

The Falcon, The Surgeon & The Lady Bird

written by

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A Victorian Fantasy Based Upon The Ripper & Co

Note Shorthand - Continued / Aside - Voice over *

OVER BLACK: WHITECHAPEL - LONDON 1888

INT. BEDSTEAD SQUARE - NIGHT

There lies a sparsely furnished two room flat where a single bed is situated along the right wall. A desk under a sash cord window lies opposite the entrance door.

Along the left wall an open fireplace and iron mantle decorated with trinkets. A small bathroom leads off left of the window. There is a wardrobe situated behind the entrance door.

JACK (Elephant Man) snores to the sound of ten men as he sleeps upright upon his pillows.

JACK'S DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. THE OLD GREENGROCERS SHOP - NIGHT

Amid the low fog a FALCON flies off from its eyrie and hovers uninhibitedly above the slate grey rooftops.

Upon the bird's head a TOP HAT glistens in the night skyline, along with his 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.

As he looks down, he pecks at his own chest in discomfiture.

His POV: HORSE CARRIAGES and HANSOM CABS canter along the busy thoroughfares as PEOPLE gather in small groups.

Cackling BOBTAILS (Whores), lift their PETTICOATS when men pass by them.

He sees the BEARD (Isaac Angel) He clutches a PENKNIFE and jabs at anyone who dares to get in his way.

The Beard is spotted by a BEAT CRUNCHER and chases him across the thoroughfare and into the darkness of the arches.

The Falcon drops BLACKBERRIES into the most crowded areas.

STREET URCHINS scramble and fight for the deadly fruit when it hits the cobblestone at lightning speed and causes EXPLOSIONS upon impact.

The juice covers them in a THICK RED GOO.

Two drunken LOBSTERS (Soldiers) in red uniform exit a drinking house with two LADY BIRDS (Prostitutes).

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

The lubricious Lady Bird clings to his arm. She carries long, brown curls and has sexy eyeballs, and a large potato shape face.

The second Lobster is smaller than the first. He carries a full black beard and moustache.

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

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

They disappear as they enter an alleyway, perpendicular to the drinking house.

Beat.

The lubricious Lady Bird stands with her back against the wall by the entrance of a decrepit tenement block.

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

His moustache spattered with saliva as he sweats profusely whilst he seeks a pleasurable conclusion.

From above the Peregrine Falcon settles upon the rooftop of the same decrepit tenement block.

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

He sniffs the air as he listens carefully to an ominous-

BRONCHIAL PURR.

During his torment, he withdraws himself from the Lady Bird, then quickly zips up his fly as a look of mortification decorates his angry face.

He looks up to see what it is that causes him to suddenly lose his libido.

LOBSTER -

Apricot.

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

LADY BIRD

What's wrong, soldier?

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.

He turns back to her in a fit of rage, his sword pointed towards her.

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. Her eyes bulge with deep terror.

LOBSTER

I dislike the smell of apricot.

He returns his sword to its scabbard and makes haste as he disappears into the night.

The Lady Bird stands like a statue with her back towards the wall as she cups herself 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 Falcon occupies the space in front of her and attacks her with his long, sharp talons, until she finally slides down the wall in a bloodied heap of torn flesh.

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

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. WHITE HART P.H - DAY

A broad shouldered Scottish Detective known as THE GIANT 40s has a thick ginger beard.

He enters the drinking house and approaches the bar and THE BARMAN 40s, as he washes glasses at the sink.

THE GIANT

Good afternoon.

THE BARMAN

Afternoon.

He produces a photograph that shows the cadaver of the dead Lady Bird. He slides it across the counter.

THE GIANT

Have you seen this lady bird before? We know she's local. She may have been drinking here last night.

The Barman studies the photo and passes it back to him.

THE BARMAN

She was. She was drinking with a lobster, and Pearly Poll - a regular lady bird. They were slobbering over each other.

THE GIANT

What did this lobster look like, then?

THE BARMAN

Oh. Carroty whiskers and long sideburns - the usual type, you know?

THE GIANT

D' you think you'd recognise him if we took a trip over to the barracks?

THE BARMAN

D' you know how many lobsters we get in here with carroty whiskers and long sideburns?

THE GIANT

Enlighten me, if you please?

THE BARMAN

Too many to mention. I never take much notice.

THE GIANT

But still, you will come down to the barracks?

THE BARMAN

If forced to. But it'll have to be out of drinkin' hours. I'm the only one working as you can see.

THE GIANT

Hmm. It will be.

(pauses)

Give us a cider while you're at it.

THE BARMAN

Off duty, are we?

THE GIANT

Never you mind that.

THE BARMAN

Right then.

THE GIANT

D' you happen to know where this Pearly Poll resides?

THE BARMAN

One of the hills, off Ratcliff's Highway.

THE GIANT

Right.

The Giant waits while he pours him a tankard of cider.

EXT. TOWER HILL BARRACKS - DAY

Redhead PEARLY POLL walks down a long line of LOBSTERS where most have carroty whiskers and sideburns. The Giant follows her.

She stops and removes her bonnet, then stares coldly into the eyes of one particular Lobster. He furrows a brow as he gives her a warning stare.

PEARLY POLL

(Irish accent)

He looks like the one. It might be him.

THE GIANT

You need to be certain. Now was it him, or not?

PEARLY POLL

Yeah, probably, I can't remember I was a bit drunk.

THE GIANT

Right then, let's walk.

He walks her away from the line-up.

THE GIANT /

Listen to me, madam... if it was him, say so.

PEARLY POLL

All right then, it was him.

THE GIANT

I don't believe ya. You're lying.

PEARLY POLL

Why not?

THE GIANT

Because he happens to be connected to the royal household, that's why not, madam.

PEARLY POLL

Aww, I never knew that, did I?

He watches her walk off with a huge grin upon her pale white face.

INT. ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS - DAY

The tall distinguished SURGEON clutches a glass of port whilst in conversation with Her Majesty's incumbent physician and 1st Baronet - THE GULL.

He wears a black suit and waistcoat and a gold chain that supports 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.

GREAT HALL.

The Surgeon looks up at the CARVED ARCHITRAVES.

THE SURGEON

This building never ceases to amaze me. It's structure is a symbol of everything we stand for.

THE GULL

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

THE SURGEON

Agree.

THE GULL

You know I spend most of my time here these days.

THE SURGEON

I envy you.

THE GULL

I'd rather you didn't. I'd rather be out saving lives.

THE SURGEON

Well, you are always welcome to join me at the receiving room.

THE GULL

Pandemonium is not my bag.

THE SURGEON

Imagine how I feel, arriving here from a quite little cottage hospital in Derbyshire.

THE GULL

Changing the subject, we must find this witness to the lady bird's murder. We know that she was also drinking at The White Hart with the victim and two soldiers of the Queen's Calvary before the whore went off with her killer.

(sips port)

It has been mentioned in certain circles that her name is Pearly Poll. She was the whore who picked out the soldier, during a parade at Tower Hill Barracks.

(pauses)

An officer from Scotland Yard was sent to her abode which is just off the Ratcliff's Highway. It turns out that she'd vanished before he'd arrived. It's possible that she received prior warning. If this is true, then she knows we are seeking her whereabouts, since the soldier she accused is highly connected to the Royal Household Cavalry Regiment. And this has caused Her Majesty some unimaginable distress.

THE SURGEON

(sips port)

I'm not surprised.

THE GULL

Now, we need to find this woman before she starts spouting off to those imbeciles at the press agency. It cannot be imagined should the Royal Household become embroiled in a prostitute's savage murder.

THE SURGEON

Absolutely not.

