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The Limehouse Golem

By Jane Goldman

Let us begin, my friends,
at the end.

Lizzie:

John!

He left nothing?

No...Note?

If he meant to poison himself,
why would he not
at least leave a note?

I fear that the act of
burning his papers
bears testament enough
to his state of mind.

Mrs. cree...? Forgive me --

i-i know this is neither
the time nor the place --

but may I say what an ardent
admirer I am of your work?

I looked in the kitchen, sir.

This was all I could find.

I'm afraid this'll be it.

There was residue in a glass
on the nightstand.

Oh, it can't have been
in there, sir.

His nightly cordial was always
prepared by Mrs. cree.

Aveline...?

You...Did not make the drink?

Surely you're not
asking me in earnest

if I poisoned my husband?

Oh, sir, believe me,

she cannot have done this!

The two of them were in a most
violent dispute yesterday!

Why would she prepare

Mr. cree a nightcap

when they were not

on speaking terms?

Aveline,

what has possessed you?

Sir, please,

allow me to explain.
I'm sorry, Mrs. Cree.
You'll need to do that
down at Scotland Yard.
A woman accused of
poisoning her husband.
But not just any woman --
little Lizzie,
darling of the music halls.
But the city was in thrall
with the fearsome
limehouse golem.
Who was he?
Who would be his next victim?
The golem had last struck
the day before her arrest.
And his was the name
on every Londoner's lips.
How many are dead?
Five.
Shopkeeper Mr. Gerrard,
his wife Mary, their maid...
And the two Gerrard children.
It's not... Number 29.
29 Ratcliffe Highway?
What of it?
The Ratcliffe Highway Murders?
John Williams?
It's a bit before my time.

Kildare:

It was 70 years ago!
Inspector Roberts!
Can you confirm that
this is the work of the golem?
Evening Post Reporter:
What is it about this house?
Do you think it could be cursed,
sir?
Gentlemen, gentlemen, please!
I'd ask you to, uh, direct
your requests to my colleague,
Detective Inspector Kildare.
He's taking over the case.

Evening post reporter: Kildare?

How are you spelling that?

Taking over?

I'm just stepping aside,
not stepping down.

The public seeks reassurance,
kildare.

What better way than to
give them new blood?

Are you fearful of
stepping into the shoes of
the great Mr. Roberts?

Evening post reporter:

Can you confirm this is
the work of the golem?

How many more people have to die
before the golem is caught?

Driver!

Man:

Inspector kildare, is it true
that this is
your first murder case?

Inspector kildare!

Kildare!

Move. Move back.

Do you know if they'll be
displaying the bodies today,
sir?

Flood:

The maid was found over there.
Were there footprints when you
arrived? The golem's prints?

Flood:

was already here.

Which of the victims
was found there?

None. The golem moved
that one himself.

Either Mr. or Mrs. Gerrard.

-More likely him.

If the maid was killed first,

he'd investigate
the disturbance.
Where is her body now?
-We took her upstairs, sir.
At least up there we can
keep the hoi poloi out.
Down here is a lost cause.
-They can't all be reporters.
Oh, no. Locals looking
for entertainment.
Cheaper than a ticket
to a shocker.
Sometimes I suspect if
i was dispatched to hell,
I'd barely notice the change,
bar the weather.
This is inspector kildare.
Taking over from Roberts.
-Sir.
Can you tell this idiot
to let me up?
I'm with the evening post!
This is the maid?
I'm sorry.
I've never seen anything
of this kind.
Neither have I.
"He who observes
spills no less blood
than he who inflicts the blow."
Lactantius.
Impressive, sir.
The truth has a habit
of sticking in the mind.
Truth?
Those who fail
to prevent injustice
are as guilty
as the perpetrator.
It's a message...
To us.
Evidence -- John cree case.
The poisoning.
You've had quite a week.

First the limehouse golem,
now this.
I heard inspector kildare
was asking after you.
Yes.
I don't know what he wanted.
I keep missing him.
Well, they did right giving him
the golem case, I reckon.
He'd have risen well
above Roberts by now
if those rumors
hadn't done for him.
You know.
That he wasn't
the marrying kind...
Men.
Oh, it's before your time,
i suppose.
Come in.
I got your message, sir.
I'm being assigned a constable.
I thought someone of
your knowledge of limehouse
might be an asset.
When I heard nothing back,
I thought perhaps
the offer didn't appeal.
I came by twice, sir.
You were out.
I was at limehouse.
Appealing for witnesses.
To no avail.
-What are you looking for?
-I'm just looking.
Trying to understand.
The golem's a madman.
What else is there
to be understood?
Even madness has its own logic.
Here there's none.
At ratcliffe highway,
he slaughtered a household.
The previous week,

a prostitute. Alice Stanton.
Before that, Solomon weil.
He was an old man,
a -- a scholar.
Oh, my god.
Is that his --
-yes.
Laid upon the open pages
of a book on Jewish folklore,
like a bookmark.
"The legend of the golem."
Is that how the press
got the name?
Our murderer obviously approved.
And who were the first two?
Both women of the streets.
I do remember reading
of that one.
"Old salty."
-Her name was Jane quig.
The point is there's no story
to any of them.
Men, women, young, old. Jew
and Christian. Rich and poor.
Perhaps he just likes to kill.
No.
I'll wager there's
a tale being told.
If we can sink to his circle
of damnation to comprehend it.
If I may say, sir,
seems you've been wasted
down in theft-and-fraud.
Oh, I'll be back there
soon enough,
if the golem strikes again.
That seems to be the plan.
What do you mean?
The yard is setting me up
as a scapegoat.
They'll not risk Roberts,
will they?
I'm expendable.
They get to preserve the

reputation of their golden boy
and the public...

Get blood.

Well, as I said
back in limehouse...

Seems they never have
their fill of that.

"He who spectates."

He doesn't mean us.

He means the public.

The public want blood.

The golem provides it.

Yes!

I'm sure that must be it, sir.

Are you?

I'm not.

Do you feel like a walk
to the library?

Rowley:

About the gladiatorial ring?

The guilt of the audience
who seek bloodshed?

Well, perhaps
you read it elsewhere.

It's quoted in an old piece by
the essayist Thomas de quincey.

One I imagine might be
of interest to a man
in your line of work.

-Kildare:

"On murder considered
as one of the fine arts."

A satire about the ratcliffe
highway killings of 1811.

Should we talk with
this de quincey?

