  
Inspector Melville.  
Inspector Warwick.  
Your police methods will never trap  
the one you call Jack the Ripper.  
You may be rlight  
about the periodiclty...  
but I doubt If the beast  
you describe can be sated.  
He must do his work agaln.  
Good afternoon.  
Them fellas on horses  
have a real cushy job of it, all right, huh?  
Aye.  
Five thousand of us.  
We ought to lay our hands  
on that fella pretty soon.  
Aye, soon.  
And I hope it's me what does it.  
To make up for-you know.  
Oh, whoosh, man, whoosh.  
It wasn't your fault that poor Katy got murdered.  
How could you know  
that she didn't live...  
- where she said she did?  
- Aye, that's all very well.  
Oh, for the love of Mike, will you cheer up?  
You're depressin'  
the life out of me. Shh.  
That's an Irish voice, I tell ya.  
I'd stake me soul on it.  
I suppose you wouldn't consider  
a little drop of somethin' to, uh...  
help guard ourselves against  
the cool of the night?  
Come along, man.  
- Thank you.  
- Come agaln, Mary.  
- Oh, good evening, sirs.  
- Good evening.  
- Good evening.

- It was like a breath of home to hear you, miss.

- Oh, you're an Irishman.

- Well, there's no denyin' that.

Well now, would you be averse  
to walkin' a girl to her home?

- Oh, I'd like nothin' better, miss.

- Oh, you're very kind.

I've only just come to London  
to seek me fortune on the stage.

And mayhap we'll get there if I don't have to  
be walking home alone at night.

Well, you'll not be walkin' home  
alone on my beat, Miss, uh-

Lenihan. Mary Lenihan.

Ah, it is the breath of home  
to hear you, Miss Lenihan.

Uh, would it be askin' too much  
to hear you sing again?

I heard very little of that song  
in the pub back there.

Why, sure, I will.

Me thanks to you, gentlemen.

Good night, sir.

- Good night.

- It was our pleasure, Miss Lenihan.

And... good luck to you.

Thanks.

Aye, she has a sweet voice,  
but we have our duty.

Come on, lad.

No. Please.

What's the matter?

What happened?

- How long ago?

- We just left her. Only a few moments.

- Did anyone come out of here?

- We saw no one, sir.

Then he might still  
be in the building.

Put a cordon around this block.

- Yes, sir.

- Search all these bulldings.

No one on the roof, sir.

He can't get out of this,

if he's human.  
I'm afraid he isn't human, sir.  
Not and do what he did  
to that girl.  
What are you doing?  
I am burning my ulster.  
Don't come too close.  
Those-What are those stains?  
They look like blood.  
I was carrying a solution in a glass container-  
I- Part of my experiment.  
I fell and it broke.  
My ulster became contaminated.  
I- I must be quick, drastic...  
or the contamination  
could easily spread.  
Contamination?  
- You mean it may carry a disease?  
- Yes.  
- What happened to the dog?  
- I'm afraid I hurt him.  
He jumped up to greet me.  
I didn't want him to touch the ulster.  
Dogs can carry human disease.  
There. It's done.  
You were right about the Ripper.  
You were probably busy  
and didn't hear.  
- Hear what?  
- There was another Ripper murder tonight.  
You said he would do it.  
How did you know?  
I didn't know.  
Your Inspector Warwick  
made me angry.  
I don't know why I said it.  
What is it?  
Everyone distrusts me.  
I feel it. Even you.  
I work very hard.  
I do what I must do.  
I- I am myself.  
I don't distrust you.  
Forgive me.

I'm- I'm very tired.

Is there anything I can do for you?

We must each live with ourselves.

Yes.

What's happened?

What's that smell?

Anything wrong?

- No, Uncle.

- I'm sorry. I had to use the stove.

Hmm.

All this writing about investigations  
and not a single clue yet.

William, we must go to the police.

What for?

I don't believe Mr. Slade burned his ulster  
because it was contaminated.

He wanted to get rid  
of those blood spots.

Well, uh, Lily said  
she believed him.

- I'm sorry.

- Hmm? What's the matter?

Well, here's his breakfast tray...  
but I don't want to take it.

I don't know what to think of him.

I'll take the tray  
and settle this business once and for all.

Wllllam. Wllllam.

Don't do anything silly.

I never do anything silly.

Great heavens, man.

Don't you ever sleep?

This experiment is very difficult.

Any more danger  
of that contamination?

I think not.

You are suspicious too.

Well, I am a pathologist, Mr. Harley,  
and I am working on blood diseases.

You can check on my work  
at the university hospital.

Hmm. Of Course. Of course.

Did you come to ask me to move away?

It has happened before.

Move away?

No, sir. Certainly not.

Why, you're perfectly  
welcome here...

and I'll see to it

that you stay welcome.

And now then, you-

you'd better eat some breakfast, what?

- Thank you.

- Eat hearty.

Come in.

