

THE DEADLY FRUIT OF ORIGINAL SIN

written by

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Fantasy Horror Based Upon Jack The Ripper 1888

Note Shorthand - Continued / Aside -

INT. BEDSTEAD SQUARE - NIGHT

JOSEPH MERRICK (aka Elephant Man) snores to the sound of ten men as he sleeps upright upon his plumped up pillows.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. THE OLD GREENGROCERS SHOP - NIGHT

Amid the deep fog a PEREGRINE FALCON leaves its eyrie and hovers uninhibitedly above the slate grey rooftops.

Upon the bird's head a TOP HAT glistens. He wears a WAISTECOAT 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: HORSECARTS and HANSOM CABS canter along the busy thoroughfares.

The Peregrine Falcon looks down and pecks wildly at his own chest in discomfiture.

Cackling BOB TAIL'S (Whores), lift their PETTICOATS for potential CUSTOMERS who pass them by.

The Peregrine Falcon drops oversized BLACKBERRIES into the most crowded areas.

STREET URCHINS scramble and fight 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 drunken LOBSTER'S (Soldiers) in red uniform exit the WHITE HART 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 LADY BIRD (Prostitute) She has long, brown curls, sexy eyeballs, and a large potato shape face.

The second LOBSTER is much smaller than the first. He carries with him a full black beard, and a pencil moustache.

He smiles into the eyes of the other prettier LADY BIRD like a lovestruck puppy as she merrily sings an Irish folk song to him.

She wears a black straw bonnet, and her bright RED LIPSTICK illuminates her milky white skin and steely blue eyes.

They enter an alleyway, perpendicular to the drinking house.

Beat.

The potato faced Lady bird stands with her back to the wall at the entrance of a decrepit tenement block.

Her dress pulled up and over her waistline, her bloomers around her ankles as she indulges with the carrotly Lobster in an act of rushed penetrative sex.

His MOUSTACHE spattered with his own SALIVA as he sweats profusely whilst he seeks a pleasurable conclusion.

From above the Peregrine Falcon nose dives towards them, then settles upon the rooftop of the same decrepit tenement block.

The Lobster's ears suddenly prick up. He ceases to hump the Lady bird due to the unwanted intrusion.

His button (Nose) fills with a sudden waft as he listens carefully to the ominous bronchial purring that comes from above.

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

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

LOBSTER -
(quietly)
Apricot.

The Lady bird stands and trembles as her petticoat falls down over her shaking knees.

LADY BIRD
(petrified)
What is it? What's wrong?

He ignores her utterance, instead draws his SWORD from its scabbard and marches around in the darkness as he searches for the intruder that lurks within the midst of his sexual exploits.

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

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

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

LOBSTER

I dislike the smell of apricot.

He returns his sword to its scabbard then makes haste, before he disappears into the smoke-filled night.

The Lady bird stands like a statue of stone with her back towards the wall as she cups her stomach in the palms of her hands to stop the flow of her blood, but it cascades through her fingers like a waterfall as she trembles uncontrollably.

The Peregrine Falcon occupies the space in front of her and attacks her with his long, sharp talons, until she slides down the wall in a heap of torn flesh.

He then nests upon the warmth of her cadaver as the tectonic plates rumble and shake beneath him.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS - DAY

The tall distinguished MR. FREDERICK TREVES clutches a glass of port whilst in conversation with Her Majesty's incumbent physician - 1st Baronet - SIR. WILLIAM GULL.

He wears a black suit and waistcoat with a gold chain that houses the RED SEAL of The Royal College of Surgeons.

They walk shotgun towards the opulent Great Hall, decorated with PORTRAITS of past pioneering physicians, and where a magnificent CRYSTAL CHANDELIER hangs delicately above their heads.

Treves looks up and smiles at the CARVED ARCHITRAVE.

TREVES

The building never ceases to amaze me. It's very structure means everything to me.

GULL

I agree. It was finally commissioned in the eighteen-hundreds. And not a minute too soon.

TREVES

Yes.

GULL

I spend most of my time here these days.

TREVES

Well I envy you, Sir William.

GULL

Changing the subject, we urgently need to find this witness, since she was also drinking at The White Hart with Martha Tabram and two soldiers of the Queen's Regiment, before Martha Tabram went off with the soldier.

(sips port)

Now, it has been said in certain circles that her name is Pearly Poll. She was the one who picked out the soldier during the parade at Tower Hill Barracks last week.

(sips port)

Now, an officer of Her Majesty's constabulary was sent to her abode off the Ratcliff's Highway. It turned out that she'd vanished just before he arrived. She'd obviously received prior warning. If this is the case then she knows she is in danger, since the soldier she accused is highly connected to the Royal Household Cavalry Regiment. This has caused Her Majesty some unimaginable distress.

TREVES

(sips port)

No wonder.

GULL

Now, we need to seek this woman before she starts spouting her mouth off to those imbeciles at the Press Agency. It cannot be imagined should the Royal Household become embroiled in Martha Tabram's savage murder.

TREVES

Absolutely not.

GULL

Now, your help would be greatly appreciated regarding this matter of prime importance to Her Majesty and the authorities.

TREVES

How can I be of assistance, Sir William?

GULL

Well, one good turn deserves another. So if you can locate her before the Press Agency find her, you'll be held in high regard upon my imminent retirement. With a nudge and a wink I will personally endorse your application to become house surgeon at the Ducal Palaces when I step down from my duties later this year. As you may have heard I am quite unwell.

TREVES

I have, Sir William. And I wish you a speedy recovery.

GULL

Appreciated, enormously.

TREVES

(sips port)

I understand that the Royal Household has encouraged support for Jack's long term stay at Bedstead Square. Princess Alexandra sanctioned it herself, so it would be a pleasure to display my gratitude in any way I can.

GULL

I am aware.

TREVES

I'm already warming to the idea of finding this woman myself. I am confident that it shan't take me too long to locate her whereabouts, since I am familiar with most of the lady birds who frequent the hospital.

Sir William Gull's bushy eyebrows narrow with evil intent.

GULL

Now, if you should come into contact with her, or hear word of her, under no circumstances involve the local police. Call me at once. I'd like to deal with her personally.

Mr Treves thick handlebar moustache twitches as he taps his empty glass with his wedding ring finger.

TREVES

Do you have any details at all to go on?

GULL

I most certainly do. She's of Irish, or possibly Welsh descent. A brash, buxom redhead who likes to sing to her customers when she's intoxicated.

(sips port)

And remember, this is an extremely sensitive matter, Treves. Keep it under your hat. Not a word to anyone, otherwise, we may end up losing her for good... that would be a grave concern to you know who.

EXT. FRYING PAN P.H - NIGHT

A lurid sky fills the air with a fiery miasma, as a rapid downpour saturates luckless blower (Whore) ANNIE NICHOLS (aka POLLY)

She stands at the entrance to the drinking house to keep out of the rain. With her back towards the door, she presses her hand down upon her bonnet to stop the gusts lifting it off her head.

A COALMAN 30's approaches. He carries a limp and is hunched.

COALMAN

Get out the bleedin' way, will ya!

He barges past her with his broad shoulder as he stumbles inside the drinking den.

ANNIE

Oh sod off! Dontcha like me new bonnet? I'm wearing it just for you, pig head!

Roars of laughter, cackles, and a rumpus inside the drinking den to the clashes of tankards.

LADY BIRD O.S

(cackling)

And a thousand others!

ANNIE

Oh piss off!

Despairingly, Annie staggers away in hopelessness.

EXT. LONDON CHARITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Under the umbrella of darkness the solitary, unmasked figure of Joseph Merrick stares down in reverie at the sodden flowerbeds.

EXT. DOSS HOUSE - NIGHT

Annie Nichols rallies in raucous dispute with the heavily bearded DEPUTY OWNER.

DEPUTY OWNER

Now stay out! And don't you think about coming back here unless you've got your doss, right?!

ANNIE

Oh don't be like that, g'rn, save us a bed, wontcha? Oh g'rn, I'm begging ya please. I won't be any trouble, I promise.

He turns his back, then marches back inside without further ado.

Forlorn and lost she stares at the closed door with her bonnet in hand and looks up at the angry clouds.

ANNIE / -

Oh never mind. See what a jolly bonnet I've got now.

She climbs to her feet and stumbles away.

EXT. LONDON CHARITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Joseph wanders beyond the gardens and strays onto the busy thoroughfare.

His POV: Annie stands in the glow of a single gas lamp. She lifts her skirt to all and sundry as they pass her by.

ANNIE

Business, sir? Oh c'mon darlin,' what's the matter? Cantcha get it up for a pretty girl then?

(gesticulates)

I'm clean you know. Pig!

He ducks and hides in a dark shadow as he continues to watch her.

Intrigued, he observes her masquerading under the flicker of the gaslight as she drinks from a wine glass.

He observes further as she stumbles and falls down on to the sodden stony ground.

He pulls his cloak over his head in discomposure as she cackles carelessly.

But the voice of the Doctor inside his head begin to berate him.

DR TREVES V.O

Go and get her, Jack. Go, before it's too late. She's waiting for you. Hurry.

JOSEPH -

But it's very late. You said I must not leave the hospital grounds.

DR TREVES V.O

Go and speak with her.

JOSEPH -

(distressed)

But what if she screams? Oh. Oh. Oh. I don't know.

