The Deadly Fruit Of Original Sin.

By

Stoney

Based on the stage play Savage Surgical written by Stoney

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FADE IN:
EXT. LONDON - WHITECHAPEL 1888 - NIGHT

Heavy rains fill a TITIAN sky, as little ANNIE NICHOLS begs for trade outside the FRYING PAN P.H, at the junction with Thrawl Street and Flower and Dean Street.

ANNIE’S garb; a reddish brown coat with brass buttons and a grey flannel skirt that peers underneath. Spring clip boots and a pretty black bonnet complete her belongings.

She stands small and petite in height and has strained brown eyes and a dark complexion. and also goes by the names, DARK ANNIE or POLLY.

She leans with her back against the door of the ale house and is a constant annoyance to the punters that enter and leave the grubby drinking den.

A filthy looking PUNTER enters the ale house and aggressively pushes Annie aside upon doing so.

PUNTER
Get out the bleedin’ way, will yer!

ANNIE
Piss off, yourself!
(pause)
Er’e, don’t you like me new bonnet then? I’m wearin’ it just for you you know!

As the door slams shut a female voice shrieks back.

WOMAN (OS)
(cackles))
Yeah, and a thousand others, more like!

INT. THE FRYING PAN P.H - NIGHT

The mood inside the small narrow public house is one of angst and hostility as a SCAVENGER stands leaning over the bar and begging for credit from the tall heavily bearded BARMAN.

Inside the bar filthy looking bearded MEN furnish the round wooden tables whilst clutching their tankards. And local whores stand close by for a potential offering of some sort.
SCAVENGER
Oh come on, George! Just one, gor’ on, give us a gin and I’ll piss off down the road.

BARMAN
No! Now bugger awf! You’ve had enough out’er me as it is. Now sling your bleedin’ hook, before I lose me temper.

SCAVENGER
(moves off the bar)
All right. All right. I’ll go over and see Lenny then at the Hoop and Grapes if you’re gonna be like that.

BARMAN
Yeah, you do that, gor’ on. And be quick about it. Sling you bleeding hook!

The Scavenger exits the bar aggressively shaking his head, nearly knocking little Annie to the ground upon doing so.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Annie stumbles carelessly on up the road towards Osborne Street.

She stops in a doorway and falls down as she cackles in a drunken stupor.

Moments later, as she is pulling herself up whilst hanging onto the iron door frame, she is joined by a fearsome looking man who goes by the name JOE. He is wearing a dusty deerstalker hat and a stained brown jacket and he suffers from the disease called Echololia.

JOE
(pointing)
Oi you, Nichols! I’ve been lookin’ for you...I said I’ve been lookin’ for you.
(Pause)
You still owe Mary for the garb that you’re wearin’, not to mention the bonnet!

Joe waves his fist at her wildly as she leans carelessly in the shop doorway.
ANNIE
Oh, tell’er she’ll get her bleedin’ money when I’ve earn’t it proper.

(Pause)
I can’t even get me doss money, let alone Mary’s bloomin’ money, and that’s with this bleedin’ bonnet on me head. So you might as well take it wit’ yer, for all the bleedin’ good it’s bleedin’ doing me.

(Pause)
I can’t even give me cunny away, let alone earn a few pennies for me doss.

JOE
Well... if you never spent it all on gin, you would ’av it, wouldn’t yer? And your doss money. You heard what I said. I say...you heard what I said.

ANNIE
Well you go and tell Mary, I’ll see her me’self tomorra’. Anyway... it ain’t nuttin’ to do wit you, so keep your nose and business out of it. Gor’ on, do yourself a favour and piss off!

Joe grabs her throat and forces her back into the doorway.

JOE
She ain’t ’appy with you, I can tell you that... I say, I can tell you that for nothin’!

(Pause)
She wants her money for that dress an’ all. And when I tell ’er I’ve seen yer tonight she’ll be ’oppin’ mad...she’ll be ’oppin’ mad I didn’t collect from yer, I’m tellin’ yer!

ANNIE
(fearfully)
I tell ’er me’self, I will. I promise yer I will.

Joe releases his hand and stubbornly walks off, but is still not convinced and turns back firing a warning at Annie as she stumbles back towards Flower and Dean Street.
JOE
You ’avn’t ’erd the last of this,
Polly Nichols! You just watch
yer’self, that’s all!

CUT TO

EXT. THE LONDON HOSPITAL GARDENS – NIGHT

JOSEPH MERRICK stands UNMASKED under the umbrella of
darkness. He wears a long black cape and carries a cane. He
thinks back to the doctor’s prognosis concerning his
physical health.

The doctor speaks with a striking Dorset accent.

DR TREVES (VO)
"The most striking feature about
him is his enormous and misshapen
head. From the brow there projects
a huge bony mass like loaf, while
from the back of the head hangs a
bag of spongy, fungous looking
skin, the surface which is
comparable to brown
cauliflower...On the top of the
skull are a few long lank hairs.
The osseous growth on the forehead
almost occludes one eye. The
circumference of the head is no
less than that of a mans waist.
From the upper jaw there projects
another mass of bone. It protrudes
from the mouth like a pink stump,
turning the lip inside out and
making of the mouth a mere
slobbering aperture. The nose is
merely a lump of flesh, only
recognizable as a nose by its
position. The face is no more
capable of an expression than a
block of gnarled wood."

As Joseph stares down at the tiny SHRUBS, he suddenly looks
up at the smoke filled RED SKY and remembers back to the
time the doctor informed him about the skills a surgeon
would need to accomplish a successful operation.

DR TREVES (CONTINUED VO)
"The surgeon’s hands must be
delicate, but they must also be
strong. He needs a lace-maker’s
fingers and a seaman’s grip. He
(MORE)
DR TREVES (CONTINUED VO) (cont’d)

must have courage, be quick to think and prompt to act.”

Joseph hobbles towards the side of the hospital building where he can watch street life from the shadows. The hellish red skies and cloud droves remain ubiquitous and Joseph’s detestable facial features evident in the glow of the Shadwell dock fires.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. DOSS HOUSE - NIGHT

Annie is now in dispute with the large bearded LANDLORD at the doss house. He pushes her out of the front entrance and into the gutter.

LANDLORD
(austerly)
No! Now gor’ on bugger off! And don’t be comin’ back till you’ve got faw’pence to pay for your bed!

ANNIE
(imploringly)
Can you just save us a bed then? I don’t mind sharin’ either.

LANDLORD
No! First come, first serve. You know the rules.

ANNIE
Ah never mind. I’ll get me doss money. See what a jolly bonnet I’ve got now?

The Landlord disappears back inside the doss house as Annie walks off drenched and in desperation towards Osborn Street.

Moments later she stops as she bumps into her friend EMILY.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
Oh ’ullo Emily. I’m on me way out again. Still ain’t got me doss money.

Annie cackles once more as she falls against the wall.

EMILY
(caringly)
You be careful tonight, Annie. I’ve just come back from the dock fires
(MORE)
EMILY (cont’d)
and you ain’t seen nothin’ like it,
I’m tellin’ yer girl.

ANNIE
Er’e guess what, Emily? I’ve had me
doss money three times already	onight...three times. Spent it all
on me gin, I’av. Silly girl ain’t
I?

Annie cackles as she tries to stand still without success.

EMILY
Well you just be careful, that’s
all, love. You make sure you get a
bed for the night. You don’t wanna
be stuck out here come mornin’,
it’s awful, I’m tellin’ yer.

ANNIE
Nah, I’ll be all right, Emily. I’ve
got me a new dress, and a new
bonnet, see.

Annie tilts her hat as Emily looks up at the CHURCH CLOCK
and notices the time says TWO THIRTY.

EMILY
Aw... look at the time... I must
dash, it’s gettin’ late.
(pause)
I’ll see you tomorra’. And you take
good care of yourself, all right,
love?

ANNIE
Yeah all right, Emily. See yer,
girl.

Annie heads towards the Whitechapel Road as Emily disappears
down the street.

EXT. LONDON HOSPITAL GARDENS - CONTINUED

Joseph stares up at the sky, then makes his way round the
side entrance to the hospital.

Moments later he spots Annie stumbling along on the opposite
side of the road. She is holding a wine glass and
occasionally swigging at the red liquid inside.
She lifts her skirt to MEN that pass by her and she cackles upon their refusal to indulge with her.

Joseph watchful and interested follows her every move in askance from the shadows.

As Annie gets closer, she wraps her hand around a dimly lit GASLIGHT and hums a tune badly.

A tall MAN passes by her as she half hearted lifts her skirt to him.

ANNIE (CONT’D)

Business, sir? Like what you see, do yer, sir?

The gentleman looks at her scathingly and continues on his way.

ANNIE (CONT’D)

Oh come on darlin’! What’s a matter? Can’t you get it up for a pretty girl then!
(pause)
I’m clean you know!

Joseph swings his black cloak over his head as he remembers the first time the DOCTOR introduced him to a female friend.

DR TREVES (VO)

“To secure Merrick’s recovery and to bring him to life once more, it was necessary that he should make the acquaintance of men and women who would treat him as a normal and intelligent young man and not as a Monster of deformity. So I asked a friend of mine, a young and pretty widow, if she thought she could enter Merrick’s room with a smile, wish him good morning and shake him by the hand. She said she could and she did. The effect upon poor Merrick was not quite what I had expected. As she let go her hand he bent his head on his knees and sobbed until I thought he would never cease. The interview was over. He told me afterwards that this was the first woman who had ever smiled at him. And the first woman in the whole of his life, who had shaken hands with him.”
JOSEPH’S POV

Joseph begins to mumble to himself incoherently as he continues to watch this woman who looks beautiful under the gaslight, with her pretty bonnet covering most of her weathered face as she continues to hum that tune.

JOSEPH (OS)
But how might she react if I try and speak with her?
(pause)
Maybe I can offer a gift of some kind? I will be gentle and chivalrous and act as if I am gentleman with sever facial injuries, due to a horrific accident.
(pause)
And I can explain my speech if pressed to do so. And maybe we could indulge in some activity and even become acquainted? I will offer her a handsome fee if she should demand.
(pause)
But the daemon in the novel, he was chastised and beaten for confronting his fears. I should not let this happen to me. No, no, no. I will have to protect myself in fear of this eventuality.
(pause)

OH. OH.

Joseph moves back watchful in anticipation.

JOSEPH (CONT’D)
Oh dear. Oh dear. I should loath her. She is a sinner. Like the ones that visit my room at all hours, to frighten me.
(Pause)
But why, oh why does she make me feel this way? This craving inside to feel love. This love I have longed for all my days.
(Pause)
But she should not be here. It is very late. I must speak with her. But I must have protection, for if she screams I will be exposed. And doctor Treves will be vexed for
(MORE)
JOSEPH (CONT’D) (cont’d)
leaving the grounds of the hospital.

BACK TO SCENE

Joseph scurries back to his room.

INT. JOSEPH’S ROOMS - NIGHT.

Upon entry to his little room, Joseph without hesitation collects his long thin bladed KNIFE from under his PILLOW.

As he looks down at it, he winces upon his distorted reflection apparent from the steel blade.

    JOSEPH (CONT’D)
    Oh. Oh. Oh.

