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Gaslight

By John Van Druten

Stand back.

No, Paula. Don't look back.

You've got to forget everything
that's happened here.

That's why you're going to Italy,
to Signor Guardi.

He was the best friend your aunt ever had,
and he'll be yours, too.

Perhaps Signor Guardi will make you
into a great singer, as she was.

Wouldn't you like that?

You must think of the future, dear,
not the past.

No. Now, look. Wait a moment, signorina.
There's no use.

Paula, you are not concentrating.

Your mind's not on your singing.

All these years you've worked so hard.

Now what's come over you?

This opera is tragedy, signorina.

You seem incapable of understanding.

Did you never hear your aunt sing Lucia?

You look like her.

But I don't sing like her. I know.

Signor Guardi,

may I speak to you seriously?

- Very seriously.

- Maestro.

It is 10 minutes to the hour.

If you're not continuing the lesson,

I'd like to be excused.

- Very well, Signor Anton.

- Thank you. Good afternoon, signorina.

Now, what is it you wish

to say to me seriously?

"Very seriously."

Signor Guardi, I've tried.

I've worked hard, but it's no use.

- I haven't the voice, have I?

- The trouble is not in your voice alone.

Your heart is not in your singing anymore.

Each time you come here now,

you look happier and you sing worse.

Tell me, Paula, you're in love?

Yes. It's something
that has never happened to me before...
something I never expected
would happen...
but suddenly
it is as if nothing else existed...
even my music,
which used to mean so much to me.
Yes, you are right. My thoughts
were wandering while singing just now.
I'm too happy. That's why you said...
the tragedy was something
I could never understand.
I'm sorry. It was cruel of me to say that...
cruel and untrue.
Real tragedy has touched your life...
and very deeply.
But now there is a chance
to forget tragedy, my child.
Take it. Free yourself from the past...
and forget your singing, too, for a while.
Happiness is better than art.
Dear Maestro, no one has ever been
as kind to me as you have since she died.
Will you let me meet the man
who is taking my pupil away from me?
Yes, of course.
You have a rendezvous with him.
The moment your lesson is over,
you fly to him.
Is he jealous of your music,
these hours you spend away from him?
Dear Maestro...
I don't know when we'll meet again.
Thank you.
- Did you tell him?
- He told me. He didn't know who.
- What did he say?
- He said I should take my happiness.
And will you? Now?
Why do you still hesitate, Paula?
But I don't know you.
I don't know anything about you.
Nor I about you, but I want to marry you.

- Are you afraid?

- I think I am, a little.

- Of me?

- No.

No, never, but of happiness.

I haven't had a lot,
and I feel I can't trust it.

You must give me time
to get used to the idea.

You shall have all the time you want.

I've waited for you so long.

Waited? We've only known
each other two weeks.

I've waited all my life till now.

I can wait a little longer.

But it will not be easy to wait,
to be patient, seeing you every day.

No, it won't be easy for me, either.

- I should go away.

- Go away?

By myself for a week, only a week...

just to know what I'm doing,
just to be sure.

- Where will you go?

- I thought perhaps to the Lakes.

- And when will you go?

- I thought tomorrow.

- Tomorrow?

- Is that too soon?

No, the sooner you go,
the sooner you will come back.

But while you're away, never forget
for one moment I'm here waiting...

and in love with you.

My dearest.

Oh, my goodness! Good gracious!

- It's so exciting.

- Your book?

Yes. It's about a girl who marries a man,
and what do you think?

- He's got six wives buried in the cellar.

- That seems a lot.

Yes, and I'm only on Page 200,
so I'm sure there's still more to come.

- It's a wonderful book.

- It sounds a little gruesome.

Yes. I'm afraid I enjoy a good murder now and then.

My brother always calls me

"Bloodthirsty Bessie."

- Have a biscuit, dear.

- Thank you.

Digestive biscuits.

Unpleasant name, isn't it?

I always call them "diggy biscuits."

I never travel without them.

- You're not English, are you?

- No.

I was brought up there.

My aunt lived in London.

- Are you on your way there now?

- No. I'm going to Lake Como.

- All by yourself?

- Yes, all by myself.

- But is that wise?

- I don't think any harm will come to me.

I'm going to London.

I must be in London for the spring.

The crocuses, you know,

and the daffodils and the tulips.

The gardens are so beautiful in the spring.

I say "Good morning" to my flowers in Thornton Square every day.

- Thornton Square?

- Yes. That's where I live, Number 16.

Do you know it?

- I know Thornton Square.

- Do you know anyone living there?

- I used to. Not anymore.

- I wonder who that could be.

I know almost everyone

who lives there now.

We're all so very friendly,

popping in and out of each other's houses.

- What number did your friends live at?

- I'm afraid I don't remember.

You know, we had a real, live murder there.

Yes, I'd heard of it.

Unfortunately, it's before I went
to live there, just a year before.

Ten years ago, at Number 9,
a famous singer called Alice Alquist.

- Have another biscuit, dear.

- No, thank you.

It was a most mysterious case.

They never found out who killed her.

They never even found a motive.

I've tried to get in the house many a time.

I think it's so exciting. Don't you?

I mean, just to see.

Nothing's been changed...

- all the furniture and everything...

- I think we're getting into Como.

So we are.

- Is anyone meeting you?

- No.

- You will be careful, won't you?

- I will. Goodbye.

Goodbye. Come and see me
if you're ever in London.

My name is Thwaites, Miss Thwaites.

I'll point out the window of the room
in Number 9 where it happened.

You can see it from my drawing room.

- You're not angry with me?

- Angry?

If you hadn't come,

I should have sent for you.

Come and look at the morning.

Aren't you cold like this?

What were you dreaming of?

- Our life together.

- And how do you see it?

I saw all the places

where we'll be together.

Lovely places like this.

I was thinking of our life together, too,
only I heard it in music.

- Something that I want to write.

- Yes, what?

The whole thing is alive with happiness.

I want a feeling of the early morning.

- This morning.

- Yes.

With the sun rising,
lighting your hair as it is now.

I don't know how it ends.

Perhaps it never ends until I do.

- When will you start on it?

- Some day...

after we've had our honeymoon...

and settled down

in a home of our own somewhere.

- Where?

- Where would you like us to settle?

- I haven't thought. Paris, perhaps.

- Paris?

Or Rome?

How would you feel about London?

London?

Paula, if you won't laugh at me,

I'd like to tell you something.

I won't laugh at you. What is it?

It's an idea, a silly idea

that's been with me for years.

I was in London once in the winter.

It seemed there was no city

in the world...

that was colder to the homeless...

or that could be warmer

to the ones who had a home.

How I used to long

for a home of my own...

in one of those quiet houses

in the little London squares...

with the woman

I should one day come to love.