He has been dead for 20 years,
flood,

so it might be a bit --
what is it?

Man's voice:

To kill a whore.
Who last borrowed this book?
This is a reading room,
inspector, not a local library.
So nothing leaves the premises?
Do you keep
an attendance record?
Of course, but there's
no earthly way of knowing
what anyone read
or when they read it!
Who was here
on September the 24th?
There were four men in
the reading room that day. Why?
It's the final entry in a diary
someone has kept
in the pages of this book.
Were you here yourself?
-I'm here every day.
Then I must ask you for
a sample of your handwriting.
I'll need the same
from all the staff.
And those four names, please?
The Dan leno?
And the Karl Marx
and George gissing.
If you're a follower
of philosophy and literature.
What do you know of John cree?
Sir?
If he's the same John cree
I'm thinking of...
I believe he's dead.
Place the diary in my files.
Keep it safe.
Find out all you can about
George gissing,
Karl Marx, and Dan leno.
Where are you going?
To investigate the dead man.
If he was the golem,
London's troubles are over.

Greatorex:

And you describe your husband
as being in a state of despair
in the weeks leading
to his death, yes?

Lizzie:

had spent several years
writing a play, your honor.
Entitled "misery junction."
It was...Not a success.
I believe he never
recovered from that.
And yet he continued to pass
each day in the reading room
at the British museum,
reading and writing.
A change in mood and a change in
habit are two different things.

Greatorex:

On the day of his death,
the librarian described
your husband
as being in good spirits.
My husband was adept
at presenting
a false face to the world, sir.
And that is something
you would understand,
is it not, Mrs. cree?
Playing...
A role?
I used to be
a music hall performer,
if that's what you mean.

Greatorex:

And what of the role you play
today before this court?
That of a respectable,
educated lady.
You were born out of wedlock,

were you not?

- Yes, sir.

As a child,
you stitched sailcloth
and passed much time with men.
I can assure you I was
a god-fearing child.
An innocent.
I was tasked by my mother to
deliver our sails to the docks.
Encountering men was not
something I could hope to avoid.
Here you go, good as new.
Carry that all the way?
Look at your poor hands, Lizzie.
Me ma says I'm made for
the bloodtubs with these hands.
Don't you dare run off
and join the theater.
These sails ain't
gonna mend themselves.
I like the comics.
Charlie's gonna take me
to see Dan leno one day.
Aren't you, Charlie,
when I'm older?

Fisherman:

Dan leno was never that blue.
Did Charlie teach you that?
Just don't let your ma hear it.
She'll kill ya.
What's it mean?
If you want, I'll show you.
Me mum will be wanting me home,
if you'll give me our pay.
Money's in my hut.

Mother:

Has a man laid hands on you?
You liar.
I fell.
Come here.
What did I do wrong?

Mother, no, please.
Did I not teach you well enough?
No, I beg you!

Mother:

You want me to go
to heaven, don't you?
That place will keep you
from heaven, Lizzie.
That is enough, Mrs. cree!
Court is adjourned for lunch!
Anyone come by
from the era newspaper?
I'm expecting a package.
No package.
Just this.

Flood:

No luck getting a sample
of cree's handwriting
from his old employers,
I'm afraid, sir.
They don't keep
reporters' submissions.
Had a more recent
portrait, though.
And I've asked archives for all
the files on gissing and Marx.

Kildare:

they have anything on leno.
Kildare and John cree:
September
the 5th, 1880.
It was a fine bright evening...

John cree:

a murder coming on.
Since it was to be
my first show,
I decided by way of inspiration
to pay a visit to the site
of the immortal
ratcliffe highway murders.

More than half a century ago
on this sacred spot,
an entire family was
dispatched into eternity
by a man named John Williams,
a man Thomas de quincey
described
as an artist of exquisite skill.
And yet now the site
of his greatest work was defiled
by a seller
of secondhand clothes.
We're closed, I'm afraid, sir.
Oh, sorry.
The door was open.
No matter.
I'll be sure to return.
But I was
a beginner, an understudy.
Not yet ready
for the great stage.
An artist must
perfect his craft,
and tonight I would start
with a small, private rehearsal.
Gin?
Don't you think
you've had enough?
I want you awake.
Or else you'll miss all the fun.
I felt that she
suspected my game from the start
and offered herself willingly,
warm in the knowledge
that the world
would soon be forced to confront
the plight of her kind.
I took out her eyes in case
my image had been
imprinted upon them,
and washed the blood
from my hands with the gin
in her chamber pot.
My first performance

was complete.
Mrs. cree? I'm inspector kildare
of Scotland yard.
I suppose you're here
to chastise me
for my candor in court.
-On the contrary,
I applaud you for it.
It's all too easy
to imagine that those
who have enjoyed success
have never known suffering.
Well, to quote the great
Dan leno, "here we are again."
I'm afraid I'm not a frequenter
of the music halls.
He portrays
the suffering of women.
My gender becomes
inured to injustice.
We expect it.
Until we can greet it
merely with a shrug.
Oh.
I understood he was a comic.
The line between comedy
and tragedy is a fine one.
You haven't told me
why you're here.
I wish to put it to you that
i know why you might have had
good reason
to poison your husband.
Please, sir, I'm hoarse
from repetition.
There will be no confession.
My plea has been made.
Mrs. cree, I'm not
assigned to your case.
I'm here because your husband
is a suspect in...
Another matter.
What matter?
A journal has been found.

I'd like to compare
the handwriting with his.
Might you have anything
that he wrote?
-His papers --
-he burned them, yes.
Mrs. Cree, if your husband were
found to have committed murder,
your claims of suicide
gain weight.
Do you understand?
You could go free.
Murder?
I'm investigating
a series of deaths.
They're calling them
the "limehouse golem" murders.
You can't honestly think my
husband capable of such things?
It's not my place
to have an opinion.
I just follow the threads.
The newspaper said it was
your first murder case.
That's a rotten kind
of chance to be given.
Excuse me?
I wanted to be
a serious actress, you know.
Had my chance once, too.
They don't give you another.
That's why I'd like to help you.
You needn't feign
interest in me.
There's nothing
feigned about it.
Raised in cruelty and yet
you stood tall and thrived.
That's...
Uncommon.
My mother did me the great
service of dying young.
I was raised in the music halls.
You want to buy some sweets,

miss?

Man:

Man #2:

-What a play.

-It was.

It's halfway over, love.

Come back tomorrow.

All right. Go on in.