Joseph collects his HOOD with double peaked cap attached and makes his way back to the same spot he left a couple of minutes ago.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUED

Upon reaching the shadowy spot Joseph recalls another of the doctor’s remarks concerning himself.

    DR TREVES(VO)
    “His sole idea of happiness was to creep into the dark and hide.”

    JOSEPH
    Oh. Oh dear.

Joseph, watchful, quickly hobbles across the road to where Annie is now situated, close to the darkened corner with Brady Street and Whitechapel Road.

Annie has resigned herself to her bad luck on this night as she heads disconcertingly down the cobblestone Brady Street and towards Bucks Row.

Moments later she stops, looks up as she hears a bronchial purring. It is the sound of Joseph Merrick, also known as the Elephant Man.

She hurries her step upon impulse, but up from the ground upon that spin, the diminutive figure of Joseph Merrick appears in full regalia.

Annie wants to know who it is behind her, but it is far too dark and as Joseph puts his left hand lightly upon her shoulder she freezes with fear.
JOSEPH (CONT’D)
Please don’t. I don’t want to
frighten you. I am badly
disfigured. But I am not going to
hurt you if you don’t make a sound.

Joseph brings his enlarged right hand in front of her and
offers her a handful of blackberries.

JOSEPH (CONT’D)
Here. I have brought you some
blackberries. I thought you might
like to have them.

Annie notices the size of Joseph’s defected hand and gasp’s
as she looks down at the blackberries.

ANNIE
Oh thanks. Ta very much.

ANNIE picks at the blackberries and chews on them for a
moment or two.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
Can I go now, kind sir?
(pause)

JOSEPH
I hope you wouldn’t mind, but I
have been watching you for quite
some time from the hospital where I
live. I thought that you looked
very beautiful when you were
humming that tune under the
gaslight. And your bonnet suits you
so, if you excuse my impertinence.

ANNIE
Nah, why should I? I only want me
doss money, don’t I?

JOSEPH
My rooms are at the hospital. It is
very nice living amongst the
flowers planted in the gardens. And
the people who work there are very
polite to me. But I am quite
lonesome, particularly at night.

ANNIE
Hang on! You’re not that elephant
freak... everybody’s talkin’ bout,
are yer?
CU. Joseph detestable facial deformities.

       ANNIE (CONT’D)
       Is it business you’re-

Suddenly she turns her head only to witness the monstrous face of Joseph Merrick.

She opens her mouth to scream, but instead she faints in his arms.

Joseph carefully lowers her to the ground, and then without mercy strangles her with his enlarged defected hand, covering her little face whole.

And then Joseph slits her throat from ear to ear and sets about her abdomen, plunging the knife in downwards strokes until all his adrenalin has surpassed and he can give no more.

He finally kneels before her as her blood trickles into the open sewer and the juices from the blackberries line her lower jaw.

He wipes the blade thoroughly on her skirt then rises.

Moments later Joseph disappears into the ether.

BEAT

CU. Annie Nichols carved up body lying on the pavement.

CUT TO

INT. JOSEPH’S ROOMS

Joseph enters his room immediately throwing off his cloak.

He places the knife under his pillow and enters the bathroom.

He returns wiping his hands on a piece of cloth. He climbs upon his bed and positions himself with his head hunched upon his knees, his arms covering his ears to drown the outside world from his own nightmare.

JOSEPH’S DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. THE SKIES OVER EAST LONDON – NIGHT

A large bird of prey hovers above the hospital in a coruscating night sky as a MAN being quickly carried upon a wooden shutter approaches the hospital, but it is Joseph’s own reflection that he can see lying upon this shutter.
The shutter is surrounded by CHILDREN who jump up to see the injuries inflicted upon the man. And the children have long ELEPHANT TRUNKS and EARS.

Joseph imagines that he is ubiquitous, but at the same time incongruous.

On his enlarged bulbous head sits a huge top hat.

His garb, a black waistcoat and thick gold CHAIN that hangs from it, along with the RED SEAL of the Royal College of Surgeons.

His coat represents thick ribbed WINGS which house gleaming steel KNIVES of one sort and another.

As Joseph topographically circles the vicinity of Whitechapel and Christchurch, he looks down upon the drunken whores that lift their skirts to all and sundry as they cackle upon refusal.

From above Joseph begins to drop over-sized BLACKBERRIES into the busiest areas of Christchurch and Whitechapel.

People are gathered in small groups, and as they look up at the large BIRD. The blackberries burst upon impact covering their dirty faces in a thick red LIQUID.

The Scavengers scramble and fight amongst themselves for the fruit as the egregious bird seeks out a victim.

She is a large face lubricious woman. She has her back to the wall. She is indulging with a tall SOLDIER from the Queens Guards. His RED UNIFORM apparent in the glow of the Shadwell dock fires.

The lewd soldier has a thick brown moustache and humps his way frantically into her mouth whilst he seeks out eureka.

Moments later the bird lands stealthily in the unlit stairwell of a decrepit tenement building as the soldier zips up his trousers and makes off into the darkened mist.

As the whore is pulling up her panties the bird attacks with his long sharp talons cutting her into pieces. Finally Joseph slides out the longest of his knives and plunges it deep into her lower abdomen as she squeals.

JOSEPH(OS)
You are the deadly fruit of original sin. It is not I.
Joseph quirks as he flies off into the redness of the Shadwell dock fires, dropping more oversized blackberries as he does so.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. JOSEPH’S ROOMS - DAY.

There is a constant tapping at the entrance door as Joseph continues to sleep.

Moments later a miserable acerbic NURSEMAID enters the room.

Her gaunt pale face reflects her resignation that it is she who has the task of making sure Joseph has his first bath of the day.

NURSEMAID
Joseph? Joseph wake up, come on! It’s nearly eight o clock. We’ve all overslept this morning. Wake up, Joseph!

She stands for a moment shaking her head in disbelief as she looks down and sees Joseph’s cape along with a TOWEL lying upon the floor.

NURSEMAID (CONT’D)
Joseph! It is time for your early bath. Wake up! This is not a bleedin’ doss house you know.
(pause)
And just look at all this mess! What have you been up to? You forget it is me that has to clear up your filth!

Joseph begins to stir and lifts his arms, and turns his head slightly.

The Nursemaid opens the sash cord WINDOW slightly, forcing a ray of light into the room.

she enters the bathroom and prepares Joseph’s morning bath, as he looks up.

At that moment the tall figure of DR TREVES stands inaudibly at the door. His large brown eyes devious, and his thick handlebar moustache neatly groomed.

Dr Treves wears a long astrakhan coat and black felt hat.

(Continued)
He holds a brown leather bag in one hand and a copy of the morning journal figures under his arm.

Moments later the Nursemaid re-enters the room carrying a jug and is shocked to see the Doctor standing there.

NURSEMAID (CONT’D)
Oh! Excuse me, doctor.

Dr Treves drops his heavy BAG to the floor. His coat opens to reveal a red seal fixed upon a thick gold chain.

The Nursemaid quickly adjusts her white headdress and stands to attention.

NURSEMAID (CONT’D)
I was not expecting you so early this morning, doctor. We all overslept this morning, I’m afraid.

The Nursemaid shamefully bows her head.

DR TREVES
That’s all right, nurse. I would just like a few moments with Joseph. If you would be so kind to leave us for a while.

NURSEMAID
Yes, of course doctor. Just give me a call on your way out.

DR TREVES
Good. Thank you, nurse.

The Nursemaid politely exits and quietly closes the door behind her.

As Joseph pretends to snooze the Doctor smiles and half chuckles as he picks up one or two of the little trinkets upon the mantelpiece. And he reads with interest one or two of the cards sent from well wishers.

The Doctor looks up at the ceiling and remembers the day he first set eyes upon Joseph, and the sign situated upon the wall above Joseph’s head as he stood melancholic behind a painted curtain.

INT. A GREENGROCERS SHOP - FLASHBACK

Joseph stands half naked and forlorn, dressed only in threadbare trousers, whilst a BUNSEN BURNER flickers upon a small table, underneath a sign written in red paint.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The sign reads – THE DEADLY FRUIT OF ORIGINAL SIN.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. JOSEPH ROOMS – CONTINUED.

Dr Treves turns to Joseph’s cloak and studies it carefully as it now hangs upon a brass hook on the back of the entrance door.

Joseph finally looks up at the Doctor, expressionless to his favour as the Doctor turns back at him with an unsure half smile.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
Ah! Joseph, you’re finally awake. Good sleep?

JOSEPH
Oh no. I had the most terrible nightmare, doctor. The most wretched nightmare I think I have ever had in my entire life.

DR TREVES
Another one? You cannot seem to escape from these nightmares lately, Joseph.
(pause)
You know these nightmares of yours are becoming a habit. I will have the nurse bring you something to help you sleep, all right?

JOSEPH
In my nightmare, I was this very large bird. And that I was actually pecking at my own face when I woke up.

DR TREVES
So which bird of prey were you, then, Joseph?
(Pause)
A peregrine? Maybe a Vulture? Go on.

JOSEPH
I think I may have been a Vulture, but I am not quite certain, actually.

The Doctor quietly closes the window shut as Joseph rises and stands in front of his desk.

(CONTINUED)
DR TREVES
Joseph, would you sit down for me please?

JOSEPH
Yes, what is it, doctor? Is there something wrong? Is something a matter?

Joseph sits on the wooden chair by the desk.

DR TREVES
Where were you at three thirty this morning?

JOSEPH
At three thirty?
(pause)
Oh I may have been in the hospital gardens. I couldn’t sleep at all.

DR TREVES
Were you indeed? So what time did you finally get to rest then?

JOSEPH
Oh, I cannot remember exactly…but I think it was about that time after...because I remember climbing onto my bed, and I recall the church clock striking the hour.
(Pause)
The sky was red, even though it was raining. And I could smell fires burning. Were there fires burning doctor?

Silence for a moment as the Doctor lifts up Joseph’s pillow and picks up the knife.

JOSEPH(CONT’D)
Have I done something wrong, doctor?
(Pause)
What is it that bothers you so much?

DR TREVES
At approximately 3.30 this morning a wretched woman was savaged, murdered, just across the street. And it just so happens that you were in the grounds of the hospital
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
DR TREVES (cont’d)
gardens at that time. Did you hear
anything at all?

JOSEPH
No. No I did not, doctor.

DR TREVES
Not even a scream? Nothing? Nothing
at all?

JOSEPH
No, doctor.

At that moment the Doctor rests his hand lightly upon
Joseph’s shoulder, whilst he carefully studies the knife.

DR TREVES
(relieved)
Thank god for that, Joseph.
(Pause)
Thank god. Thank god. Thank god.

Joseph looks up at the Doctor, as the Doctor stares out of
the window still holding the knife.

DR TREVES CONT’D)
From now on you are not to venture
out until I say so. Is that
understood, Joseph?

JOSEPH
Yes. Yes of course, doctor.

DR TREVES
Because my first point of plan this
morning was to speak with Dr
Llewellyn. And then it was to check
to see if you were still sleeping,
and thank god you were. Obviously
you must have retired very late.

Joseph rises slowly from the wooden chair and stares for a
moment at his cloak hanging on the door.

JOSEPH
It looks like a beautiful morning.
Do you agree, doctor?

