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Gaslight

By A.R. Rawlinson

Help!

Help! Police!

Help!

Don't see no one
taking that house yet awhile.

Nor me.

Blimey, it works.

Nancy, hurry. Hurry!

They're coming along now.

I saw the cab down the square.

Go on. Give me the duster.

- Good afternoon, Nancy.

- Good afternoon, ma'am.

- Good afternoon, sir.

- Good afternoon.

What a beautiful voice he has,
hasn't he?

Those are the Mallens
from Number 12.

- Yes. I thought we might call on them.

- Not in London. It wouldn't be correct.

- Oh, but...

- My dear, I said no.

Only two maids.

- I hear he's a foreigner.

- But he looks most respectable.

Come on, Cobb.

All right behind?

- Seen Mr Rough, John?

- Over there, with Hannibal.

Excuse me, sir, the message from the vet
about the mare. He says...

You all right, sir?

- I've seen a ghost, Cobb.

- What, here, sir?

The ghost of a man out of my past.

Oh, you mean when you were
in the police force, sir.

Most of my ghosts are criminals,
but this one wasn't.

I know the story
of the house he lives in.

I was on a case there once,
when I was a young peeler.

Louis Bauer!
The nephew of old Alice Barlow
that was murdered 20 years ago.
Louis Bauer.
A foreigner he was,
and very cut up, I remember.
Funny he should come back to 12
Pimlico Square after all these years.
12 Pimlico Square
is Mr Mallen's house, sir.
Nonsense. Louis Bauer.
Right face, right house.
- No, you're wrong, sir.
- Impossible.
What do you know about it, anyway?
It's the parlour maid, sir.
You see, she's a friend of mine.
The family's name is Mallen.
- And they live at Number 12?
- Yes, sir.
Leastways, part of it.
Nancy says they don't use
the top two storeys.
A bit queer, Nancy says.
It means less dusting for her, though.
Mrs Mallen's queer, too.
Queer, is she? Mm...
In what way?
Well, she's sort of odd in her mind.
She does strange things.
Nancy says Mr Mallen gets very upset.
He goes out every night.
- It's a very queer place.
- Yes, it does sound queer.
I want you to see
as much of her as you can.
- What, the mare, sir?
- No, no, your Nancy.
Oh, she's not mine. I'm only one
of the pebbles on the beach.
Well, you play up to her.
I want to know everything that goes on.
I believe I'm going to be
very interested in Number 12.

A dirty evening for a stroll, sir.

There's a lot of dirty
things in London.

- Bella, what are you doing?

- Nothing, Paul. Don't wake up.

- What are you doing, Bella?

- I thought I heard the muffin man.

Then why didn't you ring for Nancy
to find out?

- It would mean two journeys for her...

- Ring for Nancy, Bella.

What do you suppose
the servants are for?

To serve us, I suppose, dear.

Nancy, I rang. The muffin man.

Oh, I thought you rang for tea, ma'am.

I was just bringing it up.

Then it's too late for muffins.

Not at all, my dear, not at all.

Nancy, spread the cloth,
then lay the tea things,
go down and get the muffins,
cook the muffins,
and bring up the muffins.

You see, my dear,
it's all quite simple.

- Light the gas, Nancy.

- Yes, sir.

You're looking very impudent
and pretty tonight, Nancy.

- More broken hearts?

- I don't know, I'm sure, sir.

Where do you get
the colour for your cheeks, Nancy?

Could you not give the recipe
to Mrs Mallen?

Oh no, sir. I'm natural.

- Will that be all you're wanting, sir?

- Yes, Nancy. That'll do for the present.

Paul, as though I'd do anything to my
face, or ask for her assistance if I did.

Oh, Bella,

I was only trifling with her.

It's so humiliating for me.

- That girl laughs at me enough, as it is.

- Nonsense, Bella.

You know perfectly well

how you imagine things.

Don't say that.

I have been better

the last two weeks, haven't I?

- What do you mean?

- You know very well what I mean.

I've been trying so hard,

and I have been better

because you've been kind to me.

I'll be perfectly all right, if only

you'll be patient and gentle with me.

Of course, my dear, of course.

- Shall I stay in this evening?

- Would you?

Mm-hmm.

- What shall we do?

- Tea first.

And then I'll play for you.

We'll have an evening

just like we used to.

Oh, Bella!

What is it?

I've just noticed something.

If you put it right while I'm not looking,

I will say no more about it.

What's the matter?

I don't understand.

Paul, don't turn your back on me.

Look on the wall behind you.

The picture, it's gone again.

Yes. Where have you hidden it

this time?