She wanders off. He shuffles back towards his room.

INT. THE OLD GREENGROCER'S SHOP - NIGHT

Annie falls towards the door then stumbles inside the darkness.

She pinches her nose to quell the rancid smell of rotten vegetables and stale fruit.

She hears a bronchial purring and shudders whilst glued to the spot just inside the door.

CLICK

The door is locked behind her.

She spins around, then lunges towards the locked door where she tries in desperation to open it.

And up from the ground behind her, and in the shadow of darkness the diminutive figure of Joseph stands unmasked, clutching a lit Bunsen Burner in his larger diseased hand.

He reaches out and places his good hand upon her tiny shoulder.

She gasps and clings to the door, then buckles as he purrs into her eardrum.

JOSEPH

Please, don't turn around. I wouldn't want to frighten you.

ANNIE

Leave me alone. Let me out.

JOSEPH

I'm not going to hurt you. I'm badly disfigured.

ANNIE

Yeah well I want leave, so open the door and let me out.

JOSEPH

Please, I'm not going to hurt you.

ANNIE

What'd ya want then?

His hand filled with Blackberries, he brings over her shoulder, directly under her nostrils. She looks down at them and shudders.

JOSEPH

I brought you these. I thought you might like to eat them.

She throws them into her mouth and scoffs them.

The juice escapes and runs down her chin towards her scrawny neck, then into her bony cleavage.

ANNIE

Ta very much. But can I go now, kind sir?

JOSEPH

I was hoping you wouldn't mind,
but I've been watching you from
where I live. I thought you
looked beautiful under the
gaslight. And your bonnet suits
you. You remind me of my Mother.

ANNIE

Please, can I go?

JOSEPH

I used to live here. It isn't
very nice, is it?

ANNIE

No. It's cold... and it stinks.

JOSEPH

I come here when I feel lonely.
(Pauses)
Are you lonely, miss?

ANNIE

You're not that bleedin' elephant
freak everybody's talkin' 'bout,
are ya? Is it bizniz you want
then?

She twists her neck to see who it is that stands behind her
as Joseph stands in all his unholy glory.

Lost in maniacal fervour he attacks her with his knife as he
screams-

JOSEPH -

Mother! Mother! Mother! Mother!

And when all his energy has surpassed he nests upon the
warmth of her cadaver.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A busy shift as Dr Treves bandages the foot of an aged
FEMALE.

Beat.

Dr Treves checks his pocket watch, then quickly exits the
building.

INT. BEDSTEAD SQUARE - NIGHT.

Dr Treves opens the door then strikes a match.

His POV: Joseph's empty bed.

He searches beneath the pillows for Joseph's knife.

INT. THE OLD GREENGROCERS SHOP - NIGHT

Dr Treves stands inside the darkness and strikes another match.

DR TREVES

Jack? Jack, are you in here?

He steps further into the empty space whilst continuously striking a match, until he stumbles upon a small bundle of dead flesh.

DR TREVES / -

(gasps)

Lord Heavens!

He kneels down beside the cadaver, then strikes another match, before he covers his orifice with a handkerchief.

He get to his feet and grits his teeth in anger.

DR TREVES /

If you're here, Jack, I hope you
know what you've done!

He quickly exits.

EXT. HOSPITAL YARD - EARLY HOURS

Dr Treves climbs upon a designated horse and carriage and trots off.

INT. GREENGROCERS SHOP /

Dr Treves enters the darkness then wraps Annie's cadaver inside a blanket, before he lifts her over his shoulder and exits.

STREET.

He shoves her cadaver into the carriage, then rides off.

EXT. BUCKS ROW - EARLY HOURS

He races to a stop and removes her body from inside the carriage, then carefully lies her down upon the sodden pavement before he rides off again.

DR TREVES / -
Jack, what have you done?

INT. RECEIVING ROOM - EARLY HOURS

He returns in a fluster before he begins to attend to the sick.

INT. BEDSTEAD SQUARE - DAY

Joseph snores to the sound of ten men as he sleeps upright against his plumped up pillows.

A NURSE with tormented eyes, and a face like thunder enters. She stops to look at Joseph sleeping. His bronchial purring, a reminder of what she has to put up with.

NURSE
(acerbically)
Joseph, it's time to wake up!
It's eight O' clock. We've all
overslept this morning. C'mon,
it's time for your bath.

She sniffs the air in distaste as she stands with hands upon hips.

NURSE /
C'mon now, Joseph, wake up!

She steps towards his bed and yells into his earlobe.

NURSE /
Now c'mon. This is not a flippin'
doss house. Now wake up.

She lifts the window pane, before she makes her way into the adjoining room, where she returns with a bath towel.

She's caught out by Dr Treves as he stands inaudibly inside the door frame. His mischievous dark eyes upon her, before he scans the room with a purposeful intent. His thick moustache neatly trimmed, his hair waxed into a defined centre parting.

He clutches a felt hat in his left hand - A Gladstone bag held in tother.

The RED SEAL of the Royal College of Surgeons hangs delicately from a THICK GOLD CHAIN from his waistcoat pocket.

He checks his SOLID GOLD TIMEPIECE, clipped to his lapel, the morning JOURNAL figures under his arm.

He loosens his grip upon his bag and it crashes to the floor.

CHING! His surgical instruments dance upon impact.

NURSE /

Oh, excuse me, Doctor. You half frightened me to death standing there. I wasn't expecting anyone so early this morning. He hasn't had his morning bath yet.

DR TREVES

That's all right, nurse. I shan't be a moment. I'd just like to speak to my patient in private if I may? If you would be so kind as to give us a few minutes, I would be most grateful.

NURSE

Certainly, Doctor Treves. Just give me a shout on your way out.

She closes the door shut upon her exit.

He grins inwardly, then steps forward and places his hat and journal down on the table.

He then inspects Joseph's coat and hood attached, that hangs from a hook on the back of the door.

Joseph opens his eyes, then shuffles his body as he lifts himself up.

Dr Treves folds his arms as he watches him closely.

DR TREVES

So, you're finally awake. Good sleep, was it?

JOSEPH

Oh no, Doctor T. I had the most terrible nightmare. It was the most wretched nightmare I think I've ever had in my entire life.

DR TREVES

Tell me what happened this time?

He climbs off the bed and searches helplessly for his slippers.

The Doctor assists him by placing them by his feet.

JOSEPH

Oh, it was such a vivid nightmare, Doctor T.

DR TREVES

And which bird of prey were you this time?

JOSEPH

Oh, I'm not sure.

DR TREVES

A peregrine falcon, maybe?

JOSEPH

If you show me a picture, I might be able to say which bird I was this time.

DR TREVES

Well, a peregrine falcon is a big powerful bird with long pointed wings. It has a very short tail, Jack.

JOSEPH

Oh. I really cannot say.

He places his hand upon Joseph's shoulder and sighs.

DR TREVES

Sit down, Jack.

JOSEPH

What is it, Doctor T?

He sits down upon the wooden chair in front of his desk and stares out of the window.

DR TREVES

This morning at approximately
three-thirty, where were you?

JOSEPH

At three-thirty?

DR TREVES

Yes, precisely. What were you
doing?

JOSEPH

I couldn't sleep. I went for a
walk in the gardens.

DR TREVES

I see.

He pauses for thought.

DR TREVES /

And what time did you finally get
to sleep then?

JOSEPH

It was about that time shortly
after I remember climbing onto my
bed. I recall the church clock
striking the hour.

DR TREVES

(scratches head)

I see.

JOSEPH

The sky was very red. And it was
raining. To say... I mean it was
frightening to see the sky like
that.

DR TREVES

That's because the fires down at the docks. The stench will linger for days on end, I expect.

(twiddles moustache)

A Blower was savagely mutilated during the early hours of this morning. And it just so happens you were spotted in the grounds of the hospital by one of the nurse's during the approximate time of this woman's mutilation. The nurse in question says she saw you again returning to your room soon after. Did you not see or hear anything, such as a scream or a deathly squeal, or anything that may have caused you to be concerned?

JOSEPH

Nothing, other than the usual night sounds.

DR TREVES

(exhales)

Thank heavens for that. I was quite worried about that, because my first point of plan this morning, after I spoke with Doctor Llewellyn, was to check to see if you were still sleeping. Obviously, you must have retired very late indeed, since you were in deep slumber when I checked on you again.

JOSEPH

I cannot remember anything regarding the time I went to bed. I'm sorry if I have caused you any embarrassment, Doctor T.

DR TREVES

You haven't, Jack. But Doctor Llewellyn informs me that the injuries inflicted upon this unfortunate woman were likely to have been committed by a left-handed person, And, well, your functional hand is your left hand, is it not, Jack?

(clears throat)

Also, according to Doctor Llewellyn, the knife used upon her was not such a sharp knife. Incredibly, they moved her cadaver over to the old greengrocer's shop. I'm going over there later to examine her injuries for myself.

JOSEPH

Oh.

DR TREVES

Her body was found in Bucks Row. Just a stone's throw from the receiving room.

Short silence.

DR TREVES /

All right then, Jack. Please stand up for me.

He wiggles himself out of his chair and faces the window.

DR TREVES /

Now, just so that you know I am going to be seeing you more frequently than I have been of late. As you may be aware I've been very busy of late with my workload... not to mention the lectures I've been instructed to carry out with the students at Queen Mary's.