The Doctor remains silent.
JOSEPH (CONT’D)
Well I cannot remember anything of the early hours, after I went to bed. I am sorry if this has caused you any embarrassment, doctor.

DR TREVES
Joseph, doctor Llewellyn informed me this morning that the injuries inflicted upon this woman, were committed by a left handed person. And that the knife used, was not such a sharp knife, rather a blunt knife.

The Doctor runs his finger down the blade.

Joseph goes to the window and picks up some card.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
And your good hand is your left hand, is it not? And what worries me even more Joseph is that this knife is not such a sharp knife, is it?

Joseph remains silent.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
Incredibly, they have moved her body over to the little greengrocers shop at 121 Whitechapel Road. Now is that not something considered to be ironic? As you know that is the shop where you used to earn you keep, and where I first set eyes upon you.

(Pause)
As a matter of fact, I am going over there myself, later. And maybe I can ascertain for myself what exactly happened to this poor unfortunate, who met with the devil this morning.

Joseph continues to stare out of the window with his back to the Doctor whilst clutching a piece of card that he uses to make for his model of the church opposite.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
(irked)
All right. Sit down, Joseph.

Joseph sits down once more.

(CONTINUED)
Now, I will be visiting you again on Sunday.
(Pause)
And which novel are you reading at the moment, Joseph?

Joseph picks up one of the books upon the side table and shows it to the Doctor.

JOSEPH
Oh. The Modern Prometheus, doctor.
It is very-

DR TREVES

The Doctor notices his own book upon the pile and picks it up.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
Have you been reading my surgical book as well, Joseph?

JOSEPH
I tried to, but I cannot understand what it is. There is no story to it.

The Doctor chuckles.

DR TREVES
That is because it is not a novel, Joseph. It is a medical hand book.

JOSEPH
Oh. I did not know that, doctor.

DR TREVES
I told you that... when you asked me if you could read it. You really should listen when I am talking to you.

JOSEPH
Well it is too complicated for me.

DR TREVES
Then I shall take it with me.

The Doctor places the book inside his medical bag.
JOSEPH
(frantically)
But I want to keep Frankenstein, doctor. Please don’t take it away. I have not finished reading it.

DR TREVES
I am not going to take your novel from you, Joseph. Stop panicking.

JOSEPH
Oh. Thank god. I thought-

DR TREVES
-Now I have all sorts of casualties waiting my attention in the receiving room, so I must be going, all right?

The Doctor picks up his bag and prepares to leave, but then turns to Joseph and hands him the morning journal.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
Oh by the way, Joseph. I have arranged a short holiday to the countryside... to help you with your convalescence. Some dear friends of mine are going to look after you for a few weeks or so during the coming winter months, all right?

(Pause)
And the fresh air will do you good.

JOSEPH
Oh thank you, doctor. Thank you. I have never had a proper holiday to the countryside.

The Doctor opens the door to leave.

DR TREVES
All right. Nurse! I have finished with this young scholar! He is all yours now.

As the Doctor exits, Joseph looks down at the headline written on the front page of the journal.

CU - NEWS HEADLINE.
‘HORRIBLE MURDER IN WHITECHAPEL. WOMAN SHOCKINGLY MUTILATED. HEAD NEARLY CUT OFF.’

(CONTINUED)
Joseph turns his head back in horror.

The Nursemaid enters carrying a jug of water and immediately begins filling Joseph’s tub.

    JOSEPH
    I would like to see the chaplain after my bath, if I may, nurse.

    NURSEMAID (OS)
    Yes of course, Joseph. But why the urgency all of a sudden?

    JOSEPH
    I have something I would like to share with the chaplain.

    NURSEMAID (OS)
    Well it is time for your bath. And you smell awful today, Joseph.

Joseph hobbles and enters the bathroom.

    NURSEMAID (OS CONT’D)
    Did you have another nightmare?

Joseph closes the bathroom door behind him.

    JOSEPH (OS)
    Yes I did, nurse. Quite right.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. WIMPOLE STREET - EARLY HOURS

CU: The clock by the side of Dr Treves’s king size bed shows the time 4.45.

He wakes and immediately rises from the bed, leaving his WIFE to continue her deep sleep.

Outside, the sound of the birds twitter and chirp.

The Doctor puts on his navy blue silk dressing gown that hangs upon a hook at the back of the door.

He quietly leaves the room.

CUT TO

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - EARLY MORNING.

(CONTINUED)
ANNIE CHAPMAN a street prostitute stands at the corner of Hanbury Street and Commercial Street. She looks alert, edgy and desperate as she plies for trade amongst the filth that embellish the area.

Annie is dressed in a long black dress and a black straw bonnet. She has puffy facial features, but is grossly under weight.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. WIMPOLE STREET - EARLY MORNING

Dr Treves exits his Jane Austin type house and immediately enters the back of a waiting HANSOM CAB.

The driver whips his horse and off they trot down the street.

The sound of horse clatter is heard.

CU. The Doctor sits in the back of the carriage with a look of deviousness about him. His eyes appear blackened in the bad light. He wears a top hat with his brown bag placed upon his lap.

CUT TO

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - CONTINUED.

Annie is quietly talking to a MAN dressed shabby genteel and wearing a Deer Stalker hat.

She goes with the man to a doorway in Hanbury as a PASSER BY scurries along whilst glimpsing the couple as she does so.

MOMENTS LATER.

Dr Treves stands frightfully silhouetted and watchful at the corner with Hanbury and Commercial as the cab trots off down the street to the sound of clatter.

The Doctor looks down Hanbury Street and spots Annie talking to this man.

He carefully watches as the man walks off, leaving Annie alone in the doorway.

Dr Treves confidently walks towards her. She spots him and smiles warmly.
ANNIE
Allo’. Good mornin’, sir. Wanna nice suck to start your day? It will only cost you a shillin’ you know. It’s your lucky day, cos I’m feeling really generous this mornin’. And you look like a nice clean gentleman, so you do. And you don’t get many of them round er’e, I can tell you that for nothin’.

DR TREVES
Yes, all right then. Why not?

Annie turns and goes to walk into the backyard of a tenement house, but the Doctor stands un-flinched.

ANNIE
Come on. Follow me then.
(pause)
And you won’t regret it either. You can ask anyone round er’e. They’ll all tell you I’m the best when it comes to mouth. I’ll ’av you in no time at all. I can promise you that.

DR TREVES
(knowingly)
Will you indeed?

ANNIE
Oh yeah.

DR TREVES
Wait. But I’m looking for a particular whore you see. One by the name Pearly Poll. Do you know of her?

ANNIE
I do. She stays just across the street there
(pointing)
Dorset Street. You want me to go and find her for you then? My mouth is as good as hers you know. I’ll tell you that for nothin’.

Dr Treves opens his bag and takes out a paper bag filled with blackberries. He hands them to Annie.
DR TREVES
Here. Let me give you these. They are hand picked from Dorset. I picked them myself.

Annie rejects them as she moves back.

ANNIE
What’s that? I don’t want them.

DR TREVES
Go on. They shan’t do you any harm. It is fruit. They are only blackberries.

ANNIE
Blackberries won’t get you anywhere, love. What you need is real money, see, sir. Anyway I’ve already eaten somethin’ this mornin’ thanks ta very much.

DR TREVES
(imploringly)
Yes, but you haven’t tasted my blackberries, have you? Oh go on otherwise-

Annie snatches the bag from the doctor.

ANNIE
Oh give us them er’e, then.

Annie takes them out and begins to chew on them as the doctor watches her intensely.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
Hm...Hm. Not bad. Not bad at all.

The clock bell strikes the hour with five rings.

The doctor looks at his pocket watch.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
I used to live in Mayfair you know. And in Montpelier, Knightsbridge. Do you know of such a place, sir? (pause) Of course you do. What am I goin’ on about. You’re a man of taste, I can see that me’self.

(CONTINUED)
DR TREVES
True, except I am as unscrupulous as an Indian tiger, some might say. You see, I am a bit of a Jack, so I’ve heard.

ANNIE
Well I won’t disappoint you, sir. I’ll suck you till I’m blue in the face.  
(cackles)
And I don’t mean your blackberries either.

DR TREVES
All right. Let us see, if you’re as good as you say you are. But first I want to know your name. You see I really need to find this woman Pearly Poll.

ANNIE
Annie. I’m Annie Chapman. And the old bag you keep going on about lives at Millers Court. All right now? Satisfied?

DR TREVES
Do you happen to know which number she lives at?

ANNIE
Gor blimey, you don’t give up, do you? No... Now, come on, it’ll be light soon.

They enter a backyard, when the doctor suddenly lifts Annie up by her throat.

She chokes in mid air as her lifeless body limply dangles in his seaman’s grip.

He drops her to the ground and waits a moment as an OUTDOOR is suddenly heard opening and then closing.

The doctor looks up and then silently takes out his sharpest of KNIVES from his bag and begins a savage surgical removal of the LIVER and ORGANS.

He leaves her with her throat cut, knees facing upwards and apart, as he disappears into the darkened narrow street.

FADE OUT

(CONTINUED)
TWO DAYS LATER

INT. THE WHITE HART P.H - DAY

Detective inspector ABBERLINE sits at a small table in the little narrow drinking house. His top hat sits upon the table.

He is of average height and build, but his sharp hazel coloured eyes appear suspicious of everyone. He is smartly dressed, wearing a black suit with tails and a white shirt.

THOMAS ARNOLD a local sergeant sits opposite Abberline. He speaks with a strong Cockneyfied accent, and is a heavily built man with a full ginger beard. His wild grey eyes have a look of frustration and intolerance.

ABBERLINE
So tell me more about this Lipski chap, sergeant.

The sergeant takes a swig of his cider.

ABBERLINE (CONT’D)
In your personal opinion, do you think he was guilty as charged?

ARNOLD
Well that murder certainly left a nasty stain round here, inspector.

ABBERLINE
Why?

ARNOLD
Because Lipski received a lot of sympathy... and support. But his version of what happened to that young woman never quite held up, you see.

ABBERLINE
Oh?

ARNOLD
Well his story of events, were that he was robbed by his two employees. And that the nitric acid used to murder the woman was forced upon him, along with the poor pregnant woman.
ABBERLINE
Did they ever catch these two employees?

ARNOLD
Nah, did they heck. They legged it.

Arnold takes another swig at his cider.

ARNOLD (CONT’D)
That is once they got whiff we wanted to talk to them. We searched the area... Couldn’t find hide nor hare of them. Shame.

ABBERLINE
Hm. What was the name of the young woman murdered, sergeant? Was it Miriam something or other?

ARNOLD
Angel. And that she were according to her grieving mother and people who knew her well..

(pause)
But we found traces of the nitric acid on Lipski’s coat. We knew we had caught the right man. But we all believed he’d get a reprieve. They were whispering in the court that there was a lack of sufficient evidence against him. But we all knew we had the right man. He did it. Lipski was her murderer.

ABBERLINE
So what do you believe was his motivation then, sergeant?

ARNOLD
Robbery with intent weren’t it. And then he planned to force himself upon her. Though strangely enough, neither actually occurred.

(pause)
A murdering Jew is what he was inspector. And we got the right man. I’m as certain of it as I man sitting here talking to you right now.

The Sergeant stiffens as he downs his cider, slamming the tankard hard on the wooden table.