I didn't take it. Why should I take it?

It's no use to me.

Why should you take other things?

Pencils, knives...

Paul, don't.

Bella, where's the picture?

I didn't take it, I swear I didn't.

Come. Get the picture.

I'd know if I touched it.

I'd remember.
I've been better lately.
You've missed nothing for days.
Two weeks, I've been well.
I've had no headaches, no dreams.
Why should I take the...?
So you did know where it was.
I promise you, I didn't.
I supposed it was here
because it was found here twice before.
- Why do you persist in lying to me, Bella?
- It's the truth.
Bella, if you're not lying,
there's only one alternative.
You're losing your wits!
You promised
you'd never say that to me again.
No control even of your hands.
- You'd better go to your room.
- No, no, not my room.
I can't bear to be alone.
Oh, God, help me.
God help you, indeed.
I'm going to appeal to you, Paul.
Please...
Please don't be angry with me.
I've never lied knowingly to you.
If I took the picture,
or your ring, or your pencil, I...
I didn't know.
You must bear with me, Paul.
I don't know how much longer
I can keep my patience.
- Eavesdropping, Nancy?
- No, sir.
I didn't hear anything.
I was just carrying the muffins...
Your mistress is
a very unusual woman.
Quite strange, you know.
You mustn't let things you hear
and see in this house upset you.
You are a young girl.
Inexperienced.

You are inexperienced, aren't you?
It depends how you mean, sir.
Thank you, Nancy.
Tillie, don't.
You know he doesn't like it.
Isn't it a lovely day, Paul?
Look at the sunshine out in the square.
- Where's my letter?
- What letter?
I haven't had one for such a long time.
I do hope it's from Cousin Vincent.
- It isn't here.
- Why should there be a letter for you?
Nancy told me there was one.
- Oh, Bella.
- Oh, she did. She did, Paul.
You've been through them yourself, dear.
You see they're all addressed to me.
I had so hoped...
There must be a letter, Paul.
Nine o'clock.
Good morning, ma'am.
Good morning, sir.
- Good morning.
- Good morning, Elizabeth.
The dog, Bella.
I'm sorry, Tillie.
It won't be for long.
I will read from the 127th Psalm.
"Except the Lord build the house..."
"...but they speak with their enemies
in the gate."
Let us pray.
Pimlico Square, I was after.
Number 14 is the only empty house
in the square, I'm afraid.
We are the sole agents.
- My pipe worrying you?
- Not at all.
Faces south.
A little alley runs along the back.
Nothing to block out the light.
But we'll have some difficulty,
I'm afraid, Mr Rough.

Why's that?

The remainder of the lease of No.14
is in the hands of Mr Mallen of No.12.

And he's already refused
three good offers.

Mr Mallen of Number 12?

Why won't he let?

Do you know,

I have often wondered.

A queer profession, mine,

Mr Rough.

So near to so many people's lives,
and yet...

always on the doorstep, as it were.

Yes. Yes, indeed.

A fascinating study,

human nature, Mr Rough.

Fascinating.

You don't think there's much chance
of that house being on the market?

If you want to make an offer,
do so, by all means.

I sometimes wonder

if it's the noise he's afraid of.

The wife's a delicate woman.

Just had a breakdown, I understand.

A charming creature.

I've seen her often walking in the
gardens of the square with her dog.

- Gardens? Sounds very pleasant.

- They're charming, they are.

I'm sorry.

Oh... I wonder

how that happened, eh?

Oh... Oh, dear!

- Oh, my dear lady!

- I'm all right, thank you.

- Where's my little dog?

- Little savages.

- I hope you're not hurt, ma'am?

- No, not a bit.

- You come and sit down over here.

- Oh... No, I'm all right.

Oh, you can't possibly tell if you're hurt

until you've had time to think it over.

It doesn't matter much when you've soft bones like those little rascals.

- I should complain to their nurses.

- It wasn't their fault. It was...

- Oh, thank you. That is kind of you.

- Fond of children, I see.

- Got any of your own?

- No.

- I must go.

- You haven't counted all your bones yet.

Don't worry about me.

I'm old enough to be your father.

They're not what they used to be.

- Who aren't?

- Children.

I'd be ashamed if I couldn't bowl a better hoop than that.

I never bothered about hoops.

I was brought up in the country.

- So was I. Whereabouts?

- Devonshire.

Devonshire? What part?

- I lived with some cousins near Exmouth.

- I know Exmouth very well.

- I wonder if I've met them.

- Their name was Ullswater.

Don't go yet.

I was just getting interested.

Stop it! Stop it, you rude little boys!