(wipes brow)

I made a solemn promise to protect you when I brought you here, so I shan't shut you out any longer.

JOSEPH

I'd like to continue with my cardboard model now, if I may, Doctor T?

DR TREVES

Yes, of course.

JOSEPH

Thank you.

DR TREVES

By the way which book are you reading, Jack?

Dr Treves picks up his Gladstone bag.

JOSEPH

Frankenstein.

DR TREVES

Have you managed to read any of the chapters from my surgical book?

JOSEPH

It is too complicated.

DR TREVES

Fair enough. I shall take it with me. One of my students has asked for a copy.

Joseph picks up the book from the small stack on the table and hands it to him.

Dr Treves drops it inside his bag and closes it shut.

DR TREVES /

You know, Switzerland is a very beautiful country... very beautiful indeed. Same as Iceland. Two of the most scenic places I have experienced in my short lifetime.

JOSEPH

(excitedly)

Oh, can we go there, Doctor T? I want to see Switzerland. Will you introduce me to Doctor Victor Frankenstein? Oh, how wonderful it would be to meet Doctor Frankenstein.

Dr Treves chuckles at the possibility of meeting a fictional character.

DR TREVES

No, I'm afraid we cannot meet Doctor Victor Frankenstein, Jack. But I will take you to Fort William one day. Not in the immediate future, since I am far too busy with my workload. Now, I have patients queuing for me in the receiving room at this very moment.

(pauses)

Oh, and by the way, I've arranged for you to take a holiday in November. I have some very dear friends in Northumberland. They have offered for you to stay with them for a week or two. They will treat you as one of their own... Plus the fresh air will be very good for your bronchitis.

He grabs his bag then opens the door.

DR TREVES /

All right, nurse, I've finished with this young scholar. He's all yours.

He exits without further ado.

Joseph picks up the morning Journal and reads the front page headline:

"HORRIBLE MURDER IN WHITECHAPEL! WOMAN SHOCKINGLY MUTILATED! HEAD NEARLY CUT OFF!"

He turns away in horror.

JOSEPH

Oh you poor thing.

Nurse enters with a large jug of water. She immediately marches into the bathroom and begins to fill the bathtub.

JOSEPH /
May I see the chaplain after my
bath, nurse?

NURSE
(abruptly)
Why, what have you done now?

JOSEPH
Nothing. I just feel remorseful.

NURSE
C'mon, let's get you washed and
dressed. You smell awful this
morning. You must have been
having nightmares again.

JOSEPH
I was.

He hobbles towards the bathroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

An alarm clock rings out a deafening sound.

Dr Treves reaches out from beneath the blankets to smash his hand down on the rattling situated on his bedside table.

He climbs out of bed and looks down upon his sleeping wife, before he tiptoes towards the window ajar and looks out.

His POV: A dimly lit street where a HANSOM CAB sits at the junction. The DRIVER waits for fare.

He slips on his dressing gown, then quietly exits the room.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Doctor has chosen to wear a top hat as he pushes his BICYCLE along. He looks up at the blackest morning sky, then climbs upon the saddle and rides off.

Beat.

He dismounts, then steers his bicycle across the deserted road where he stops to check his timepiece.

His POV: ANNIE CHAPMAN conspicuously leans forwards as she stands inside a narrow doorway. She wears a straw bonnet and woollen overcoat.

She spots his awesome silhouette and beckons him over with a quick wave of the hand.

ANNIE CHAPMAN
(quietly)
Come over 'ere.

He acknowledges her with a mischievous grin, then leans his bicycle up against the wall, before he grabs his Gladstone bag from the tray attached.

ANNIE CHAPMAN /
'ullo there, sir. What can I do
for you this morning, then?

DR TREVES
(apprehensively)
Oh, I'm not quite sure just yet.
Maybe we can start by you telling
me your name, if that's not too
much to ask?

ANNIE CHAPMAN
(grinning)
Annie - Annie Chapman.

DR TREVES
Good.

ANNIE CHAPMAN
So how would you like summk
nice to start your day? It'll
only cost ya a tanner, and I'm
very good you'll be pleased to
know.

He stares deviously into her small tired eyes.

ANNIE CHAPMAN /

It's your lucky day. I'm feeling very generous this morning. You might well be my very last customer before I knock off. And you look to me like a nice clean gentleman, so you do. And you don't get many of them 'round 'ere this time of the morning, I don't mind tellin' ya that for nuffink.

DR TREVES

You're too kind.

She opens her coat and lifts her skirt to show him her thighs.

ANNIE CHAPMAN

See for y'self, I've got the cleanest thighs you'll see anywhere 'round 'ere.

He looks down at her naked flesh.

DR TREVES

So you do.

He grabs a handful of thigh and squeezes. She gasps in pain.

ANNIE CHAPMAN

Ouch! Please be gentle for gawd sake. I bruise easily you know.

He releases his grip, then wipes his hands upon a handkerchief from his pocket.

DR TREVES

Very well.

He wipes the perspiration from off his neck.

ANNIE CHAPMAN

Follow me, c'mon. I'll 'AV' ya in seconds, that's a promise.

DR TREVES

I don't doubt it for a moment.

She leads him through a back alley to a wall behind the houses, then kneels down to unbuckle his trouser belt.

DR TREVES /

Wait.

He moves her hands away from his genitals

ANNIE CHAPMAN

What's wrong?

DR TREVES

I must do something before we start.

ANNIE CHAPMAN

What's that?

He unclips his bag and takes out a handful of blackberries which he hands to her.

ANNIE CHAPMAN /

What are they?

DR TREVES

Blackberries. I thought you might like them. They were hand picked from Dorset.

He encourages her to eat them.

ANNIE CHAPMAN

Oh ta. Alright then, as you're offering. I'm bloody starvin'. But don't be finkin' I'm doin' anyfing just for a few blackberries.

She masticates them.

He watches her as the juice seeps from her mouth and rolls down her chin.

DR TREVES

Let us start the day with a little gratification, shall we?

He puts a leading hand upon her shoulder and pushes her back up against the fence.

CU: The BREWERY CLOCK strikes the half-hour.

She bends down again to take him as he reaches into his bag and grabs a piece of cloth saturated in chloroform.

And as she handles him, he grabs her by the throat and forces her up, before he covers her face with the cloth, then viciously presses his thumbs deep into her scrawny throat, causing her to lose consciousness.

When he's finished savaging her flesh, he cleans his knife on a piece of cloth, before he positions her arms across her chest in symbolic fashion.

He then climbs back onto his bicycle and pedals like a bat out of hell towards the receiving room.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

Dr Treves sits behind a solid oak desk and writes a letter in Annie Chapman's blood, from which he takes from a small glass jar situated in front of him.

His desk positioned opposite the entrance door, in front of a large sash cord window, which offers him a birds eye view of the busy thoroughfare.

A lit coal fire burns beneath a wrought iron mantle to his left, and above a portrait of CARR GOMM, the hospital's administrator.

Horse clatter and squeaky wheelbarrows can be heard from the street as they pass by.

He picks up the LETTER then climbs out of his seat, before he walks around his desk and looks out of the window.

He recites the letter in hand.

DR TREVES -

"Dear Boss, I keep on hearing the police have caught me but they wont fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track. That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits. I am down on whores and I shant quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now. I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger beer bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I cant use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope ha, ha. The next job I do I shall clip the ladys ears off and send to the police officers just for jolly wouldn't you. Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work, then give it out straight. My knife's so nice and sharp I want to get to work right away if I get a chance. Good Luck. Yours truly Jack the Ripper. Dont mind me giving the trade name. PS. Wasnt good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands curse it. No luck yet. They say I'm a Doctor now. Ha, ha."

Human chatter from behind the door causes him to drop the letter inside the open desk drawer and close it shut.

DR TREVES /

Enter.

A shy, pretty, young NURSE opens the door and steps inside.

DR TREVES /

(abruptly)

Well, what is it, nurse?

NURSE

There's a gentleman outside. He's
wants to see you, Doctor Treves.

DR TREVES

Well, show him in then. Don't
keep the man waiting any longer
than necessary.

NURSE

I will. Thank you, Doctor Treves.

She opens the door as he quickly buttons up his white shirt
and positions himself ready to receive his guest.

NURSE /

(to Gentleman)

The Doctor will see you now, sir.

THOMAS HARDY enters bearing a huge grin. He has long carrotty
side whiskers, and a handlebar moustache and beard.

His garb: a deerstalker, and a well tailored tweed suit. He
clutches a black leather bag in his free hand, a clay pipe
hangs delicately from his mouth.

They throw up their arms in brotherly fashion and greet one
another.

The nurse acknowledges their embrace with a faint smile, then
closes the door upon her exit.

DR TREVES

Thomas! How are you, old chap?
It's so good to see you.

Thomas swiftly removes his pipe from his mouth and chuckles.

THOMAS

Likewise, old boy, likewise.

They begin to recite an old Dorset poem -

DR TREVES

(Dorset dialect)

The Primrrose in the
sheäde do blow, the
cowslip in the zun. The
thyme upon the down do
grow, the clote where
streams do run. An' where
do pretty maidens grow,
an' blow, but where the
tow'r. Do rise among the
bricken tuns, in
Blackmwore by the Stour.