(CONTINUED)
ABBERLINE
So tell me sergeant, what kind of person do you think would kill these women in such a savage manner as the Nichols and Chapman pair?

ARNOLD
And Tabram. Don’t you be forgetting about that woman either. She was also brutally stabbed to death. And a bloody ghoulish creature, inspector. A bloodthirsty ghoulish, I would say.

(pause)
Only the perfect animal could commit such crimes of this nature on defenseless women like those mentioned, inspector.

ABBERLINE
Right. Let us go and speak to Leather Apron. They are holding him down at Leman Street. It is alleged he had a fight with his wife just before Annie Chapman’s body was found. So unless he is a doctor we have to keep looking.

The two Detectives down their drinks and rise from the table as an ensuing argument is heard in the rear of the drinking house.

MAN (OS)
Ah get awf yerself! Only a bleedin’ murderin’ Jew could chop up a woman like that!

Abberline turns his head and spots three elderly MEN drinking at a table.

He continues with his Sergeant up towards the bar clutching his bag whilst the Sergeant holds onto the inspector’s hat.

The BARMAN stands holding onto the bar as though it is to fall beneath his feet.

Abberline opens his bag, takes out a WINE GLASS and shows it to the barman.

ABBERLINE
Could this glass have come from your pub?

The Barman studies the glass.

(CONTINUED)
BARMAN
It’s possible, inspector. It’s not uncommon round er’e for the locals to walk from one pub to another carrying their drinks with ‘em.

ABBERLINE
Thank you. You are doubtless.
(pause)
Let’s go, Sergeant. Work to be done. A killer to be found.

Abberline collects his hat from the Sergeant as he puts the wine glass back into his bag upon exiting the pub.

CU. The Barman shakes his head continuously as he watches them leave.

CUT TO

INT. CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY.

Dr Treves sits at a desk hurriedly writing notes when the pretty NURSEMAID opens the door and shows in a GENTLEMAN wearing a tweed cape and smoking a pipe. He has a brown moustache and clutches a bag.

Upon rising to meet his guest Dr Treves opens the desk draw and slips the letter inside, closing the drawer quickly.

DR TREVES
Ah! Matthew. Good to see you at last, old fellow!

The Doctor goes to him and they shake hands, warmly.

MATTHEW
Likewise Freddy. Likewise.

DR TREVES
So you finally made it to London, then, you old bugger.

MATTHEW
(chuckles)
Yes, I did. And less of the old if you wouldn’t mind, please.

DR TREVES
So how was your journey?

(CONTINUED)
MATTHEW

It was bloody awful! It never stopped raining from the time I left Christchurch to the time I arrived in, Christchurch.

They laugh aloud.

DR TREVES

I see you still haven’t lost that sharpness of wit. Good old Matthew. I received your telegram this morning by the way.

Matthew pulls up a chair and sits heavily upon it.

MATTHEW

Ha! So where are all the pretty maidens you keep writing me about, Freddy? I was rather hoping that the journey from my carriage would not be more exhilarating than my destination.

(pause)

All I have seen thus far is women falling about drunk in the busy streets, just waiting to be ridden over by some careless taxi driver. Not to mention the fearsome pugilist I saw punching day light out of some poor little chap. Ghastly.

DR TREVES

All in good time my dear friend. All in the good time.

MATTHEW

I was rather hoping to finish my novel whilst in London this autumn. I am almost half way through it.

The Doctor takes his seat back at the table.

DR TREVES

Oh yes I forgot. How is the novel going, by the way?

MATTHEW

A dolorosa to be honest with you, Freddy. I must say, sometimes I ask myself why I even started writing it in the first place.
(pause)
I should have kept to poetry.

DR TREVES
I want you to come to the house. Anne is dying to see you. Maybe you can recite her one of your poems? She simply loathes it here in London. And my work is keeping me out till all hours these days. I’ve been under immense pressure of late. She says I constantly talk in my sleep and that I am in desperate need of a break. So I’ve been contemplating a working trip to India next spring.

MATTHEW
Everything in moderation, Freddy; everything in moderation. Now I would love to see Anne. It would be an honour to recite one or two of my latest works. How is she by the way?

DR TREVES
Very well... on the whole. But she misses Wirksworth tremendously. She was at her most happiest in Derbyshire... that is until I went and ruined it for her.

MATTHEW
Look, forget it. Forget that little misjudgment. We all make mistakes. It is a human condition. How can we pioneer without making mistakes?

DR TREVES
No. I only wish I could forget, Matthew. I should have never taken it upon myself. To think that I could perform a blood transfusion from a book was in my opinion tantamount to lunacy. A catastrophic oversight in retrospect.

Silence for a moment as the Doctor sighs heavily in thought.

MATTHEW
And the girls, how are they? They must be, what... this height

(CONTINUED)
The doctor rises and goes to the drinks cabinet.

DR TREVES
Yes. Unfortunately I don’t get to spend much time with them these days. They are growing up so quickly. It feels like only yesterday when I would dandle them before bed time.

MATTHEW
Hm. Well you are looking as fit as a fiddle to me.

The Doctor aware of his posture, stands tall.

DR TREVES
Am I?

MATTHEW
Would I tell fibs to a dear friend?

The Doctor chuckles as he opens the drinks cabinet.

DR TREVES
Drink?

MATTHEW
Yes. I thought you were never going to ask. I’m as dry as a carcass in the Sahara.

DR TREVES
I must apologise. How rude of me.

MATTHEW
Well nothing a little Laudanum shan’t sort out, Freddy. Ha! Say what?

DR TREVES
Ha! That’s right. That’s right.

MATTHEW
Have you any, by the way?

DR TREVES
Not here I am afraid, Matthew. But later, much later. We’ll go out on a jolly. I’ll show you just what (MORE)
DR TREVES (cont’d)
the East End has to offer such a refined gentleman as yourself.

The Doctor stands ready to pour drinks.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
Let’s see. Right, I have brandy, port or gin. Which will it be?

MATTHEW
Oh, go on then. A substantial glass of port should suffice the palate for now.

Dr Treves pours two drinks and hands one to Matthew.

MATTHEW (CONT’D)
I brought my map of London with me this time. I thought to myself, I might walk along the embankment and survey my bearings.

(Pause)
Did you know, Freddy, there are two Dorset Streets in London? I checked on my way here. I looked for all street names connected with Dorset.

DR TREVES
Yes, I know. In fact they are just a stones throw from my two residences.

MATTHEW
Oh? How come?

DR TREVES
Well, one of them is situated behind Spitalfields...which is located in the area of Christchurch.

MATTHEW
Yes. And the other one?

DR TREVES
The other, as you so inquire, is much affluent and close to my house in Marylebone. It is situated West of Wimpole and Harley, and East of Baker Street.

(Continued)
MATTHEW
Amazing! You see that’s just what I love about London, Freddy. It is huge and dynamic. The metropolis of Great Britain. So intriguing. So much history and narrow thoroughfares and stories just waiting to be told. You should write a book old fellow.

DR TREVES
Yes. One more thing to note, Matthew, is that Dorset Street in Christchurch is referred to here by the locals as Dosset Street.

MATTHEW
Dosset street? How fascinating!

DR TREVES
Yes. That’s where most of the doss houses are situated around these parts. And you shan’t be going anywhere near to that place, I can tell you. You can actually smell the stench from as far away as Holborn.

MATTHEW
Oh come on, Freddy! I want to see London, and London I shall see. Ha! And you will show me off the beaten track or I shall never bring fresh blackberries for you again.

Laughter, as they raise and clink their glasses.

DR TREVES
All right then. To London! In all her natural glory!

MATTHEW
To London!

(pause)
Oh yes!

Matthew reaches into his bag and takes out a bag of blackberries. He hands them to the doctor.

DR TREVES
Ah thanks, Matthew. Thank you very much indeed.

The doctor puts the blackberries into his desk draw.

(CONTINUED)
MATTHEW
So how are you getting on with that little creature of yours, Freddy?

DR TREVES
Oh fine. Fine. Would you like to meet him again?

MATTHEW
Yes, why not? Is he improving with his speech?

DR TREVES
Yes, a great deal. He reads quite often.

MATTHEW
Does he indeed? What is it that he reads?

DR TREVES
Yes. Novels mainly. He is reading The Modern Prometheus at the moment. He’s a bit of a fantasist really. He seems to draw parallels between the main characters and himself. And he compares their roll in the narrative to his own life.

MATTHEW
(chuckles)
So what else have you given him to read? You scoundrel, Freddy?

DR TREVES
(deviously)
Oh, you know... fantasy novels. Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde... that sort of thing. Oh, and Don Juan. And he adores talking about them when I visit him on Sundays. I can barely get a word in. He believes that these characters exist. And I suppose they do in his own mind.

MATTHEW
Oh come on, Freddy! What are you up to? What’s going on with you two? I know you much better than you think. You’ve got anonymity written all over your face old fellow.
DR TREVES
(rises)
Hush, Matthew. One moment.

Dr Treves goes to the door, opens it and calls the Nursemaid.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
I wish not to be disturbed, understood?

NURSEMAID (OS)
Yes doctor. Certainly.

Dr Treves closes the door and sits back at his desk as Matthew pulls his chair closer.

DR TREVES
(softly)
Something dreadful has happened since I gave him Shelly’s book to read. I think I have actually managed to stir the beast within him.

MATTHEW
Yes. What for heavens sake? How?

DR TREVES
He actually did it. He bloody well did it. And what’s more, I knew it would be just a matter of time.

MATTHEW
He did what, Freddy? What did he do for Christ sake?

DR TREVES
He ripped her up. The whore Polly Nichols. And between us both, I must confess, I somehow instigated the whole damn thing as a huge favour for a close friend.

MATTHEW
Oh Frederick! What has got into you man? You’re not a murderer for Christ sake.

DR TREVES
I am now. I am deeply involved, Matthew, deeply involved.

(CONTINUED)
MATTHEW
(excitedly)
But how exactly?

DR TREVES
When he told me that others had been visiting his rooms on previous occasions for their doss money, it had me thinking you know. So I did a test on him. Unbeknown to him of course.

(pause)
That’s when I decided to give him the novel, The Modern Prometheus.

MATTHEW
The poor, poor creature.

DR TREVES
Yes I know. And then incredibly he asked me if he could watch me remove an appendix.

(pause)
So I gave him my book on surgical matters. It’s incredible, Matthew. The whole damn thing is incredible.

MATTHEW
But to Murder?

DR TREVES
Matthew, these women are not gracious at all. These women are the scourge of society. We must rid the streets of these utter ghastly inhabitants of sin. They are actually a bloody nuisance and I am down on them.

(Pause)
And what Joseph has had to tolerate, I cannot begin to tell you. What with his own mother abandoning him at infancy. And then his wretched stepmother disowning him. And now he has to tolerate these drunken wretched whores hounding him at night. It is enough to drive anyone to insanity.

MATTHEW
Look, Freddy, I truly sympathise with you both. But I do not think you should involve yourself in some

(MORE)
MATTHEW (cont’d)
kinds of witch hunt, just to protect that repellent little creature.

DR TREVES
It is too late, Matthew. I am already deeply involved.

MATTHEW
Christ, Frederick. But what if you are apprehended?