It's disgraceful!

How dare they!

Hmm... Poor little devils. I'd like to give them a taste of Devonshire.

Yes, a grass bank to roll down and some nice, clean mud.

Well, thank you for being so kind.

- Toy shop!

- I beg your pardon?

Something for those little objects to play with.

There is a toy shop across the road.

Oh, what a lovely idea.

They do look so miserable.

Well, you'll have to come along, too.
I mean, that's the whole idea.
Must have a woman about
where brats are concerned, you know?
I mean, they'd run a mile
if I were to so much as call to them.
- I'd love to see them enjoy themselves...
- What's to stop you?
My husband is out
and he won't be back till teatime.
Then you'll be in time
to have it with him.
I don't want to be silly,
but I don't know you.
Oh, this is charity, ma'am.
That blows convention out of the window.
Hey!
I mean you children
out there in the street.
Come along. Don't be afraid.
I've got something for you.
Would you like some toys
to play with?
It is such a shame
you can't go into the square.
- This gentleman thought...
- There's a toy shop over there.
- Tops, if you like, or hoops.
- Do let's go across, shall we?
Good afternoon.
We've come to the wrong shop.
- Buns and ice cream are what they want.
- Do you think we should?
Nonsense! Make them all sick.
Do them a world of good.
You know what you want, don't you?
Come on in.
Here we are. Help yourselves.
- Blimey, look at them lovely tarts!
- There's plenty more.
Anything you like, in reason.
That's right.
- And what exactly can we do for you?
- Knock his block off.

You, who cannot control yourself
in your own home,
to risk such a thing
with a complete stranger!
- It was the children, Paul.
- A horde of noisy street urchins.
When you know the only hope for you
is rest and quiet.
Put the dog down.
You're not listening to me.
I am listening.
What are you going to do?
I've told you before. I can't stand
the dog in the drawing room.
- I'm very fond of her, Paul. - It's not
natural, the fuss you make over it.
Sometimes I wonder if you even
want to be like other people.
Why did you ever marry me, Paul?
When I married you, Bella,
you were a normal woman.
Or so I thought.
It's only since we came to this house
that I've changed.
I never wanted to come here.
Yet it was my money
that made it possible for you to buy it.
Is that why you married me, Paul?
You have changed, Bella.
What's made me change?
What's made you change, Paul?
Because you have,
in the way you treat me.
I believe
it's ever since that day when...
I found that old envelope
addressed to Louis Bauer.
That was the first time that
you were angry with me like this.
Bella, I told you
I had forgotten that incident.
My only anxiety has always been
to get you well.
I must get away from here.

I'll never be well
till I get away from this house.
Come outside, Judy. Come along.
Hello, Judy. How do you do?
Guess what?
Paul, I could.
My cousins, the Ullswaters.
It would be lovely
to smell Devonshire again.
Your cousin, Mr Vincent Ullswater, had
the effrontery to oppose our marriage.
Oh, but that's over and done with.
Vincent won't mind now.
But I mind. I have no desire
to reopen our acquaintance.
Besides, I don't care
to drag strangers into our troubles.
They're not strangers, they're my
own people. They're all I have.
I want to see them, I...
I will see them.
If you see anyone, it will be a doctor.
No. No, not a doctor, Paul, I...
I'm well. I'm better.
Please leave me alone, Paul.
- Whatever should I do?
- Be quiet.
- Oh, my poor head!
- That was very cruel.
But I don't see how I can take
the responsibility for you any longer.
Oh, Bella.
Don't cry.
You'll spoil your looks,
and I wanted you
to look very beautiful tonight.
Have you any objections
to being seen out with your husband?
Why?
Are you going to take me out?
There's a charity concert tonight
at Winterbourne House.
I could get tickets.
I know Lady Winterbourne.

- A concert, and you'd take me?
- I should enjoy it, my dear...
Oh, how wonderful!
...provided that you promise
to control yourself,
to behave as you know
I'd wish my wife to behave.
- I promise. What shall I wear?
- Whatever you look prettiest in, my dear.
Bella, wear the cameo brooch
I gave you when we got engaged.
I will.
My brooch, please, Nancy.
- The big cameo.
- Yes, ma'am.
- It's not here, ma'am.
- It must be. Look underneath.
Of course it's here. Let me look.
Perhaps I left it in another dress.
Bella!
- Time to start, Bella.
- Coming, Paul.
- Nancy, my cloak.
- Which one, ma'am?
- Which one do you think?
- Couldn't say, I'm sure, ma'am.
Oh.
This will do.
What a very lovely person!
Charming. But not my brooch?
I would've worn it.
You know how fond I am of it...
only it didn't go with this dress.
I wouldn't presume
to criticise your taste.
But your hair, is it quite right?
Come, I'll hold that.
It's a quarter to eight, Bella.
I think I'm making it worse.
My hand's quite shaky with excitement.
Ah, there's the cab.
I think I'm going
to enjoy myself tonight.
- Mr John and Mr Hogan.