THOMAS

(Dorset dialect)

The Primrrose in the
sheäde do blow, the
cowslip in the zun. The
thyme upon the down do
grow, the clote where
streams do run. An' where
do pretty maidens grow,
an' blow, but where the
tow'r. Do rise among the
bricken tuns, in
Blackmwore by the Stour.

THOMAS /

That one always evokes time and
place for me.

DR TREVES

Me too.

THOMAS

You know it hasn't stopped
raining from the time I left
Christchurch, to the time we
passed the Christ Church here in
Whitechapel.

DR TREVES

Ah! So you made the connection,
then?

THOMAS

I certainly did, dear fellow. I'm
ahead of you.

(removes hat)

Let's drink to that.

DR TREVES

Of course. How impertinent of me
to not offer you a drink.

Dr Treves steps towards a healthy looking drinks cabinet
perpendicular.

DR TREVES /

What can I offer you, Thomas? You
must be parched.

He picks up a bottle of port.

INT. THE WHITE HART P.H - DAY

Detective Inspector GEORGE ABBERLINE places his hat down upon a small round table as Sergeant THOMAS ARNOLD brings the drinks.

Thomas Arnold is a tall, heavily built Scot. He bears a wild, untrimmed gingery beard. His angry eyes reflect his intolerance and fervour to catch the culprit responsible for the murders.

ABBERLINE

So three murders. No clue as to who the culprit is.

He pours a mouthful of gin down his throat.

ARNOLD

(gruffly)

Well, there's the leather apron found close to Annie Chapman's ripped up cadaver, Inspector.

(Sips drink)

They've arrested John Piza. They reckon he's the culprit. The Star are calling him Jack the Ripper, because he wears a leather apron and his a misogynist.

ABBERLINE

What's his job?

ARNOLD

A slipper maker, apparently.

ABBERLINE

(drinks)

Well.

ARNOLD

He was identified by a woman in Church Street. She told a bailiff that she actually saw him attacking a woman after midnight.

ABBERLINE

Did the bailiff act upon her word?

ARNOLD

Aye, he did. He spoke to him by all accounts.

ABBERLINE

What did this John Piza say?

ARNOLD

He said she was insane and that she was making it up because she knew him.

ABBERLINE

Did the bailiff believe him?

ARNOLD

Aye. He let him go, then shouted at the woman to stop wasting his time.

ABBERLINE

And that was Leather Apron, you say?

ARNOLD

By all accounts.

ABBERLINE

Is this man violent towards women, do you know?

ARNOLD

I don't. But according to The Star he's very violent towards women.

ABBERLINE

I'd like to speak to the editor of this newspaper and find out what they can tell me about him.

ARNOLD

They're holding him at Leman Street. We can speak to him now.

ABBERLINE

Good.

Chagrined, Abberline gets up from the table and approaches the bar with his Sergeant following him.

He places his bag down upon the counter and opens it, then takes out a wine glass wrapped in brown paper.

He shows it to the Barman.

ABBERLINE /

Can you recall if this wine glass may have been taken from this establishment the night Polly Nichols was murdered?

BARMAN

Blimey! It's certainly possible. Customers often leave and return their glasses at a later hour, or the next day, even.

ABBERLINE

Thank you. And report any person you suspect of being a lunatic.

BARMAN

They're all lunatics here, Inspector. But the way I see it, these women are asking for trouble. I mean... falling about and showing themselves off like they do. There ought to be a bleedin' law against it or summin'. These women... you know what I'm saying, Inspector, dontcha?

ABBERLINE

(shakes head)

You are doubtless.

He grabs his top hat from the Sergeant before they exit.

EXT. STREET - DAY

It's a glorious sunny day with people on the move.

They stop in their tracks and observe a two horse carriage hurtling past.

ABBERLINE /

Come on. Let's get over to Leman Street and have a little chat with this Leather Apron. Let's see what he's got to say for himself. Though I doubt he's the Ripper, unless he's a Quack and he's been hiding it from everyone.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - CONT'D

Dr Treves takes his seat, as Thomas fiddles with his clay pipe.

THOMAS

Now tell me, how are you getting on with that little creature of yours? Is he giving you any trouble?

DR TREVES

(aback)

Jack? On the contrary. He's a super human being.

THOMAS

I thought you said his name was Joseph?

DR TREVES

I did. And it is. That's what they wrote on his birth certificate anyhow. But his past owner Norman informed me that he likes to be called Jack.

THOMAS

I see.

DR TREVES

Would you like to meet him?

THOMAS

I'd love to, old chap

Thomas spots a certain abstention in the Doctor's eyes: That troubled glare.

THOMAS /

Oh, come on now, Freddy, what's going on? I know you better than you think. You've got indignation written all over you. Come on, out with it. What's going on inside that head of yours? Is there something you're not telling me?

The Doctor's eyes become dark and fixated as he deliberates whether to disclose recent events to his dearest friend.

He slides his chair back, then gestures for Thomas to be quiet.

Thomas stiffens as he immediately realises something amiss when the Doctor marches towards the door.

He opens the door and calls the nurse.

DR TREVES

Nurse, make sure I'm not disturbed.

NURSE O.S

Yes, Doctor Treves. Understood.

He closes the door, then returns to his seat.

Thomas pulls up his chair in anticipation, then stretches his arms across the table.

DR TREVES

(eagerly)

Something truly dreadful has happened since I gave him Shelley's novel to read. I think I've actually managed to stir the beast within him.

THOMAS

But how, for heaven's sake?

DR TREVES

It was him. He went back to the greengrocers where I first discovered him, and did for Polly Nichols.

Thomas shakes his head in horror.

THOMAS

(irksomely)

What? Who's Polly Nichols for heaven's sake?

DR TREVES

Annie Nichols. I found her ripped up inside the greengrocer shop the night of the dock fires.

THOMAS

And he told you he did this?

DR TREVES

No, of course not. But I know he did it. And he knows damn well that I know he did it.

He looks on with satisfaction as he begins to rock back and forth in his seat, nodding his head to confirm his belief.

THOMAS

Surely you're not suggesting that he's Jack the Ripper? The poor creature can hardly walk from what you've told me about him.

He chuckles at the idea of the Elephant Man being able to commit such a ghastly crime.

THOMAS /

He's not physically capable of raising a fist. You once said that to me yourself.

DR TREVES

I know. And I agree with you, Thomas. But what I've established since is exactly what I'm trying to tell you. The problem is that I've let my guard down enormously.

THOMAS

What, because you gave him a book to read? That doesn't make you an accessory to a murder.

He removes his pipe from his mouth and glares at the Doctor with a troubled look upon his face.

DR TREVES

Some time ago, I had a deep conversation with him concerning the whores who visit his window and tease him at night. He revealed to me his interest in medical science. It prompted me to give him a copy of my surgical book. He's also become obsessed with his Frankenstein novel.

(pauses)

In his fractured mind he believes he is Dr. Frankenstein's unloved daemon. He even asked me if I could take him to meet him. It was on the morning of her murder that I went to check in on him. He wasn't in his bed. More importantly, neither was his knife.

THOMAS

Well, still, you must have hard facts before you accuse someone of such a thing, Freddy, old chap.

DR TREVES

I have hardly slept a wink since I last saw him. I feel like I am drowning.

Thomas sighs with a heavy heart.

THOMAS

But murder? No, no, no. Have you gone and lost your mind? I think you might well be barking up the wrong tree, unless you have concrete evidence to prove your theory.

Dr Treves takes a deep breath.

DR TREVES

Thomas, these whores aren't your pretty maidens like we have in Dorset. These are shilling whores. They're the scourge of our city.

(grits teeth)

Quite frankly they're a bloody menace. And what Jack has had to put up with... what with his own mother abandoning him at early infancy, all because of his wretched disfigurement. And then there was the eschew of his shameless stepmother. She was reluctant to be seen out with him. He's hounded late into the early hours by street urchins. They come to his window and tease him. If you ask me it's enough to drive anyone to insanity. One could hardly blame him if he did it.

As he becomes pensive, his eyes darken and his facial expression becomes threatening.

Thomas leans forward and speaks with added fervour.

THOMAS

Now you listen here, Freddy, old boy. I sympathise with you, I really do. But I will not sit here and condone what you are saying... you simply should not involve yourself in some kind of witch hunt, just to protect that repellent little creature of yours.

Despairingly, the Doctor throws his head back and scowls as he runs his fingers through his thick black hair.

He leans forward and stares through his parted digits as he becomes desperately tormented.

Thomas stares down at his drink in dismay, before he slides back in his seat, fearful of the image before him.

DR TREVES

I'm already deeply involved,
Thomas.

THOMAS

Christ, man! Think about the consequences if you're apprehended? You darn well need your head examined in my opinion.

(lights pipe)

If I were you, I'd abandon this idea of protecting that creature. I think you've become detached from your senses.

DR TREVES

I had the hospital psychologist examine him. He informed me that Jack's misandry is due to a reversion because of his mother's desertion of him.

THOMAS

You should've asked him to examine yourself while he was at it. Christ!

DR TREVES

Thomas, the authorities know the Nichols woman was murdered by a left-handed person who used a blunt knife. They think he fed grapes. In fact, it was our blackberries. I examined her injuries for myself. I was flabbergasted by the extent of the lacerations inflicted upon her. He must have lost his mind completely when he attacked her.