You can still catch leno
if you're quick.

Lizzie:

Uncle:

Ah!

What fine manners.

Such fine manners!

I feel as if I'm at a tea party.

Please note the oxtail in the
jelly tonight is three pence.

Now...

-That's for later.

Uncle:

...Without any further ado,

may I introduce

the man of the hour,

Mr. Dan leno!

Here we are again!

Mummy!

Man:

Uncle:

All in dire need of pies.

I'll tell you what, dearie.

Seeing as you're here again,
be a good girl.

Give uncle a hand.

Be careful with that.

All too good to drop.

As the pregnant woman

said to the midwife!
Here you are, Vic.
A little bit of what you fancy.
-Ooh, pie.
John John.
Aveline, dear, nice and hot,
just as you like it.
But not quite so big.

Woman:

Last one's for you, Mr. leno.
Mr. leno, is it?
Did you find her at the grocers,
uncle?
She's certainly a green one.
Now, now, girls.
What's your name?
-Lizzie, sir.
Lambeth marsh Lizzie.
I thought I could
smell marsh gas.
Oh, don't let 'em dumb you.
It's just their way.
And call me Dan.
This is Tommy farr,
theater manager
and keeper of the bunce.
Speaking of which, we owe you
something for your trouble.
What in god's name did
they have you doing down there
in those marshes?
Digging graves.
Five years it was
before I found out
you're supposed to use a shovel.
I like this one.
Can you read?
Like a native.
Here.

Lizzie:

A fancy'd life
in other's breath.

A thing beyond us,
even before our death.
All we feel of it begins
and ends in the small circle
of our foes and friends."
That's my favorite line.
Alexander pope.
Are you looking for work,
Lizzie?
Yeah.
Only, our prompter ran off
with a lion comique.
And it won't all be lavender.
There'll be some
fetch and carry,
but there's decent bunce
and room in the digs
with the dancers.
What do you say?
How would you describe
your relationship with Dan leno?

Lizzie:

And he was...My mentor.
He took me under his wing.

Dan:

Where did you learn
to read and write
if you didn't go to school?
My mother's Bible, I suppose.
Oh, and speaking of books...
Oi.
Thank you.

-Dan:

Finished already?
That's the second this week!

Lizzie:

my first love.
And I've always heard it said
that first love is insatiable.
Sod writing new gags,

they can have the milkmaid again
tonight and like it.
I want to show you something.
Where are we going?

Dan:

A whole room?
Full of books?
Every inch of it.

Lizzie:

People come here just to read?
To read. To learn. To create.
It's like...A great furnace.
I mean, the future
is being forged here.
Writers, philosophers,
men of science.
All the way down
to lowly clowns like me.
The ladies' table is upstairs.
Oh, thanking you
kindly, good sir.
You were never
more than friends?

Lizzie:

I believe he felt
protective of me.
The prosecution wishes
to remind the court
that Mr. leno
was recently questioned
in connection with
the "limehouse golem" murders.

Defense:

Judge:

Inspector kildare!
Kildare!
Why was I not aware
that Dan leno
was previously a suspect?

You tell me, kildare.
It was in every daily newspaper.
But not in the brief
you gave me.
Well, he was eliminated
from inquiries.
The, uh, report's
on my desk somewhere.
You didn't think to place
it in your files?
The streets of London
run red with blood,
and you concern yourself
with paperwork?
You'd have made
a fine politician, kildare,
were you not
the topic of such...
Speculation.

Kildare:

Disgraceful lies, all of it.
The poor woman spoke
of misfortune and cruelty
and they've turned it upon her.
Makes my blood boil.
Seems your beloved leno
wasn't actually a suspect.
My beloved?
What man doesn't enjoy Dan leno?
One who doesn't care
for the music halls?
Well, I'll venture to say you've
not seen the right shows, sir.
If you ever wish
for a recommendation...
He was questioned in regard
to Alice Stanton's gown.
A label sewn into it
identified it as his,
a stage costume.
-So he knew her?

Kildare:

the dress was part
of a consignment
of stage costumes
he'd sold a year earlier
to a purveyor of
secondhand clothes."
And apparently he provided
a receipt which proved it.
Well, then it was merely
a coincidence.

Kildare:

As is perhaps the fact
that the purveyor of
secondhand clothes
was the late Mr. Gerrard,
murdered at ratcliffe highway.
We should get a sample
of his hand.

Quite. And can we find out
what's happened to that dress?

It wasn't with the rest
of the evidence.

I'll look into it, sir.

Why didn't you tell me
you questioned Dan leno?

I haven't.

Though I shall have to.

In court they said you had.

Not me.

Before I joined the case.

So is he a suspect or not?

Do you think he should be?

Please don't play games with me.

I have no desire to!

The golem is still at large.

Wasting my time
could cost lives.

Unless you are correct
about my husband.

If the golem is no more,
then none are at risk.

Besides yours...

You needn't hang, Mrs. cree.

Please call me Lizzie.
Just assist me in assisting you.
I can't tell you
what I don't know.
All I ask is that you
tell me what you do.
Where should I start?
How you came to know
John cree, perhaps.

Dan:

Though never a word has he said.
Right now he's lodging
with Mrs. Kelly.
Do you know Mrs. Kelly?
Don't you know Mrs. Kelly?
Good life-a-mighty,
don't look so simple.
Everybody knows Mrs. Kelly.
Am I -- am I going too fast
for you, love?
You spoof it, I'll write it.
Oh, she's a mean one,
Mrs. Kelly.
She'll buy half a dozen oysters
and eat them
in front of a mirror
to make them look like a dozen.
What about...
"I saw her take a coin
from her purse the other day,
and I swear,
I saw queen Victoria blinking
at the sight of sunlight"?
Are those petticoats ironed yet?
Good.
Then you can come over here
and lace me up.
Fuck off, Victor.

Victor:

You know I can't see
from the back row,
and I do so love

a double act.
Victor, out, out!
Come on.

-Victor:

Get that, will you, Lizzie.
That'll be the reporter
for my interview.
Hmm, you're new.
Lizzie.
Seen you before, haven't I?
You work for the era.
I'm a playwright,
but yes, indeed,
the era puts food on my table.
For now.
John cree.

Man:

Shall we?

Man #2:

love?

Victor:

Waitress:

The usual for everyone?