- How do you do?
Mr and Mrs Blair.
Prince Hanawa and Mr Ryan.
Mr and Mrs Mallen.
- How do you do?
- How do you do?
- May I introduce my wife?
- How do you do?
- How do you do?
- A very good cause, isn't it?
Lady Frinton, Miss Frinton.
Splendid cause,
don't you think?
Mr Rollings, Miss Rollings.
Charming. Quite a complexion.
You are the most beautiful of all.
- I hope the stool is right.
- Thank you.
Bella...
Bella, my watch.
My watch is gone.
You must have forgotten it.
Don't worry about it now.
I don't know anything about it, Paul.
But it was in my pocket
when we left the house.
Paul, don't look at me like that.
Let me have a look at your bag.
I didn't put it there. I swear I didn't.
Will you be quiet, please?
Control yourself, Bella.
Please spare me a scene in public.
- Paul... a scene, no...
- Shh. Come.
Lady Winterbourne, I do apologise.
- My wife had an attack.
- Let me send for a doctor.
No, thank you.
It's nothing unusual, unfortunately.
Come along, darling.
Come along.
Paul, speak to me.
Don't sit there silent.
I can't stand it.

Hit me, hurt me, do anything, but...
...for pity's sake, speak to me.
Oh, dear.
Thank you, sir.
- Good night, sir.
- Good night.
Paul, how can you
torture me like this?
And have you not tortured me?
You make my life a misery at home,
and now you shame me in public.
At least let's keep your stealing,
pickpocketing and lying to ourselves.
I haven't lied to you.
I didn't take your watch.
- What about the brooch?
- Brooch?
The one I asked you to wear tonight.
The one that didn't go with your dress.
- It's upstairs in my room.
- More lies.
It is. It must be.
It's only mislaid, Paul.
You've hidden it away
in one of your mad dreams.
I have not. If it's gone,
someone else has taken it.
Someone else?
We'll see about someone else.
Elizabeth, Nancy, come up
to the drawing room at once, please!
Paul, please don't question the servants
in front of me.
Oh, dear, dear.
What's happened now?
Mistress been playing him up again,
I suppose.
There you are, Tillie.
Go into your basket. There you are.
- Stop titivating yourself. Come on.
- Right.
Paul, please
don't have that girl up here.
At least let me look again first.

Don't you giggle so much.
Behave yourself.
It may have fallen
behind the dressing table.
Let's talk this over between ourselves.
Please!
Please don't let the servants know.
Come in!
Shut the door, please, Elizabeth.
Come into the room.
You know the cameo brooch
your mistress often wears?
- Yes, sir.
- And you, Nancy?
- Yes, sir.
- It is missing.
Do you know anything about it?
I want you to think carefully
before you answer, Elizabeth.
No, sir, I don't.
You will please kiss the Bible
in token of your truthfulness.
Thank you.
And you, Nancy,
have you ever touched the brooch?
No, sir, of course I haven't.
Thank you. You may go.
Be careful what you do.
Don't commit sacrilege as well.
This is no sacrilege.
I swear by Almighty God
that I neither took your watch,
nor hid away the brooch.
Then you are mad,
you unhappy creature.
And you'll get worse until you die,
raving in an asylum!
And where the devil
are you going, Nancy?
I came to see if there were any letters
for the post, sir.
Are you expecting to meet somebody
on your way to the post?
- Only a gentleman friend, sir.

- So I supposed.

Well, are there any letters, sir?

Come in here for a moment, will you?

Let me have a look at your hair.

Very good, sir.

Is there anything more you want, sir?

Perhaps.

Come closer, will you?

Yes, sir.

Is there anything you want, sir?

There. Can she do that for you?

I believe you're jealous
of your mistress, Nancy.

Her?

She's a poor thing.

- It's better than one of us to get excited.

- Yes, Nancy, I believe it is.

You're mine now, aren't you?

'Cause you want me.

And do you want me?

I've always wanted you.

When shall we meet?

I'll let you know.

- Not tonight?

- No, I have to go out again.

Go along now. There's a good girl.

Very well.

You shall be master for a bit longer.

Good night, your lordship.

- Is that you, Cobb?

- Yes, sir.

All quiet?

The constable passed
about 10 minutes ago, sir.