THOMAS

Look, if what you are saying is true, then you must turn him in to the authorities at once. You have no choice. I said he was a monster right from the outset. I knew you would get your fingers burnt with this freak of nature person the moment you set eyes upon him and brought him under your wing. He is the deadly fruit of original sin, and that's why his owner locked him inside a cage. He must've known he was dangerous.

DR TREVES

I shan't. I'm responsible for his welfare. And I made a promise to him. I will stand by that pledge if it damn well finishes my career in medicine. We were fated to meet, and we will be fated when we part company.

He pours two more glasses of port.

DR TREVES /

But there's something else I have to tell you. Oh my dear God.

He bows his head indignantly.

THOMAS

You mean it gets worse?

The Doctor gazes into his eyes as he wipes the sweat from his brow with a handkerchief.

DR TREVES

I'm afraid so.

(pauses)

In my bid to protect him I did for Annie Chapman.

(hands him port)

I simply had no choice. I had to protect him at all costs.

Thomas stares back at him aghast, before he knocks back the port in one hit.

THOMAS

This is a very dangerous path you're taking, Freddy. You do realise what will happen to you if you're caught, I suspect?

DR TREVES

Absolutely, Thomas. The police have already been asking questions concerning the Ripper's identity. They visited the Royal College of Surgeons yesterday. Apparently they've drafted in a new inspector. We are all under suspicion, Thomas. But to my favour the inspector is a Dorset man. His nickname at The Yard is Twit.

THOMAS

Regardless, you're not a slayer of whores. You've sworn the Hippocratic Oath. You're a saver of life, not a taker, Freddy.

DR TREVES

I know that. But I have a profound duty towards Jack. Surely you can understand that, Thomas?

Thomas climbs to his feet and puts a consoling hand upon the Doctor's shoulder as they gaze through the window.

DR TREVES /

Between you and me I have written a letter to the Central News Agency. They say they're looking for a maniac quack who writes letters in his victim's blood.

THOMAS

Ha!

DR TREVES

Yes, well... they're making a game of it.

The Doctor takes his glass and pours two more glasses of port and hands one to Thomas.

THOMAS

To Jack the Ripper, then!

They toast.

They sing another verse of Blackwore Maidens.

DR TREVES / THOMAS

(Dorset dialect)

If you could zee their comely
gait, An' pretty feäces smiles.
A-trippèn on so light o' waight,
An' steppèn off the stiles; A-
gwain to church, as bells do
swing an' ring 'ithin the tow'r,
You'd own the pretty maidens
pleäce is Blackmwore by the
Stour.

INT. BEDSTEAD SQUARE - NIGHT

Joseph stands at his desk and carefully shapes his model of St. Philips Church with the same knife he used to slice up Annie Nichols.

Doctor Treves appears from the bathroom and dries his hands on a towel.

He passes Joseph a knowing grin as he rolls his shirt sleeves down and begins to button up his cuffs.

He closely observes Joseph quietly shaping his model.

DR TREVES

May I say something to you, Jack?

Joseph doesn't look up, he continues to focus his eyes on his cardboard model.

JOSEPH

Yes.

DR TREVES

You know, I truly believe you
would have made quite a decent
surgeon, had put your mind to it.

He carefully folds the towel, then steps back inside the bathroom. Joseph's eyes follow him as he does so.

JOSEPH

Oh, I don't think so?

Joseph lays down his knife and stops working on his model.

DR TREVES O.S

Why not?

JOSEPH

I wouldn't have be able to pass
the exams.

The Doctor reappears and positions himself by the decorated
mantelpiece, awed by his patient's forbearance.

DR TREVES

Of course you would, with a
little help from yours truly. You
see, Jack, it's imperative that a
surgeon has a steady hand like
yours.

JOSEPH

Oh, but you're too kind, Doctor
T. I could never perform an
operation on a real person.

His POV: St Philip's Church.

DR TREVES

That may be so, Jack. But then
again I couldn't imagine myself
able to master what you are doing
right there with your cut out of
the church, not without a helping
hand. You see, Jack, what you
possess is the first requirement
of any surgeon in the land - that
of a steady hand.

He places his hand lightly upon Joseph's shoulder.

DR TREVES /

You know, when I was a young boy,
Jack, I'd take my penknife to the
forest and remove the innards
from rabbits, badgers, squirrels
and hares just for jolly really.

Joseph continues to stand and gaze through the window.

DR TREVES /

Look, Jack, I have a confession to make of my own. I think you should hear it, so if you feel that I have let you down in any way whatsoever, please do say so.

(pauses)

I haven't been sleeping well of late, since the murder of the Blower, Polly Nichols. The truth is I came into contact with another Blower during the early hours upon my way to work one morning. She reminded me of your personal anguish. And I'd become somewhat depressed over the fact that you might be blamed for the her murder, since she had been found in close proximity to the hospital. I learned from the Coroner that the knife used to cut her open was a blunt knife, as I said to you before. And the smell of apricot upon her clothes was another clue to who had attacked her. The red stains of blackberry were also found on her clothing.

(pauses)

It was because of these facts that I took it upon myself to murder Annie Chapman, since I felt quite forced to do so. Of course, it was necessary to remove her womb, after I examined what was left of Polly Nichols.

(pauses)

I also fed her with blackberries before her disembowelment. I used my sharpest surgical knife, Jack, since I was working in the pitch dark. My torch was little help to me.

The Doctor sits down at the foot of the bed and stares sympathetically at him.

DR TREVES /

What do you think we should do, Jack?

Joseph just continues to gaze out of the window during his reticence.

DR TREVES /

(sighs inwardly)

Look, I'm not going to beat about the bush any longer, Jack. I know it was you who did for Polly Nichols. That's why I felt compelled to do Annie Chapman. I only ripped her up to protect you, Jack, before they come marching over here with their torches aflame, and their axes sharpened, at the ready to chop off your head... and mine now, come to think of it.

A protracted silence.

DR TREVES /

Christ, Jack!

JOSEPH

Oh I don't know, Doctor T. There's a man in my nightmares. I keep seeing his face.

DR TREVES

Who he is, Jack?

JOSEPH

They killed his baby. Oh, I'm so confused, Doctor T.

Dr Treves sighs his relief as he stands up and nods his head in approval.

DR TREVES

Jack, what you keep seeing is the demon in your Frankenstein book.

JOSEPH

I repent each morning. I pray for her soul. I just wanted to speak to her. But I was afraid. I'm sorry if I've caused you embarrassment. I've been to the chapel to pray for her. I'm having the most vivid nightmares. I cannot sleep. I'm this huge bird. Oh I just want to sleep and never wake up, Doctor T.

A tear rolls down his cheek as he stares into the wall behind the Doctor.

JOSEPH /

I don't want to live like the demon anymore, Doctor T. I cannot bear to open my eyes when I wake up. Oh, can't you just send me away? I beg you. Please send me away some place where I can be alone.

DR TREVES

I have repented too, Jack. And did you know the press agency has given us a sobriquet? They are calling us Jack the Ripper. A dear friend of mine reckons they should be calling us Jack, and the Ripper. That gave me real fits.

Joseph remains silent as he watches the Doctor climb to his feet and slip on his coat.

DR TREVES /

And I promise you that you will not see one single whore within one-hundred yards of this hospital after one o'clock in this morning. And if they do come, we'll be waiting for them. If they show such as a cat's whisker outside your window, I will cut off their breasts and stuff them inside their filthy rotten mouths. And I swear to you, Jack, I will be doing this without a heavy heart. There is a job to be done. Together we will rid Whitechapel of this immoral filth and make Whitechapel a better place to live.

Jack looks up at the Doctor while he buttons his coat.

DR TREVES /

A dear friend of mine is in London. He is going to finish his novel whilst he is here. I thought we might go out at the weekend. We could even go whore hunting if you like.

The Doctor casually twiddles his moustache.

DR TREVES /

Well, what do you say then, Jack? Are you fit for it? We're already damned are we not? Let's play their little game and give them what they really desire. After all, this is what they crave, isn't it, Jack?

Joseph stares through the window.

DR TREVES /

Oh, don't worry. No harm will come of it, I give you my solemn word. And let's face it, Jack, nobody can hide in the dark as well as you, can they?

EXT. WHITECHAPEL - DAY

Blower, CATHERINE EDDOWS falls down in a drunken stupor as she attempts to scurry along the pavement.

She's a constant nuisance to the passing traffic and local folk going about their day.

A horse drawn carriage rears up in front of her as she stumbles carelessly into the road and waves her arms at the oncoming traffic. She clenches her fist angrily at the cab driver responsible.

CAB DRIVER

Oi! Get out the bleeding way you
stupid woman!

She ignores him and carelessly sits down in the middle of the road.

A BEAT CRUSHER (Constable) spots a small crowd gathering around her and heckling as she lies stretched out.

He rushes towards her and grabs her by the arm then drags her along the ground to the safety of the pavement whilst she screams blue murder at him.

A fat, hairy BUTCHER stands at his wheelbarrow and guts a RABBIT. He discards the creature's innards into an empty wooden box.

BUTCHER

I've got room for one more,
Officer.

BEAT CRUSHER

Be quiet, you.

CATHERINE

Murderer! Bloody murdering git!
You should be gutted y'self! You
'orrible glock pig!

BEAT CRUSHER

(to Butcher)

And clean up that mess while
you're at it!

BUTCHER

Once I've skinned her proper!

He slings a CARCASS over his forearm, like he had done a thousand times.