Oh, do come in, Mr. Slade.

I came to thank you

for your reminder.

- The theater.

- Oh, yes.

- I will come tonight.

- Splendid.

I'm so happy. I think

it will do you a lot of good...

to forget work for a while

and really enjoy yourself.

I believe there's some tea.

- Now suppose you

take off your ulster and stay a minute.

- I'm not disturbing you?

No. Of course not. I was merely writing  
a few thank you notes for flowers.

And most particularly to Inspector Warwlcck?

I shall be able

to thank him in person.

He's coming tonight too.

You don't like

Inspector Warwick, do you?

He thinks you are

a most Interesting man.

He asked me all sorts

of questions about you.

Wait here, Bates.

Yes, may I help you?

I wish to inquire if you have a Dr. Slade  
in your hospital.

Dr. Slade?

No, we do not.

Thank you.

We have a Mr. Slade  
who works in research.

He's a pathologist.

- Do you wish to see him?

- No, not immediately. Thank you.

Just as well.

He isn't here.

Have you seen him recently?

As recently as last night.

- Is he here very much?

- Almost every day and night.

He works late quite often.

He's a most respected member  
of our staff.

- Good evening, Daisy.

- Oh, good evening, Inspector Warwick.

Am I too early?

Oh, I think Miss Lily  
will be down in a minute.

Will you sit in there, sir?

- What's the trouble, Daisy?

- Oh.

I don't know.

I'm as jumpy as a cat.

What's the matter?

Well, it's the back and forth  
and back and forth.

Back and forth?

Well, first Mrs. Harley  
says he's the Ripper himself.

And then Mr. Harley  
proves it's all nonsense.

What do you mean?

Well, first he burns his black bag...

and then Mr. Harley

pooh-poohs that...

and show us his own

hidden in the chest.

And then he burns his ulster,  
which had all the blood on it.

- Daisy, wait a moment.

What are you talking about?

- Well, Mr. Slade-



Oh, it's all mixed up.

And I'm not supposed to say.

Mr. Harley says

it's just woman's hysteria.

Wait a minute.

- Good evening, Inspector Warwick.

- Oh, good evening, sir.

- You've come for Lily?

- Yes.

Perhaps a nip of sherry

will help us pass the time.

Mr. Harley...

what is this about Slade?

Helen's been at you, has she?

Well, no. As a matter of fact,

Daisy mentioned it.

Look here, old man. Everything about Slade  
can be logically explained.

Except one thing.

The dog's suddenly gone sour on him.

Still, that doesn't

prove anything, does it?

You'd better tell me

about it, Mr. Harley.

I tell you this, Lily.

No matter what you say...

I don't believe you ought to spend  
too much time alone with him.

Aunt Helen.

Dear, sweet Aunt Helen.

What if I were to tell you that it was  
Mr. Slade who was in danger, not I?

Why, Lily!

I think this thing

can be settled tonight.

This is a copy of a thumbprint  
the Ripper left in the room...

- of Mary Lenihan, the last victim.

- Thumbprint?

There's a theory that there are no two  
fingerprints in the world that are exactly alike.

- I happen to subscribe to it.

- Hmm.

Could you get me something

that Slade has held in his right hand?

A glass or something?

Well, frankly, I don't know.

Mr. Harley, wouldn't you

feel more secure if we cleared it up?

Yes, I suppose so.

The fact is, the fellow's gone out.

We might try

looking about his room.

Well, that would be fine.

I rather hate to, you know.

Prying into a man's belongings.

Mr. Harley.

Yes.

Helen tells me Mr. Slade

frequently reads the Bible.

Murderers don't read Bibles, do they?

There might be some prints here.

I'd like to take something smaller-  
something he wouldn't immediately miss.

Oh, this will do.

Now something more.

Locked, eh?

I say, should you do that, old man?

A policeman never knows

what he should do...

until it's proved to be the right thing.

Oh, this probably has both prints.

Handkerchief.

- I say-

- I'll bring it back... and your handkerchief.

Don't fuss, Aunt Helen.

Gentlemen don't mind waiting for ladles.

They're quite used to it.

- What do we do?

- Shh.

- Do you have everything, dear?

- Yes, Auntle. Stop worrying.

Well, I can't help it.

There's something in the air tonight.

She's feeling things again.

I thought Mr. Slade had gone out.

There's a light in here.

- What is this?