I reckon they can't get back
from that concert before 11:00.

That will give me time to find out
what he gets up to in Number 14.

The only thing is, sir,

I usually meet Nancy when she comes
out at nine o'clock to post the letters.

- She never came.

- We'll have to risk it.

You wait about.

If Nancy does come out,
squeeze her dry...
of information, I mean.
- Good evening, Nancy. You're late.
- Hello, nice of you to wait.
Such goings-on.
Master made us swear things,
kissing the Bible and all.
The master? But I thought
they were at the concert.
Oh, they came back early.
Must've had another row.
Come along,
I've got to take the letters.
Well, look, let me take them for you.
It will save you the trouble.
No, I like a bit of air and a change.
Upstairs. There's someone moving.
Elizabeth!
- Oh, dear, is there no one?
- It's all right, ma'am. I'm coming.
Elizabeth, there is someone upstairs.
Someone moving.
There, there, ma'am.
Don't take on so.
There isn't anybody in the house.
Only you and me.
You mustn't let yourself imagine things.
Come into your room
and drink your milk.
But I don't imagine things, Elizabeth.
It's true. You can hear it.
Listen.
A moment ago,
the wires on the gas dimmed
as it does when someone turns on
another light in the house.
- Did you turn on another light, Elizabeth?
- No, ma'am.
There's no one in the house but us.
Nancy's out, and the master.
But it did a minute ago.
There, there, ma'am.
There's only something wrong

with the pipes.
You must have dropped off
and been dreaming you heard something.
That's right, Elizabeth. Dreaming.
If I dream things when I'm awake...
I'm going out of my mind, Elizabeth.
Oh, ma'am,
you mustn't say such things.
You know, Elizabeth.
Well, the master
did say something, but...
I once knew a girl
who died in a lunatic asylum.
I remember her eyes.
That was how they first knew.
If there's anything I can do, ma'am?
No, thank you, Elizabeth.
There isn't anything anybody can do.
- Yes, Cobb?
- There's a letter from Australia, sir.
Australia? Give it to me.
- Cobb, I really am a remarkable man.
- Yes, sir?
It's my memory. Amazing.
They shall have it for the museum
when I die.
With any luck, this should help us.
When is Nancy's next night out?
- Well, tonight, sir.
- Yes. I wish it was Mrs Mallen's instead.
Still, it all goes to show that
I'm on the right lines, as usual.
- All I want now is evidence.
- Evidence of what, sir?
Well, I'm certain
that he is Louis Bauer,
and I've a shrewd idea
of what he's up to in that house.
Can't prove it, of course.
The only one who can help us
is that poor woman.
And she's crazy.
She will be
if she stays there much longer.

- Does she know that he's not Mallen?
- I don't think so.
But she knows something.
That's her danger.
That's why we've got to get her
away from him, out of that house.
- That's easier said than done, sir.
- Cobb?
- What is it?
- A gentleman to see the governor.
- It's a stranger, sir. Shall I take...?
- Thank God you're here, sir! Come in!
- I didn't know he was a friend of yours.
- Never seen him in my life before.
- Are you Mr Rough?
- That's right.
- I got your letter. I'm...
- Mr Vincent Ullswater from Devonshire.
Come along and sit down, sir.
I've got a lot to talk to you about.
- Your boots, sir.
- Mm-hmm.
- Mrs Mallen is in her room?
- Yes, sir.
I think she's got a headache, sir.
Did you ever know a time when
Mrs Mallen did no! have a headache?
Hardly ever, sir.
And when is your next evening out,
Nancy?
Tonight, sir.
And where do you usually pass the
evenings with your gentlemen friends?
Walking around the square, sir.
Or in the park.
Then perhaps it would be
departing too much from tradition
if you were to come with me
to a music hall.
Ooh! Do you mean it?
I always mean what I say.
I shall meet you at 7:50
at the corner of the square.
You're a rum 'un. I thought

you was never going to do nothing.
That will do, Nancy. Answer the bell.
Is Mrs Mallen at home?
- What name should I say, sir?
- Her cousin, Mr Ullswater.
Very good, sir.
How do you do?
How do you do?
Will you come in here for a moment?
See that Mrs Mallen
is not informed of this call.
Very good, sir.
I hope you'll forgive me
for calling at this hour,
but I happened to be in London,
and I'd hoped to see Bella.
I'm sorry,
but my wife is unable to see you.
Mr Mallen,
this is a little difficult to explain,
but you may remember
that at the time of your marriage,
there was a slight friction
between us.
I was peculiarly alive to the fact.
My sister and I have long regretted
these differences.
They've kept us separated
from Bella too long.
In your opinion.
We're anxious to see her again,
have her stay with us in Devonshire.
The air always used to do her
so much good down there.
- You're under the impression she's ill?
- Well...
And what has given you
that impression?
- She was never strong.
- I'm the best guardian of my wife's health.
All the same,
I should like to see my cousin.
Bella was with me
when we heard you arrive.