THE GULL

Your assistance would be greatly appreciated in regards to this matter of prime importance.

THE SURGEON

How can I help?

THE GULL

Well, one good turn deserves another. So if you can locate her whereabouts before the press 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 the new house surgeon at the Ducal Palaces, after I step down. As you may have heard already I have been unwell of late. I'm not sure exactly how long I will be able to continue.

THE SURGEON

I'll pray for your speedy recovery, Sir William.

THE GULL

Appreciated, but I'm not optimistic to be frank with you.

THE SURGEON

I understand it was the royal household that encouraged support for my patient's long term stay at Bedstead Square, so it would be a pleasure to display my gratitude.

THE GULL

I am aware of that. You can thank the Princess Alexandria in person. She has a planned visit to the hospital. Carr Gomm will fill you in with the details.

THE SURGEON

Excellent. I look forward to receiving her.

(pauses)

And I'm already warming to the idea of finding this witness. I'm confident, since I know some of the lady birds who frequent the hospital.

Sir William Gull furrows his brow to show an evil intent.

THE GULL

If you should come into contact with her, or hear word, under no circumstances involve the local constabulary. You must call me at once. I want to find out exactly what she saw that night and silence her.

The Surgeon's handlebar moustache twitches as he taps his empty glass with his wedding ring finger.

THE SURGEON

Do you have any details regarding her appearance?

THE GULL

I most certainly do. She's of Irish, or possibly Welsh descent. A brash, buxom redhead who enjoys to sing to her customers when indulging them, so I hear.

(sips port)

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

THE SURGEON

I would like to ask a favour of you?

THE GULL

What is it?

THE SURGEON

I want to reinvent a medieval society here in London. It will be strictly for upstanding men from Dorset - affiliation to the Masons.

THE GULL

I'll bring it up at the next dinner.

THE SURGEON

It would be greatly appreciated.

THE GULL

Of course. I'll see what I can do.

THE SURGEON

Excellent.

EXT. THE FRYING PAN PUBLIC HOUSE - STORMY NIGHT

A lurid sky fills the air with a fiery miasma as a rapid downpour saturates a luckless BLOWER (Whore).

She stands upon the steps that leads into the drinking house.

With her back towards the door, she presses her hand down upon her straw bonnet to stop it flying off her head.

A COALMAN 30's approaches. He carries a limp.

COALMAN

Get out the bleedin' way, will ya!

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

BLOWER

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

Cackles from inside the drinking den to the clash of tankards.

Despairingly she staggers away in all hopelessness.

EXT. LONDON CHARITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

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

EXT. DOSS HOUSE - NIGHT

The Blower rallies in raucous dispute with the heavily bearded DEPUTY OWNER.

DEPUTY OWNER

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

BLOWER

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

He turns his back and marches back inside the doss house.

Forlorn and lost, she stares at the closed door with her
bonnet in hand.

BLOWER / -

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

Jack wanders and strays onto the thoroughfare.

His POV: The Blower in the glow of a single gas lamp. She
lifts her skirt to all and sundry as they walk past her.

BLOWER /

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

I'm clean you know. Pig head!

He spies her masquerading under the flicker of the GASLIGHT
as she drinks from a WINE GLASS, before she stumbles and
falls to the sodden ground.

He brings his cloak over his head in discomposure.

The Blower cackles when she gets to her feet.

But the country voice of The Surgeon inside his head begins
to berate him.

THE SURGEON *

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

JACK

(splutters)

But it's very late. And you said not leave the hospital grounds, or I will be punished.

THE SURGEON *

Go and speak with her now.

JACK

What if she screams? Oh. Oh. Oh. I don't know.

THE SURGEON *

Get her!

She wanders off. He stumbles back to his room in deep despair.

INT. BEDSTEAD SQUARE - NIGHT

Jack climbs upon his bed and closes his eyes.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. SHADWELL DOCK - NIGHT

The Falcon flies over the RAGING FIRES and looks down upon the Beard as he stumbles along the banks of the river in a drunken stupor.

The Beard clutches a bottle of absinth and wipes saliva from his mouth as he continuously falls down in the thick sludge.

The Beard sobs as he smashes his fists upon the mud during his deep despair before he fills his pockets with stones.

He climbs to his feet then stumbles towards the glistening aurora of the glowing RED RIVER.

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

The Beard gazes up at the lurid sky and wipes the tears from his eyes while the downpour saturates his filthy flesh like a rat in an open sewer.

His dead wife's MIRAGE appears upon the river before him, dressed in BLACK LACE; her hair as WHITE as snow, her eyes wide open, gleam a brilliant hue of AQUAMARINE as she beckons him towards her.

MIRIAM

(softly)

Come, Isaac. I've been waiting.
Come my love.

The sweet sound of her voice distresses him as he attempts to focus on her.

MIRIAM /

Come my love.

She appears in focus as his face lights up like a sparkler in the night. He fights the water and races towards her.

The river now covered with BLACK PETALS that float upon the soft flushes that engulf him as he takes brisk strides towards his retreating wife, then disappears beneath the water.

The Falcon flies off as the fires continue to rage upon the docks.

INT. THE OLD GREENGROCER'S SHOP - NIGHT

The Blower enters and slips to her knees on a piece of stale fruit, before she gets to her feet and stumbles into the darkness.

BRONCHIAL PURR.

CLICK. The door locks behind her.

She SCREAMS and lunges towards the door where she tries desperately to get out.

In the shadow of darkness the Falcon stands behind her.

He reaches out and places a wing upon her bony shoulder.

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

THE FALCON

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

BLOWER

(petrified)

Just leave me alone. Let me out, or I'll scream.

THE FALCON

I am not going to hurt you. I am badly disfigured.

BLOWER

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

THE FALCON

But I am not going to hurt you.

BLOWER

What'd ya want, then?

His wing now filled with BLACKBERRIES.

He brings them under her nostrils. She looks down at them.

THE FALCON

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

She forces them into her mouth and scoffs them.

The JUICE escapes and runs down her CHIN towards her scrawny neck, then into her cleavage.

BLOWER

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

THE FALCON

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

BLOWER

Oh dear. Please, let me go.

THE FALCON

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

BLOWER

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

THE FALCON

I come here when I am lonely
(purrs)
Are you lonely?

An eerie silence.

BLOWER

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.

The Falcon stands undressed and in all his naked glory.

She gasps then faints as she falls to the ground in a heap of
limp flesh.

Lost in maniacal fervour, the Falcon flaps his wings and
tears at her with his extended talons as he cries-

FALCON -

MOTHER! MOTHER! WRETCHED MOTHER!
BURN IN HELL!

With all his energy surpassed he nests upon the warmth of her
blood soaked cadaver.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A busy shift as The Surgeon bandages the foot of an aged
PATIENT.

Beat.

He checks his pocket watch, then quickly exits the building.

INT. BEDSTEAD SQUARE - NIGHT.

The Surgeon opens the door and strikes a match.

His POV: An unmade bed.

He searches beneath the pillows, then sighs his despair.

THE SURGEON -
 (angrily)
 I'll throttle him!

EXT. GREENGROCERS SHOP - NIGHT

The Falcon, perched upon the rooftop, looks down upon the ghostly street.

He spots The Surgeon hurriedly entering the shop.

INT. THE OLD GREENGROCERS SHOP - NIGHT

The Surgeon stands inside the darkness and strikes a match.

THE SURGEON
 Anyone here?

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

THE SURGEON / -
 (gasps)
 Lord Heavens!

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

He gets to his feet and grits his teeth.

THE SURGEON / -
 If you're in here, Jack, I hope
 you know what you've done!