Could we settle down in London?

Not in a house in a square, perhaps...

Paula, why do you look like that?

- Because there is a house in a square.

- What house?

- She left it to me.

- She?

You mean Alice Alquist?

She was my mother's sister.
My mother died when I was born.
I don't know anything about her
or my father.
I lived with my aunt always
as if I were her own.
After it happened I never went back.
That house
comes into my dreams sometimes...
a house of horror.
It's strange.
I haven't dreamed of it
since I've known you.
I haven't been afraid since I've known you.
- Afraid?
- Yes.
For years I've been afraid
of something nameless...
ever since she died.
You've cast out fear for me.
If it were true,
it would make me very happy.
It is true. I've found peace in loving you.
- I could even face that house with you.
- No, Paula, beloved.
- I would not ask that of you.
- Yes, you shall have your dream.
You shall have your house in a square.
Good morning, daffodils.
Good morning, tulips.
Percy! There it is, dear.
What are you doing, my good man?
Turning on the water
in Number 9, ma'am.
Nine? Why nine?
Orders, ma'am.
It must be going to be occupied at last,
after all these years.
Wouldn't care to live in there, myself.
I don't know about living there,
but I would like to get a peep inside.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
- Are we late?

- Not at all. I've only been here a moment.

- Good morning, Mr. Anton.

- Good morning.

It's you. Don't you remember me?

In the train in Italy last month.

Diggy biscuits.

Yes, of course, I do.

Don't tell me

you're coming to live in Number 9?

Yes.

We mustn't keep Mr. Mufflin waiting.

- Sorry, I must go now. Perhaps we can...

- I'll call directly you're settled.

That's my house over there,

with the pink curtains.

Goodbye, for the present.

Goodbye. I'm so glad

we are to be neighbors.

So am I.

This lock needs oiling.

If there's anything further I can do,

let me hear from you. Good day.

- Good day.

- Good day, Mr. Anton.

Now, Paula...

- This is the dining room?

- Yes.

There's a little study beyond it.

- And the drawing room is upstairs?

- Yes.

Come, Paula.

Don't stand there in the doorway.

Will you light the gas, please?

- Gregory.

- It's a very handsome room.

Yes, but to see it like this...

I remember parties in this room

when it was full of flowers and light.

Those must have been wonderful days.

It's all dead in here.

The whole place seems to smell of death.

There. It will all be fresh again

in a moment.

That's where she kept her treasures.

Things she collected
on her tours around the world.
- The glass is broken.
- It was broken that night.
All the things were disarranged,
but there was nothing missing.
I know all these by heart.
It was a great treat
when she'd unlock them...
and take them out
and tell me all their stories.
- Careful, dearest.
- She wore this glove in Romeo and Juliet...
at the command performance
at Covent Garden.
Gounod signed it for her afterwards.
I never knew what happened
to the other glove.
I used to ask her sometimes...
but she'd only laugh
and say she'd given it away.
A very great admirer.
She would never tell me who.
I wish I could have seen her.
Let me show her to you.
That's as the Empress Theodora.
That was her greatest role.
When she sang it in St. Petersburg...
the Czar used to come
to every performance.
She was very beautiful,
very much like you.
It was there that I found her,
there in front of the fire...
under her own portrait.
I was in bed, and something woke me.
I've never known what.
I came running down the stairs...
frightened, as if I knew
what had happened.
She had been strangled.
She had been strangled.
Her lovely face was all...
No, I can't stay here.

Then how would it be if we took away
all these things that remind you so of her?
The painting, all this furniture.
Shut it away so you can't even see it?
Suppose we make it a new house
with new things, beautiful things...
for a new, beautiful life for us.
Yes, and then later,
we'll have people here and parties again.
- Don't you want to?
- Later, yes, but not just at once.
Let us have our honeymoon here
by ourselves for a little longer.
- Yes. I only...
- I know.
Later.
Now, where should we put
all these things?
There is an attic under the roof.
All her trunks are up there
and all her costumes.
Then we'll put all these there, too,
and then we'll board it up...
so you'll never have to see it again,
never even think of it.
That piano traveled with her everywhere
in the great days.
It will need tuning terribly.
Look, here's some of her music.
Her score of Theodora, just as she left it.
We'll send those upstairs with all the rest.
No, not her music.
Perhaps later I might like to study again.
I'd like to have her scores to study from.
- What makes you play that?
- Why not?
That was her great song.
She always used it in her concerts
for her last encore.
It was everybody's favorite.
Here's an old letter.
"Dear Miss Alquist,
I beg of you to see me just once more.
"I have followed you to London."

It was written two days
before she was murdered.

- Where did you find that?

- In this score. She must have left it there.

It was written by somebody
called Sergis Bauer.

Give it to me!

- Gregory, what is it?

- I'm sorry...

I didn't mean to be so violent.

It's just that...

Why does this letter upset you so?

It's not the letter.

It's just that I am upset for you.

All these things are reminding you of her.

You said that you had lost your fears,
and now everything you touch here...

brings them back.

While you are afraid of anything,
there cannot be any happiness for us.

You must forget her.

No, not her.

Only what happened to her.

Elizabeth! I say! Elizabeth!

- Good afternoon, Elizabeth.

- It's you, miss.

- Good afternoon.

- Good afternoon.

- The house is looking very nice now.

- What's that, miss?

I said, the house looks very nice now...

- from the outside.

- Yes, miss.

I expect you're glad
you got rid of the workmen at last.

Yes, miss.

Do you think that Mr. And Mrs. Anton
will be ready to receive callers soon?

I couldn't say, miss, I'm sure.

We haven't had no visitors yet.

Master says seeing people
isn't good for her.

She hasn't been feeling too well lately.

- I'm sorry to hear that.

- What's that, miss?
I said, this fine summer weather
we're having ought to do her good.
Yes, miss.
They're going out this afternoon.
First time for some while. Good day, miss.
Good day.
What lovely-looking strawberries.
I never get big ones like that.
I think I'll just taste one for luck.
Good afternoon.
If you have your bags,
you can start immediately.
- Thank you, sir. They're downstairs, sir.
- Then everything is arranged.
- Your wages will be 16 a year.
- Yes, sir. I understand all right, sir.
Just one more thing...
I don't want you to bother your mistress
about anything, ever.
If you have any questions,
just come to me.
Yes, sir.
That'll suit me, sir.
Then you'll remember it.
Your predecessor did not.
That's why she left.
It may seem a little unusual...
but your mistress is inclined
to be rather highly strung.
Elizabeth, come in.
This is Elizabeth, the cook.
- Hello.
- You'll find that she's a little deaf.
- Hello.
- Elizabeth, this is our new housemaid.
I was explaining her duties to her.
She'll be down in a moment.
Very good, sir. I'll see you downstairs.
- She's a tartar, ain't she?
- What do you mean by that?
You know, strict-like.
I'm not gonna sleep
in the same room with her.