If she had wished to see you,
she wouldn't have asked me
to speak to you down here.

She refused to see me?

The inference appears to me
perfectly clear.

I don't think I like your tone, Mallen.

You're under no obligation
to listen to it, Mr Ullswater.

I'm not going to leave this house
until I see my cousin.

Do you propose to interfere
between a husband and wife?

It would require physical force,
Mr Ullswater.

Nancy, will you please
show this gentleman out?

Yes, sir.

Vincent!

Paul! I've just seen Vincent
out in the square.

- Has he been here?

- Yes, he's been here.

And you let him go
without seeing me.

Paul, why didn't you tell me?

- So you did write to him?

- Write?

Against my express orders,
you went behind my back
and complained to your cousins.

But I didn't.

I've never written to them.

- How did he know this address?

- I don't know.

- Or that you'd been ill?

- I don't know.

- What else did you tell him?

- Nothing. I never wrote.

What lies about me

have you told him?

Paul, if I had written, which I didn't,
do you suppose I'd have said a word
to my cousins against my husband?

Do you think I can trust
the insane ravings of a madwoman?

- Paul, don't say that.

- Your mind is diseased!

You are as witless as an animal!

Paul.

I'm desperate.

If I do the things you say,
then I am going mad.

It's when you're angry
with me like this...

My head aches,
and my mind gets tired.

You must help me, Paul.

If you were afflicted,
I would be gentle.

I should love you more.

Let go of my arm.

Paul, how can you be so cruel?

You used not to be.

It's only since we came
to this hateful, horrible house
that everything's changed.

It must be
because of that envelope I found.

Who was Louis Bauer?

There's no such person
as Louis Bauer.

Then why should that
have changed our lives,
just a name on an old envelope?

There was never even an envelope!

That was the beginning
of your madness,

when I realised
you were a half-witted creature
who pried through my desk
and my papers.

But this is the end.

You're not only mad,
you are dangerous!

You are going
to see a doctor, madam.

No, Paul, not a doctor.

More than one doctor
tomorrow morning.
I'm too tired.
Paul, did you ever love me?
I hate you.
You are utterly repulsive to me.
Louis Bauer.
What I can't understand
is my cousin not wanting to see me.
You've only got his word for it.
She's his wife.
I couldn't force him to let me see her.
Surely there must be something
we can do to help her.
Nothing you can do now.
It won't do to let him get really afraid
of your interference.
- My cab will take you back to your hotel.
- It's very kind of you.
I hate leaving you to deal with this.
After all, I am her cousin.
Well, I can perhaps use methods
that you can't.
I may need your influence to get
a warrant, if I can't get my evidence.
Good.
But he won't risk anything
that'll lead to an inquiry afterwards.
In the meantime,
you know where to find me.
- Anderson's Hotel.
- Jim, Anderson's Hotel.
Right. Come on.
- Mr Rough. Mr Rough, sir.
- What's the trouble?
- It's Mrs Mallen.
- What's happened?
- He's going to have her certified.
- How do you know?
- Well, Nancy heard...
- Come to the point, boy.
Well, I waited, and I saw Nancy
and Mr Mallen get into a cab.
- Where have they gone?

- To Canterbury Music Hall.
- This is our chance.
- Where are we going?
Save your breath.
You'll need it later on.
For one long year
and two long months
Three weeks,
four days, five hours
Alas, I went a-courting
one of nature's fairest flowers
Miss Serafina Honeybun
who caused a deep sensation
In the region of my...
Oh, now
I'm full of aggravation
How...
For it's very aggravating
when your love's not true...
- Enjoying yourself?
- I'll say so. Aren't you?
Immensely.
Life's gonna be one long holiday for you
after tomorrow.
Bachelor, eh?
Brooch. No, that's not it.
Oh, Elizabeth, it's you.
Help me to move this.
My brooch may have dropped behind.
If only I could find my brooch,
he may not send for the doctors.
- A gentleman to see you, ma'am.
- Tell him my husband isn't in.
It's you he wants to see, ma'am,
not the master.
And he says it's urgent.
Vincent. He's come back.
I'm sorry, Elizabeth.
Good evening, Mrs Mallen.
You? But I thought...
Last time we met, your husband
interrupted us, but he won't this time.
- I don't understand.
- You will indeed, ma'am, very shortly.