DR TREVES
All right. Let me explain further.
(pause)
Joseph is devoutly frightened of women because of what his own wretched mother did to him.

MATTHEW
So. It does not mean-

DR TREVES
-And the authorities claim to know that the whore was murdered by a left handed person, who had used a blunt knife. And who they strongly believe fed her with grapes. But in fact it was blackberries I gave to him.
(pause)
I just never expected such a ghastly savage surgical removal of organs. I was completely caught off guard myself.
(Pause)
Oh my word, Matthew. I am at-

MATTHEW
-Turn him in. You have no choice man. I said he was an animal from the start. I knew you would get your fingers burnt one day with this freak monster, the moment you set eyes upon that creature. He is the deadly fruit of original sin. And no wonder his owner had made him wear chains. It’s plainly obvious to me now.

DR TREVES
No. I am the one responsible for him. And I made a promise to him

(MORE)
DR TREVES (cont’d)
that I would protect him. And I will stand by that pledge if it damn well kills me. We were fated to meet and we will be fated when we part company.

(Pause)
Anyway, I have decided to send him off to the countryside for a while for the month of November. The fresh air will do him good, I am sure of it.

MATTHEW
Has he sworn to you that he will not do this ever again, Frederick? Because in my opinion he has compromised your benevolence... and at the very least, your friendship.

DR TREVES
Yes. He has.
(pause)
But there is something else I must tell you, Matthew. Oh my dear God.

MATTHEW
What is it now for heavens sake?

The Doctor takes Matthew’s glass and pours two more drinks.

Matthew is now standing in the centre of the room as the Doctor hands him his drink.

DR TREVES
I was approached by the chief surgeon at the royal household, Sir William Gull. Now he is also a very dear friend, as well as a colleague. And I was asked in return for her Majesty’s overwhelming kindness towards Joseph, that if I could somehow find out the whereabouts of one, Pearly Poll. As a favour in return, you see?

MATTHEW
Yes. Yes, go on.

DR TREVES
Well allegedly she has somehow upset the royal household at the (MORE)
DR TREVES (cont’d)
highest level. And it be alleged
that she be responsible for
eschewing young Edward, after...
and wait for this, Matthew-
(pause)
-She was out with him when a
prostitute was found stabbed to
death in a tenement stairwell in
Whitechapel.

MATTHEW
(shakes head)
I still don’t get it. Why do they
come to you? Surely they can find
this woman themselves. Christ!

DR TREVES
Because Matthew, Sir William is
very sick. And I am next in line to
take over as chief surgeon at the
ducal palaces shortly. And they do
not only want to know her
whereabouts. They actually want her
methodically ripped up as a warning
to others, her associates.

MATTHEW
This is macabre. This is abhorent
behaviour. But I am beginning to
succumb to your methods.

DR TREVES
Get ready for this, Matthew.
(Short pause)
I also did one. Only to protect
Joseph. And I am closing in on
Pearly Poll as we speak.

MATTHEW
(aghast)
What! You mean... another one? Oh
Frederick, this is too much to
bare. I can’t take it. You’ll be
hung, drawn and quartered if the
authorities find out you are
involved in this-

DR TREVES
(sighs deeply)
-Shush. Keep your voice down,
Matthew. They will hear us.
(Pause )
(MORE)
DR TREVES (cont’d)
I shan’t have Joseph’s name banded about. And the authorities are beginning to ask questions over at Lincolns Inn Fields. But it turns out that they have brought in a new inspector to find the killer, and guess what I found out?

MATTHEW
What?

DR TREVES
He is a Dorset man. Inspector Abberline from Blandford Forum.

MATTHEW
But you are not a killer, Freddy. You are a physician for Christ sake. A saver of life.

DR TREVES
Yes of course. But I have to protect Joseph at all costs. You can see that, can you not, Matthew? And let us not forget that I am serving my Queen.

(Long pause)
But the best part is that I did her too professionally. And now the authorities believe that they are looking for a surgeon instead of a left handed demon that walks with a limp, hands out grapes, (chuckles) and uses a blunt knife to rip them up.

Matthew begins to chuckle as he hands the Doctor his glass.

The Doctor walks back to the drinks cabinet and pours two more drinks.

MATTHEW
Ha! Beautiful! Poetry in motion, Frederick. But do be careful. If you are detained, it doesn’t bare thinking about. You do realise this, don’t you?

DR TREVES
Yes I know. Even worse still...what if Joseph were to be detained? How (MORE)
DR TREVES (cont’d)
would that look? Remember I am his protector... his physician. I saved a monster from certain perdition and now I have to deal with his frustrations as well as everything else.

MATTHEW
And a real Victor Frankenstein you have proved to be, Freddy. Say what?

DR TREVES
Yes. I suppose that is what I have become. But I am doing a service at the same time.

MATTHEW
Actually, Frederick, we could use this little episode as an initiation for the reinvention of the old society, which is another reason why I came to see you, and-

DR TREVES
-Yes. But wait, Matthew. The journals have coined a sobriquet. (short pause) Jack. Jack the Ripper.

MATTHEW
Jack the Ripper? Oh this is fantastic, Frederick.

Laughter.

DR TREVES
Yes, isn’t it just? So I wrote them a note on a postcard, and had Joseph write one too. I had him using his defected hand as I dictated the wording-

CUT TO

INT. JOSEPH’S ROOMS - FLASHBACK

Joseph sits at his desk with pen in hand. The Doctor paces the floor whilst he reads the letter in hand.

(CONTINUED)
DR TREVES (CONT’D)
‘From Hell. Mr Lusk. Sor.
(pause)
I send you half the kidne
(pause)
I took from one woman and prasarved
(pause)
It for you tother piece I fried and
ate it was very nise.

Joseph claps his hands excitedly.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
‘I may send you the bloody knif
(pause)
that took it out if you only wate I
whil longer.
(pause)
Signed catch me when you can
Mishter Lusk.’

Joseph rises from his seat.

JOSEPH
Oh doctor you read that so
beautifully. Wonderful.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
-so the authorities could never
match the handwriting if it were to
come about that I happen to be
involved in any way. Now the
authorities believe they are
looking for a lunatic doctor who
writes letters in his victims
blood.

MATTHEW
Oh absolute bloody genius. So we
have an on-going game then?

DR TREVES
Yes. Well the journals are making a
game of it, which had me thinking.
So I have decided that each murder
should be followed by a letter to
the press office, using a different
hand, you see?

(CONTINUED)
MATTHEW
Marvellous. And at the same time you have saved your creature from inevitable hell. And you are Jack the Ripper. Ha! But I rather liked, Victor Frankenstein. Count me in.

They raise and clink their glasses once more as they toast.

DR TREVES
Yes. Jack the Ripper. Ha!

MATTHEW
To Jack the Ripper.

DR TREVES
And the Dorset men in London.

MATTHEW
My word. This is better than my novel, Freddy.

(Pause)
Damn you Frederick Treves. You’re a bloody genius!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. HOUNDSDITCH - DAY

KATHERINE EDDOWS is falling about the street in a drunken stupor and causing a disturbance among the road users and the general public.

She is spotted and then approached by a beat OFFICER.

OFFICER
Right. You’re coming with me!

The Officer drags her away as she screams abuse.

KATHERINE
Get off me! Leave me alone! I ain’t hurtin’ nobody, am I!

OFFICER
You need to calm down misses! Come on! You’re drunk! You’re a bleedin’ nuisance! You’ll get yourself ridden over if you carry on like this!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

INT. BEDSTEAD SQUARE -DAY

JOSEPH stands at the window shaping his MODEL of St Philips Church with his KNIFE.

He pauses for a moment as the DOCTOR enters from the bathroom, drying his hands thoroughly on a piece of cloth.

The Doctor smiles at Joseph thoughtfully as he stands and acknowledges Joseph artistic skills.

DR TREVES
Do you know what I think, Joseph?

Joseph turns to the Doctor.

JOSEPH
No, doctor.

DR TREVES
I believe you would have been a very good surgeon. A very good surgeon indeed.

JOSEPH
Oh. Really, doctor? Really?

DR TREVES
Yes. Really, Joseph.

JOSEPH
But do you think I could have passed all the examinations?

DR TREVES
Oh yes, no doubt. You see, as I said to you before. A doctor needs a steady hand, just like yours.

JOSEPH
Oh you are too kind doctor. I could never do the work that you do.

DR TREVES
And I could never do the work that you are doing there, shaping your model.

(pause)
You see, that is not only skillful, Joseph, but requires a steady hand. Not to mention a focused mind too.

(continued)
The Doctor rolls down his shirt sleeves and begins to fasten the buttons.

JOSEPH
Did you always want to be a doctor?

The Doctor chuckles.

JOSEPH (CONT’D)
(turns)
Oh. Sorry. Did I say the-

DR TREVES
-Well yes, I did actually. I had developed a keen interest in medicine at a very young age. It was most likely because of my teacher. He was a philanthropist and poet you know. He would have enjoyed meeting you, Joseph.

(pause)
In fact, you could say that he inspired me to do the work that I do here. I must bring you a book of his poems. Mind you, you will have to try and read in Dorset dialect, as all his work is written that way.

JOSEPH
Do you remember the first operation you carried out, doctor?

DR TREVES
Oh yes. I was just nine years old. (chuckles)
I found a dead squirrel in the fields. And I-
(pause, sighs)
Oh where is this leading? We are here to discuss the novel, aren’t we, Joseph?

JOSEPH
Yes. Oh doctor I am at my wits end with the daemon.

DR TREVES
Why? What has happened now, Joseph?

JOSEPH
Well, why is he punishing the doctor like this? I mean to say,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JOSEPH (cont’d)
surely it is not the doctor’s fault
if he cannot create a female
version of the daemon, is it? I
mean to say—

DR TREVES
(thoughtfully)
-Joseph. All right. The question
you should be asking yourself here
is why the doctor could not
possibly create a wife for the
daemon. And he explains this fact
to the daemon rather well, I
thought.

JOSEPH
But the daemon is so lonely,
doctor. Tormented and so sad.

DR TREVES
Joseph. Matthew is here, in London.
He would like to see you again. I
said you would be more than
delighted to see him.
(pause)
We are going out tonight, just
for jolly. Would you like to come
out with us?

JOSEPH
(excitedly)
Oh really, doctor?

DR TREVES
Yes. Yes.

JOSEPH
Yes of course. But where are we
going? Are we going to the theatre?

DR TREVES
All right. Calm down a moment,
Joseph.
(pause)
I am bringing the carriage. I
thought we might take a ride about
Christchurch, Aldgate and
Commercial areas. Matthew wants to
see the East End at night. You
know, Pudding Lane and Fishmongers.

(Continued)
JOSEPH
Oh. This is going to be such fun, doctor. Thank you. Thank you so much.

DR TREVES
Well, just my little treat, that’s all.

The Doctor puts on his coat and hat.

JOSEPH
Will I have to wear my hood, doctor?

DR TREVES
(deviously)
Only when we venture outside, Joseph. Only when we venture outside.

JOSEPH
I cannot wait a moment longer. I am too excited by this.

DR TREVES
Yes, but you must keep this to yourself. We shan’t have anyone knowing about this, Joseph.

JOSEPH
Yes of course. Of course.

DR TREVES
We will meet in the hospital gardens around midnight, all right?

