**Smiling Jack**

By Jacob Cumner

The moon light illuminated her face. I stood there for several moments stroking her cheek before walking to the broken window of the warehouse, peering out and down on to the street. Running my finger along the shards, I feel the sharp glass push against my skin, yet lightly enough so it would not pierce and rip my tender flesh “Where am I?” a voice rang out from behind and echoed around the room.

“Relax, Agent Rogers”, I replied smiling, tearing my eyes away from the alley below. She strained against the handcuffs that held her firmly to the table. I pressed play on the iPod dock that sat on my workbench, before too long the music of David Bowie – ‘The Man That Sold the World’ started playing softly.

“W… who are you?’ she asked finally laying back exhausted.

“The man you have been looking for, my dear”, I replied smiling, as her eyes adjusted to the dim lighting and saw my demonic smile inches from her face as the words “you’re face to face with the man who sold the world” cuts through the air.

The room grew dark and cold as a thick veil of clouds shielded the light from the moon. When the light returned she was staring up at me, her eyes as wide as saucers.

“You’re The Boston Butcher?” she asked.

“Boston butcher? Hmm… I don’t like that, but then again with little to no information people will always make up stories and assume they know all to mask their ignorance. Please, address me as Jack”. I looked over to her restraints, checking they were secure. I only stopped tightening the restraint when I heard a yelp of pain. I returned to the desk where I set my tools. A variety of shiny killing weapons perfectly arranged into parallel lines stand so boldly against the stained wood: a dangerously sharp hunting knife, a few scalpels, a range of empty needles, a magnum python handgun, a length of piano wire and much needed black leather gloves. Just how I like it.

“Jack, huh? What are you? Some cheap Jack the Ripper wannabe?” she quipped, trying to look over and see what I was doing. Amused, I turned slowly and smiled. With my large hunting knife cushioned in my black leather gloves, I began to approach her with my hands down by my side.

“Agent Rogers, you have *no* *idea* what type of monster I am. Speak out of turn again and I slice your perfect pink little tongue from your skull”, whilst tapping the knife on her cheek, “Though I am glad you brought the Ripper up. We are of the same blood”, I smile crookedly at her. While I took the hunting knife and began to cut the buttons off her suit. “The FBI are indeed cheap. I wouldn’t wear this if my life depended on it”, I thought to myself, smiling once more as I turned away. The hunt was over; I had my prey.

“Why me? How is this possible? Jack the Ripper disappeared in 1888. No one knew who he was”, Agent Rogers said looking over at me. “Oh Agent. He didn’t just disappear. He was murdered. That’s just the way it is with my family tree; the son kills the father and so it has always been. But I have never liked the act of murder”, I replied turning towards her, blade pressed against my cheek gently. “You were brainwashed. You don’t have to keep killing. Please..” she pleads. “Oh my darling Agent, I really don’t think you understand the mind of a killer”

I pull a chair close to the table upon which she was laid out. “Let me tell you a story Agent” I said after getting comfortable, smoothing out my **Alexander Amosu Bespoke Suit and rolling al small pocket lint roller over it. “My favourite fable is ‘**The Scorpion and the Frog’ which very much ties into why I must kill you. See, this scorpion asks a frog to carry it across a river. The frog hesitates, afraid of being stung, however, the scorpion argues that if it did so they would both drown. Considering this the frog agrees, but midway across the river the scorpion does indeed sting the frog, dooming them both. When the frog asks the scorpion why, the scorpion replies that it was in its nature to do so. So, now you know that to kill is in my nature” I said standing and returning to my desk and looking at my kill tools. Oh how they shine under the light of the moon, their cold steel menace almost as beautiful as my tailored suits. I think to myself, “how can mine be so perfect, yet the agents so crude and cheap. Disgusting”.

Agent Rogers is a young go-getter from the FBI with an extensive background in negotiation and forensic psychology. Tries to connect to him through his choice of music and the specific songs. “Do you think you’re similar to the man who sold the world?”

* She’d be stalling for time and trying to get as much information as possible from Jack, background information, Modus operandi. Elaborate the lineage of the family.
* Is the FBI/Boston P.D, aware of the connection between the different murders or are just heading down one path of many?
* The partner’s name is McGregor.
* The conversation can be slow and deliberate yet also fast paced as they’re both against the clock.
* Glasgow smile could be the calling card?
* Find what you can about the behaviour of Jack the Ripper and model the characters personality of his.
* Methodical, purpose driven, highly intelligent, charismatic.
* The juxtaposition of the main shareholder/owner businessman/serial killer. Different sides of this character.