Dan:

Waitress:

What about you, dear?
A baked potato.
You don't fancy a bit
of meat tonight, Lizzie?
What's the matter, Dan?
She must be over 16.
No, I mustn't.
So, Lizzie, what's your act?
Do tell.
Uh, it's called
"little Lizzie the dogsbody."
Mm-hmm.

Yeah, I do all manner
of gags with an iron
and a pile of dirty smalls.
Oh, that sounds extraordinary.
It is.
She's dumbing you, John.
She means she's the prompt.
I was only saying earlier
you might make a good gagger.
She's got the dial for it,
hasn't she, uncle?
Say that again.
She's got the dial for it,
hasn't she, uncle?

Dan:

I don't know where
you put it all, Victor.
You must have hollow legs.
I can hold as much as the next
man, thank you very much.
Pour a quart in a pint pot,
you'll make a mess.
Nonsense.
I'm as right as rain.
Can't keep a good man down,
as they say,
but I know where you can
put a good man up.
Aah!
What in god's name is going on?
Nothing.
Lizzie stepped on my foot
by mistake.
No harm done.
I'm taking Lizzie home.
This is no place
for an innocent young girl.
Come, gentlemen.
No harm done.
As the executioner said
to the hanged man.
I'll -- I'll -- I'll take her.
There's no need.

I can walk alone.

John cree:

No, I'll not hear of it.
Please, your food will get cold.
I'll be quite safe.
Our digs are just
around the corner.
Then I'll be back in good time.

Uncle:

John cree's got a temper.
I'm not afraid of him.

Dan:

I'm afraid there's...
Awful news.
Victor was found at the bottom
of the stairs last night.

Kildare:

Are you trying to tell me
you suspected John cree?
I didn't say that.
I merely said he was protective.
You said the same of Dan leno.
I seem to ignite the urge
in men.
He was a terrible little turd.
But he was our
terrible little turd.
That's it,
cheer up.
I've suggested that we make
tonight's show
a special tribute.
We'll give him a grand send-off,
won't we?

Kildare:

of it to John?

Lizzie:

I never spoke of it to anyone.

I preferred to
chalk it up to fate.
Would you rather owe your
happiness to simple good fortune
or to an unspeakable
act of violence?
Little Victor's death
brought you happiness?

Lizzie:

gave me life.

Dan:

the doors and they laugh.

Uncle:

wipe your ass with the papers.
You don't read them.

-Dan:

Lizzie:

Do you think I could pay my
respects to little Victor, too?
Good god.
This is a funny thing.
What a funny thing.

Lizzie:

A blue one maybe,
Victor would like that.
A salty sailor act,
as if I were a man.
It could be a scream.
-Go on, then, Lizzie.
Give it a try.
Isn't that costume a little bit
small for you, dear?
That's the point.
Excuse me --
oh!
Oblige again!
Lizzie, oblige again!
They want more!

I don't have any more.
You have them!
Would you look at these
rotten cotton gloves?
That saltwater
will shrink anything.
Least that's what the ladies
down at the docks tell me.
I don't know, I just looked at
the gloves and they looked
so absurd that the line just
came to me like that.
"Them rotten cotton gloves!"
It could be your catchphrase.
No need to dip
into the blue bag so much.
They loved it.
They loved it all.
They love you.
And who wouldn't.
-Uncle!

-Aveline:

With Lizzie in that getup,
anyone looking over might think
you have an eye for the boys.
Well, let them think
what they like.
More drinks, please!
Little Victor wouldn't
have wanted any of us
standing up at the end
of the night.
I'm tired, I'm afraid.
Walk me home, will you, John?
I'll come back.
Why are you still
wearing your costume?
I hoped it might
keep the men away.
You prefer the girls, Lizzie?
Nothing wrong in that if you do.
Come on, no need to make
something from nothing.

You dress like a girl.
-Yeah, on stage.
Well, if you really care,
maybe I like
how I felt on stage.
I care.
I care to see you happy.
Tonight...
Tonight, you look happy.

Flood:

handwriting samples
from Marx, gissing, and leno.

Kildare:

with the maid again?

Flood:

I did, sir.
She won't hear a word
said against him.
You showed her
the journal entries?
She swore
the writing wasn't his.
If cree were our golem,
it would certainly make sense
of him destroying his papers.
And god knows
as a failed playwright,
cree must've grown sick
of watching his famous wife
earn London's attention.
Do you fancy another?
Trying to get me drunk?
A pint, please.
It was a joke.
Didn't mean nothing.
I didn't mean to offend.
I'm...
On your side.
It's not the golem
haunting you, is it?
It's her.

She's going to hang, flood.
We have to rule out
the other suspects.
Well, I may have found
an eyewitness in limehouse, sir.
Scaoil liom! Scaoil liom!
You're not in any trouble.
I'm taking you to someone
who can translate.
Understand?
This is -- this is sister Mary.
T mo mhthair tar
is m a dhol cheana.
T fear do m'fhuadach
ar mo l breithe.
The child says
she's not for sale.
Her mum's got a fella
taking her on her next birthday.
No, no, please.
Tell her my colleague
showed her some photographs,
suspects in a crime.
She seemed to recognize
one of them.
We need to know where
and when she saw him.

Flood:

Solomon weil lived!
The scholar, the third victim.
Which house number did he --

-kildare:

This man?
Families starve in the streets.
Women are used up
and thrown away, then you --
you persecute one
who fights for the people.
You're not fit to clean the
boots of a man like Karl Marx.
So...
London declares that

the Jew was murdered
by a Jewish monster?
And so absolves itself
of all responsibility.
Make no mistake, gentlemen,
it is not Solomon weil
who's mutilated
and murdered here.
It is the Jew.
None of the golem's
other victims were hebrews, sir.

Marx:

This murderer strikes at
the very symbols of the city --
the Jew, the whore.
They are
the sacrificial tributes
in this labyrinth of London.
And so of course must
be ritually butchered.
What is it that
you wish me to write?
"The morning herald...
Had declined
to review my debut."

Marx:

All that work for nothing.
I resolved that this time
I'd put on a show
that everyone would notice.
A fine opening act
of the crowd-pleasing sort.

Marx:

on to create a spectacle
that no beholder
would ever forget.
"It was all too easy
to kill a whore.
Tonight I would return
to kill the Jew."
This is absurd.

You didn't do this.
Of course I didn't.

Greatorex:

with the defendant
that in the weeks
before his death,
Mr. cree had seemed "morbid"?
No, sir.
He was in good spirits.

Greatorex:

describe relations
between Mr. cree and his wife?