- I'm sorry, Miss Bonner.  
You've been snooping  
through Mr. Slade's things.  
Very well. There's been a mystery  
about this gentleman...  
and I wish to clear it up  
once and for all.  
I'm quite tired of this.  
Why don't you leave the poor man alone?  
- He went out early to avoid meeting you.  
- Oh? Where did he go?  
He'll be at the theater later  
to see me.  
Perhaps you can  
hang him there.  
I merely want  
to ask some questions.  
- What did you find of his?  
- I found this.  
- That's his mother.  
- His mother?  
Of course.  
He told me about her.  
Poor woman. She died an alcoholic  
in the slums of Whitechapel.  
What else did he tell you?  
He seemed quite confused  
about his feelings for her-  
love and resentment  
all mixed up together.  
Please, Paul,  
leave the poor man alone.  
You defend him with quite a lot  
of spirit, Miss Bonner.  
I know him better than any of you.  
I like him. I feel sorry for him.  
As a friend, I should like to respect  
your fondness for Mr. Slade...  
but I am also a policeman.  
You most certainly are.  
You needn't bother to take me  
to the theater tonight.  
Good night, Inspector.  
- If I may say so, sir-

- And if I said you may not say it?

Then I wouldn't, sir.

- If I may ask, sir-

- Bates.

If it seems to you I'm in a nasty mood tonight, you're right, and I have cause.

No, you may not ask.

You may not say so.

You may do absolutely nothing except breathe quietly.

Yes, sir.

Nothing matches, and every print of his right hand is here.

- It's not Slade, that's all.

- Sir-

This print couldn't have been made by the Ripper's left hand.

Not unless every detective at the yard is wrong.

That's most unlikely, isn't it, sir?

The victim's cuts show that the Ripper used his knife... from right to left across the throat while attacking from behind.

That means he used his left hand.

He took his victims like this.

The cut of the knife was like this.

Sir, have you observed

Mr. Slade to be left-handed?

No, I haven't.

But he could still use his left hand...

if he attacked from behind.

You know, for the first time it occurs to me...

that the Ripper need not have attacked from behind.

In which case, he could make the same cut from the front with his right hand.

- Yes, sir.

- If that's so, we must find a left thumbprint... to match the print of the Ripper's.

About that portrait, sir-  
I have a peculiar memory for faces.  
- You do?  
- Yes, sir.  
I believe that to be  
the face of Ann Lawrence.  
Even to the mole  
on the left cheek.  
Bates, you're right. Slade's mother  
was the first Ripper victim.  
Where is Slade?  
Have you seen him?  
Yes, he's right down there.  
He's gone.  
Lovely, lovely.  
You were lovely.  
- They liked us, didn't they?  
- They worshipped you.  
Excuse me.  
- Am I under arrest, Mr. Policeman?  
- Where is Slade?  
Inspector Warwick,  
I'm very sick of all this.  
- He's the Ripper.  
- Oh, do go away. You're out of your mind.  
Lelah, I don't want you  
to let anyone in.  
There's a gentleman  
in here, Miss Lily.  
Hello.  
May I... talk to you alone?  
I have to make a change.  
Uh, there isn't much time.  
All right, Lelah.  
Please.  
Well, how did you like the show?  
You are exquisite, Lily.  
Good. For a moment, I thought you disliked  
the whole thing. You looked so glum.  
I hated it. I hated your beauty  
being exposed for everyone to ogle.  
I hated the looks on men's faces.  
Well, without those looks  
on their faces, I'd be finished.

You're more wonderful and more-  
more sweetly beautiful  
than anyone I've ever known.  
Everything in my life  
has changed because of you.  
Help me.  
Help me.  
You pick the strangest moments.  
I need you, Lily.  
Only you can save me.  
- Save you?  
- Come away with me right now.  
Come away with me-  
anywhere in the world you say.  
I want to live close to you  
without sharing you.  
Close. Close.  
I think there's something  
you should understand.  
I'm fond of you,  
but I'm not ready to be taken over.  
I like a man with passion, but I don't want  
a slave, and I don't want to be one.  
Besides, I wouldn't dream  
of giving up the theater.  
All I've said makes no difference to you.  
I didn't say that.  
You want to go on exciting men  
to wanting you...  
go on using your beauty  
to corrupt, to degrade.  
- Please.  
- You're mocking me!  
Miss Lily?  
The same as my mother.  
The same as all of them.  
- Miss Lily, are you all right?  
- Mocking love, living for lust.  
You are evil.  
Your beauty is evil.  
It must be cut away.  
No. No.  
You said you loved me.  
Please.

Miss Llly?  
Miss Llly?  
Miss Llly, are you all rlight?  
Lily!  
Are you all right?  
Halt!  
Get a doctor.  
Hey!  
Yah! Yah!  
Yah! Hah!  
Yah!  
- Can't you go faster, man?  
- Hah!  
Are you hurt, sir?  
I am a doctor.  
Take care of my horses.  
I must hurry.  
- Where is he?  
- You mean the doctor?  
He turned the corner too fast  
and crashed a wheel.  
Quickly, man,  
that was the Ripper!  
- Circle around that way.  
- Here! Over this way!  
- What is it?  
- What are they after?  
Shine your lights over here!  
- It's the Ripper!  
- He's in the river.  
- There's something! Over there!  
- Where?  
Look! By the bridge!  
It's too dark,  
and it's too deep.  
We'll never get him now.  
Not so dark and not so deep  
as where he's going.