He quickly exits.

EXT. HOSPITAL YARD - EARLY HOURS

The Falcon hovers above the rooftops watchful, as The Surgeon climbs upon a designated horse and carriage and trots off.

INT. GREENGROCERS SHOP /

The Surgeon enters the darkness and wraps the Blower'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.

THE SURGEON / -
Oh, what have you done?

INT. RECEIVING ROOM - EARLY HOURS

The Surgeon returns in a fluster and begins to attend to the sick.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. BEDSTEAD SQUARE - MORNING

Jack 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 him sleeping. His bronchial purr, a reminder of what she has to put up with.

NURSE
(acerbically)
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, 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 the Surgeon 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!

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.

THE SURGEON

That's all right, Nurse. I shant 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. 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 Jack's coat and hood attached from a hook on the back of the door.

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

The Surgeon folds his arms as he watches him closely.

THE SURGEON

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

JACK

Oh no. I had the most terrible nightmare. It was the most wretched nightmare I think I have ever had in my entire life.

THE SURGEON

Tell me, what happened?

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

The Surgeon assists him by placing them by his feet.

JACK

Oh, it was such a vivid nightmare.

THE SURGEON

And which bird of prey were you this time? Let me guess - A vulture?

JACK

Oh, I am not sure.

THE SURGEON

A peregrine falcon, maybe?

JACK

Can you show me a picture? I might be able to say which bird it was.

THE SURGEON

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

JACK

Oh?

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

THE SURGEON

Sit down for me, will you?

JACK

Is there something wrong?

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

THE SURGEON

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

JACK

At three-thirty?

THE SURGEON

Yes, precisely. You were not in your bed.

JACK

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

THE SURGEON

(reflects)

And what time did you finally get to sleep, then?

JACK

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

THE SURGEON

(scratches head)

I see.

JACK

The sky was so red. And it was raining. To say... I mean it was rare to see the sky that colour at night.

THE SURGEON

That was because of the fires at the docks. The stench will linger for days on end, I expect.

(twiddles moustache)

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

JACK

No, I did not.

THE SURGEON

(exhales)

Thank heavens. I was quite concerned 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, since you were in deep slumber when I checked on you again before I went home.

JACK

I cannot remember anything about the time I went to bed. I am sorry if I have caused you any embarrassment. I wont do it again.

THE SURGEON

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

(clears throat)

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

JACK

Oh. I will pray for her soul after my bath.

THE SURGEON

Actually, her body was found in Bucks Row. Just a stone's throw from the receiving room. No doubt the authorities will want to question some of the patients here.

Short silence.

THE SURGEON /

All right then. Now please stand up for me.

He wiggles himself out of the chair.

THE SURGEON /

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 with my workload... not to mention the lectures I've been instructed to carry out with the students at Queen Mary's College.

(wipes brow)

I made a solemn promise to protect you when I brought you here, so I shant shut you out any longer than necessary.

JACK

Can I continue with my model now?

THE SURGEON

Yes, of course you can.

JACK

Thank you.

THE SURGEON

By the way, which book are you reading at the moment?

The Surgeon picks up his Gladstone bag.

JACK

Frankenstein.

THE SURGEON

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

JACK

No. It is too complicated.

THE SURGEON

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

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

The Surgeon drops it inside his bag and closes it shut.

THE SURGEON /

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

JACK

(excitedly)

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

The Surgeon chuckles at the possibility of meeting a fictional character.

THE SURGEON

No, I'm afraid we cannot meet Doctor Victor Frankenstein. 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 short 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.

THE SURGEON /

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

He exits without further ado.

Jack 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.

JACK

Oh you poor, poor thing.

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

JACK /

May I see the chaplain after my bath?

NURSE

(abruptly)

Why, what have you done now?

JACK

Oh, nothing I shouldn't have.

NURSE

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

JACK

I was.

He hobbles towards the bathroom.

INT. SURGEON'S BEDROOM - EARLY HOURS

Alarm clock rings out a deafening sound.

The Surgeon lies in bed as he smashes his hairy hand down upon the annoying rattle upon his bedside table.

He opens his big brown mischievous eyes then climbs out of bed in his navy blue silk pyjamas.

He stands for a brief moment and looks down upon his sleepy wife then tiptoes towards the window and looks down upon the black foggy street.

His POV: Beneath a dimly lit street lamp a HANSOM CAB sits at the junction. The DRIVER waits patiently for fare.

Back to scene.

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

EXT. THE OLD GREENGROCERS SHOP - NIGHT

The Falcon flies off from its rooftop eyrie and hovers uninhibitedly above the slate grey dwellings.

Upon the bird's head a top hat glistens in a clear night skyline, along with his 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.

As he looks down, he pecks at his own chest in discomfiture.

His POV: Horse carriages and Hansom cabs canter along the busy thoroughfares as PEOPLE gather in small groups.

Cackling Bob Tails lift their petticoats when men pass by them.

The Falcon drops Blackberries into the most crowded areas.

Street urchins scramble and fight for the deadly fruit when it hits the cobblestone at lightning speed and causes explosions upon impact.

The juice covers them in a thick red goo.

EXT. HOUSE - EARLY HOURS

The Surgeon wears a wide brim felt hat and an Astrakhan coat as he carefully guides his BICYCLE out of the house.

He looks up at the foggy skyline then climbs upon the saddle and rides off into the fog.

EXT. SPITALFIELDS MARKET - EARLY HOURS

The Falcon hovers above the CHRIST CHURCH and rest upon the church SPIRE.

The Falcon's POV: The to and fro of wheelbarrows shunted from place to place. And the Surgeon who dismounts his bicycle and checks his timepiece.

A BOBTAIL (Whore) stands inconspicuously inside a narrow doorway. She wears a straw bonnet and woollen coat.

She spots the tall Surgeon's awesome SILHOUETTE and waves.

He acknowledges her with a mischievous grin as he leans his bicycle up against the wall and unties his Gladstone bag strapped to the bicycle.

THE SURGEON

And what niceties do you have on offer this morning?

BOBTAIL

What you after, then?

THE SURGEON

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

BOBTAIL

Annie, if you must know.

THE SURGEON

That's a start.

BOBTAIL

You want summink nice to start your day? It'll only cost you a shilling this morning, and I'm very good you'll be pleased to know.

He stares deviously into her small tired eyes.

THE SURGEON

Really?

BOBTAIL

It's your lucky day see. Cos I'm feeling generous. You might be my very last customer. And you look like a nice clean gentleman so you do. You don't get many of those 'round 'ere this time of the morning.

THE SURGEON

You're far too kind.

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

BOBTAIL

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

He looks down at her naked flesh.

THE SURGEON

So you do.

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

BOBTAIL

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

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

THE SURGEON

Very well.

BOBTAIL

Follow me, c'mon.

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

THE SURGEON

Wait.

He moves her hands away from his genitals

BOBTAIL

What's wrong?

THE SURGEON

There is something I must do
first.

BOBTAIL

What's that, then?

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

BOBTAIL /

What are these?

THE SURGEON

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

He encourages her to eat them.

BOBTAIL

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 you know.

He watches her carefully as she chews them, and the juice that seeps from her hungry mouth and rolls down her chin towards her breast bone.

THE SURGEON

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

He forcefully pushes her back up against the wooded fence.

CU: The BREWERY CLOCK strikes the half-hour as the Falcon sits upon the rooftop of an outhouse.

The Surgeon forces the Bobtail down again to take him as he reaches into his bag and grabs a piece of cloth saturated in chloroform.

He grabs her by the throat and lifts her up against the fence then covers her face with the cloth in hand before he viciously presses his thumbs deep into her scrawny neck.