CATHERINE

(to Beat Crusher)

Get off me, will ya? Bloody git!
Leave me alone! I wasn't 'urtin'
nobody, was I?

BEAT CRUSHER

You were causing a public
nuisance.

CATHERINE

So bleedin' what!

The Beat Crusher pins her to a wall and forces her arms behind her back as he waits for assistance.

BEAT CRUSHER

You're drunk and disorderly,
madam. I'm placing you under
arrest for your own safety.

She turns her head to stare at a passing STRANGER who carries a SEWER RAT in his jacket pocket.

The Beat Crusher is joined by a COLLEAGUE and together they march her off towards a local Police Station.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Detective Inspector Abberline and Sergeant Thomas Arnold wait to cross the busy thoroughfare at a junction. The clatter from horse drawn vehicles and squeaky wheelbarrows pass by them.

They finally manage to cross the thoroughfare where they head down a narrow street, until they stop at a decrepit tenement block on the West side of the street.

The Inspector looks up at the number 16 stamped upon a filthy looking front door before he and Arnold enter the building.

INT. DWELLING - NIGHT

They enter and ascend a creaky staircase before they stop outside a door.

The Inspector taps twice upon the door and steps back.

INT. BEDSIT.

The Doctor sits at his desk and writes another letter. He looks up and stares cautiously at the door. Thomas folds his journal then climbs out of his seat.

The Doctor quietly slides his chair back then climbs to his feet. He drops the letter into the open desk drawer and closes it shut.

THOMAS

(whispers)

Who is it?

The Doctor shakes his head as he tiptoes towards the door and listens.

THOMAS /

Well, see who it is for heaven's sake.

DR TREVES

All right. All right.

He finally opens the door and stands in wonder.

DR TREVES /

Yes, can I help you?

Inspector Abberline engages him with a faint smile, then respectfully sticks out an outstretched hand.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

(tilts hat)

Good evening.

DR TREVES

Yes. What can I do for you gentlemen?

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

I'm Detective Inspector Abberline from Scotland Yard. And this is Sergeant Thomas Arnold. May we have a quick word?

He takes the liberty of putting his best foot forward inside the door frame. The Doctor gives way.

DR TREVES

Yes, of course. Do come in.

Once inside, they stand purposeful and scan their surroundings.

Thomas stations himself by a disused bookcase at the far end of the room, his journal secured under his arm.

DR TREVES /
So how may we be of help,
Inspector?

Inspector Abberline bears a huge grin as he recognises Thomas.

DR TREVES /
I'm the chief surgeon at the
London Charity Hospital. And as I
can see you recognise my good
friend Thomas. He's travelled
here from Dorset to finish his
book.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE
Thomas Hardy.

He tips his hat once again. I am a huge admirer of your work, sir.

THOMAS
That's very good of you, old
chap. That's good to hear.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE
(to Doctor)
And I've seen your picture in
journal regarding the Elephant
Man.

DR TREVES
That's right.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE
I must applaud you for what
you've done for him... finding
him permanent residence at
Bedstead Square. It couldn't have
been easy.

DR TREVES
Thank Her Majesty. It was she who
sanctioned his stay at the
hospital.

Inspector Abberline steps towards Thomas with an outstretched hand.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

It's a real honour to meet you,
Thomas Hardy.

They shake hands.

THOMAS

Likewise.

A protracted silence ensues as the Inspector stares out of the window.

THOMAS /

The Doctor and I have set
ourselves a target.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

And what that would be, may I
ask?

THOMAS

We'd like to connect as many
street names here with Dorset.
Are you a Dorset man, Inspector?

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

Blandford Forum, actually.

DR TREVES

(interjects)

Then we must have been destined
to meet. We're all Dorset men
here.

THOMAS

(chuckles)

How exciting.

ARNOLD

(intervenes)

If you pardon the exception of
m'self. I'm a Glaswegian m'self.

DR TREVES

(to Inspector)

Say, maybe you would be
interested in joining our
society, Inspector?

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

And what society might that be,
Doctor?

DR TREVES

It's a society that was
originally established for Dorset
men of stature in London. Do you
happen to know of anyone who may
fit that criteria?

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

Like the Masons, is it?

DR TREVES

It would become affiliated at
some point, yes... if we can
attract enough attention from the
right people. You would be very
welcome to join us, Inspector. It
would be an honour to have
someone of your standing on
board.

(knowing pause)

Strength in numbers.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

I'm afraid that I'm not really
the society type. However, I will
certainly give it some thought.

(pauses)

In fact, the reason we came here
this evening was to look at where
a murder took place in June of
last year. John Lipski was hanged
for the murder of Miriam Angel. I
have a suspicion he may have been
wrongly accused.

DR TREVES

I remember that case. Ghastly.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

I have a feeling she may have
been the victim of a Russian Jew
named Isaac Schmuss, and that
Lipski was telling the truth
about a robbery that she was the
victim of.

THOMAS

Israel Lipski. I remember now.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

You are correct, Thomas. But my concern is that I think Isaac Schmuß may still be out there somewhere in the Spitalfields area. He's a trained locksmith and worked as a slipper maker, according to the our records.

DR TREVES

How fascinating.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

He may also have an accomplice.

The Doctor checks his timepiece.

DR TREVES /

I don't mean to be rude, gentlemen, but I have an appointment with Sir William Gull at Lincolns Inn, so I really must leave you at once.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

Well, I've seen what I came to see, gentleman.

The Doctor hands a business card to the Inspector.

DR TREVES

That's my card should you require advice regarding the Ripper murders.

He slips the business card into his wallet.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

I could certainly do with your expertise, Doctor Treves.

The Inspector opens the door to exit.

DR TREVES

Well, my number is stamped on the card.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

I bid you good day, gentleman.

The Doctor shows a defiance as he closes the door upon their exit.

DR TREVES

We still have a job to do,
Thomas. Don't let this deter us.

His eyes darken as he grits his teeth.

INT/EXT. RECEIVING ROOM - DAY

Dr Treves attends to a sick PATIENT when a Hysterical WOMAN 30's rushes towards him. She clutches her lifeless baby in her arms.

Her bloodied apron worn over a brown frilly dress. Her hair matted, her eyes filled with terror.

He immediately gives her his full attention as she hands him the DEAD CHILD.

WOMAN

Oh Doctor! Doctor, you've gotta
'elp us! You've gotta 'elp us,
Doctor.

DR TREVES

(concerned)

What's happened to this child,
he's charred?

He looks down at the dead baby and furrows a brow.

WOMAN

Oh Doctor, you've gotta 'elp me
sum'ow, please!

She stands helpless while he checks the baby for a pulse.

WOMAN /

I turned 'round for one bleedin'
minnit and 'e was'n fire.

He shows his deep shock as he lightly pulls away the soiled blanket to look at the baby's horrific burns.

DR TREVES

So I can see.

He looks into the baby's lifeless eyes, before he turns to the distraught Mother.

DR TREVES /

But why have you brought your
child to the receiving room?
There is nothing we can do for
him here.

He signals to a young NURSE who bandages a MAN'S leg.

WOMAN

No but you're mistak'n, Doctor.
'e is brivvin'. Look, see for
y'rself.

DR TREVES

He is not breathing at all. My
nurse will take your dead baby to
the morgue. And you must listen
to me when I tell you that your
baby has died, due to his
dreadful injuries.

The Nurse confirms as much to the Woman with an empathetic
nod of the head.

DR TREVES /

Now go with the nurse and fill
out a form concerning what
happened to your child.

WOMAN

But wot am I g'nna tell the ol'
man when 'e gets 'ome? 'e'll
bleedin' kill us when I tell'm
wot's 'appened. 'e'll say dat I
never looked after 'im proper.
What am I s'pose to do, Doctor?

DR TREVES

I'm very sorry for your loss, but
that's not my concern right now.
I am very busy dealing with the
sick.

He marches off towards a long line of PATIENTS, queuing in an
orderly fashion to be assessed.

The distraught Woman is ushered away by the Nurse.

WOMAN

(to Nurse)

I only turned me 'Ed for a
bleedin' minnit and the lamp was
on top of 'im. Oh, wot am I gonna
say to 'is farver when 'e gets
'ome?

The Doctor looks across the room and spots Detective
Inspector Abberline standing inside the doorway with his hat
in hand, and a seething look upon his gaunt, pallid face.

He approaches the Doctor with a raised brow when he sees the
lamenting Woman.

DR TREVES

Ah, Inspector Abberline. What can
I do for you?

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

What's wrong with her?

The Doctor attends to a man with a severe rash over his body.

DR TREVES

She brought her dead baby here.
She believes the poor child is
still alive.

He lifts up the man's shirt and checks his back with a
stethoscope.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

(impatiently)

Look, can we talk somewhere in
private?

DR TREVES

Just give me a moment.
(to Patient)
The nurse will give you a bottle
of calamine lotion. It will help
with the soreness.

The Doctor makes strides towards the entrance. Inspector
Abberline follows.

Upon the steps outside, Inspector Abberline lights his clay
pipe as the Doctor stands with hands inside his trouser
pockets.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

I've spoken to some of your medical students over at Queen Mary's College, and they inform me that you are very well acquainted with most, if not all of the countries top surgeons.

DR TREVES

True, but that doesn't qualify me to pass judgment upon whom the Ripper might be, Inspector.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

I do have my suspicions in that regard, Doctor Treves.