You just sit down.
Make yourself comfortable.
You're supposed to be
going off your head, aren't you?
Who told you?
Why do you say that?
Ladies and gentlemen,
the cancan dancers.
Direct from Paris,
and I know you're gonna like them.
Of course, as I know more
about what they're going to do
than you do at the present,
I hope you'll excuse my back.

"ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERWORLD"]

Vulgar.

The whole of this house
was ransacked.

The murderer had searched
for those rubies all through the night.
And the opinion of the police was that
he'd found them and vanished with them.

- And they never caught him?

- No.

But suppose he didn't find
those rubies after all.
Suppose they were concealed
in the walls or the floor
of old Alice Barlow's bedroom,
which was the room above yours,
Mrs Mallen.

- The footsteps.

- What footsteps?

And the gaslight going up and down.

The boy I love
is up in the gallery
The boy I love
is looking down at me
There he is, can't you see?
Waving his handkerchief
As merry as a robin
that sings on a tree
The boy I love
is up in the gallery

The boy I love
is looking down at me...
- Here, what's the matter?
- Come along.
But there's another tune
just starting.
I've had enough.
Come along now, please.
That's what's made me sure
my mind is going.
Lying in my room
watching the gaslight,
listening for someone
in a place where no one can go.
Yes, they can. Along the roof
from the empty house next door.
- But what are you saying?
- It fits. It all fits.
Tell me, have you ever heard
the name Louis Bauer?
It's a trap!
I never said I found that envelope.
- No, no.
- It's a lie. Go away. Leave this house.
Come, come. Good girl.
What do you know
about Louis Bauer?
I found...
I thought I found an envelope
addressed to him.
It was when we first came here.
- That's what started my... - I've got it.
I've solved it. I've saved you!
- God, what a marvellous man I am!
- What are you talking about?
Your Mr Mallen is my Mr Louis Bauer.
A criminal maniac
who murdered his aunt
and steals back
to his own house at night,
still searching for those rubies
he couldn't find 20 years ago.
And every time he lights the gas up
in that room, so it dims down here.

And when the light brightens, I...
I hear his key in the door
a few minutes afterwards.
I can't stand it. My mind...
No, you are not going out of your mind,
Mrs Mallen.
You're slowly and methodically
being driven out of your mind.
Why? Because, quite by accident,
you got onto his identity,
and that made you dangerous to him.
He couldn't get rid of you by ordinary
means, for fear of an inquiry.
So he's driving you mad, in order
to discredit anything that you say
as the ravings of a lunatic.
Thank God you're not married to him.
- Not married to him?
- Certainly not.
He married another lady long before
he met you, and she's still alive.
How do you know?
I've been finding out things
about Mr Louis Bauer.
- Where is this woman?
- That's the trouble. Australia.
That's three months away. By then
it would be too late to save you.
That's why you've got to give me
the evidence we need.
- What evidence?
- Any proof of Louis Bauer's identity.
- But I don't know where to find it.
- Tell me where to look.
- Yes, but...
- In here?
You don't understand.
To me, he's still my husband.
I couldn't betray my husband.
You mean the man who betrayed you
into thinking you were married to him?
That's different.
That was before I knew him.
We've lived together

as husband and wife.

If I betrayed him,

I'd be betraying myself.

Even though I tell you at this moment

he's sitting in a music hall

with another woman?

Your parlour maid.

Is that true?

It's hard to take everything from you,

but I'm afraid it is.

You go straight in,

and I'll follow you in a moment.

- What you gonna do?

- Take a little stroll.

Will we go out again?

I'll let you know.

I know you will.

- He keeps his papers in there.

- Then this is where we start.

- But it's locked.

- Good!

That means there are probably some things inside that are very interesting.

Do you mind if I take me coat off?

I always work much better

with me coat off.

- Saucy shirt, isn't it?

- What are you going to do?

There's only two things

I've ever wanted to be.

A gardener or a burglar.

Both of them nice, quiet occupations.

This is tougher than I thought.

- You mustn't force it.

- Afraid I'll have to.

But what shall I say

when he comes back?

Don't you realise it's tonight or never?

Tomorrow he wants to get you certified.

If we go back, we're lost.

We must gamble on finding something.

- Now, are you with me?

- All right. Force it, but be quick.

There's no hurry, ma'am.