She loses consciousness and falls to the ground.

The Falcon occupies the space as the Surgeon steps back.

The Falcon tears at her flesh with his long talons then flies off.

The Surgeon Kneels down and cuts her open before he removes her internal organs. He lies them beside her bloodied cadaver in symbolic fashion then climbs back onto his bicycle and pedals towards the receiving room.

The Falcon nest upon the warmth of her cadaver.

NT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

The Surgeon sits behind a solid oak desk and writes a letter in bob tail'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, He walks around his desk and looks out of the window where he recites the letter in hand.

THE SURGEON -

"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 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.

THE SURGEON /

Enter.

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

THE SURGEON /

(abruptly)

Well, what is it, Nurse?

NURSE

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

THE SURGEON

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

NURSE

I will.

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

The POET enters. He bears a huge grin. He has long carrot 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.

THE SURGEON

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

The Poet swiftly removes his pipe from his mouth and chuckles.

THE POET

Likewise, old boy, likewise.

They recite an old poem from Dorset.

THE SURGEON

(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.

THE POET

(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.

THE POET /

Ha! That one always evokes a time
 and place within me.

THE SURGEON

Touche.

THE POET

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

THE SURGEON

Ah! So you made the connection,
 then?

THE POET

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

(removes hat)

Let's drink to that.

THE SURGEON

Of course. How impertinent of me.

The Surgeon steps towards a healthy looking drinks cabinet
 perpendicular.

THE SURGEON /

Port?

He picks up a bottle of port.

INT. THE WHITE HART P.H - DAY

Detective Inspector Abberline (aka TWIT) places his bowler hat down upon a small round table. The Giant brings the drinks.

TWIT

So three murders. No clue as to the culprit.

He pours a mouthful of gin down his throat.

THE GIANT

(gruffly)

Well, there's the leather apron found close to the bob tail's cadaver.

(sips drink)

They've arrested John Piza. They reckon he's the culprit, because his leather apron was found close to the body.

TWIT

What's his job?

THE GIANT

A slipper maker, by all accounts.

TWIT

(drinks)

Well. He would certainly be able to creep about if he's wearing slippers.

THE GIANT

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

TWIT

Did the bailiff act upon her word?

THE GIANT

Aye. He spoke to him by all accounts.

TWIT

What did this John Piza say?

THE GIANT

He responded by saying that she's insane... she's making it up, because she hates him.

TWIT

Did the bailiff believe his story?

THE GIANT

Aye. He let him go, then berated the woman for wasting his time.

TWIT

And that's Leather Apron, you say?

THE GIANT

By all accounts.

TWIT

Is this man usually violent towards women?

THE GIANT

According to The Daily Star he is violent.

TWIT

I'd like to speak to the editor of that journal and find out what they know about him.

THE GIANT

Well, they're holding him at Lemman Street. We can speak to him when you're ready.

TWIT

Good.

Twit gets up from the table and approaches the bar with the Giant.

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 Beard.

TWIT /

Do you recall if this wine glass
may have been taken from this
establishment the night the
blower women was murdered?

THE BEARD

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

TWIT

Thank you. And please report any
person you suspect of being a
lunatic to a local bailiff.

THE BEARD

They're all lunatics 'round 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,
don'tcha?

TWIT

(shakes head)

You are doubtless.

He grabs his top hat from The Giant and they exit.

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

Twit and The Giant stop in their tracks and observe a two
horse carriage hurtling past.

TWIT

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

The Surgeon takes his seat, as The Poet fiddles with his clay pipe.

THE POET

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

THE SURGEON

(aback)

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

THE POET

I thought you said he was an elephant?

THE SURGEON

No, I said they call him the Elephant Man. That's what I saw written on his cage when I discovered him at the greengrocers shop.

THE POET

I see.

THE SURGEON

Would you like to meet him?

THE POET

I'd love to, old chap

Th Poet spots a certain abstinence in the Surgeon's eyes: That troubled glare.

THE POET /

Oh, come on, 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 Surgeon'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 to be quiet.

The Poet stiffens as he immediately realises something amiss when The Surgeon marches towards the door.

He opens the door and calls the nurse.

THE SURGEON

Nurse, make sure I'm not disturbed.

NURSE *

Yes, Doctor.

He closes the door, then returns to his seat.

The Poet pulls up his chair in anticipation, then stretches his arms out across the table.

THE SURGEON

(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.

THE POET

But how, for heaven's sake?

THE SURGEON

It was him who did it.

THE POET

Did what?

THE SURGEON

He went back to the greengrocers where I first discovered him, and did for the blower women.

The Poet shakes his head disbelievingly.

THE POET

(irksomely)

You what?

THE SURGEON

I found her ripped up. It was the night of the dock fires.

THE POET

And he told you this?

THE SURGEON

No, of course not. But I know he did it. And he knows I know too.

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

THE POET

Surely you're not suggesting that he's the Ripper? The poor creature can hardly walk from what I hear.

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

THE POET /

No, no, no. He's not physically capable of raising a fist, let alone ripping anyone up.

THE SURGEON

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

THE POET

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

He removes his pipe from his mouth and glares at The Surgeon with a troubled glare.

THE SURGEON

I had a deep conversation with him concerning the whores who pester him at his window. They tease him when they can't find their doss.

(sips port)

Then, 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 Frankenstein.

(pauses)

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

THE POET

Well, still, you must have the facts before you go accusing him of such an atrocity, old chap.

THE SURGEON

I have hardly slept a wink since I last spoke to him. I am having nightmares that I'm drowning in blood.

The Poet sighs with a heavy heart.

THE POET

But to 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 he did it.

The Surgeon takes a deep breath.

THE SURGEON

Look, these whores aren't your pretty maidens like we have in Dorset. These are worthless shilling whores. They're the scourge of Whitechapel.

(grits teeth)

Quite frankly they are a bloody menace. And what he has had to put up with... what with his own mother abandoning him during his infancy... all because of his wretched disfigurement. And then there was the eschewing of his shameless stepmother. She wouldn't be seen out with him.

THE POET

Nevertheless.

THE SURGEON

If you ask me, it's enough to drive anyone to insanity. One could hardly blame him.

His eyes darken.

The Poet leans forward and speaks with added fervour.

THE POET

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

Despairingly, The Surgeon throws his head back and scowls as he runs his fingers through his thick black hair, then leans forward and stares through his parted digits while he becomes desperately tormented.

The Poet stares at his port in dismay, before he slides his seat back, fearful of The Surgeon's changed image that stares back at him.

THE SURGEON

I am already deeply involved.

THE POET

Christ, man! Think about the consequences if you are 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 are becoming detached from your senses.

THE SURGEON

I had the hospital psychologist examine him. He informed me that his misandry is due to some kind of reversion.

THE POET

You should've asked him to examine yourself while he was at it. Christ man, what is wrong with you?

THE SURGEON

Look, the authorities know the blower 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.

THE POET

But if what you are telling me is true, then you must turn him in to the authorities at once. You have no choice. I said he was a monster, 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 from the outset.

THE SURGEON

No, I shant. 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.

THE POET

Well, then, on your head be it.

THE SURGEON

But there is something I have to tell you. Oh my dear God.

He bows his head indignantly.

THE POET

You mean it gets worse than this?

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

THE SURGEON

Yes, I'm afraid it does.

(pauses)

In my bid to protect him, I did for a bobtail.

(hands him port)

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

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

THE POET

Oh dear. This is a very dangerous path you are embarking upon. You do realise what will happen if you are caught?