JOSEPH
Yes doctor. Yes.

The Doctor opens the door to leave.

DR TREVES
Bye for now then, Joseph.

JOSEPH
Goodbye, doctor. (pause) Thank you for coming.

DR TREVES
My pleasure, Joseph.

The Doctor exits. Joseph stands staring out of the window.
He looks closely at the knife in hand.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. STREET. DAY

Detective inspector Abberline and his Sergeant cross the Commercial Road and head towards a narrow little street with small tenement buildings either side.

The street is noisy with horsecarts and wheel barrows passing by.

Abberline and his sergeant arrive at a small building and climb the dark narrow stairs.

CUT TO

INTERCUT

INT- EXT. 24 BATTY STREET - EVENING

The Doctor sits on a wooden chair at a desk writing notes. Abberline taps on the door. MATTHEW sits upon the bed reading the journal and looks up. The Doctor looks up bewilderingly as Matthew anticipates.

MATTHEW
Are you expecting visitors?

DR TREVES
No.

Abberline knocks more firmly at the door.

MATTHEW
Well don’t you think you better see who it is?

The Doctor goes to the door and opens it wide.

DR TREVES
Yes?

ABBERLINE
Sorry to bother you, sir.

(CONTINUED)
DR TREVES
What is it?

ABBERLINE
I’m inspector Abberline of Scotland Yard, and this is sergeant Arnold. May we come in for a moment?

The Doctor makes way and they enter.

DR TREVES
Yes of course, come through.

Abberline acknowledges Matthew as he stands smoking his pipe.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
What can we do for you, inspector?

Abberline in awe shakes hands with Matthew as Arnold stands unimpressed by the door.

ABBERLINE
(tilts hat)
My word it’s Matthew Harding. It is a pleasure to meet you, sir.

Dr Treves stands back and smiles as he twiddles his moustache.

MATTHEW
(shakes head)
Likewise old fellow. Likewise.

ABBERLINE
Are you here to write a book, Mr Harding?

MATTHEW
I like to divulge information, but unfortunately it’s far from finished.

Dr Treves intercepts.

DR TREVES
Why are you here, inspector? What is it that brings you here?

ABBERLINE
We are looking for clues in the hunt for the ripper. I’m not sure if you have been following this

(MORE)
ABBERLINE (cont’d)
case. Also I’m not sure if you are aware, but this room was once rented by a Jew called Lipski. He was hanged last year for murdering Miriam Angel who lived underneath him. She was a sweet young woman, and pregnant when he poured nitric acid down her throat.

DR TREVES
How fascinating all this is, but what-

ARNOLD
-Like the inspector just said, he was a Jew. And we have a situation that the ripper might also be a Jew.

DR TREVES
Well if that was a year ago-

ABBERLINE
-Yes, quite. But I am just a little curious about the particulars involving this case. And I am fervent that this may have something to do with the current murders. There is a hysteria boiling outside, against the Jewish community around here. So that is why I wanted to see for myself the circumstances from which this very sad case aroused so many in the community.

DR TREVES
Look, I am a doctor at the London Hospital.

Dr Treves takes a card from his wallet and hands it to the inspector.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
Here. This is my card if you need to contact me at any time. I would only be to happy to offer any assistance you may require to solve these ghastly murders.

Abberline looks down at the card.
ABBERLINE
Doctor Frederick Treves.
(pause)
Aren’t you responsible for the Elephant Man?

DR TREVES
Yes. Correct.

ABBERLINE
Kudos is a fine word isn’t it, doctor? And I understand you are a Dorset man, also?

DR TREVES
Kudos? I’m not with you, inspector.

ABBERLINE
(ignores remark)
Blandford Forum, myself.

DR TREVES
Dorchester.

Abberline turns to his sergeant with a nod, and heads back out the door.

ABBERLINE (CONT’D)
Well, sorry if I have inconvenienced you.

DR TREVES
No, no. That’s all right.
(pause)
Oh, inspector?

ABBERLINE
(turns)
Yes, doctor.

DR TREVES
Do you have card of your own, in case I need to contact you?

ABBERLINE
No, but you can have this.

Abberline hands a piece of paper to the doctor and tilts his hat.

ABBERLINE (CONT’D)
Good evening.
DR TREVES
Good evening, inspector. Sergeant.

MATTHEW
Good evening gentlemen.

Dr Treves shuts the door upon the exiting detectives and looks towards Matthew defiantly.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. BERNER STREET- NIGHT

Dr Treves is dressed in a long black coat and wearing a black felt hat as he stands by a small empty yard.

Inside the yard itself, Joseph waits patiently. His bronchial disorder can be heard and ascertained.

MATTHEW stands smoking a pipe and wearing a deer stalker hat as a dim gaslight flickers behind him.

ELIZABETH a prostitute with long hair and wearing a long dress can be seen just inside the yard.

The weather is calm and a full moon brightens up the street.

Dr Treves turns to Elizabeth as she stands there holding her shoulders.

DR TREVES
Ay, but there are two of us you know?

ELIZABETH
So what? I don’t care if there are a half a bleedin dozen of you. You still have to pay me first.

DR TREVES
Look...Well I thought maybe we could just-

ELIZABETH
- Could just what...? Spit it out then mister. I haven’t got all soddin day.

DR TREVES
Would you be so kind... as to keeping your voice down a level? We (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
DR TREVES (cont’d)
do not want to disturb the whole
street. You see my friend is
somewhat inhibited. He is not from
these parts. And he is certainly
not used to these kind of hunting
grounds.

ELIZABETH
Oh yeah? Anyway what do you mean,
‘Hunting grounds?’

DR TREVES
What I mean to say is, that my
friend has travelled long distance
to be here in London. And I
promised him that I would show him
just what Whitechapel has to offer.

ELIZABETH
Oh, all right. I see. I get it now.
Are you out on a jolly then? A one
off?

DR TREVES
Yes. Just for jolly. And what about
you? What is your name?

ELIZABETH
Elizabeth Stride, and I’m always
here, love. Tell your friend to
come over here then. I’ll see to
him first. And then you can buy me
a gin at The White Hart pub, across
the road, all right?

Dr Treves whistles and motions for his friend to come over.

At that time a STRANGER passes by and spots the situation
developing at the yard.

The Stranger stops to watch the on-going activity.

Dr Treves spots the Stranger and makes chase as he shouts a
name.

DR TREVES
Lipski! Come here!

MATTHEW suddenly knocks the woman to the ground and drags
her inside the yard.

Moments later.
The sound of a horse drawn carriage is heard closing in.

Suddenly the sound of fear from the horse rearing up can be heard.

Moments later.

MATTHEW exits the yard quickly with Joseph following behind him.

The slight framed COACHMAN enters and peers inside the yard.

The COACHMAN then hurriedly exits the yard as he screams out.

    COACHMAN
    Murder!! Murder!! Murder!! Murder!!

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT.

Katherine Eddows stands soberly at the station SERGEANT’S desk, whilst he writes her a note.

    SERGEANT
    Name?

    KATHERINE
    What’d ya think?

    SERGEANT
    If I thought anything, my love, I wouldn’t be asking, would I now?

    KATHERINE
    All right. Keep your blimmin hair on.

    SERGEANT
    If you don’t give us your name, you’ll be going back in the cell!

    KATHERINE
    Mary Kelly is me name.

Sergeant hands her a slip of paper and she exits.

    SERGEANT
    And don’t let me catch you in here again!

CUT TO.
EXT. BERNERS STREET - CONTINUED

Footsteps and horse clatter can be heard and then voices.

MATTHEW
Damn! Did you catch up with him?

DR TREVES
I lost the bugger. Damn. What about the whore? Did you see to her?

MATTHEW
We couldn’t finish. We were disturbed by a bloody coachman returning to his yard.

DR TREVES
Damn coachman. And Joseph? Where is he?

MATTHEW
He left with me. But he must have gone in the opposite direction.

DR TREVES
Right. You must go back to the room, Matthew. I will search the area for Joseph. He likes to hide in the dark you see.

MATTHEW
Are you sure, Freddy? I will come with you, if you like?

DR TREVES
No. It will look bad if we are seen together, whilst the police seek a murderer.

MATTHEW
Right. Right then. How did you know that chap’s name, by the way?

DR TREVES
Oh, It’s a terminology these people use to insult one another. I will explain more to you, later.

The Doctor takes a key from his pocket and hands it to Matthew.
Here. Take this key and wait for my return.

But which street is it? I’ve forgotten.

Batty. Twenty four.

Police whistles can be heard in the distance as Matthew quickly disappears down the street.

Dr Treves stealthily makes his way west towards Aldgate, where upon his spots Katherine talking to a SAILOR. He listens as he moves closer towards them.

All right then, but it’ll cost yer.

How much?

Depends what you want, dunnit?

A bit of the other is what I want, me love.

Come on then. Come with me.

The Sailor and Katherine walk off towards Mitre Square. The Doctor follows them.

Joesph hides with his cloak over his head in a darkened corner of the square, as the Sailor humps his way into Katherine’s anus.

Dr Treves waits patiently on the opposite side, for the Sailor to finish. Not noticing Joseph in the corner.

Suddenly as the man is climaxing, the Doctor sniffs hard as he smells something familiar to him.

Apricots.

The Doctor walks round the square and spots Joseph crouching low, and very near to the Whore and the Sailor. (CONTINUED)
Moments later.

The Sailor pulls up his trousers and heads off down the street.

Moments later and before the Doctor can speak to the Whore. Joseph rises up from the shadow and stabs her full in the abdomen.

She falls to the floor as the doctor arrives.

    DR TREVES (CONT’D)  
    (fearfully)  

Joseph suddenly looks up at the Doctor.

    DR TREVES  
    I wanted to ask her her name, damn it.

    JOSEPH  
    Oh. I am sorry. I never-

    DR TREVES (CONT’D)  
    (touches his shoulder)  
    -Just do it properly. Remember, a steady hand.

The doctor bends down and cuts her throat from ear to ear, as Joseph, animal like, methodically rips her open and begins a disembowelment and removal of the organs.

The Doctor rises and begins to write a message on the wall in white chalk.

‘THE JUWES ARE NOT THE MEN THAT WILL BE BLAMED FOR NOTHING.’

    DR TREVES (CONT’D)  
    Come Joseph, up. We should go, quickly.

The Doctor and Joseph disappear in to the foggy mist to sound of police whistles.

INT. MILLERS COURT - NIGHT.

PEARLY POLL sits upon the bed belonging to MARY KELLY when there is a heavy knock at the door.

Pearly Poll is a nervous prostitute, and has long blonde hair. She is dressed in a dress with pretty frills at the rims.
She goes to the door and opens it slightly, when a filthy violent MAN with a huge scar down the left side of his face violently pushes his way through clutching a Knife.

Pearly runs back.

PEARLY
Er’e... what’d you think you’re doing? forcing your way in er’e like that. She’s not er’e!

MAN
Where’s the whore?

PEARLY
Er’e, don’t you be callin me friend a whore.

MAN
Where is she,? I asked you where is she?

At that moment MARY KELLY arrives at the doorway with hands on hips.

She is tall with cascading red hair and buxom indeed.

MARY
You be leavin her be, or you’ll be dealing with me, I tell yer.

MAN
So you’re Mary Kelly, ay?