Aveline:

Not especially good, sir.
They saw very little
of each other.
And yet Mrs. cree insisted on
preparing him a nightly draft?
That is correct, sir.

Greatorex:

Mr. cree express suspicions
that she might have tainted
this draft with something?
Not quite.
Though just before his death,
I overheard them in dispute.
I heard Mr. cree say,
"you devil.
You have done this."
She may as well have placed the
noose around my neck herself.
You must make it plain to the
jury that there was bad blood
between the two of you.
Romantic jealousy.
I never stood between them.
I'm sure my feelings on intimacy
are plain to you by now.
John was free to court
aveline if he wanted to.

But he had his heart set on you.
I did nothing to encourage it.
My stage career had taken off.
I rarely saw him.
And then...
Out of the blue,
he invited me for supper.
Your new show's tremendous.
Fashionable young man:
We feel awful intruding.
We simply adore you.
Thank you.
Thank you.
I'll treasure this.
Thank you very much.
-I can't believe it.
-What a surprise!
As I was saying, I have reached
the end of the first act
of "misery junction."
But I can't quite decide
what to do with my heroine next,
and, um, I thought
you might advise me.
I'm flattered.
The heroine's name
is Katherine dove.
-Hmm.

-John cree:

I had her in the workhouses,
but now I have her
sewing sailcloth on the docks.

Lizzie:

My mother died when I was young.
Her kidneys.
It was so fast.
Orphaned and alone at 14.
Is Katherine dove an orphan?
She could be.
But you've still not told me
what to do with her
by the end of the first act.

Lizzie:

John cree:

she's very close
to salvation and ruin,
and I'm wondering
if I should rescue her.

Lizzie:

Have her become successful.
Loved by her audiences.
But she's very much alone.
Living in theatrical digs,
hand to mouth.
It's a life of degradation.
Come on.
People love to see degradation
upon the stage.
It's what they pay for.
Yeah, but they expect
to see a happy ending.
And Katherine deserves
a protector.
She does.
Her manager, perhaps.
Someone kindly, like uncle.
No, an elderly character,
the audience would know
he wouldn't live
to see her into old age.
A friend, then.
A comic, maybe.
I would like to
give her a suitor.
Someone who cares fiercely
for her well-being.
A white knight.
What do you think?
I think Katherine dove can
look out for herself.

Dan:

Yes, there we go.

Get it out.
That's it.
Gin.
Down here.
There we go.
God.
I think I put my back out
carrying her up the stairs.
I see you decided to dress
as a woman this evening.
Can't wear a costume
out to supper, can I?
Wouldn't be the first time.
Be careful of that one, Lizzie.
Don't lead him up
the garden path
unless you're prepared
to be dragged indoors.
He offered me the lead
in "misery junction."
He'll expect something
in return.
You don't need him, Lizzie.
You did all this on your own.
I could do more.
Could be a real actress.
Show the world what people
like us are really capable of.
I just need a chance.
Here we sit, the two most
famous faces on the stage,
and you suggest the world
conspires to oppress us.
Remember that book you lent me?
Pope?
In the temple of fame,
some people's names are carved
in stone and others in ice.
We're clowns, Dan.
We'll be forgotten.
If you think a man like John
cree is going to change that,
I don't have
the breath to argue.

And you know she's got
a soft spot for him.
And whatever her faults,
she's family.
And we look out
for each other, don't we?
The big finale is the hanging.
We've a life-size gallows.
I'll wear this harness,
concealed,
and then drop right
through the trap just there.
Looks just like a real hanging.
Lizzie, you sure it's safe,
this contraption?
You're not wearing
a real noose, are you?
Oh, the noose is real,
but the fall is broken
by the harness.
Where's Lizzie?
Up above giving John Cree
an interview for the era.
Is that what they call it?
I'll go and tell her
to hurry up.
The play's a shocker,
but a spoof shocker,
the way only our marvelous
company can do it.
Dan wrote it.
It's based on the, uh,
the Ratcliffe Highway Murders
of 1811.
-John Williams.
-Pardon?
The killer's name
was John Williams.
Oh, quite.
But much of it is fiction.
It's all great fun,
and terribly gory.
Oh, you must put that
in for your readers.

Dan says everybody thrills
to Gore these days.
Let's have you finished, John.
She's not even ready and
she's on stage in 10 minutes.
We can't have the star late
for the first performance.

Lizzie:

Always will be.
Thought I felt my ears burning.
Did anyone check the safety?
-Of course.
Wouldn't let anything happen
to our Lizzie, would we?
-How's the crowd?
-Excellent.
Great number of Jews.
I believe it's one
of their holidays.
You should speak
to them in yiddish.
They will love it.
Wish them...
"Meesa meschina."
Welcome, brave hearts,
to an evening of horror.
Our play's about to begin,
but first, ladies and gentlemen,
and those not unconnected with a
certain historical chosen race,
may I wish you all
from the bottom of my heart
meesa meschina.

Man:

What did you say that for?!
What happened?
Lizzie wished the Jews
a sudden death!
Oh!
Here we are again!
It was only a lark, Lizzie.
I came back at once to see

if you were all right.

Kildare:

you began courting?

After a fashion.

I could never love

John enough to give him

what he really wanted.

But you grew to love him?

I wanted to be in his play.

He wanted the gratification
of plucking a poor needy girl
from misery and saving her.

We used one another equally.

Perhaps that's the best that
can be said of any coupling.

That's a very dim view.

If you seek a dim view,
be sure to ask a comedian.

Alice Stanton's dress
finally showed up.

Improperly archived,
like everything else here.

Been at the jail again?

Anything more on cree?

Only that he was
a manipulative ass
who fancied himself
as a white knight.

I meant as relating to our case.

The golem. Remember him?

Cree knew of the murderer

John Williams.

Yet, apparently,
so did Dan leno.

In fact, leno wrote
a whole play about the fellow.

Golem suspect who is alive.

That would be bad news.

-For his next victim, certainly.

-And for you.

Or do you no longer care
what becomes of your career?

I've a job to do

and I'm doing it.
-And which job would that be?
-Watch your tongue, flood.
Do I need to remind you
of your position?
That may be helpful.
Because there are times
when I'm confused
as to whether we're here
to find the golem
or to save Elizabeth.
Perhaps we'll do both!
Who knows...
Dear god, how many pockets
did leno need?
He tosses things into the crowd.
Sweeties. Flowers.
Undergarments.
Sounds hilarious.
Didn't Roberts
empty the contents?
The coroner's office did it.
Why?
Did they miss something?
8 gower place?
Why do I know that?
Perhaps because
we're due a visit.
It's George gissing's address.