You see the way she looked at me?

Don't you think perhaps your costume might have something to do with it?

- What's the matter with it?

- It's a little, shall we say, loud?

- I hope you're not a flighty girl, Lucy.

- My name's Nancy, sir.

I'm sorry, Nancy. Are you?

- I don't think so, sir.

- I'm glad to hear that.

Your mistress is very particular about everything being very correct.

- Is she, sir?

- Yes.

So am I.

This is our new housemaid.

- How do you do?

- I'm all right, ma'am.

- You can go now, Nancy.

- Very good, sir.

She seems a nice girl.

I'm glad. I hope I haven't kept you waiting.

I had to go back for the guidebook.

You look like a summer's day.

Because I'm happy. We're going out, and I'm going to show you London.

- Do you know what day today is?

- Yes.

Three months ago today...

we came out of that little church by the lake, man and wife.

I have a present for you, Paula.

Where did you find anything so beautiful?

It belonged to my mother, and before that to her mother...

and now it belongs to you.

I shall wear it always.

Always, my dear.

How sweet of you to give me this.

I'm afraid the pin is not very strong.

- No.

- I'll have it mended.

You better not wear it until I have.

You might lose it.

You know, you are inclined to lose things.

- I am? I didn't realize that.

- Just little things.

I'll put it in your bag for safekeeping.

There.

Now, you'll remember where it is.

- Don't be silly. Of course I'll remember.

- I was teasing you, my dear.

- That's London.

- It's music.

- Good afternoon.

- Good afternoon, ma'am.

It's nice to see you getting out again.

- Where to, ma'am?

- The Tower of London.

Very good, ma'am.

The Tower of London it is.

What's the matter with the mistress?

She don't look ill to me. Is she?

I don't know. Not as I can see.

But the master keeps telling her she is.

Here, ladies and gentlemen,

we have the ax of the headsman...

and the execution block.

These are the originals with which

such historic persons as Lady Jane Grey...

and Queen Catherine Howard

was beheaded within these precincts.

The victim, kneeling,

laid his head upon the block...

fitted his neck into the small,

hollowed-out space...

designed to receive it,

whereupon the ax descended...

severing the head

from the torso with one blow...

or in unlucky cases, two.

Moving to our right,

we have a model of the famous rack...

the instrument of torture

upon which prisoners were stretched...

their limbs being frequently torn

from their sockets...

in an effort to extract

a confession from them, true or false.

There you are.

I wondered what had become of you.

It was so close in there.

Let's go out into the sunshine.

- Are we going to see the torture chamber?

- Certainly. I think it's right over here.

Uncle Brian, what's the matter?

You look as if you've seen a ghost.

- That's exactly what I thought I'd seen.

- There's no such thing as a ghost.

I know. I meant I just thought

I saw someone I know is dead.

I have no idea who he is.

He seemed to know me and...

Do you usually bow

to people you don't know?

No. I supposed I'd met him somewhere.

- Are you telling me the truth?

- Of course. Why should I lie?

- I don't know who he is.

- Yet you smiled at him. Why?

I tell you, I wasn't thinking.

I don't know why I did it.

Like the other things.

- What other things?

- Nothing.

Only I've been noticing, Paula, that...

- you've been forgetful lately.

- Forgetful?

Losing things and...

Don't look so worried, Paula.

It's nothing.

- You get tired and...

- Yes, that's probably what it is. I get tired.

- I'm tired now. Can't we go home?

- No, we still have the crown jewels to see.

- They're in that building over there.

- How do you know?

What did you say?

How do you know where they are?

You haven't been here before.

The guide told us inside.

Are you becoming suspicious

as well as absent-minded, Paula?
No, of course not, Gregory.
The Kohinoor or "Mountain of Light."
It's the most famous diamond
in the world.
"The imperial state crown...
- That's that one.
- Yes, I know.
"...was made for the coronation
of Queen Victoria.
"Among the jewels it contains
are the ruby of the Black Prince...
"the size of a hen's egg,
the Stuart sapphire...
"which was among the jewels...
"James II took with him
when he fled to France...
"and the diamonds and pearls
from the earrings of Queen Elizabeth."
Jewels are wonderful things.
They have a life of their own.
Gregory, can't we go home now?
Of course, my dear. I'll take you home.
That's the mistress's room.
That's the master's.
We've got all this to see to.
Have you got the sheets there?
I could have sworn
that there were more than that, but...
- What's up there?
- Never mind about up there.
- The whole floor's been boarded off.
- Why?
That's the way the master wanted it.
You were right.
There is nothing more beautiful
than London in sunshine.
I'm sorry I spoiled the day
by bringing you home so soon.
You should lie down
and rest for a little, Paula.
Should I stay with you
and not go out this evening?
No. You go and work as usual.

Can you really work
in that room you rented?
I wish you'd let me see it
and make it attractive.
I never notice my surroundings
when I'm working.
You might give me your broach
so I can have it repaired.
What's the matter? Anything wrong?
I can't find it.
What?
I missed it when we were in the Tower.
I must turn everything out.
I know it was here. I can't understand it.
I couldn't have lost it. It must be here.
I'm sure it's there.
It's not.
Paula, didn't I tell you?
How did you come to lose it?
I must have pulled it out
with something, I suppose.
- I'm terribly sorry. Please forgive me.
- Forgive, my dear?
It's not as serious as that.
It's not valuable.
Your present to me, your mother's broach.
I wanted to wear it always.
I don't remember opening my bag.
I suppose I must have.
You did put it in there?
Don't you even remember that?
Yes, of course, I do.
But suddenly, I am beginning
not to trust my memory at all.
I tell you, you're just tired, that's all.
It doesn't mean anything.
I'm sure it doesn't.
Don't worry so, Paula. Don't worry.
- Nancy, has the master left?
- Yes, ma'am. A little while ago.
Please see that he has plenty of coal
on the fire in his room.
You already told me that, ma'am.
Nancy, did you turn the gas up in there?