THE SURGEON

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

THE POET

Regardless of that, you are not a slayer of whores. You have sworn the Hippocratic oath. You're a saver of life.

THE SURGEON

I know. But I do have a profound duty towards my patient. Surely you can empathise with that?

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

THE SURGEON /

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.

THE POET

Ha! That's insane.

THE SURGEON

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

The Surgeon takes his glass and pours two more glasses of port and hands one to the Poet.

THE POET

To the Ripper, then!

They toast, before they sing another verse of Blackmores Maidens.

THE SURGEON

(Dorset dialect)

If you could zee their
comely gaît, An' pretty
feäces smiles. A-trippèn
on so light o' waïght,
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.

THE POET

(Dorset dialect)

If you could zee their
comely gaît, An' pretty
feäces smiles. A-trippèn
on so light o' waïght,
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

Jack stands at his desk and stares through the window at St. Philips Church. He uses the same knife to shape his model of the building.

The Surgeon appears from the bathroom and dries his hands upon a towel.

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

He closely observes the Elephant.

THE SURGEON

May I say something?

Jack continues to focus his eyes upon his cardboard model.

JACK

Yes.

THE SURGEON

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

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

JACK

Oh, I don't think so?

Jack puts down his knife.

THE SURGEON *

Why not? You're doing a decent job with that model of St. Philips Church.

JACK

I wouldn't be able to pass the exams.

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

THE SURGEON

Of course you would, with a little help from yours truly. You see, the most important criteria is that a surgeon has a steady hand.

JACK

Oh, but you're too kind. I could never perform an operation on another human being.

POV: St Philip's Church.

THE SURGEON

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

He places his hand lightly upon his shoulder.

THE SURGEON /

(reflects)

You know, when I was a young boy, I'd take my penknife to the woods and remove the innards of anything I could get my hands on... just for jolly really.

Jack continues to stand and gaze through the window.

THE SURGEON /

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

(thoughtful pause)

I haven't been sleeping well of late, since the murder of the blower woman. Truth is I came into contact with a bob tail during the early hours. I was on my way to work. And I have become somewhat depressed lately, over the fact that you might be blamed for the murder of the blower woman, since she had been discovered 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 is another clue to whoever it was that attacked her. Blackberry stains were also found on her clothing.

(pauses)

It is because of such facts that I took it upon myself to murder the bob tail. I felt quite forced to do so. Of course, it was necessary to disembowel her, after I examined what was left of the blower woman. I felt I had to make it appear that she was murdered by the same hand as the blower woman.

(pauses)

I also fed her with my blackberries. Of course, I used my sharpest surgical knife, since I had to work in the pitch black. My torch was of little use. I just hope I never left a clue beside her cadaver.

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

THE SURGEON /

What do you think we should do?

Jack continues to gaze out of the window during his reticence.

THE SURGEON /

(sighs inwardly)

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

A protracted silence.

THE SURGEON /

(exasperatedly)

Christ!

JACK

Oh, I don't know.

(pauses)

But there is this man I keep seeing his face in my nightmares.

THE SURGEON

Who he is?

JACK

Oh, I'm confused. I don't know.

The Surgeon sighs his relief as he stands up and nods his head in approval.

THE SURGEON

I think what you might be seeing is the daemon in your Frankenstein novel.

JACK

I repent for my sins every day. I prayed for her soul. I only wanted to speak to her. I was afraid she'd scream. I'm sorry if I have caused you embarrassment. I'm having the most vivid nightmares. I cannot sleep. I'm this bird of prey. Oh, I just want to sleep and never wake up.

A tear rolls down his cheek.

JACK /

I cannot live like the daemon any longer. I cannot bear to open my eyes when I awake. Oh, can't you just send me away? I beg you, please send me away. I just want to be alone.

THE SURGEON

(sighs deeply)

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

Jack remains silent as he watches The Surgeon climb to his feet and slip on his coat.

THE SURGEON /

I promise you, you will not see one single whore within one-hundred yards of this hospital after one o'clock in the morning. And even if they do come, we'll be waiting for them. If they so much as show a cat's whisker outside your window, I will cut off their breasts. And I swear to you, I will do this without a heavy heart, because there is a job to be done.

Jack looks up at the vexed Surgeon.

THE SURGEON /

A dear friend of mine is in London. He wants to finish his novel whilst he is here. I thought we might go out on a jolly at the weekend. We could even go whore hunting if you're up-to-it. What do you say?

The Surgeon buttons up his coat.

THE SURGEON /

Well? Are you fit for it? We're already damned, are we not? Let's play their little game. After all, this is what they crave.

(pauses)

No harm will come of it, I give you my solemn word. And let's face it, nobody can hide in the dark as well as you, can they?

Jack stands in reverie as he stares through the window.

THE SURGEON *

Jack, can you sit down and copy a letter I've written for somebody important.

Jack turns his head to look at him.

He picks up his Gladstone bag from the floor and takes out a notepad, a blank postcard and bottle of the red stuff.

THE SURGEON /

Now copy what is written on this notepad. Write it down exactly word for word. As you see I have added a touch of Dorset dialect just to confuse him.

Jack sits down at the desk and complies with the Surgeon's wishes as he begins to dip his quill into the jar of red ink.

DOCTOR T/

Actually, it might be better if I just read it out to you.

He picks up the notepad. Jack scribbles down on the postcard.

THE SURGEON

"From Hell. Mr Lusk I send you half the kidne I took from one women prasarved it for you tother piece I fried and ate it was very nise. I may send you the bloody knif that took it out if you only wate a whil longer. Signed catch me when you can, Mishter Lusk."

Jack finishes writing on the postcard. The Surgeon picks up the letter and begins to suffer from uncontrollable fits of laughter.

CU: Jack's indecipherable handwriting.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL - DAY

A drunken BLOWER falls down in a stupor as she attempts to stop the passing traffic.

A HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE rears up in front of her as she lies down in the road and waves her arms about.

CAB DRIVER

Get out of the bleeding way, you stupid guttersnipe!

A BEAT CRUSHER (Constable) spots a small crowd as they gather around her and heckle as she waves her fist back at them.

He rushes towards her and grabs her, then drags her to the safety of the pavement whilst she screams blue murder.

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

BUTCHER

I've got room for one more, Officer.

BEAT CRUSHER

Be quiet, you!

BLOWER

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

BEAT CRUSHER

(to Butcher)

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

BUTCHER

Once I've skinned her proper.

He slings the CARCASS over his forearm, like he'd done a
thousand times before.

BLOWER

(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. I'm taking you in.

BLOWER

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

Twit and The Giant wait to cross the busy thoroughfare at a
junction. The clatter from horse drawn vehicles and squeaky
wheelbarrows pass by them.

They finally cross the thoroughfare and head down a narrow
cobblestone street.

They stop at a decrepit block on the west side of the street.

Twit looks up at the door number that shows number 16 stamped
upon the front door.

He and the Giant enter the building.

INT. DWELLING 16 - NIGHT

They ascend the creak of a staircase before they stop outside a door upon a landing.

Twit taps twice upon the door then steps back.

INT. BEDSIT.

The Surgeon sits at a desk and writes. He looks up and stares cautiously at the door as The Poet folds his journal then climbs to his feet.

The Surgeon quietly slides his chair back and drops the letter into the open desk drawer, then closes it shut.

THE POET

(whispers)

Who's that?

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

THE POET /

Well, open it for heaven's sake.

THE SURGEON

All right.

He finally opens the door.

THE SURGEON /

Can I help you?

Twit engages with a faint smile, then respectfully sticks out an outstretched hand.

TWIT

(tilts hat)

Good evening.

THE SURGEON

What can I do for you gentlemen?