Flood:

an alibi for the night
of the ratcliffe highway
murders,
but she seemed
fond of her drink.
We need to talk to Mr. gissing,
madam.
George isn't here.
He just left.
Do you know where he was going?
Limehouse, perhaps?

Kildare:

I'm interested to see
where he goes.
What business a scholar has
in the streets of limehouse.
Madam, we're from Scotland yard.

Den proprietor:

We're just a pharmacy.
You go away!
Check my record!
Our business
is with Mr. gissing,
the man who just entered,
not you.

Den proprietor:

He keep his work here.
Always working.
Writing.
Mr. gissing,
I'm detective inspector kildare
of Scotland yard.
Perhaps you could explain
how this came to be
in the possession
of a murdered woman.

Gissing:

my address in the pockets
of a great many women
in this area, sir.
My wife, Nell, is in the habit
of...Going missing.
I give my address so that
they may contact me
if they see her.
Let us just say my wife
used to ply the same trade.
You don't seem in the least
bit surprised.
By what?
That a gentleman like me,
a-a scholar,
should have wed a fallen woman.

Why would anyone be surprised?
The world is full of men
like you, Mr. gissing.
I beg your pardon?
Men who feign generosity
when what they really seek
is congratulation.
Men who play god
by saving lives.
Is it really so different,
i wonder,
from playing god by taking them?
I am not a murderer, sir.
Then perhaps you will
write the words that I dictate?
Let's get this thing done.
"September 10, 1880.
My public debut...
Kildare and gissing:
...Had garnered rave reviews."
I could scarcely
wait to begin work
on my next creation,
but there was time
to pass before dark,
so I paid a visit
to the ratcliffe highway shop.
I bought some cufflinks
from the owner's wife.
I could tell that
when the time came,
she would make a fine player
in my Magnum opus.
You're not
the Jew from the library.
Ah, well.
No matter.
Who are you?
What do you want?
I have come to discourse
with you.
About death
and everlasting life.
Herein...

Lies the secret.
It was here that
i read of the mythical golem,
a homunculus of Clay
given life by man.
How could any londoner
fail to delight
in this piece of theater?
I could even see myself
appearing before
the next unfortunate
with mallet in hand
exclaiming,
"here we are again."
May I go now?
What?
Oh, yes, I'm sorry.
Why would you be
thinking of me still?
My hand doesn't match at all.
You know I'm innocent.
I know.
I was reading what you wrote.
You were in my mind.
I'm sorry.
Something I missed.
Oh, I see. What is it?
A line from the journal.
"I bought some cufflinks
from the owner's wife."
On September the 10th,
the golem made a purchase
from the ratcliffe highway shop.

Dan:

production of "bluebeard"
opens this weekend,
and all of London longs
to see the great Dan leno
performing it.
But I know they yearn
for more potent excitements.
This is pantomime
in its purest form.

I could even see myself
appearing
before the next unfortunate,
with a mallet in my hand,
exclaiming,
"here we are again!"

Dan:

and delight to discover,
on the streets of limehouse,
a whore wearing a costume
i remembered well.
She was a player
waiting for a role.
Of course, I obliged her.
The public yearned
for the next installment.
And one should never
keep an audience waiting.

Flood:

We need to forget about cree
and concentrate on leno.
The golem even imagined himself
saying, "here we are again."
I know, but apparently everyone
knows leno's catch-phrase.
There's Alice Stanton's dress
and the fact
he knew Mr. Gerrard.
We're all part
of London's tapestry.
Sometimes threads get crossed.
Good lord!
We should buy tickets.
I'd be intrigued
to see how it ends.
I could recommend many
better shows.
I was making a joke, flood.
As was I.
Obviously.
Who'd wish to see something
in such poor taste?

Apparently London's appetite
for horror knows no bounds.
Our golem was quite
correct about that.

Dan:

Have mercy!
It's been days since I've eaten!
Oh, you are a kind man, bluey!
I shall never have it said
you're not good to me.
I thought I might expire
from starvation.
What on earth
are you doing, dear?!

Bluebeard:

I'm taking my medical treatment.

Dan:

The doctor told me to take a
daily walk on an empty stomach.
Ah. Brought the receipt, as
you requested in your telegram.
As you will see,
i did not buy cufflinks.
A ladies' hat.
I often shopped for stagewear
at Gerrard's little shop.
God rest him.
I knew him well.
Oh, now, you mentioned needing
a sample of my hand.
Well, i-i-i brought a pile
of my old papers.
Please, take as many
as you see fit.
I'm afraid I'll need you
to produce a sample
in my presence, Mr. leno.
Then you will permit me
to pay you a visit
at Scotland yard
tomorrow afternoon?

Only,
i have supper arrangements.
And I've still to be rid
of all of this.
If you'll...Excuse me?

Kildare:

Perhaps we could continue
to talk while you're...
I've some questions I'd like to
ask you about John cree.
Then I shall try to answer them.
Though one should never
speak ill of the dead.
You didn't care for the man?
I was friendly with his wife.
He made her unhappy.
You may extrapolate the rest.
When did you last see him?
First night of his play,
"misery junction,"
which also happened
to be the closing night.
I know.
Did you see him afterwards?

Dan:

This is my theatre.
I took over managing it
last year when...
Uncle joined the great pantomime
in the sky.
The performance was here?
For Lizzie's sake.
Whatever became
of our friendship,
we'll always be family.
Is John cree a suspect?
I'm not at Liberty to say.

Dan:

What will you do,
dig him up for the trial?

Kildare:

Do you know why Lizzie might be
reluctant to voice
any suspicions?

You think she's protecting him?

Now, that's a novel slant.

Most people believe
she poisoned him.

Do you?

Either way, that man was
the author of his own demise.
He practically destroyed her.
Insisting she give up
the stage...

I mean, he may as well
have ended her life.

Kildare:

was capable of ending a life?

Literally, I mean.

Who knows what any man
is capable of?

We all wear pantomime masks,
do we not?

I'm sorry,
i really must dress now.

First, tell me
about little Victor.

If the injustices of the past
interest you,

you'd do better to look into
the demise of Tommy farr.

Uncle?

Uncle.

They said the jury expects
to reach a verdict
this afternoon.

I know. Lizzie...

It would seem the press
have reached theirs already.