Turn it up? No, why?
I thought it went down in here,
as if you had.
- I never touched it.
- But this went down.
Perhaps Elizabeth
lit another jet in the kitchen.
Couldn't have been her.
She's been in bed for an hour.
I could hear her snoring.
That's odd.
- Good night, Nancy.
- Good night, ma'am.
- Yes, that's it.
- I beg your pardon?
I said that's it. That's the Alquist house.
It happened in the drawing room, upstairs.
That window.
I live just across the square.
My name is Thwaites, Miss Thwaites.
- How do you do?
- How do you do?
Perhaps you could tell me,
has the house been occupied long?
About four or five months now.
Come along.
You don't happen to know
who's living in the house, do you?
Yes. A foreign couple. Anton's the name.
Something mysterious there.
- What do you mean, mysterious?
- Never have visitors...
never go out anywhere.
At least, she doesn't.
I think you're wrong.
There aren't as many as usual here today.
Come along, pigeons.
Come along, sparrows. What did you say?
You seem to be wrong
about her not going out.
How very surprising.
It's you, ma'am.
I never knew you'd gone out.
I went for a walk,

but it looks as if it might rain...
- so I thought I should have my umbrella.
- Of course, ma'am.
Suppose the master comes back
and asks where you've gone?
- Tell him I just went for a walk.
- By yourself, ma'am?
- Of course. Why not?
- Suppose the master asks where?
Tell him I just...
Now do you see what I mean?
Goes out, goes back, goes in.
Odd. Definitely odd.
It's an odd household, too.
That maidservant, most impertinent.
I can't get a thing out of her.
She won't talk to me...
though she would quick enough
if I wore trousers.
The way she carries on
with that policeman on the beat.
It's scandalous!
There, that's all there is.
Fly away, pigeons. More tomorrow.
Well!
Paper! Thank you, sir. There you are, sir.
Extra. Special. Special edition.
Read all about it.
Here you are, governor. Paper?
Very good, sir. Thank you, sir.
Put that file back where you got it.
I tell you, the case is dead.
I'm not going to have it all dug up again
for nothing.
Do you understand?
You had no right to go through that file.
- Budge had no right to let you get at it.
- Sorry, General.
- Mr. Cameron is your assistant...
- Then it's his job to assist me...
not go digging into 10-year-old cases
on wild suspicions of his own.
- Now then, Budge, you get along.
- Very good, General.

What's your interest in this case, anyway?

It was rather a famous case...

and it impressed me very much
at the time.

Besides...

I once met Alice Alquist.

I was taken to hear her...

at a command performance

when I was 12 years old...

and afterwards

to meet her in the artists' room.

It sounds silly, but I still think

she was the most beautiful woman...

I ever saw, and I've never forgotten her.

- And now...

- You've seen someone who looks like her.

- Living in the same house.

- Why shouldn't she?

If she's the niece,

the house probably belongs to her.

And if you're trying to meet

a pretty woman...

you've no right to use official business

as an excuse.

It's not that, sir.

But I tell you, sir, I have a feeling

there's something peculiar going on there.

Perhaps even more than peculiar.

Look here, Brian, once and for all,

the case was given up as hopeless.

As for the matter of the jewels,

that was dropped by order...

of a most important personage.

Jewels?

There's nothing here about jewels.

There were some jewels.

They were given to her...

by somebody very highly placed.

Some of the crown jewels of his...

- Of another country, as a matter of fact.

- What happened to them?

- They disappeared.

- That's why she was murdered.

That was the official theory.

Though what the murderer
wanted the jewels for I can't imagine.
They were too famous
for him to be able to sell them.
- Have they never shown up since?
- Not as far as I know.
Well then, where are they?
I don't know. The murder part of the case
was pursued to the utmost...
as you can see for yourself from that file.
There was never any case against anyone.
There were the usual blind-alley suspects.
You've read all their names there
in that stuff.
And there was never anything
to prove against any of them.
Now run along, there's a good fellow.
I'm busy.
Very well, sir.
Good day, sir.
- Afternoon, Mr. Cameron.
- Williams.
- Did you want me, sir?
- Yes.
Tell me, you're not a married man,
are you?
No, sir.
- Where are you on duty now?
- Down in the East End, sir.
How would you like
a more fashionable locality?
- I'd like it very much, sir.
- We'll see what can be done about it.
Don't say anything to anybody
for the moment.
If you want coal on the fire, Paula,
why don't you ring for the maid?
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to wake you.
Go back to sleep, dear.
No, Paula.
Now that you have wakened me,
we might as well be comfortable.
- Ring for the maid.
- I can put it on myself.

We've had this subject out before.
Please, pull the bell cord.
It seems so unnecessary.
What do you suppose the servants are for?
Answer me.
What do you suppose the servants are for?
To do things. To serve us, I suppose.
Exactly.
It's only that I think
we should consider them a little.
Don't be cross with me.
I'm not cross with you.
There are a lot of things...
- Did you ring, sir?
- No. Your mistress rang.
Go on. Why don't you tell Nancy
what you rang for?
- A little coal on the fire, please, Nancy.
- Very good, madam.
You're looking very pretty this afternoon,
do you know that?
I don't know it at all, sir, I'm sure.
- Tonight is your night out, isn't it?
- That's right, sir.
Whom are you meeting tonight?
You might light the gas, too, Nancy.
I see they've changed
the policeman on the beat.
Is his heart going to be added
to the list of those you've broken?
- I didn't know I'd broken any, sir.
- I'm sure that's not true.
And that complexion of yours...
that's something
that's not quite true, either.
You do it very cleverly, I grant you.
In fact, I was wondering
whether you might not care...
to pass some of your secrets
on to your mistress...
and help her get rid of her pallor.
Sure. I'd be very pleased
to do anything I can, sir.
- Will that be all you're wanting?

- Yes, except tea when it's ready.
Very good, sir.
How can you talk to Nancy like that?
You seem so anxious
to regard the servants as your equals.
I thought I would treat her as one.
Besides, I was only trifling with her.
No wonder that girl despises me,
the way you encourage her.
Despises you?
Whatever makes you think that?
Her whole manner!
The way she talks to me,
the way she looks at me.
Looks at you?
I hope you're not starting
to imagine things again.
- You're not, are you, Paula?
- Of course I'm not.
I hope you're not, but if you start talking
about the way Nancy looks at you...
Don't turn away, Paula.
We must have this out.
Do you really think Nancy despises you?
Answer me, Paula. Do you?
No, Gregory.
I'm glad of that.
It hurts me when you're ill and fanciful.
Come in.
What is it now?
If you please, sir,
Miss Thwaites is downstairs.
She wanted to know
if the mistress was at home.
You mean that old busybody
from across the square?
Yes, sir. She has her nephew with her.
I don't think
we need bore ourselves with them.
- Tell her your mistress is not at home.
- Gregory, really, she's been...
My dear, if you let her in once,
you'll always have her here.
But she's called so often,

and we've never been at home to her...
I do not want people all over this house!
Bringing her family with her.
You tell Miss Thwaites...
that your mistress is sorry,
but she's not well enough to see her.
Very good, sir.
Gregory, why did you do that?
I would've liked to have seen her.
I thought you were only trying
to be polite.
Why didn't you tell me
you really wanted to see her?
I couldn't in front of that girl.
You must get over
this ridiculous fear of the servants.
If you really wanted to see her,
all you had to say was:
"Show her up, Nancy," wasn't it?
- Yes, but...
- I'm sorry, miss. That's all I know.
The mistress isn't well enough
to receive anyone.
Please tell her how sorry we are.
Come along, Auntie dear.
You wouldn't have had time
to see them anyway.
You have to dress, do your hair.
Why?
We're going out tonight.
We are? You didn't tell me.
Or have I forgotten?
Don't you think this is charming?
It's from the new operetta at the Gaiety.
I wish I could write tunes like Strauss.
Paula, you silly child, don't look like that.
Of course you haven't forgotten anything.
This is my surprise for you.
We're going to the theater tonight.
How wonderful!
- And you thought I was being cruel to you.
- No, you're not cruel.
Keeping people away from you,
making you a prisoner.