MARY
Who wants to know?

MAN
Joe sent me over. He said you owe him money.

MARY
So what of it?

MAN
Well he said I should collect it from you, as you kicked his arse out for that saggy whore!

MARY
You tell him to come and see me. I want to talk him.
MAN
I want my money!

MARY
You’ll be getting your bleedin money, if you just go and bring him back here.

MAN
Right. Right then I will. And you stay there. Don’t you be goin anywhere till I get back.

MARY
I won’t be.

The Man exits.

MARY (CONT’D)
Right you get your things, you’re leaving.

PEARLY
Oh come on, Mary. I ain’t got no where else to go.

MARY
I don’t care anymore. You’ve been causing enough trouble round these parts. You’ll get me bleedin killed with what you know.

PEARLY
But what am I to do then?

MARY
Just get out! I wish I had never set eyes upon your face. To think I kicked my Joe out of his own room to let you stay here and all.

Pearly quickly gathers her things and hurriedly exits the room crying.

As Mary stands with hands on hips a large WOMAN appears by the doorway.

WOMAN
Er’e, Mary... they just found another two dead up at the pumping station. Ripped to bits they were. Ripped to bits I say.
MARY
Oh shut up!

Mary slams the door shut.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. JOSEPH’S ROOM - NIGHT

JOSEPH sleeps in his natural position.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

Once again Joseph is a large bird with elephant trunk. He circles the area of Whitechapel dressed only in top hat and tails. His knives glisten inside his thick ribbed wings, under a full moon.

As he looks down he spots a drunken woman stretched out upon a step, as she tries in vain to pick up a rotten crust of bread.

As he continues to circle the area he begins to drop his blackberries into the busiest streets once more.

Small children jump up and down with their arms raised to catch the blackberries before impact. But Joseph spots himself with his deformed facial features and large trunk prevalent.

Joseph suddenly turns in distaste and heads back to Bedstead Square.

JOSEPH (VO)
Oh. Oh. Oh.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. LONDON HOSPITAL- DAY

DR TREVES is working in the very busy receiving room.

A hysterical WOMAN enters clutching a dead BABY close to her chest. The baby is wrapped in an old piece of cloth.

The Doctor spots her and immediately goes to her.

(CONTINUED)
DR TREVES
What has happened here?

WOMAN
I turned me head for a bleedin’ minute and he was burnin’, doctor!

DR TREVES
Yes I can see that. But what happened? Why have you brought this child here? This child is clearly not breathing.

The Doctor signals to the NURSE.

WOMAN
Oh no...he’s not dead, doctor. He’s still breathing, look!

DR TREVES
All right. Listen to me. This baby is not breathing. I’m afraid you need the mortuary.

The Doctor shows the Woman the lifeless child by playing with its hand.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
See. There, look.

WOMAN
OH NO. What am I gonna to tell me old man? He’ll bleedin’ kill me when he finds out I never cared for him proper.

The Doctor hands back the charred baby to the Woman.

WOMAN (CONT’D)
He was playing with the oil lamp, he was. Burnin I tell yer! Oh what am I gonna do, doctor?

At that moment inspector ABBEERLINE enters with detective ARNOLD.

The Doctor directs the NURSE.

DR TREVES
Nurse Take this woman with her dead baby to the mortuary.
WOMAN
Thanks the bleedin lot! Call yerself a doctor!

The Doctor ignores the woman’s remark and goes to the Detectives.

The Nurse leads the Woman away.

DR TREVES
Ah! Inspector Abberline. Good to see you.

ABBERLINE
Good afternoon, Doctor.

DR TREVES
Any luck with finding the Ripper yet?

ABBERLINE
Where closing in.
(pause)
We believe he is a doctor.

DR TREVES
A doctor now, is he?

ABBERLINE
Well by the state he leaves his victims in, I would say it is a certainty.

DR TREVES
How fascinating. May I be of any help?

ABBERLINE
Maybe you can help us. I’ve been over to the Royal College Of Surgeons, and I met the Queens physician there, doctor Gull.

DR TREVES
Oh yes.

ABBERLINE
Well in his expert opinion he says we should be looking for a Quack. Do you know of any at this hospital?

(CONTINUED)
DR TREVES
There must be thousands of them in London, inspector. I wouldn’t even know where to begin to be frankly honest.

ABBERLINE
Have you ever heard of Pearly Poll?

DR TREVES
No. Can’t say that I have. Why?

ABBERLINE
Well it seems that on the night of Martha Tabram’s murder, she was with her. And she was a fine witness. You see, she saw the killer before he stabbed Martha to death.

DR TREVES
What’s that got to do with me, inspector?

ABBERLINE
Well you must see it all in this hospital. And I reckon it is a fine possibly that she would at some stage show up here.

DR TREVES
It is a possibility, yes.

ABBERLINE
(pause)
Listen, inspector may I have a word with you in private?

ABBERLINE
All right.

Abberline turns to Arnold.

ABBERLINE (CONT’D)
Would you mind waiting outside for a minute, detective?

ARNOLD
If you insist.

Arnold exits.

ABBERLINE
So what is it you want to tell me then, doctor?
DR TREVES
Have you ever heard of the society of, The Dorset Men In London?

ABBERLINE
Can’t say that I have, no.

DR TREVES
Well I don’t want to bore you with it right now. But why don’t you come along to one of our meetings. It is quite fascinating to know what we in Dorset can do here in London.

ABBERLINE
All right.

DR TREVES
We are having a meeting tonight in the rear, at 121 Whitechapel Road. We meet here every friday.

ABBERLINE
I’ll be there.

DR TREVES
Oh inspector?

ABBERLINE
Yes?

DR TREVES
It is strictly Dorset Men only.

ABBERLINE
I get what you’re saying, doctor. (pause) What time does it start?

DR TREVES
Midnight. And three taps on the door, if you will.

ABBERLINE
Very good. Good day.

DR TREVES
Good day, inspector.

The Inspector exits.

CU. Dr Treves stands and smiles. His eyes black and his grimace awesomely evil.
TWO WEEKS LATER

INT. 121 WHITECHAPEL ROAD - NIGHT

In the rear of an old greengrocers shop is a wooden bench. An oil lamp aflame is situated upon it, centre.

Horse clatter, cackling whores and loud voices can be heard outside, from time to time.

Frederick Treves is dressed in his usual garb. Also the current members of the Dorset Men In London stand reticent about the bench.

MATTHEW HARDING stands smoking his pipe as MONTAGU JOHN DRUITT looks awkwardly towards inspector Abberline.

Another GENTLEMAN sits patiently with legs crossed and arms folded. His brown moustache neatly combed into handlebar status. He is obviously genteel.

WILLIAM CRUIKSHANK, an architect and philanthropist stands tall and workmanlike. He is wearing a tweed suit and flat cap.

At the rear JOSEPH looks on with cane in hand. His hood and cloak covering him whole. But his bronchial purring cannot escape him.

Dr Treves checks the time on his gold pocket watch and begins the meeting.

DR TREVES
Gentlemen of the brotherhood. Now we are at that point where we are able to finish our current initiations, I am more than delighted to announce the exact whereabouts of Pearly Poll.
(pause)
She is the central figure to our initiation procedure.

The Dorset Men nod their heads in agreement.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
As you know our medieval society is as old as Dorset boasts in history. King John once advocated that the society should embrace the afeard.
(pause)
So re-establishing our forgotten society means rather much to me.
(pause)
However I will see to it that all Dorset men in London are contacted over the period, and I will ask for them to put forward their representations and join us in the brotherhood. But of course without the gruesome trimmings.

Murmurs of content.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
Brothers, our work is almost done. And thus far our work has been carried out with much aplomb, thanks to my dearest friend Matthew and our latest recruit the inspector Abberline, here.

The doctor motions towards Abberline and Matthew as they are warmly acknowledged.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
And I trust that the inspector will one day soon reciprocate with his own initiation.

ABBERLINE
Yes. Yes.

DRUITT
This is all very well doctor Treves. But what if we are exposed somehow as the ghastly killers of prostitutes?

DR TREVES
Stop panicking, Monty. Just look at some of the people we have in this very room.

(pause)
We have your good self, a barrister. We have the chief inspector. Doctors and surgeons. We even have a lord to oversee any hiccups that may arise. Not forgetting our own little daemon of course.

DRUITT
But we are benevolent upstanding pioneers in our chosen professions.

(pause)

(MORE)
DRUITT (cont’d)
And the way I see it, is that this contrivance has been deliberately constructed by yourself, just to protect him! Your creature!

Druitt points his finger towards Joseph.

DR TREVES
No. This is unfair. Stop Panicking Monty. Come morning, it will be over. Our job will be done.
(pause)
Are you in, or are you out, Monty?

DRUITT
All right, I am in. But this must be concluded by morning. It simply cannot go on.

DR TREVES
Good. Brothers, what you will witness in the coming few hours will stay with you forever. And it simply must stay with you. It will be the one single factor that will keep us and our society together for the next, who knows... a lifetime, possibly.

The Brothers bow their heads in sync.

Dr Treves motions Joseph to stand by his side as he raises his hand to his heart.

The seated Lord rises as they place their hands upon their hearts.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
Long live the Brotherhood.

DORSET MEN
Long live the Brotherhood!!

Dr Treves puts on his TOP HAT and walks quickly towards the door with Joseph hobbling behind.

Dr Treves opens the door and turns to the Dorset Men

DR TREVES
4.am gentlemen. Millers court. I shan’t be late.

The Doctor and Joseph exit.
CONTINUED: 69.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. THE TEN BELLS P.H - NIGHT.

MARY KELLY sits at the bar with her boyfriend JOE. The atmosphere is dark and cold as people constantly enter and exit with their tankards and wine glasses in hand.

JOE
You lettin’ me back in or what?

MARY
Yeah... but not tonight. I’ve got a gentleman client staying tonight.

JOE
Well I just hope it’s worth it, that’s all. Nine months bleedin’ rent you owe Macarthy’. Nine months rent I say.

MARY
All right, all right. I’ll make it worth it, so don’t you be worryin’ about that. This gentleman I’m seein’ is bleedin’ loaded from what I hear.

JOE
Oh yeah? Who you’ erd that from then...? I say who you’ erd that from?

MARY
Never you mind. Er’e gis another drink will yer? Gor on.

(pause)

I’m bleedin’ gasping.

JOE
This’ll be the last one you get from me, I’m tellin’ yer, Mary Kelly...last one tonight. I ain’t worked since I got me’self fired from the fishmarket. I ain’t worked, I’m tellin’ yer.

The bearded barman pours two more gins and places them in front of the couple as Joe pays with a couple of pennies he eventually scrapes from his jacket pocket.

(CONTINUED)
Mary knocks back the drink quickly and rises off the bar stall.

Mary exits the pub as Joe continues to sits at the bar.

CUT TO.

INT. ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS - NIGHT.

Dr Treves is in discussion with SIR WILLIAM GULL as they stand in the main hall.

GULL
Are you absolutely sure you have the right whore this time, doctor?

DR TREVES
Yes. I made certain inquiries and the abode is Millers Court, Dorset Street.

GULL
And can you be certain that she will be the last prostitute to die?

DR TREVES
After tomorrow, sir William, their will be an eerie silence over Whitechapel and Christchurch areas of London.