Lizzie, I spoke with Dan.

He urged me to look
into uncle's death.

If you wanted to know

about uncle,
you should simply have asked.
Come into the parlor.
As the spider said to the fly.
Isn't that how it goes?
The rhyme?
It may be, Lizzie.
It may be.
Cucumber sandwich?
No, thanks.

Uncle:

You're not entirely partial
to cucumber, are you?
What's this about, uncle?
Why'd you invite me?
I want to show you something.
Well, close your eyes.
Good girl.
Shh!
It's just my fun, Lizzie.
I like a good beating
every now and again.
Doesn't everyone?
I know her.
That's the girl who assisted
the great bolini.
She used to be sawn in half.
That's her, ducks.
What a performer.
But it's a shame she had
to leave the company.
Why have you shown me this?
Don't play the innocent with me.
I am not playing.
I am real.
Well, I'd be grateful
if you could oblige me, Lizzie,
with a pose, a tableau.
Perhaps a little beating?
I'd rather be
destroyed first.
I'm prepared to forget
this visit ever took place.

Well, as I said,
it is a pity she had to go.
She grew tired of performing.
You would never be rid of me.
Dan would never allow it.

Uncle:

as keeper of bunce,
that I can do as I please.
Now, you keep my secret
and I'll keep yours.
I have no secrets.
You shall in a moment.

Lizzie:

to him next Sunday
and every Sunday hereafter.
To do the same again?
There's photographs.
John, I had to speak
of it to somebody.
This is monstrous, Lizzie!
You can't tell a soul.
I shall put a stop to this.
But first...
I wish to do this.
He's robbed you of your honor.
Let me restore it to you.
Uncle died three days
after John confronted him.
Uncle was not young.
He had a weak heart
and a fondness for drink.
That's not what Dan leno thinks.
He thinks that John blackmailed
uncle into changing his will
and then killed him.
500 and the camera.
It would seem I gave
an excellent beating.
You don't want
to be saved, do you?
Not by me.
Not by any man.

I don't deserve to be saved.
John, I can't.
Huh?
What do you mean?
We're husband and wife
now, Lizzie.
I know.
Three years I've waited.
Three years of courtship
and endless bloody engagement.
It's hardly my fault that panto
season extended 'til easter.
Would you have had me spend our
wedding night playing Aladdin?
It seems now that option
would've been
scarcely different.
Please, John,
just try to understand.
No, you understand!
John, please, I don't like it.

John cree:

I don't ask for gratitude
for all I've done for you.
All I ask is that you fulfill
your duties as a wife.

Man:

Hello.
-Hello.
-Hello.

Dan:

drawn up tomorrow, John John.
But don't you worry.
-Lizzie!
Lizzie.
Well, well.
If it isn't Mrs. John cree.
Three months of married life
and you're missing
the roar
of the greasepaint already.

Lizzie:

I've been too busy
to miss anything.
Oh, what tosh!
Little Lizzie without
an audience.
You mustn't let that
rotten man order you about so.
John is perfectly happy
for me to perform.
Still going to play the lead
in "misery junction."
Oh, come of it, Lizzie.
That man's so petrified
of failure
he'll never bring himself
to finish it.
He's writing every day
at the library.
It's almost complete.
I'm telling you as a friend,
Lizzie.
Forget "misery junction."
Forget John.
If you want your name
etched in stone,
you're gonna have to take up
the chisel yourself.
So, to what do we owe
the pleasure?
I'm actually here
to see aveline.
I have a proposition
for you, dear.
I'm in need of a ladies' maid.
-Me?
-Mm-hmm.
You must be playing.
I can offer you twice the weekly
wage you're earning here.
What I require is some help
bearing the load of my --
my wifely duties.

Dear god, Lizzie.
Do you know how John's play
is coming along?
Very nicely, he tells me.
You know,
there's no need for you
to prepare his
nightly cordial, Lizzie.
I can do it.
I make one for myself.
It's no more effort
to prepare two.

Aveline:

I'd be happy to make both.
I could bring yours
to your quarters
before I take John's to his.
Mm.
What on earth
are you doing here?
I should ask you the same thing,
because I know what it is
you're not doing,
and that is writing.
Why tell me "misery junction"
was not finished
when it was hardly even begun?
-It was!
It's nearly complete.
I've just put it aside for now.
Put it aside?
I support you financially.
I allow that your
every need is met!
Oh, don't pillory me
about my damn play
if what really irks you
is aveline.
Why would that irk me?
Go home, Lizzie.
Let me finish my research.
Your research?
Into what?

My play.
My new play.
But what of "misery junction"?
I grew tired of Katherine dove.
Is there a role in it for me?

John cree:

There is not.
You're a lady now,
and the stage
is no place for a lady.
You staged it without permission
and it was poorly received.
" 'Misery junction' leaves
audience in misery, indeed."
Isn't it funny how
the savage reviews are the ones
you can recall word for word?
More! More!

Lizzie:

Uncle, please.
You have stolen my honor!
I am innocent!
You wish to be a man?
Just pretend that I'm a women!
It's Lizzie they're mocking,
John.
It's not your play.
You lie!
This was not for me!
This was for you!
You wish to prove
yourself as an actress,
you selfish whore,
and you failed even at that!
You are the failure.
-Jesus!
-See?
Where's the white knight now,
John?
You are just as all men.
One more word from your mouth
and I will snap

your wretched neck!
--John, go home.
My play was unfinished
and you destroyed it!
Destroyed me and my reputation!
You don't have a reputation!
Who do you believe
yourself to be?
You are nobody, John, nobody,
and you never will be!
Get out of here, John.
Out!
Look at you both.
You're clowns.
Worthless clowns.
You're the ones who'll
be forgotten, not me.
Not me.

Man:

-Aveline:

-John cree:

-Aveline:

-Man:

John.
John.
John!
That opening night,
September the 5th,
it drove him over the edge,
but not to suicide.
It drove him to prove to
the world that he was an artist.
That night, the golem
made his first kill,
and you think
it's your fault.
You are putting words
in my mouth.
Why this dance, Lizzie?

Why won't you admit
that you came to know
or at least suspect
what he'd become?
If this is a dance,
it is you who is leading.
Let me read you
the last entry.
"Ratcliffe highway was
a tour de force.
And as an actor may take home
a program as a souvenir,
so I returned with
a blood-soaked shawl
belonging to the clothes
seller's wife.
The next night,
fearful of discovery,
I ventured to destroy it,
and therein lay my mistake.