You're the kindest man in the world.
I'm sorry.
I'm so happy.
What's the matter?
Paula, I don't want to upset you.
If you will put things right...
when I'm not looking,
we'll assume it did not happen.
But what? Gregory, what?
Please don't turn your back on me.
What has happened?
You mean you don't know?
No, I...
Look.
Yes.
The little picture has been taken down.
Who took it down?
- Why has it been taken down?
- Why indeed?
Why was it taken down before?
Get it from wherever you've hidden it
and put it back in its place.
But I haven't hidden it.
I swear I haven't. Why should I?
Don't look at me like that.
Someone else must have done it.
No, don't ring. Please don't ring.
- Don't shame me before the servants.
- Please stop being hysterical.
Now sit down and calm yourself
before they come.
We must get to the bottom of this
once and for all.
Please come in, Elizabeth.
Do you notice anything missing
from this room?
Missing, sir?
No. I don't think so, sir.
Look carefully on the walls.
- There's a little picture missing, sir.
- Exactly.
- Did you take it away?
- No, sir.
Have you ever taken it down

from where it belongs?

- No, sir. Why ever should I?

- Why indeed?

You go to church, don't you?

- To what, sir?

- Church!

Yes, sir.

Please kiss this Bible as a solemn oath
that you've told the truth.

Thank you, Elizabeth. You may go now.

And send Nancy in here at once.

- Nancy.

- Yes, sir.

Gregory, no, not that girl.

I'll say anything. I'll say that I did it.

I'll not have that...

Please! Have the goodness
to control yourself.

This is painful enough
without your making it worse.

Please come back.

Since you've thrown suspicion
on the servants...

they must be cleared of it. Now sit down.

Did you hear what I said?

Sit down.

Come here, Nancy.

A picture has been taken down
from the wall there.

So it has. That's another rum go.

I did not ask

for any comments on your part.

I want to know whether it was you
who took the picture down.

Of course it wasn't, sir.

What would I want to take it down for?

Shall I ask her to kiss the Bible, Paula,
or will you accept her word?

- Of course I'll accept it. Let her go.

- Very well. You may go, Nancy.

Give me that Bible!

There. Do you see? I swear on the Bible
I didn't take that picture down.

Go look for that picture.

So you knew where it was all the time.
I didn't know.
I only looked there because that's
where it was found twice before.
I didn't know, Gregory.
I didn't.
I think you better go to your room.
We're not going to the theater?
I'm afraid you are far from well enough
for the theater.
Now come.
- If it was I who took that picture down...
- If?
If it was I who took it down
the other times...
if I do all these senseless,
meaningless things...
It's so meaningless.
Why should I take a picture down?
- Then I don't know what I do anymore.
- I know, Paula.
- That's just the trouble.
- But then, if that's true...
then you must be gentle with me.
You must bear with me, please.
Please, Gregory, please.
Now come, Paula.
- You better go to your room.
- What are you going to do?
I'm going out to work and forget all this.
No. Please don't leave me here
all by myself now.
I get so frightened when I am here alone
and you go out night after night.
Frightened? You never
told me that before.
I'm telling you now!
I'm frightened of the house!
I hear noises and footsteps.
I imagine things,
that there are people over the house.
I'm frightened of myself, too.
Gregory, please!
Please don't leave me. Stay with me.

Gregory, take me in your arms, please!
Please. Take me in your arms, Gregory.
I hope to find you better in the morning.
She seems to be getting worse,
doesn't she, sir?
You will please not refer
to your mistress as "she."
Thank you, Nancy.
Gonna work on your tunes
again tonight, sir?
- You're always working, aren't you?
- Yes.
What are you doing
with your evening out?
I'm going to a music hall.
- I've never been to an English music hall.
- You don't know what you've missed, sir.
- You'd like it a lot, sir.
- We must see about that.
And whom are you going
to the music hall with?
Gentleman friend, sir.
Now, you know, Nancy, don't you...
that gentleman friends
are sometimes inclined...
- to take liberties with young ladies?
- No, sir, not with me.
I can take care of myself when I want to.
It strikes me that you're not at all
the kind of girl that your mistress...
- should have for a housemaid.
- No, sir?
She's not the only one
in the house, is she?
Let people find their own places
for the concert.
Just sit where they like.
Those who don't care for music
can go into the smoking room.
- May I come in?
- Brian.
Good evening.
Good evening, Lady Dalroy.
How are you, sir?

- How are you, my boy? Nice to see you.

- Am I the first to arrive?

I have a favor to ask. Are you having
a sit-down supper afterwards?

Yes, and I've put you
next to Laura Pritchard.

I don't like Laura Pritchard.

She's got adenoids.

Nonsense. She's a most agreeable girl,
and I want you to be very nice to her.

Haven't you learned yet
that Mildred is an incurable matchmaker?

I'll be nice to Miss Pritchard another time.

Tonight I want you to be very kind
and put me next to Mrs. Anton. Will you?

- It's most tiresome of you. All right.

- Who's Mrs. Anton?

She's the niece of Alice Alquist.

She used to come here as a child.

Brian told me she was back in London
now and married...

so I invited them to come tonight.

Who's Mr. Anton, by the way?

What does he do?

Where does he come from?

Put me next to her tonight,
and I'll find out for you.

I'm sorry, Brian, but you'll have to
sit next to the Pritchard girl after all.

- The Antons can't come.

- No.

- Letter from her?

- No. From him.

- Him?

- Yes. Apparently she's ill.

Very tiresome of her.

Read it if you want to.

I must go and order the tables.

Come on, Freddy. I want you.

Is that you, Paula?

Yes.

Why are you dressed up like that?

Because tonight

is Lady Dalroy's reception.

