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SAVAGE SURGICAL

Written By

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OVER BLACK.

SUPER: LONDON 1888

FADE IN:

During a deep fog a PEREGRINE FALCON perched upon a gaslight, while a HANSOM CAB sits at a junction that leads to a row of small cottages upon either side.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Alarm clock rings out a deafening noise inside the darkness.

DOCTOR FREDERICK TREVES (35) reaches from beneath the blanket to smash his hand down on the rattling clock on his bedside table.

He sits upon the bed and looks across at his sleeping wife, before he tiptoes towards the window ajar.

POV: He peers through the drapes, across the dimly lit street where the Hansom cab is situated, along with the DRIVER who sits like a cardboard cut out.

Bts.

He slips into his dressing gown, then quietly leaves the room.

Beat.

STREET.

He drags his penny farthing bike through the open door as he leaves the house dressed in a top hat and cloak. His Gladstone bag strapped across his shoulder.

He closes the door behind him, then looks up at the mistiest sky before he mounts his ride to work.

Above, the Peregrine Falcon follows.

Beat.

MORE

At a junction he dismounts, then wheels his bicycle across the deserted road, before he stops to check his timepiece.

HIS POV: A BLOWER WOMAN approx 5ft tall stands inside a doorway. She wears a straw bonnet and woollen overcoat as she brushes herself down.

She spots his awesome silhouette and waves him over.

Bts.

He acknowledges her with a mischievous grin, then walks towards her, before he leans his bicycle up against the wall.

BLOWER WOMAN

'Ullo. Now what can I do for you this morning, Sir?

DOCTOR TREVES

Oh, I'm not quite sure just yet. Maybe you can start by telling me your name?

BLOWER WOMAN

Annie Chapman to you, Sir.

DOCTOR TREVES

I see.

BLOWER WOMAN

Now, how would you like a nice suck to start your day, Sir? It'll only cost ya a fawpence this morning. I'm very good at it.

He stares deviously into her small, tired eyes.

BLOWER WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's your lucky day, cos I'm feeling quite generous this morning. And you look to me like a gentleman so you do. And you don't get many of them 'round these parts at this time of the day, I don't mind sayin'.

MORE

DOCTOR TREVES

You're being far too kind.

She opens her coat and lifts her skirt to show her thigh.

BLOWER WOMAN

I've got the clean thighs you know.

He looks down at her naked flesh and snarls.

DOCTOR TREVES

Hm. I see you do have.

He grabs a handful of her vagina and squeezes.

She gasps in horror.

BLOWER WOMAN

Ouch! That 'urts, Sir. I bruise easily
you know.

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

DOCTOR TREVES

Very well.

He wipes the perspiration from neck.

BLOWER WOMAN

Follow me, then. I'll 'av' ya in
seconds, that's a promise.

DOCTOR TREVES

I don't doubt it.

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

DOCTOR TREVES (CONT'D)

Wait! Just a moment.

He moves her hands away from his genitals and unclips his bag,
where he takes out a handful of blackberries. He hands them to
her.

MORE

BLOWER WOMAN

What are they?

DOCTOR TREVES

Blackberries. They were handpicked from
Dorset.

He encourages her to eat them.

BLOWER WOMAN

I'm starvin'. But don't you be finkin'
I'm doin' anything just for a few
blackberries you know.

She bundles them into her mouth and masticates them.

CU: A thick red juice seeps from her mouth and rolls down her
chin towards her cleavage.

Bts.

DOCTOR TREVES

Do you know of a lady bird who goes by
the name Pearly Poll?

BLOWER WOMAN

No. Who's she?

DOCTOR TREVES

She's a whore, like you.

BLOWER WOMAN

Why d'ya wanna know her? Is my mouth
not good enough?

DOCTOR TREVES

I just need to find her. It's an
important matter.

BLOWER WOMAN

Sorry. I can't help ya.

DOCTOR TREVES

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

MORE

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

SFX: The brewery clock strikes the half-hour.

She kneels down to take him, as he reaches into his bag and grabs a piece of cloth.

And as she handles him, he grabs her by the throat and smothers her face with the cloth, before he viciously presses his thumb deep into her scrawny throat, causing her to lose consciousness in his grasp.

He lifts her off the ground, then holds her like a rag doll in a puppet show, until she's at the mercy of his evil intentions.

When he releases his grip, she falls to the floor in a crumpled heap.

He stands quietly for a moment within the darkness, before he kneels down beside her and lifts her clothing above her waist.

And in the darkness he slices her throat with methodical precision, using the sharpest surgical knife inside his bag. Then he cuts into her lower abdomen and begins a savage surgical removal of her internal organs. His hands covered in her blood to form a small puddle beside her as he begins a full disembowelment.

Beat.

He cleans his instruments on a piece of cloth, then positions her arms across her chest in a symbolic fashion, before he climbs onto his bicycle and pedals like a bat out of hell towards the receiving room at the London Charity Hospital with the Peregrine Falcon forever watchful above his head.

FADE TO BLACK:

The End.

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