He's quite happy where he is.
I don't like these violent methods.
Makes me feel like a dentist.
All over now.
Drawn a blank so far.
Give me the keys.
I suppose he keeps his papers in here.
Huh!
Look! He's back. He's upstairs.
- Oh, I'm afraid.
- How long does he usually stay?
- Any time. An hour, 10 minutes.
- We shall want longer than that.
There.
That's done for, I'm afraid, but we shall have to risk it. Come along.
Come along.
- I can't see him. I daren't.
- You shan't.
Go right up to your room,
lock yourself in,
and don't come out,
in any circumstances, until I tell you.
You're not going.
You won't leave the house?
- Of course not.
- But Elizabeth?
Don't you worry about Elizabeth.
I've squared her.
And remember, you're all right
so long as you stay in your room.
Bella?
I brought you milk.
Go upstairs and tell Mrs Mallen
she's to come down here at once.
Just like that, sir?
Very good, sir.
Are you there, ma'am?
Master says you're to come
to the drawing room at once.
She won't answer.
She's got the door locked. I tried it.
- All right, Nancy. Go to bed.
- I've got to let the dog out first.

You needn't worry about the dog.
Go to bed.
What's the game?
What are you up to, eh?
Will you kindly remember that
you're not a guest in this house?
All right, all right.
Bella, I have your dog here.
I found it in the drawing room
where you know it is not allowed.
Dog? Paul, no!
No! Don't hurt it, I'm coming!
I'm coming.
Give me the dog.
- What have you done with it?
- Dog? What dog?
You said you had it. Have you hurt it?
I haven't seen your dog.
Another of your dreams.
Like the one in which
you dared break open my desk!
Dream?
Don't tell me it was a dream,
that he never came here.
He?
Who came?
Tell me about this dream of yours.
I dreamed that a man came in here.
- A dream.
- I know you dreamed.
But tell me about the man.
Speak, will you?
- I want to know more about the man!
- I dreamed and I...
- A dream!
- Was I a part of this curious dream?
Who are you?
Apparently a mere figment
of this lady's imagination.
How did you get in?
We ghosts don't have
to bother about doors.
- If you don't tell me your business...
- I came to call upon another ghost.

The ghost of the man who murdered
Alice Barlow in this very room.
I have no idea
what you're talking about.
Haven't you, Mr Louis Bauer?
- My name is Mallen.
- No, it isn't.
You've been listening
to my wife's insane ramblings?
Correct. Except that she isn't insane,
nor is she your wife.
You dare to break into my house.
You tamper with my desk!
Where you and I know lies the evidence
that you are Louis Bauer.
Here's what you want.
It will give me great pleasure
to see you make a fool of yourself
before I throw you out of the house!
Hmm. Seems to be nothing here.
My brooch.
Then it's true.
You did hide my things.
You laid traps for me
and said that I lied to you.
I found the brooch only today and put it
aside until I could give it back to you.
Give it to me.
This isn't your brooch.
I gave it to my wife
as an engagement present.
Where did you get it from?
- It's second-hand.
- How do you know?
- There's an inscription in it.
- Where? Where?
Inside. It's a trick.
I discovered it by accident.
Show me.
"To A.B."
- What are these?
- There were some sort of stones in it.
Stones? Where are they? Quick.
They were loose, so I took them out

and put them in here.
There you are!
Alice Barlow's brooch,
Alice Barlow's rubies.
20,000 worth.
This brooch and these rubies
are going to send you to the gallows.
Give them to me.
Get out of the room quickly.
Look!
Help! Oh, quick, hurry!
That will hold him.
We shan't need any more.
Did you get my message
through to Mr Ullswater?
- Yes, sir.
- You go for the police now, and hurry.
Very good, sir.
It's all over now, ma'am.
You can go along up to your room.
I'll deal with the servants.
I want to speak to my wife. Alone.
You go up to your room.
- I, too, want to speak to my husband.
- No, you'll only be torturing yourself.
I want to speak to him alone.
Very well, if you insist.
I don't suppose...
I'll hear you if you call.
Bella. Quick, Bella, the rubies.
Help me to get away,
and give me them.
Rubies?
How you lusted for them.
Look at them.
- Look.
- Bella, hurry.
Get the knife there in the drawer.
Cut me free and give them to me.
Quick, Bella. Cut the rope here.
Take the knife.
Knife?
What knife?
Are you suggesting this is a knife

I have in my hand?

Have you gone mad,

my sane husband?

There was a knife, but I lost it.

I always hide things away,

because I'm mad.

- Bella, what are you saying?

- Rubies.

You killed a woman for them.

And me, you tried to kill my mind.

You made me mad.

"Witless as an animal," you said.

Now you're helpless, and I'm mad.

Bella!

- No!

- Better let him hold them.

The rubies.