But I sent a note.
I know.
I sent a note to say
you were not well enough.
I'm quite well enough, and I want to go.
Lady Dalroy was very kind to me
when I was small...
and I am going.
I must get out of this house,
meet people...
and see a little
of what's going on in the world.
I am going to this reception, Gregory.
Then I'm afraid you'll have to go alone.
Then I must go alone.
I didn't realize this party
meant so much to you.
I'll go and change immediately.
You didn't really think
I would let you go alone, did you?
- I don't know.
- I shan't be a minute.
Come in.
Coo. Did you ring for something, ma'am?
- Yes. Please fetch a cab.
- But I thought you were...
Get a cab, Nancy.
- Is the master going out, too?
- Yes, he is.
- Please hurry.
- Very good, ma'am.
Cabby!
Beckoning a cab on your evening out?
Yes. I'm going out to dinner
at Buckingham Palace, I am.
- I'm gonna have a lovely evening out.
- What's the matter with you?
First they're going out, then they're not.
Changing all my plans.
Never a word to me from him.
You better get along.
They'll be out in a minute.
- See you Sunday?
- Perhaps.

- Usual place?
- Usual place.
- Good night.
- Good night.

Draw your cloak around you. It's damp.

Dalroy House.

- Good night, Nancy.
- Have a nice evening, sir.

You're Paula Anton.

I'm sure you don't remember me.

I do indeed, Lady Dalroy.

It was at the children's party here,
and there was a magician.

- May I introduce my husband, Lady Dalroy.
- How do you do?

I hope you will forgive all the confusion...

but my wife suddenly felt much better,
and we were so anxious to come.

But of course.

You'll find some seats over there.

Seratsky hasn't played yet.

I'll see you later at supper.

- What are you looking at?
- Nothing.

I thought I saw someone I knew, that's all.

My watch is gone.

- I didn't put it there. I swear I didn't put...
- Would you be quiet, please?

Paula, please control yourself.

- Being seen like this in public.
- No.

Come.

I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid
my wife's illness has returned.

- Can I send for a doctor?
- No. If I can just get her home.

We shouldn't have come tonight,
but she was so anxious.

I'm so sorry, Lady Dalroy.

I think it's the most...

I've tried so hard to keep it
within these walls, in my own house.

Now, because you would go out tonight,
the whole of London knows it.

If I could only get inside
that brain of yours...
and understand what makes you
do these crazy, twisted things.
Are you trying to tell me I'm insane?
- That's what I'm trying not to tell myself.
- But that's what you think, isn't it?
That's what you've been hinting
and suggesting for months, ever since...
- Since what?
- Since the day I lost your broach.
Yes, that's when it all began.
No, it began before that.
The first day here,
when I found that letter.
- What letter?
- The one I found among the music...
from that man called Bauer.
Sergis Bauer. Yes, I remember.
Yes, you're right. That's when it began.
I can see you still,
standing there and saying:
"Look at this letter,"
and staring at nothing.
- What?
- You had nothing in your hand.
What?
I was staggered, but I didn't know then...
how much reason I had to be.
- I don't know. What reason?
- I didn't know then about your mother.
What about my mother?
Your mother was mad.
She died in an asylum
when you were a year old.
That's not true.
I've been making inquiries
about Alice Alquist's sister.
I've talked to the doctor who attended her.
- Would you like to see him?
- No.
He described her symptoms to me.
Would you like to hear them?
It began with her imagining things,

that she heard noises, footsteps, voices...
and then the voices began to speak to her.
In the end, she died in an asylum
with no brain at all.

No! Please stop.

Now perhaps you will understand
a lot of things about yourself and me.

Now perhaps you will understand
why I cannot let you meet people.

He must have been rather disappointed
that you left before he could talk to you.

Who?

The man who was sitting behind us.

- Where?

- Tonight.

You only went because you knew
he would be there.

What, Gregory? Who?

The man who bowed to you that day
at the Tower.

Who is he, someone from the past?

Someone you refused, perhaps?

I never met him.

I have no idea who he is.

Who is he?

Why is he dogging my footsteps?

I don't know that he is.

- You lie. Why do you lie to me?

- I never lie to you.

I'm sorry. I should not have said that.

I know you never lie to me. I believe you.

You're not lying. It's worse than lying.

You've forgotten. You've forgotten him
as you forget everything.

But perhaps I'm wrong
to try to handle this myself.

The case is one for people
who know about those things.

We shall have visitors, and shortly.

- A doctor?

- Two.

I believe two is the required number.

Yes?

It's you, Constable.

Good evening, sir.

- Nasty night to be out, isn't it?

- Very nasty, sir, indeed.

Where'd he go?

He didn't get past me as

I came through the alley.

He certainly turned in here.

You must have missed him in the fog.

I'd have heard his footsteps

as he passed, Mr. Cameron.

He must've gone

into the rear of one of these houses.

Yes, but which? And why?

Do you think he could have gone

into his own house?

- If he did, sir, that's not against the law.

- No, but it's against common sense.

Why should he walk out of his own house

and all the way around the corner...

just to get back to where he started from?

But the service entrance to Number 9

is out front.

There's no way into Number 9

from back here.

- Then where did he go?

- Number 5 is empty.

But what would he want to go

into an empty house for?

I don't know, Williams.

Just coming, ma'am.

What is it, ma'am?

- I want you to help me. I'm so tired.

- Yes, ma'am.

Did you turn on the gas?

Did you turn on the gas

anywhere downstairs just now?

Why, no, ma'am. I've had it on

in the kitchen all evening, that's all.

I thought it went down in there,

as if someone...

had turned it on

in some other part of the house.

There's no one in the house

but me, ma'am. Nancy's not back yet.

But the gas comes in pipes, ma'am.
And I expect they get more gas
in the pipes at some times...
than they does at others.
Yes, I suppose that could explain it.

- Do you hear anything?
- Hear anything, ma'am?
- Yes. Up there. Listen.
- Listen to what, ma'am?
Those sounds. Those noises up there.
No, ma'am.
But there are sounds.
Sounds like someone moving about.

- Elizabeth, listen, please.
- There are no noises up there, ma'am.
How could there be?
The whole floor is boarded up.
You know that as well as I do.
No one can't get in up there.
You know, ma'am,
you just imagine things.
Williams, come in. You're early.
Get another cup, will you?

- Sit down. Make yourself comfortable.
- Thank you, sir.
Well?
I don't know what it means,
but this morning around 3:00...
I was standing on the corner of
Thornton Square, looking both ways-like...
and suddenly, who should I see turning up,
but our friend again.

- Coming out of the mews, it looked like.
- Yes?
I got a good look at him
under the lamppost.
I tell you, that man
had been up to something.
What?
I wouldn't undertake to say what exactly...
but he was kind of in a mess.
Clothes untidy, tie all on one side.
Dirt and dust all over, even on his face.