DR TREVES

And you think the Ripper is a quack?

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

Before I answer that, I'd like to ask you why you posted a hoax letter to Mister Lusk and the Central News Agency?

The Doctor's eyes narrow with uncertainty as he begins to twiddle his wedding ring finger.

DR TREVES

(aback)

Oh, did I?

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

You did write that letter, did you not, Doctor Treves?

Inspector Abberline searches the Doctor's dark eyes for clarity.

DR TREVES

Am I now a suspect?

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

Could well be.

DR TREVES

Tell me, how did you discover it was I?

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

I compared the handwriting from the Dear Boss letter with the letter that you sent to me. The letter inviting me to join the Society of Dorset Men in London. It was sent before Lusk received a half of kidney, along with an undecipherable message written on a postcard in pigs blood. Could have been written by somebody with a neurological disorder according to my handwriting expert.

DR TREVES

I'm impressed.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

You'll be shocked to know just how surprised I was when I spotted the similarities in the graphology.

DR TREVES

(raised brow)

Similarities?

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

Yes. I decided to seek a second opinion. So I sent both letters to a handwriting expert at Scotland yard. You can imagine my delight when it was confirmed that the letter was written by the same hand. Now, why would you write a hoax letter to the Central News Agency, Doctor Treves?

DR TREVES

Very good detective work, Inspector.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

What sort of game are you playing, Doctor Treves? And where did that half of kidney actually come from? I know it was the Elephant man that you got to write on that postcard. That From Hell scribble could have only been written by somebody suffering from a neurological disorder, such as Joseph Merrick.

DR TREVES

(chuckles knowingly)

If you really must know I took it from the lab. It was dissected by one of my students. I gave half to him, then kept half to send to the jokers at Fleet Street. What fools to believe they'd actually been sent a human kidney, Inspector.

Inspector Abberline ruminates.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

Are you the Ripper, Doctor Treves? Because I also know that scribble was written in Dorset dialect. Sir William Barnes would have been proud.

DR TREVES

(sniggers)

Oh come on, Inspector. Do I look like a psychopath?

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

Maybe not. I can't tell. But this is a very dangerous game you are playing. There's a savage lunatic lurking within our midst. Do not make a mockery of our efforts to catch this person, Doctor Treves.

DR TREVES

The very people making a mockery of your efforts to catch the Ripper are lurking in Fleet Street, Inspector. I'd suggest you speak to them and tell them to buckle up.

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

If you carry on with this you will leave me no choice but to expose you to the authorities as the Ripper hoaxer. You'll be charged with undermining a murder investigation, and your kudos will be damaged here in London and elsewhere. You may keep company with the upper echelons of our society, Doctor Treves, but if I were to expose you, well...

(pauses)

Well, you know the consequences.

The Inspector descends the steps and opens his carriage door.

DR TREVES

You haven't replied to my invitation, Inspector. Are you going to join us or not?

INSPECTOR ABBERLINE

You'll receive my answer after I catch the Ripper, and not a moment sooner.

He jumps inside his awaiting carriage.

INT. BISHOPSGATE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Catherine Eddowes stands in sobriety at the STATION SERGEANT'S counter. She watches him fill out a charge sheet.

SERGEANT

So what name is it this time?

CATHERINE

Well. it's not Queen Victoria.
(cackles)
What'd ya bleedin' fink it is?

She pats herself down and tidies herself.

SERGEANT

If I thought anything, madam, I wouldn't be asking, would I?

CATHERINE

Alright, alright! Keep your 'air on, wontcha?

SERGEANT

Look, madam, if you don't give me a name, you'll be going straight back to that cell. Now, what is it?

CATHERINE

Er, er. It's Mary Kelly.

SERGEANT

Of course it is. That's the third Mary Kelly this week.

The Station Sergeant steps out from around the counter and opens the door, then pushes her onto the dimly lit street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

SERGEANT /

Now don't let me see you here again!

He slams the door and marches back inside, as she looks up at the night sky and scowls.

CATHERINE

Oh, dontcha worry, git face, you won't be seeing me again!

She straightens her bonnet, then climbs to her feet and heads off into the darkness. She keeps her eyes peeled for a customer as she scans the ghostly streets.

INT. BEDSTEAD SQUARE

Joseph grunts, jerks and sweats profusely, lost in an incubus where he cannot escape the frenzy of his savage nightmare.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. HOSPITAL THEATRE - NIGHT

DR TREVES V.O

Jack. Jack, you are here, Jack. The eye in the sky.

He uses a surgical knife as he opens up his MOTHER from chest cavity down to vagina wall, before he lifts out a dead baby that bears the head of an ELEPHANT.

He lifts the Dead Baby up then discards it inside a METAL BIN situated by his feet.

He begins to remove her vital organs and places them on a wooden table situated beside him.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A BAYING MOB march steadily towards the hospital with their TORCHES AFLAME aflame, and their AXES sharpened at the ready to chop off his head.

DR TREVES / V.O

They're coming, Jack. Go now! Go quickly! Go quickly, Jack!

The sound of his Doctor's voice bounces off the walls of his broken mind, before he flies off towards the safety of his eyrie.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. GOULSTON STREET - NIGHT

Dr Treves leans his bicycle against the brick wall, before he begins to write in white chalk-

"The Juwes are not the men that will be blamed for nothing."

EXT. MITRE SQUARE - NIGHT

The Doctor cycles home when he spots Catherine Eddows indulging with a STRANGER up against the wall.

He stops then climbs off his bicycle.

His POV: The Stranger drops some coins on the ground beside her then makes off into the foggy night.

She bends down to pick up the loose change when the Doctor leaps upon her and goes to work with his knife.

DR TREVES -

(salivates)

Sorry my dear, you must die, same
as the others.

INT. TEN BELLS P.H - DAY

Seated at a table, the Doctor and Thomas familiarise
themselves with their surroundings as they drink a jug of
cider.

MARY KELLY - A tall, buxom redhead with a voluptuous figure
and soprano voice begins to sing to them.

DR TREVES

(grins at her)

Now there's a confident woman.

THOMAS

And a beautiful voice, I might
add.

They watch her, until she's joined by a tall, white haired
GENTLEMAN -30's.

GENTLEMAN

(Irish accent)

Mary Jane Kelly, you've the voice
of an angel, so you do.

MARY KELLY

Oh, buy us a drink, then,
wontcha?

GENTLEMAN

I'll buy you a drink after.

She cackles wildly as he takes her by the hand and leads her
outside.

DR TREVES

(to Thomas)

Did you hear what he called her?

THOMAS

Yes. Mary Kelly.

DR TREVES

Come on. Let's go.

They get up to leave.

EXT. STREET - DAY

She takes his arm in hers and leads him across the thoroughfare towards Spitalfields Market.

The Doctor and Thomas follow them. They watch with intrigue as she leads him to her room and closes the door shut behind her.

DR TREVES

I should let Sir William Gull know at once.

THOMAS

Are you sure it's the right Mary Kelly, old chap?

DR TREVES

I'm positively sure, Thomas. It's her, the whore who knows too much.

THOMAS

I'll wager, there are dozens Mary Kelly's around here.

DR TREVES

True, but not with red hair and Irish. Come on.

They walk off towards the busy thoroughfare.

INT. ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS - DAY

Queen's physician, Sir William Gull and Mr. Treves walk shotgun whilst in deep conversation.

GULL

I've been given the all clear from upstairs. You can silence her at once. The word is that the Daily Star have been seen sniffing around the Spitalfields area and she is about to spill her guts. Her Majesty is quite concerned about what she will say to them.

TREVES

What about Inspector Abberline?

GULL

I'll have a word with the
commissioner. He won't pester you
again.

TREVES

Good. I was beginning to think I
might get buckled.

EXT. DORSET STREET - NIGHT

The Doctor paces the pavements as he waits for Mary Kelly to
leave her room.

After a short while she appears. She cuts an awesome figure
of a woman in a long, black satin dress with red and green
frills at the trim, and a wide brimmed black bonnet.

INT/EXT. TEN BELLS P.H - NIGHT

She's immediately approached by an eager, craggy faced,
little man with a high pitched voice.

He leads her towards the bar and pays for a gin and tonic,
before they sit down at a small table where he introduces
himself as LOU GREEN.

He takes out a pencil and a notebook from his coat pocket,
then begins to jot down some notes.

LOU GREEN

(excitedly)

So, what have you got to tell me
about this soldier who was with
Martha Tabram that night in
question?

Dr Treves enters and approaches the bar, close enough to hear
the conversation with Lou Green.

LOU GREEN /

Name that soldier for me and I'll
bring him down by morning.

MARY KELLY

(adamantly)

I want what you promised first.

She places her bonnet down on the table, then flicks her long
red curls back from her pale face.

LOU GREEN

I cannot pay anything until I hear the name of the soldier who stabbed Martha to death?

MARY KELLY

Then you better sod off and leave us alone. I'll speak to someone who'll pay proper for what I know. You lot are all the bloody same. I'm putting my life on the line for you lot.

She throws what's left of her gin down her throat, then climbs to her feet and marches out of the establishment with her bonnet in hand.

Watchful, the Doctor immediately follows her out of the door as she kicks her heels and marches back towards Millers Court.

DR TREVES

Erm. Excuse me, madam.