TWIT

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

He takes the liberty of putting his best foot forward. The Surgeon gives way.

THE SURGEON

Do come in.

Once inside, they stand purposefully as they scan their surroundings.

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

THE SURGEON /

So how may we be of help,
Inspector?

Twit bears a huge grin as he recognises the Poet.

THE SURGEON /

I'm chief surgeon at the London
Charity Hospital. I see you
recognise my good friend. He's
travelled from Dorset to finish
his book.

TWIT

(aback)

Is that Thomas-

THE POET

-Correct.

TWIT

I am a huge admirer of your work,
sir.

THE POET

That's very nice of you, old
chap.

TWIT

(to Surgeon)

I've seen your profile in the
journal, regarding the Elephant
Man.

THE SURGEON

That's right.

TWIT

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

THE SURGEON

Oh, you should be thanking Her Majesty. It was her who sanctioned his stay with us.

Twit steps towards The Poet with an outstretched hand.

TWIT

It's a real honour to meet you, sir.

They shake hands warmly.

THE POET

Likewise, old boy.

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

THE POET /

We have set ourselves a target.

TWIT

And what might that be, may I ask?

THE POET

We are going to connect as many street names here in London as with Dorset. Are you a Dorset man yourself?

TWIT

Blandford Forum, actually.

THE SURGEON

(interjects)

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

THE POET

(chuckles)

How exciting.

THE GIANT

(intervenes)

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

THE SURGEON

(to the Twit)

Say, maybe you would be
interested in joining the
society?

TWIT

And what society might that be?

THE SURGEON

A society that was originally
established for Dorset men in
London. Do you happen to know of
anyone who may fit that criteria?

TWIT

Is it like the Masons?

THE SURGEON

Affiliated, 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 you on
board.

(knowing pause)

Strength in numbers they say.

TWIT

Oh, I'm not really the society
type. However, I'll certainly
give it some thought.

(pauses)

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

THE SURGEON

I remember the case. Ghastly, so
it were.

TWIT

She may have been the murder victim of a Russian Jew named Isaac Schmuss. Lipski may have told the truth when he said that she and he were the victim of a robbery inside this very room.

THE POET

I remember that case well.

TWIT

I think Isaac Schmuss may still be out there somewhere, lurking around the Spitalfields area. He's a trained locksmith and slipper maker, according to the our records. We think he could even be the Ripper.

THE POET

How fascinating.

TWIT

He may also have an accomplice.

The Surgeon checks his timepiece.

THE SURGEON /

(interjects)

I apologise, gentlemen, but I have an appointment with Sir William Gull at the surgeons hall, so I really must leave you.

TWIT

Well, we've seen what we came for.

The Surgeon hands a business card to Twit.

THE SURGEON

Here's my card, should you require my services.

Twit slips the business card into his wallet.

TWIT

Thank you. Let's hope that wont be necessary.

Twit opens the door to exit.

THE SURGEON

Well, my number is on the card
should you change your mind.

TWIT

I bid you good day, gentlemen.

The Surgeon shows a defiant look as he closes the door upon
their exit.

THE SURGEON

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

His eyes darken as he grits his teeth.

INT/EXT. RECEIVING ROOM - DAY

The Surgeon attends to a sick PATIENT when a hysterical WOMAN
30s 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
help us! You've gotta help us
please...!

THE SURGEON

(concerned)

What's happened to this child,
his skin is charred?

He looks down at the Dead Baby with a furrowed brow.

WOMAN

You've gotta help sum'ow!

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

WOMAN /

I turned me head for one bleedin'
minnit and he was'n fire.

The Surgeon shows his horror as he lightly pulls away the soiled blanket to look at the baby's skin traumas.

THE SURGEON

I can see that.

He looks at the baby's lifeless eyes then turns to the distraught Woman.

THE SURGEON /

But why have you brought your
dead 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.
he's brivvin'. Look, see for
y'rself.

THE SURGEON

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.

THE SURGEON /

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

WOMAN

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

THE SURGEON

I'm very sorry for your loss, but
I am very busy dealing with the
living.

He marches off towards a long line of PATIENTS, queuing to be assessed.

The distraught Woman is ushered away by the Nurse.

WOMAN

(to Nurse)

I only turned me head for a
bleedin' minnit and the lamp was
lying on top of him. Oh, wot am I
gonna say to his farver when he
gets home?

The Surgeon looks across the room and spots Twit standing inside the doorway with his bowler hat in hand, and a seething look upon his pale face.

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

THE SURGEON

Ah, Inspector. What can I do for you?

TWIT

What's wrong with that woman?

The Surgeon attends to a MAN with a severe body rash.

THE SURGEON

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

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

TWIT

(impatiently)

Look, can we talk somewhere in private?

THE SURGEON

Just give me a moment.

(to Man)

The nurse will give you a bottle of lotion. You have scabies. You will need to rub it into your skin as soon as you reach home. And change your clothes.

The Surgeon makes strides towards the entrance. Twit follows.

Upon the steps outside, Twit lights his clay pipe as the Surgeon stands with hands inside his pockets.

TWIT

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

THE SURGEON

That is true, but it doesn't qualify me to pass judgment upon whom the Ripper might be, Inspector.

TWIT

I already have my suspicions, Doctor.

THE SURGEON

And you still believe the Ripper to be a quack?

TWIT

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

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

THE SURGEON

Did I?

TWIT

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

Twit searches the Surgeon's eyes for clarity.

THE SURGEON

Am I a suspect?

TWIT

Could well be.

THE SURGEON

How did you discover it was me?

TWIT

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, possibly. May have been written by somebody with a neurological disorder, according to my handwriting expert at the yard.

THE SURGEON

I am impressed.

TWIT

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

THE SURGEON

(raised brow)

Similarities?

TWIT

Oh yes. I decided to seek a second opinion. So I sent the letters to a handwriting expert at Scotland yard. You can imagine my delight when I discovered the letters were written by the same hand. Now, why would you write a hoax letter to the Central News Agency, I wonder?

THE SURGEON

Very good work, Inspector. So you are obviously not the Twit they call you back at the yard.

TWIT

(irksomely)

What game are you playing, Doctor? And where did that half of kidney come from? I know it was the Elephant Man that you coerced to scribble on that postcard.

THE SURGEON

(grins mischievously)

Actually, I took the half of kidney from the laboratory at the college. It was dissected by one of my students. I gave half to him, then kept the other half to send to those fools over at Fleet Street. What imbeciles would actually believe they'd been sent a human kidney?

Twit ruminates.

TWIT

Tell me, why did you write the letter using Dorset dialect?

THE SURGEON

(sniggers)

To have a bit of fun with those jokers who came up with that ridiculous sobriquet. Do I look like a psychopath, Inspector?

TWIT

You do not have to look like a psychopath to be one, Doctor. But this is a very dangerous game you are playing. There is a lunatic lurking within our midst. Please do me a favour and stop making a mockery of our efforts to catch this madman.

THE SURGEON

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

TWIT

If you carry on with this nonsense, you will leave me no choice but to expose you to the authorities as the Ripper hoaxer. And you will find yourself being charged with undermining a murder investigation. Your kudos will be damaged here in London and elsewhere for that matter. You may keep company with the upper echelons of society, Doctor, but if I were to arrest you, well-

(pauses)

you know the consequences. Be aware.

Twit descends the steps and opens his carriage door.

THE SURGEON

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

TWIT

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

He jumps inside his awaiting carriage and is driven off.

EXT. THE OLD GREENGROCERS SHOP - NIGHT

A Falcon flies off from its rooftop eyrie and hovers uninhibitedly above the slate grey dwellings.

