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A Victorian Fantasy

Written
By

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SUPER: WHITECHAPEL - LONDON 1888

FADE IN:

EXT. THE OLD GREENGROCERS SHOP - NIGHT

A PEREGRINE leaves its eyrie, then hovers uninhibitedly above the slate grey rooftops, beneath a lurid sky.

Upon his head a top hat glistens. He wears a Waistcoat of ever-changing colours, whilst the Red Seal of the *Royal College of Surgeons* hangs delicately from a thick gold chain. His cloak of purple ribbed wings houses an assortment of sparkling surgical knives of steel.

CU: Horse carts and barrows are being hurried along, while Hansom cabs ferry people from place to tother.

Bts.

A heavily bearded blocks the path of a young, well-dressed WOMAN as she attempts to pass.

GUTTERSNIPE
(Enraged & Intoxicated)
GERTCHA!

He jabs at the woman's abdomen with his pen knife, causing her to scream out in panic, before she falls down upon the filthy pavement.

A BAILIFF spots the woman and immediately puts his whistle to his lips and blows hard.

The Guttersnipe dashes across the busy thoroughfare and disappears into the night, as the Bailiff gives chase. But he stumbles and is ridden over by a speeding horse cart.

He's brought back to his feet by a group of STREET URCHINS. Their heads bulbous, and their small elephant trunks raised in unison like trumpets within an orchestra's brass section.

The Peregrine looks down and pecks wildly at his own chest in discomfiture, before he flies towards the Moon.

Cackling BOB TAIL'S (Whores) lift up their petticoats for the men who pass.

The Peregrine drops oversized Blackberries into the most crowded areas he can see.

Urchins scramble and fight among themselves for the deadly fruit when it hits the cobblestone at lightning speed, causing huge explosions upon impact.

The juice covers them from head to toe in a thick red goo.

Two drunk LOBSTER'S (Soldiers) in red uniform exit a drinking house.

The first Lobster is broad shouldered and tall. He carries carrotty whiskers, and has a thick handlebar moustache.

Clinging to his arm, a lubricious LADYBIRD (Prostitute) She has long, brown curls, sexy eyeballs, and a large potato shaped head.

The second Lobster is much smaller than the first. He carries with him a full black beard, and a thin moustache. He smiles into the eyes of the other prettier Ladybird like a love-struck puppy as she sings an Irish folk song to him.

She wears a black straw bonnet, and her bright red lipstick illuminates her milk white skin and crazy steely blue eyes.

They disappear down an alleyway perpendicular to the drinking house.

Beat.

The potato faced Ladybird stands with her back to the wall by the entrance of a decrepit tenement block. Her dress pulled over her waistline, her bloomers sit around her ankles, as she indulges with the carrotty Lobster in an act of penetrative sex.

His handlebar moustache splattered with his own saliva as he sweats profusely whilst he seeks a pleasurable conclusion.

Above, the Peregrine observes them and nose dives to settle upon the rooftop of the same tenement block.

The Lobster's ears prick up and he ceases to hump with the Ladybird, due to the intrusion.

His button (Nose) filled with the sudden waft of apricot as he listens carefully to the ominous bronchial purring coming from above the tenement block.

He withdraws himself from the Ladybird due to his torment, then zips up his fly as a look of mortification decorates his angry face.

He looks up at the rooftop to see what it is that fills his nostrils with the sweet aroma that causes him to lose his libido.

LOBSTER (Aside)

Apricot.

The Ladybird's petticoat falls down over her trembling knees.

LADYBIRD

What's wrong, Soldier?

He ignores her, instead draws his Sword from its scabbard and marches around in the darkness, searching for the intruder that lurks within the midst of his exploits.

Without success, he turns back to her in a fit of rage, his Sword pointing towards her abdomen.

She stands aghast as he plunges the sharp, cold metal deep into her like a knife through butter.

She gasps upon the sharp intake of the steel blade, her eyes bulge in deep terror.

LOBSTER

I dislike apricots.

He makes haste and disappears into the smoke-filled night.

The Ladybird stands like a statue of stone with her back towards the wall. She cups her stomach in the palms of her hands, before she looks down at the blood that seeps through her fingers like a waterfall. She begins to shake violently and screams out her terror.

The Guttersnipe claims the space vacated by the angry Lobster.

GUTTERSNIPE

And this is for you, Whore!

He ferociously attacks her with his penknife, until she slides down the wall in a heap of torn flesh.

He disappears into the night.

SFX/VFX: Thunder and lightning as tremors shake the foundations upon the rooftop.

The Peregrine lands before the Ladybird, then nests upon the warmth of her bloodsoaked cadaver.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

FADE TO BLACK:

The Lobster. The Peregrine. and the Ladybird © John Stone 2022