She stops in her tracks, then turns to see who has the guile to stop her from walking freely towards home.

She gives him the once over look and smiles back.

MARY KELLY

Oh, 'ullo. What can I do for you, sir?

DR TREVES

Would you still be interested to talk to somebody about your friend Martha?

MARY KELLY

(suspiciously)

Oh yeah? Who are you? Cos you don't look like you're from the press.

DR TREVES

Well, it might surprise you to know I work for a medical journal - The Lancet. I overheard your conversation with that twit in that establishment. I can pay handsomely.

MARY KELLY

You sound too posh to be a reporter.

DR TREVES

Well, I am highly connected with Fleet Street. And I am deeply interested to know the name of the soldier who attempted to remove your friend's uterus. As a practising medical person myself I was given the chance to look at her horrific injuries. So I do have a vested interest in this case.

MARY KELLY

So how much will you pay me, then?

DR TREVES

That really depends on the strength of what you have to say to me.

MARY KELLY

Fifty quid, no less. That'll be enough to get me to Paris.

DR TREVES

Then we have a deal.

MARY KELLY

Really?

DR TREVES

Yes.

MARY KELLY

I like you.

She bears a huge grin as he offers an outstretched hand.

DR TREVES

I shall call upon you tomorrow night to discuss the terms. In the meantime, I would appreciate if you didn't speak to any of those twits from the press agency.

MARY KELLY

I'm at 10 Millers Court. Just quietly tap on the window and I'll let you in.

DR TREVES

You won't regret it, I promise.

His eyes darken, and his mischievous grin lights up his face.

MARY KELLY

And neither will you if you bring fifty pounds with ya.

He tilts his hat, then sets off in the opposite direction.

INT. OLD GREENGROCERS SHOP - DAY

Dr Treves conducts a private briefing.

In attendance - MONTAGUE JOHN DRUITT; a young barrister born and raised in Dorset. He stands attentive, compliant, and watchful.

He bears a dark, mischievous complexion, but is clean shaven with dashing looks. He wears a white silk scarf and a black cashmere coat, his hair waxed to create a neat centre parting.

Thomas smokes his pipe and holds a lit Bunsen Burner.

Joseph stands quietly in a darkened corner with his cane in hand.

DR TREVES

The Society of Dorset Men in London dates back to the eleventh century. It has been my intention to bring all Dorset men in London together through one significant society.

(pauses)

During recent times I have had several meetings with Sir William Gull and we have been working tirelessly to trace the whereabouts of a lady bird named Pearly Poll. Thomas and I got lucky when we stumbled across her at The Ten Bells drinking house in Spitalfields.

MONTY

And what crime has this whore committed?

DR TREVES

None that I know of. But she knows the identity of the soldier who'd sliced up the lady bird at Gunthorpe in August. I have been instructed on behalf of Her Majesty's chief physician to silence her before she leaks her story to the press.

(pauses)

The soldier she had seen with Martha Tabram that night is connected to the Royal Household. I have spoken to Sir William Gull on several occasions and he informs me that Mary Jane Kelly and Pearly Poll are one of the same.

Monty steps back and shakes his head.

MONTY

Sounds a bit extreme. Why did they choose you?

DR TREVES

Because I am to replace Sir William upon his immediate retirement. It's the least I can do to repay them for Jack's stay with us.

MONTY

I see.

DR TREVES

I have planned to meet her tonight at Millers Court - her abode. She's rather keen to speak to me. Obviously, she has no idea what will happen when I get there. But I will personally remove her tongue.

MONTY

Seems to me you cannot wait.

DR TREVES

Monty, much blood has been drawn
in the name of societies,
particularly during the reign of
King John. It is just that, that
bonds us.

Monty casually combs his moustache.

DR TREVES /

Besides, her plan is to sell her
story before she disappears
across the channel. Detective
Inspector Abberline informs me
that she's wanted by the French
authorities for theft of a trunk
containing some very expensive
garments, which she'd purloined
from a wealthy Parisian who she'd
chaperoned whilst working as an
escort in Knightsbridge. He has
since offered a substantial
reward for the return of his
wife's wardrobe.

EXT. DORSET STREET - NIGHT

Mary Kelly leaves Millers Court for her usual nightly pub
crawl.

INT. TEN BELLS P.H

Montague John Druitt stands at the bar with a glass of
Absinthe as she makes her entrance.

She gains attention as she begins to sing.

MONTY

(To Barman)

Give this lady a drink from me.

He drops thruppence on the bar.

MARY KELLY

Oh, ta, handsome.

(to Barman)

I'll have a gin, George.

MONTY

You're welcome. You have the sweetest voice I think I have ever heard.

MARY KELLY

What are you after, then?

She cackles.

MONTY

You'll find out soon enough, my dear.

He tilts his hat at her then exits.

MARY KELLY

(disappointedly)

Where are you going, handsome?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mary Kelly strolls along before she bumps into Dr Treves. His unscrupulous grin catches her gaze whilst a brown parcel figures under his arm.

He places his hand lightly upon her shoulder.

MARY KELLY

Oh, you're earlier than I expected. I was gonna grab m'self a quick drink.

DR TREVES

No time to waste. Let's get this done.

MARY KELLY

Did you bring the money?

DR TREVES

Yes.

MARY KELLY

Let's go to my place.

DR TREVES

Just as long as we're not going to be disturbed.

MARY KELLY

No. You'll be quite comfortable.
I've told my regulars to stay
away tonight. I told 'em I'm
meeting a special gentleman
tonight.

She takes his arm in hers and guides him towards Millers
Court.

DR TREVES

Fine.

MARY KELLY

You won't be disappointed.

DR TREVES

That makes two of us.

MARY KELLY

I'll give you summin' nice for
all the trouble you've had
finding me.

DR TREVES

I cannot wait.

INT. 10 MILLERS COURT - NIGHT

She leads him inside the small room, then quietly closes the
door shut. He stands like a giant towering over her as she
unties her boots.

MARY KELLY

My feet are killing me.

The Doctor uses his parcel to block a hole in the broken
window, before he takes off his top hat and slips out of his
coat. He hangs them on a hook on the door.

As he spins around she holds out her hand.

MARY KELLY /

Money first.

DR TREVES

Half now, and half when I have
your story.

He hands her the sum of twenty-five pounds from his wallet.
She quickly stuffs it inside her bra.

MARY KELLY

Now where would you like me to start, my love?

DR TREVES

Oh I'm not sure. At the beginning, Pearly?

She looks up at him aghast then attempts to open the door.

MARY KELLY

Get outta my way!

DR TREVES

Calm down, Pearly Poll.

Before she can utter another word, he viciously grabs her by the jawbone. Her eyes bulge and fill with tears as he crushes her like a soft toy in a clamp.

DR TREVES /

I have a job to do, and you are it.

He growls into her squashed face as his eyes turn to black, and his expression morphs into a demon from hell.

With his free hand he brings out a cloth dipped in chloroform and smothers her face whole.

Upon her immediate coma he drops her on the bed, then opens his parcel where he takes out a leather apron and his sharpest surgical knife.

He methodically cuts out her tongue and holds it aloft.

DR TREVES -

A wagging tongue removed.

He checks his timepiece, then opens the door.

Monty enters.

She lies supine upon the bed, at the mercy of her forthcoming hell.

MONTY

Right then. Where's my apron?

Monty slips on an apron and is handed a knife by the Doctor.

The Doctor opens the door.

INT. FLAT - NIGHT

Shaken and stricken, Monty enters and immediately opens a bottle of Scotch from the drinks trolley. He pours it down his throat as though it was cider.

He stares at his tormented reflection in the wall mirror before he rushes to the toilet basin and vomits into the basin.

In his frenzy of anxiety he smashes his head down against the rim of the basin and sobs, before he climbs to his feet and exits in haste.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Monty, now awash with guilt, stands and gazes down in reverie at the cold river that rushed towards his feet.

He stares into the blackness as the howling wind encourages him further into its path.

The angry splashes cover his shoes as he looks up at the iron bridge above his head and drops to his knees.

He gets to his feet and stumbles into the water.

MONTY -

(sobs)

Forgive me, Mother. I have sinned.

He whimpers as he looks up at the light of the half moon in despair.

MONTY / -

I shan't suffer this world of loathing any longer.

He pushes himself into the deep blackness of the river before he sinks towards the streambed, leaving a thin sphere of air to his anonymity.

INT. BEDSTEAD SQUARE - NIGHT

The Doctor quietly enters. Joseph lies in deep slumber, his head rests upon his plumped up pillows whilst he purrs like a sleeping lion.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

The Peregrine flies over the rooftops and drops huge blackberries that explode upon impact. The juice covers the street urchins in a thick RED GOO.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

The Doctor grits his teeth then steps quietly towards his bed and looks down upon him and smiles affectionately as he gently strokes his head.

He kneels down and whispers into his ear.

DR TREVES
(quietly)
It's time, Jack.

DR TREVES /
Goodbye my friend.

He gently removes a pillow from behind Joseph's head.

Joseph's head slumps back before his neck snaps.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

The Peregrine Falcon flies beneath a full moon as the stars coruscate around him, before he crashes to the ground at lightning speed and explodes upon impact - a thick RED GOO in his wake.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

The Doctor leans over Joseph's lifeless body and kisses his head as a single TEAR rolls down his cheek.

He quietly exits.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END