Upon the bird's head a top hat glistens in a clear night skyline, along with his 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.

As he looks down, he pecks at his own chest in discomfiture.

His POV: Horse drawn carriages and hansom cabs canter along the busy thoroughfares as PEOPLE gather in small groups.

Cackling Bobtails lift their petticoats when men pass by them.

A pretty MAIDEN with long brown curls 30s stands at the entrance to a drinking house.

She is joined by The Poet. He wears a Deerstalker and smokes from a clay pipe, and speaks with a mid-country accent.

MAIDEN

You looking for me?

THE POET

If you say so, pretty maiden.

MAIDEN

Follow me then.

THE POET

I'd prefer if you would follow me.

MAIDEN

Oh, all right then.

To her surprise he pins a RED ROSE upon a WHITE MAIDEN FERN to her jacket lapel.

THE POET

What's your name, pretty maiden?

MAIDEN

Elizabeth. But you can call me Lizzie.

The Falcon lands upon the roof of a blackened yard

A small space to fit a horse and cart, and where the Poet leads the Maiden to the dimly lit entrance.

HORSE CLATTER.

INT. DUTFIELD'S YARD

The Poet quickly slices her throat from ear to ear and she falls to the ground.

CU: Maiden lies dead upon the stony ground with her throat cut.

HORSE CLATTER INTENSIFIES.

The Poet's ears prick up and he quickly disappears into the fog.

The Falcon occupies the space and nests upon the Maiden's cadaver.

EXT. DUTFIELD'S YARD

Upon reaching the yard the HORSE rears its head as the Falcon flies off.

The unsuspecting DRIVER enters the yard.

Deeply concerned he spots the dead Maiden and runs off to get help.

DRIVER
(panicked)
MURDER! MURDER! MURDER! MURDER!

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A BLOWER (Whore) stands in sobriety at the station SERGEANT'S counter. She watches him fill out her charge sheet.

SERGEANT
So what name is it this time?

BLOWER
Queen Victoria. What'd ya
bleedin' fink?

She tidies herself as she pats herself down.

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

BLOWER
Alright, alright! Keep your
bleedin' 'air on, won'tcha?

SERGEANT
Look, madam if you don't give me
your name, you'll be going
straight back to the cells. Now,
what is it?!

BLOWER
Mary Kelly.

SERGEANT

Of course. You're the third Mary
Kelly tonight.

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

SERGEANT /

Now go home and get some sleep!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

SERGEANT /

And don't let me see you here
again!

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

BLOWER

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

She straightens her bonnet, then climbs to her feet and heads off into the thick fog.

The Falcon hovers above the rooftops and spots her as she scans the ghostly streets for a punter.

EXT. MITRE SQUARE - NIGHT

The Falcon lands upon a flagpole above her and pecks at his own chest.

BRONCHIAL PURR

The Blower sniffs the air and looks around to see what fills her with dread.

BLOWER -

Blimmin' apricot?

She looks up, only to see the huge talons of the Falcon raised and ready to strike, as he nosedives and tears into her flesh while she screams blue murder.

She takes her final gasp before she slides down the wall in a crumpled heap of rotten flesh.

The Falcon nest upon the warmth of her blood soaked cadaver.

POLICE WHISTLES INTENSIFY.

INT. BEDSTEAD SQUARE

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

NIGHTMARE SEQUENCE:

INT. HOSPITAL THEATRE - NIGHT

The Elephant's MOTHER lies gagged and strapped to the bed. She is naked from head to toe.

The Falcon stands over her with SURGICAL KNIFE in hand.

THE FALCON

What are you here, Mother?

He uses the surgical knife as he opens her up from vagina wall to chest cavity.

He lifts out a DEAD BABY that bears the head of an ELEPHANT.

He carries the Dead Baby towards a METAL CONTAINER and drops it inside as it screams for its survival.

He then begins to remove his Mother's vital organs and place them on a bench situated beside him.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A BAYING MOB march steadily towards the hospital with their TORCHES aflame and their AXES sharpened at the ready.

THE SURGEON *

They're coming for you, Jack. Go!
Go quickly! Fly! Fly!

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

END NIGHTMARE SEQUENCE.

INT. TEN BELLS P.H - DAY

Seated at a table, The Surgeon and The Poet familiarise themselves with their surroundings as they drink absinthe.

The tall, buxom Lady Bird with the voluptuous figure and soprano voice begins to sing to them.

THE SURGEON

(grins at her)

Now there's a confident woman.

THE POET

And a beautiful voice, I might add.

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

GENTLEMAN

(Irish accent)

The voice of an angel, so you do, Pearly.

LADY BIRD

Buy us a drink, wontcha?

GENTLEMAN

Afterwards. C'mon.

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

THE SURGEON

Did you hear what he just called her?

THE POET

Pearly.

THE SURGEON

Pearly Poll. Let's go.

They get up and exit.

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

They follow her and watch with intrigue as she leads the Gentleman to her room.

THE SURGEON

I should let Sir William know at once. We have her, at last.

THE POET

Are you sure, old chap?

THE SURGEON

Yes, I'm positively sure. It's definitely her - the whore who saw too much.

THE POET

What shall we do?

DR TREVES

Come on. I must send a telegram.

They walk off towards the busy thoroughfare.

INT. ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS - DAY

The Gull and the Surgeon sit with a glass of port in hand whilst in deep conversation.

THE GULL

I have been given the all clear. They want her silenced at once. The word is that a reporter from the Daily Star is sniffing around the Spitalfields area. She is about to spill her guts for the right price. Her Majesty is very concerned about what she will tell them.

THE SURGEON

What are we going to do about the Twit?

THE GULL

I have had a word with the Commissioner. He won't pester you again.

THE SURGEON

Excellent.

EXT. DORSET STREET - NIGHT

The Surgeon paces the pavements as he waits for the Lady Bird to leave her room.

After a short while she appears and 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 REPORTER 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.

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

REPORTER

(excitedly)

So, what can you tell me about
this soldier with Martha Tabram
that night?

The Surgeon enters and approaches the bar, and close enough to hear the conversation with the Reporter.

REPORTER /

Name him and I'll bring the lot
of them down by sunset.

LADY BIRD

(adamantly)

Give me what you promised before
I tell you anything.

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

REPORTER

Not until I know the name of the
lobster who stabbed Martha Tabram
to death?

LADY BIRD

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

REPORTER

My dear, your life is already on the line. The quicker you tell me who that lobster was, the quicker you can get the boat back to France.

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 Surgeon immediately follows her out of the door as she kicks her heels and marches back towards her abode.

THE SURGEON

(clears throat)

Excuse me, Madam. May I have a quick word?

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

She gives him the once over look and smiles.

LADY BIRD

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

THE SURGEON

Are you still interested to talk about Martha?

LADY BIRD

(suspiciously)

Why? Who are you? Cos you don't look to me like you're from the press.

THE SURGEON

Well, I'm not actually. It might surprise you to know I work for a medical journal - The Lancet. I overheard your conversation with that Fleet Street imbecile. I can pay handsomely for your story.

LADY BIRD

Oh yeah?

THE SURGEON

It might please you to know that I am highly connected with Fleet Street. And I am deeply interested in 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 for myself. So I do have a vested interest in this case.

LADY BIRD

How much will you pay us?

THE SURGEON

Well that really depends on the strength of what you have to say, frankly.

LADY BIRD

Fifty quid. That'll be enough to get me to Paris.

THE SURGEON

Deal.

LADY BIRD

Right.

THE SURGEON

Well.

LADY BIRD

I like you. D' you wanna come in for a bit?