Lizzie:

I didn't hear you come in.

John cree:

There were no questions asked,
no recriminations.
I believe a homemade punishment
may be planned for me instead.
I no longer feel safe
under my own roof.
I cannot go on like this.
You poisoned him, didn't you?
Lizzie, listen to me.
We have a few minutes.
You can still change your plea.
Confess.
You did it because
you knew what he was.
You did it because you were
in fear for your life.
I promise you'll have
the sympathy of the jury.
I don't want their sympathy.

Kildare:

deserve redemption?
Because you killed him
or because you believe
you created a monster?
What I deserve is
to live freely,
and in death be remembered
for my accomplishments,
not as the wife
who poisoned her husband,
my name forever tethered to his.

Man:

While that chance remains,
i have no choice
but to cling to it.

Judge:

reached a verdict?
Yes, my lord.

Judge:

find the defendant?
Guilty.

Judge:

Order!
Elizabeth cree, you will be
returned to prison
and taken from there
to a place of execution,

where at 10:

you will be hanged by the neck
until you are dead.
May the lord have mercy
on your soul.
Inspector kildare,
Scotland yard.
I need a moment with her,
please.
You don't deserve this.

It's done.
I hang tomorrow at 10:00.
No.
I won't let it happen.
John cree was a murderer.
I mean to prove it
and appeal for your pardon.
The world needs
to know the truth.
I'd like for you
to unmask the golem.
This is your moment,
your chance.
I'd like for you to have that.
I'm sorry, sir.
We need to leave.

Kildare:

We don't have much time.
The manuscript of "misery
junction" is handwritten.
Dan may still have it.
I shall stop this.
I promise you.
You filthy...
Here we are again!
Lizzie paid for the hire
of the theatre.
I advised her against it,
but she was adamant.
And it was not a success.
That's putting it mildly.
So put it any way that you will.

Dan:

but Lizzie insisted
on a full house,
so she took to the streets
and gave them away to the poor.
Ah.
Aha! Here it is.
"Misery junction."
It's typeset.
Oh, I don't have the original

manuscript, I'm afraid.
A usual practice is
to have it archived,
unless the author asks
for it back, which he didn't.
Archived...Where?

Flood:

to open up early, sir.
He should be here any moment.

Kildare:

They hang her at 10:00.

Woman:

Lizzie!
Lizzie!
Lizzie.
I'm ready.

Rowley:

But this is most odd.
Should be here.
Could someone have withdrawn it?
Not unless they did so just now.

Kildare:

Flood:

Unhand me!
I've done nothing wrong.
Then perhaps you can tell us
why the hurry to obtain this?
I plan to rewrite it, sir.
Demand a production.
A topical shocker
about Lizzie cree.
Now she's to be hanged,
it'll be a smash.

Flood:

So you're a writer now,
are you, miss Ortega?

Aveline:

No, sir.

But it won't require much work.

It was the story of her life,
after all.

My idea is to begin
the play at the gallows,
then retrace each step
that led her to them.

I cannot help but think that the
addition of a murderous husband
might be popular.

I told you all I know, sir.

John is innocent.

Jesus!

You're the ones
who'll be forgotten!

Not me.

Lizzie:

There's no one here.

They hardly ever admit the
public these days, Mrs. Cree.

Only for the most hated.

Please, no.

You must help me.

Please.

Please tell them to wait.

Inspector Kildare is coming.

-I'm sorry.

Can't you go any faster?

Prison's just around the corner.

I know!

No, we must wait
for him, please.

This is wrong!

He will prove it!

I beg you, just a little longer!

I'm sorry.

Man:

Man:

Guard:

Who are you here for?

-Kildare:

Say I'm not too late.
They're just taking her down.
Quick as you can.
Send for the magistrate!
Stop! Stop!
Don't thank me yet.
All they've given me
is an hour's grace
to speak to the magistrate.
I've still to convince him
to reduce your sentence.
Don't be glum.
You have the golem.
The world will know
the real story, and it's you --
you who will know every chapter,
who will tell it.
You have my gratitude.
Always.
And you mine.

Kildare:

Lizzie, Lizzie, don't.

Lizzie:

Could any believe John cree
capable of such deeds?
I guarantee it.
Have no doubt.
Then let us bring
this to an end.
Here's what you will write.
"I am Elizabeth cree,
and in September of this year,
I came to know that my husband
was the limehouse golem."
All you need to do
is tell the truth.
I have never told you anything
but the truth, kildare.

You shall have your moment,
and I mine.

In the temple of fame, our names
will be written side-by-side
in stone for all time.

Kildare:

on September the 24th?

Rowley:

in the reading room that day,
but there's no earthly way
of knowing
what anyone read
or when they read it.

Lizzie:

I didn't hear you come in.
There were no questions asked,
no recriminations.
I believe a homemade punishment
may be planned for me instead.
I no longer feel safe
under my own roof.
I cannot go on like this.

Uncle:

to keep each other's secrets.
And you didn't keep mine,
did you?
I wonder what I should do
with yours.
I think you should take it
to the grave.
Aah!

Annie:

Gerrard:

Lizzie:

Few would think a woman
capable of such artistry.

Gerrard:

Here we are again!
You were too late?
This, um...
This is probably the last thing
you want at present,
but they're waiting
for you downstairs.
You're about to be
the toast of London, John.
I know how much you cared
for her.
Just...
Know how grateful she would
be that the world
will know what her
bastard husband really was.
Not just as a murderer, but as
a man who sought to deny her
all she wanted to be.
It's you who saved her honor.
Her memory.
She would've wanted you
to have this.

Lizzie:

for him. Please!
This is wrong, he will prove it!
I beg you, just a little longer!
I...
I don't believe inspector
kildare will be coming back.
I am not a poisoner.
I believe you.
I am so much more.
We shall be issuing
our full report on John cree
in an hour, gentlemen.
Well.
It seems the show must go on.
Londoners can sleep easy
in their beds again.
The golem is no more.
Evening post reporter:

Inspector! Inspector,
any comments
on your promotion, sir?

Executioner:

Any last words?
Here we are again!
Let us begin, my friends,
at the end.
N-not the green, love, the red.
Mother doesn't get sick
until scene four.
Did anyone check the safety?

Stagehand:

Take her weight. Take...

Woman:

Is she breathing?
We have to get back out there.
You're Lizzie's mother now.
I'll be Lizzie.
Lizzie!