- Had he been in a fight?

- He didn't look like that, sir.
More as though he'd been digging
in a cellar or something.
Have some coffee.
Thank you, sir.
I've had my breakfast already.
Had it in the kitchen at Number 9,
as a matter of fact.
Nancy tell you anything this morning?
If you ask me, Nancy's getting ideas
above her station.
Seems the master told her...
that her mistress might be going away
for quite a long time...
and that he wanted her to stay
and look after him.
The master told her
her mistress might be going away?
That's right, sir.
- A long time, you said?
- Yes, sir.
What do you think that means?
From all you've told me these last weeks,
I should say it could mean...
any one of a number
of quite unpleasant things.
- I've got to get into that house tonight.
- Not while he's there.
- He goes out every evening?
- Right, sir.
Tonight after dinner.
Nancy says he's told her
not to let her mistress see anyone.
Then you'll have to see
that Nancy isn't home tonight.
- Any little thing I can do for the Yard, sir.
- I thought you wouldn't mind.
There's just one thing more though.
How do you know the lady herself
will see you?
I don't know.
Yes.
I think there's a way.
"People who go every night

to places of public amusement...
"can hardly enter into..."
Your mother was mad.
"People who go every night
to places of public amusement...
"can hardly enter
into the fresh gala feeling...
"with which an opera or a concert..."
She died in an asylum with no brain at all.
"The snug comfort of the close carriage...
"...the pleasure of setting out
with companions...
"...the sight of the stars glinting fitfully
through the trees..."
I'm sorry, sir,
but the mistress won't see anyone.
Did she tell you to say that?
You're Elizabeth, aren't you?
- How'd you know my name?
- I know many things about this house.
You're fond of her, aren't you?
You'd like to help her, wouldn't you?
This is your chance because I'm a friend,
and you're going to let me see her.
No. I don't dare, sir. I'd lose me place.
Really, I don't dare...
- My husband isn't here.
- I know that, Mrs. Anton.
It's you I want to see.
Go away. I'm ill. I can't see anyone.
Elizabeth, stop him.
I didn't ask him to come.
Mrs. Anton, my name is Brian Cameron.
You mustn't come here. Go away.
Not until I've given you this.
Look at it, please.
Alice Alquist gave it to me
years ago at Covent Garden.
I was a little boy
overcome with admiration.
Now you'll trust me, won't you?
You.
She gave it to you.
After all these years...

the great admirer she used to make
such a mystery of. A little boy.
Tell me something, Mrs. Anton.
Are you planning
on going away somewhere?
Go away? Why, no. I have nowhere to go.
Unless my husband sends me away.
Is that why you came here?
To take me away?
Are you as frightened as all that?
I'm sorry. I haven't talked to anyone
for a long time.
I can't talk to you, either. I'm not...
I'm afraid I...
You're afraid
you're going out of your mind.
I'm here to prove to you that you're not.
To help me do that, you've got to answer
my questions. Tell me now...
where is your husband now?
Where has he gone?
He has taken a studio
where he can work on his composing.
He can't work in this house.
He has to have it quiet.
Tell me, is there anyone else
in the house now except us and Elizabeth?
- No. Why?
- The gas just went down.
- You saw that, too?
- Why, yes.
Then it really happens.
I thought I imagined it.
That only means
that someone else has turned it on.
I thought that, too, but every night,
I've been all over the house...
and there's never been
another light turned on.
At last I can tell this to someone.
Every night when my husband goes out...
The light goes down?
- Yes.
- And then what?

Then I think I hear things.

I watch and wait.

- Later on, the gas goes up again.

- And he comes back.

Yes. Quite soon after.

Always quite soon after.

You say you think you hear things.

What things?

Sounds. Noises over my room.

- What's up there?

- A whole floor of trunks and furniture.

- Is that what you meant?

- Yes!

But who?

Mrs. Anton, you know, don't you?

- You know who's up there.

- No.

- Are you sure you don't?

- No.

- How could he be?

- There's an alley behind these houses.

He goes in the back of Number 5,

that's the empty one...

and then across the roof.

Why?

- You said there's old furniture up there.

- My aunt's.

And her clothes, stage costumes, trunks,
all of her things.

All of her things?

And they said the case was dead.

Tell me, has he any weapons in the house?

- He has a revolver. Why shouldn't he?

- Do you know where he keeps it?

I think he has it in his desk in there.

You can't open his desk.

No. You have no right to.

Whoever you are, you have no right to!

He'll know. He'll think that I...

What should I say to him?

You won't have to say anything.

Perhaps it's a good thing I came tonight.

I was right.

There was a letter.

- And it was from Sergis Bauer.
- What was that?
- What was that name you said?
- Sergis Bauer.

I found this, but my husband said
I dreamed, and now it's here.

- Bauer.

- It's been here the whole time.

There was a Sergis Bauer
connected with Alice Alquist.

He was a young pianist who played
for her in Prague. Let me see that.

"Dear Miss Alquist,

I beg of you to see me just once.

"I followed you to London."

Look.

"Dear Lady Dalroy..."

This is my husband's writing.

So is this.

Your husband and Sergis Bauer
are one and the same person.

This letter from him to Alice Alquist
was written two days before her murder.

He said there was no letter,
that I was going out of my mind!

No. You're slowly and systematically
being driven out of your mind.

Why?

Perhaps because you found this letter
and know too much.

Or because then he would have control
of your property, of this house...

and could search in the open
instead of the dark like this.

Search? What is there to search for?

For the things for which

Alice Alquist was murdered: Her jewels.

I have her jewels.

They're the jewels

you didn't know she had. Famous jewels.

Jewels for which

he was searching that night...

when he was frightened away by hearing
someone come down the stairs.

Someone he never saw.

A little girl.

Me.

So he was here that night, but he never...

He never knew her.

You're wrong. You're making a mistake.

I know him. He's my husband.

I've lived in the same house with him.

You're talking about the man

I'm married to.

Mrs. Anton, there's not a detail
of the Alquist case that I don't know...

and unless I'm more mistaken
than I've ever been in my life...

the man called Sergis Bauer
has a wife living in Prague now.

So you see, he must have planned
the whole thing...

step by step from that night.

If that were true, then from the beginning
there would have been nothing.

Nothing real, from the beginning.

I'm sorry to take everything away
from you like this.

- No.

- But you must believe me.

Your life depends

on what you're going to do now.

Nothing less than your whole life.

Don't you see the way everything fits in?

The gas.

How long has it been up?

Elizabeth, whatever happens tonight,
have her welfare in mind.

You can count on me, sir.

But what am I going to say to the master
when he comes back?

He won't come back anymore, Elizabeth.

- What are you doing?

- I was lying down.

Fully dressed?

- Did you hear what I said?