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

THE SURGEON

I can't, I'm afraid. But can I call upon you tomorrow night?

LADY BIRD

What time?

THE SURGEON

It'll be late. After midnight.

LADY BIRD

You'll find me in the Ten Bells. Just come along when you're ready.

THE SURGEON

I would appreciate it if you didn't speak to anyone else about it.

LADY BIRD

I wont. Just have the money when you come.

THE SURGEON

Oh, I will. And you wont regret it, I promise.

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

LADY BIRD

And neither will you if you bring fifty pounds.

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

INT. OLD GREENGROCERS SHOP - DAY

The Surgeon conducts a private briefing.

In attendance - MONTY, a young barrister born and raised in Dorset. He stands attentive and watchful.

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

The Poet smokes his clay pipe and holds a lit Bunsen Burner.

Jack stands in a dark corner with his cane in hand.

THE SURGEON

Gentlemen, 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 this 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 one particular lady bird who goes by the name Pearly Poll. Thomas and I got quite lucky when we stumbled across her at The Ten Bells drinking house in Spitalfields.

MONTY

May I ask what crime she committed?

THE SURGEON

She knows the identity of the soldier who sliced up Martha Tabram Martha Tabram at Gunthorpe back back 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)

It appears that she was with the soldier and the lady bird that night.. HHe is highly connected to the Royal Household. I have spoken to Sir William and he informs me that Pearly Poll also goes by the name Mary Jane Kelly. I prefer lady bird.

Monty steps back and shakes his head in denial.

MONTY

Why did they choose you?

THE SURGEON

I am to replace Sir William upon his immediate retirement. It's the least I can do as a show of gratitude.

MONTY

But why involve us?

THE SURGEON

We want to kill two birds with one stone. The society is very important to Thomas and I. We feel the best way to show your loyalty is for you to be prepared to get your hands dirty, so to speak. It is in the sacred text of the society.

(pauses)

Besides, I have planned to meet her tonight at her abode. And she's rather keen to sing to me. Obviously, she has no idea what will befall her when I get there. I am going to personally remove her tongue.

MONTY

I see you cannot wait.

THE SURGEON

Monty, much blood has been spilt in the name of societies for centuries, It is what bonds us together together.

Monty ignores the answer and casually combs his twirly moustache.

THE SURGEON /

She has a plan to sell her story before she crosses the channel to France. The Twit was kind enough to inform me that she is also wanted by the French authorities for the theft of a trunk containing some some very expensive garments, which she'd purloined from a wealthy Parisian businessman 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.

MONTY

Let's get to work then.

EXT. DORSET STREET - NIGHT

The Lady Bird leaves her abode for her usual nightly pub crawl.

INT. TEN BELLS P.H - NIGHT

Monty stands at the bar with a glass of absinthe as she makes her entrance.

She gains his attention as she begins to sing an Irish folk song.

MONTY

(To Barman)

Give this lady a drink.

He drops thruppence on the bar.

LADY BIRD

Oh, ta, handsome.

(to Barman)

I'll have a double gin, George.

MONTY

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

LADY BIRD

'ark at him. What you after?

She cackles.

MONTY -

Oh, you'll find out soon enough.

He tilts his hat at her then exits.

LADY BIRD

(disappointedlly)

Hey, where you going, handsome?

MONTY

Work.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Lady Bird strolls along before she bumps into the Surgeon.

His unscrupulous grin catches her gaze whilst his Gladstone bag figures under his arm.

He places his hand lightly upon her shoulder.

LADY BIRD

I was gonna grab a quick drink first.

THE SURGEON

No time to waste.

LADY BIRD

Did you bring the money?

THE SURGEON

Yes, I did.

MARY KELLY

Let's go, then.

THE SURGEON

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

LADY BIRD

I told me regulars to stay away tonight. I told 'em I'm meeting a special client.

She takes his arm in hers and guides him towards her abode.

THE SURGEON

Fine.

LADY BIRD

You won't be disappointed, either.

THE SURGEON

I should hope not.

EXT. THE OLD GREENGROCERS SHOP - NIGHT

A Falcon flies off from its rooftop eyrie and hovers uninhibitedly above the slate grey dwellings.

Upon the bird's head a top hat glistens in a clear night skyline, along with his 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.

As he looks down, he pecks at his own chest in discomfiture.

His POV: Horse carriages and Hansom cabs canter along the busy thoroughfares as people gather in small groups.

Cackling bobtails (Whores), lift their petticoats when men pass by them.

INT. MILLERS COURT - NIGHT

The dingy room has a broken window pane perpendicular to the door. A single bed situated opposite.

The Lady Bird sings an Irish folk song as she leads the Surgeon into her room and quietly closes the door shut.

He stands like a giant who towers over her as she sits upon the single bed and unties her springclip boots.

LADY BIRD

Aww, my feet are bleedin' killing me.

The Surgeon uses his Gladstone bag to block the hole in the window.

He takes off his felt hat and slips out of his Astrakhan coat and hangs them on a hook behind the door.

When he turns to face her she holds out her hand for money.

LADY BIRD /

Money first.

THE SURGEON

Fine.

He hands her the sum of fifty pounds. She counts it then hides it inside her pillow.

LADY BIRD

Where'd ya want me to start, then?

THE SURGEON

Oh, I'm not quite sure, miss Pearly Poll.

She looks up at him aghast and flies towards the locked door.

LADY BIRD

Get outta my way, you lying
bastard!

THE SURGEON

I'm afraid there is no escape
this time.

Before she can utter another word, he viciously grabs her by the throat and squeezes.

Her eyes bulge and fill with blood as he crushes her like a soft toy in a clamp.

THE SURGEON /

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

He growls at her while his eyes darken, and his expression morphs into a contorted, silent rage.

He opens his bag and produces a cloth dipped in chloroform. He smothers her face with the rag.

EXT. MILLERS COURT - NIGHT

The Falcon lands upon the rooftop and pecks at his own chest.

INT. MILLERS COURT

Upon her unconscious state, she lies stretched upon the bed.

The Surgeon produces a leather apron from his bag and ties it around his expensive suit.

And with his sharpest surgical knife he cuts out her tongue and holds it aloft.

THE SURGEON -

A wagging tongue, removed.

He checks his timepiece then opens the door.

Monty enters. The Surgeon hands him the leather apron.

The Lady Bird lies upon the bed at the mercy of her forthcoming hell.

MONTY

Right then. Where shall I start?

Monty slips on the apron and is handed the knife by the Surgeon. He begins a full autopsy upon the Lady Bird.

Upon their exit the Falcon enters and nests upon the warmth of her drained cadaver.

INT. FLAT - NIGHT

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
so so terribly.

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

MONTY / -

I shant suffer a world full of
loathing.

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 Surgeon quietly enters. Jack lies in deep slumber, his head rests upon the plumped up pillows whilst he purrs to the sound of ten men.

HIS DREAM SEQUENCE:

The Falcon flies over the rooftops and drops huge blackberries that explode upon impact. The juice covers street urchins in a thick red goo.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

The Surgeon grits his teeth as he tiptoes towards the Jack's bed.

He looks down upon him and smiles affectionately as he gently strokes his osseous skull.

He kneels down and whispers into his ear.

THE SURGEON

(quietly)

It;s time, Jack. Please forgive me.

THE SURGEON /

Adieu, my dear friend.

He gently removes the pillows from behind his head.

Jack's head falls back.

SNAP!

His neck breaks. He opens his blood filled blood filled eyes.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

The 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. He leaves a thick red goo in his wake.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

The Surgeon leans over his lifeless body. A single tear rolls down his cheek as he quietly exits.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END