- Yes.

Then why don't you answer?

- I don't know.
- You don't know?
Do you know anything
about anything you do?
I will be obliged if you will come with me
to my room.
Sit down in this chair.
You know what you remind me of
as you walk across the room?
Have you ever seen anyone
walking in their sleep?
But you're not asleep.
No, you can't deceive me.
You're fully awake, or you would not have
broken open my desk!
Now be careful how you answer.
Why did you open my desk?
I didn't open your desk.
- Nancy?
- Nancy's out.
- Who, then? Elizabeth?
- No, it wasn't Elizabeth.
Please don't question me anymore.
Let me go back...
No. Stay there, Paula.
- Why did you open my desk?
- I didn't open your desk.
- Why did you open my desk?
- I didn't open your desk. It was he...
He opened it.
What are you talking about?
Who is he?
A man.
A man who came to see me.
- When?
- While you were out.
Who let him in?
Yes, sir?
Who was the man who came to see
your mistress while I was out?
What man, sir?
Come, Elizabeth.
You must have answered the bell.
No one was here, sir, while you were out.

But, Elizabeth...
But you saw him.
You opened the door for him yourself.
Elizabeth, say it!
No, ma'am. I didn't see anyone at all.
But he was here. I know it.
I know it.
But he was here. I know it!
I saw him.
You see how it is, Elizabeth?
Yes, sir. I see just how it is.
I couldn't have dreamed it.
No, I couldn't have dreamed it.
Did I dream? Did I really dream?
Yes, Paula, you dreamed it.
You dreamed all day long.
- Are you telling me that I've dreamed...
- Everything.
- All that happened?
- All that did not happen.
Then it's true.
- My mind is going.
- Haven't I told you?
- It was a dream.
- Like all the rest.
- Take me away. I can't fight it anymore.
- I will.
It was a dream. Take me away.
Was I any part of this curious dream
of yours, Mrs. Anton?
You.
Perhaps my presence here
might help you to recall it.
Who the devil are you?
Apparently a mere figment
of your wife's imagination.
- How did you get into this house?
- Through the skylight, like you...
and down these stairs.
You made it very easy.
Will you tell me what you're doing here?
Mrs. Anton, I think you'd better
go to bed. You must be tired.
You'd better explain your business, sir.

As a mere figment, as a mere ghost
existing in your wife's mind...

I could hardly be said
to have any business.

Paula, go to your room, please.

So you found them after all.

I was right about you.

I knew from the moment I saw you
that you were dangerous to me.

I knew from the first moment I saw you
that you were dangerous to her.

I should have followed my instinct
about you, as you followed yours.

I thought she was Alice Alquist
come back to life.

I didn't know then that she was walking
with Sergis Bauer.

- I'm afraid I don't know your name.

- Cameron. Want my address, too?

- No. I think I can guess it.

- So we both ended our search tonight.

This is where Alice Alquist hid them.

Where the world could see them,
yet no one would know where they were...
except the man who gave them to her,
watching from the royal box.

Pretty clever of her to put four priceless
jewels among a lot of paste and tape.

- For the last time, what do you want?

- The jewels, and justice.

How does it feel, Bauer, to have planned
and killed and tortured for something...

- and then to know it's been for nothing?

- For nothing?

- What is it, ma'am?

- I thought I heard a shot.

Help! Mr. Williams, come quick!

Up there!

Anybody at home?

Well, Mrs. Anton, you believe me now.

Perhaps you'd like to see these things.

They cost a woman's life.

They cost you something, too.

- I want to speak to my husband.

- Mrs. Anton, I don't think that's advisable.
- I want to speak to him alone.
- I'm afraid that's impossible.
- I assure you, I'm quite helpless.
- Please.

I'll be waiting on the stairs.

Go and see if he's listening.

- He is not listening.
- You have got confidence in him.
- Did he tell you a lot of things about me?
- Yes.
- They were lies.
- Why should he lie to me?

Because he's in love with you.

I can tell. I feel it.

Do you? Do you really, Gregory?

Or shall I call you Sergis?

So he told you that, too. What of it?

Have you never heard of an artist
taking a stage name? Sergis Bauer's mine.

It was a part of my life I didn't care to tell
you about. I was a failure then.

- They don't hang a man for that, do they?
- No, they don't hang a man for that.

You remember our first days.

You remember Italy?

There have been times
when I thought I only dreamed those days.

Come closer, Paula.

Closer.

Look into my eyes.

If I ever meant anything to you,
and I believe I did...

then help me, Paula.

Give me another chance.

Look, in the drawer of that cupboard
there is a knife.

Get it and cut me free.

Be quick, Paula.

Get me the knife. Cut me free.

Would you get it, Paula?

Would you get it for me?

Yes, I'll get it. I'll get it for you.

Hurry, Paula.

- There's no knife here.
- Yes. I put it there.
- I don't see any knife.
- I put it there tonight.
No, it isn't here.
You must have dreamed you put it there.
Are you suggesting that this is a knife
I hold in my hand?
Have you gone mad, my husband?
Or is it I who am mad?
Yes, of course. That's it.
I am mad.
I'm always losing things and hiding things.
I can never find them.
I don't know where I put them.
That was a knife, wasn't it?
And I have lost it.
- Paula...
- I must look for it, mustn't I?
If I don't find it,
you will put me in the madhouse.
Where could it be, now?
Perhaps it's behind this picture.
Yes, it must be here.
No. Where shall I look now?
Perhaps I put it over here.
Yes, I must have done that.
My broach. The broach I lost at the Tower.
I found it at last!
You see? But it doesn't help you, does it?
And I'm trying to help you to escape,
aren't I?
- How can a madwoman help you escape?
- But you're not mad.
Yes, I am mad, as my mother was!
No, Paula. That wasn't true! Help me.
If I were not mad, I could have helped you.
Whatever you had done,
I could have pitied and protected you.
But because I am mad, I hate you.
Because I am mad, I have betrayed you,
and because I am mad...
I am rejoicing in my heart
without a shred of pity...

without a shred of regret,
watching you go with glory in my heart!
Mr. Cameron, come.
Come, Mr. Cameron. Take this man away!
Take this man away!
- You ready?
- Quite ready.
I don't ask you to understand me.
Between us all the time
were those jewels, like a fire.
A fire in my brain that separated us...
Those jewels which I wanted all my life.
I don't know why.
The cab is coming, Mr. Cameron.
Goodbye, Paula.
Goodbye, Gregory.
This night will be a long night.
But it will end. It's starting to clear.
In the morning, when the sun rises...
sometimes it's hard to believe
there ever was a night.
You'll find that, too.
Let me come and see you and talk to you.
Perhaps I can help somehow.
You're very kind.
Well!