GULL
Good. You and your freak monster have earned your stars, doctor.

DR TREVES
Thank you, sir William.
CONTINUED:

GULL
Please, don’t mention it. I am too sick these days to continue with my work.

DR TREVES
Is there anything I can do for you?

GULL
No. Just finish what you have started and pray that we never put ourselves in this abhorrent mess ever again.

DR TREVES
I will. My work will be done.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - NIGHT

Mary Kelly walks south down the busy darkened street and passes a MAN casually walking in striped pajamas and a dressing gown tied at the waist.

He has a clay pipe hanging from his mouth

A little further, she turns her head and spots a WHORE that sucks frantically on another MAN’S penis as he stands boldly with hands on hips and with a huge grin upon his dirty face.

A little further and she is joined by a small but smartly dressed GENTLEMAN. He flicks his cane with a certain style and is confident in his approach.

MARY
Oh yeah? What can I do for yer then?

GENTLEMAN
How much?

MARY
Half a crown to you.

GENTLEMAN
Oh don’t be silly. That will buy me a high class whore. And you ain’t no high class whore.
MARY
All right, two bob then. And you ain’t no igh’ class gentleman either.

GENTLEMAN
Agreed.

MARY
Come on then. My place is only cross the street.

CUT TO.

INT. MILLERS COURT - NIGHT.

Mary sits upon the bed as the Gentleman takes off his coat. She lifts up her frilly dress and pulls down her panties as the gentleman stands in awe at what he sees.

MARY
Come er’e then.

The Gentleman stiffly moves closer with his trousers around his ankles.

MARY (CONT’D)
Put it then. Come on!

The Gentleman becomes over excited.

GENTLEMMAN
Argh!!! Argh!!! Argh!!!

The Gentleman finishes without actually putting it inside her.

MARY
Blimey! That was quick!.
(pause)
Now get yerself out of er’e, quick, before I call me’ usband.

The Gentleman pulls up his trousers and hurriedly exits slamming the door as he goes.

Moments later as Mary is about to leave her room there is a tapping at the window.

She briefly looks out, and spots a very tall GENTLEMAN wearing a top hat.

(CONTINUED)
She goes to the door and as she opens it wide the Gentleman violently grabs her throat and marches her back towards the bed.

She is choking and quickly becomes unconscious as he strangles her till death.

As she lies upon the bed, the Gentleman goes to the door and whistles to his colleagues.

One by one the Dorset Men enter the small room.

Joseph is the last to enter as the Dorset Men stand waiting.

Dr Treves closes and locks the door.

DR TREVES (CONT'D)
Brothers. What you are about to witness is beyond all imagination.
(pause)
Enjoy.

DRUITT
Get on with it man.

DR TREVES
Joseph. Begin your autopsy.

Joseph unMASKS and takes off his cloak as he sets about the Whore with a thin bladed knife.

He tears at her face like a wild beast for a moment.

DR TREVES (CONT'D)
Joseph. Remember, a steady hand.

Joseph begins the disembowelment followed by a removal of the breast.

Once Joseph has removed the first breast Dr Treves jokingly places it under her head as a pillow.

The second breast he places upon the side table.

DR TREVES (CONT'D)
Joseph let me help you.

The doctor then pulls back the skin covering her waist as Joseph stands back.

DR TREVES (CONT'D)
Druitt. Come. Remove the liver for me, will you?

(CONTINUED)
Druitt moves forward as the Doctor hands him the knife.

DRUITT
Which is it?

DR TREVES
Just there.

Druitt removes the liver with exceptional skill and places it upon the table.

Joseph puts on his hood and cape as the doctor stands clutching her dripping heart in his hand.

DR TREVES (CONT’D)
Brothers. May I offer you, The Deadly Fruit Of Original Sin.

The Dorset Men applaud as the Doctor bowls his head with Joseph at his side.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:
THIRTY FIVE YEARS LATER

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

SIR FREDERICK TREVES lies upon his sick bed. He has a thick grey handlbar moustache and his hair has receded. His sunken eyes show signs of little life.

A thin acerbic little NURSEMAID noisily enters the room, slamming the door shut behind her.

The Doctor whinches in his wake as beads of sweat cover his forehead.

The Nursemaid goes to the window, pulls back the heavy curtains and opens it slightly, letting a beam of light through and lighting up the Doctor’s gaunt face.

In the darkened corner of the room a STRANGER lurks. It is the astral body of Dr Treves.

He stands stealthily in his garb of excellence and cannot be seen by others, as the Nursemaid turns to the dying Doctor.

NURSEMAID
Good morning, doctor?

SILENCE.

(CONTINUED)
NURSEMAID (CONT’D)
So how are we feeling this morning then?

SILENCE.

NURSEMAID (CONT’D)
Uncomfortable night again, was it?

SILENCE.

NURSEMAID (CONT’D)
What about the morphine you been having?
(pause)
Hasn’t it helped the pain yet. for Christ sake.

SILENCE.

NURSEMAID (CONT’D)
So I should presume that you’re still very sore then?

SILENCE.

NURSEMAID (CONT’D)
Suit yourself. Two can play that game. A still mouth has a wise mind is what they say, sir.

The Stranger moves forward into the light.

STRANGER
Insubordinate little wretch. How dare she expect a reply from a dying man. This dying man is a scholar.
(pause)
I pioneer in his field, of surgery. He is also a man of erudition.
(pause)
A man that has saved hundreds from certain death. Be it from the disease that is about to take his own life.

The Nursemaid potters with the bed clothes as the Stranger turns to look at her.

STRANGER (CONT’D)
But because of his acquiescence, it certainly does not mean she should (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
STRANGER (CONT’D) (cont’d)
bane him her impertinence, so full on.
(pause)
Just because he refers to her as the Firedrake of Geneva. Well at least he refers.

The Stranger moves back into the shadow as the Nursemaid tucks in the blankets at the foot of the bed.

NURSEMAID
This time next week... you’re most likely to be lying in cold obstruction, no doubt.
(pause)
Still, we all have to face death one day. It’s no good fighting it, is it doctor, sir?

She pushes her face closer to the Doctor’s and lifts his eye lids.

The Stranger appears once more.

STRANGER
‘And the miserable have no other medicine, but only hope.’
(pause)
And I would have seen to it, that she confronted her fears, sooner rather than later.
(pause)
Wretched nursemaid!

The Nursemaid pours water from a jug into a beaker as the dying Doctor turns his head and utters.

DOCTOR
You were quoting Shakespeare again. You ridiculous woman.

The doctor coughs painfully but manages to blurt out.

DOCTOR (CONT’D)
And for your information, I am going to be cremated-
(pause)
And have my ashes scattered in the gardens of-
(pause)
My place of birth!
The Doctor sinks into his pillow as the Stranger appears once more.

STRANGER
'Before the moment of death, the subjective astral body sometimes appears, emanating from the soul of the dying. For the act of death itself there is no mystery. We know precisely how death comes to pass.
(pause)
The mystery begins in the moment of death; the undiscovered country, the light that falls upon Elysian fields or happy hunting grounds or fills which splendour the streets of an eternal city.'
(pause)
"When something like a white wave of the sea breaks o'er the brain and buries us in sleep."
(pause)
And his death shan't be sudden, nor come during any sleep. For he is dying of peritonitis and has an uncertain time, that estimated be minutes rather than hours. To think I would most certainly not be standing here gabbing about the reasoning of death and the psychic elements of it, if we were not here in the first.

The Stranger slips back into the darkened corner of the room as the Doctor coughs up his lungs, and the Nursemaid plumps up the Doctor’s pillows.

NURSEMAID
Now doctor, sir. I’m just going to lift you up a little, so you can be more comfortable. You can have yourself a better view through the window. I mean who knows it may be the last time you get to see the lovely sunshine or hear the birds singing outside in the gardens.

The Doctor mumbles incoherently as the Nursemaid opens the window a little wider.

The Stranger moves forward once again.

(CONTINUED)
STRANGER
If she would have spoken like this thirty years ago, I would have taken out her spleen and fed it to the dogs in Flower and Dean.
(pause)
He never really meant the woman any offence, when he suggested that she be an old Battleaxe that emerged from the Jago.

The Doctor raises a brow as he murmurs the sound of discontent.

Upon the Nursemaid’s exit from the room, she passes the handsome PASTOR.

They acknowledge one another, as he makes his way to the Doctor’s left side, blocking out the beam of light.

The Pastor stands silently in his long white gown clutching his bible in his left hand, his wooden crucifix held in the other.

The Pastor holds the hand of the dying doctor and then is surprised when the doctor tugs and tries to pull him down towards him.

The Pastor bends down to the Doctor’s ear.

DR TREVES
Am I good man, father? Or am I a bad man?

The Pastor mystified smiles gently at the Doctor then slowly pulls himself up.

Moments later the Doctor tugs him again, and he bends down once more.

DR TREVES
Am I good man or a bad man?

The Stranger steps forward and opens his coat full to reveal a silk purple lining.

STRANGER
Ha! Lucifer he is not!

The Pastor rises up once more and warmly smiles down at the doctor.

The Stranger moves back into the shadow.
INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

The Doctor’s wife ANNE is in discussion with the Doctor’s editor CHARLES.

ANNE is frail but forthright, and Charles is a large bullish man that sweats profusely and wipes his brow often.

CHARLES
Look, I need that manuscript, Anne. It has to be the best autobiography I have ever had the pleasure to read in my entire life. Now where is it? What have you gone and done with it?

ANNE
I have told you once, if not twice, Charles, I burnt it on the fire. Why do you not believe that?

CHARLES
Oh why did you do that for heavens sake? Did you not know that that manuscript would have made history? My word. Your husband had more than just a story to tell; he had an epic for Christ’s sake!

ANNE
Look, stop shouting or we will have to discuss this another time. (Short pause)
Now did he indeed? Well it is too late, I have destroyed it.

CHARLES
Yes he did. And I am very sorry to have to say this, Anne but you are a fool for doing that. You have no idea what you were dealing with here.

ANNE
Look, Charles. will you realise that my husband is dying of an acute peritonitis, and all you can think about at this very sad time is this damn autobiography? I thought you were supposed to be his friend.

(CONTINUED)
(pause)
I want my husband best remembered for all the good he has done in this world. He deserves that... And which however, you would just love to get your filthy hands upon, wouldn’t you?

CHARLES
Mrs...Treves, your husband wrote that autobiography for one reason only, and that was so it be published. And I might add not just for the layman to read about his professional achievements either. But he wanted to make it public... the truth about his personal life too. He wanted to set the record straight; to repent and to leave this world with a clear conscience, don’t you see?
(pause)
He even told me that himself, before he snatched it back from out of my hand.

ANNE
Did he? Well I am sorry, but I’m afraid he forgot to tell me about it.

CHARLES
Yes he damn well did. And if it were not for that fool Higgins poking his big nose where it is not wanted and babbling on about royal secrets...I would already have it bound and on sale.

ANNE
Well I am afraid it is too late now, Charles. I am sorry but I put it on the fire as I have already told you.

CHARLES
No, no, no...
(pause)
Anne. Frederick is idolised by everyone as a professional, it is a well known fact. But he is two people. He is as fascinating a person I have ever come across in my entire life in publishing.
ANNE
Two people? Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde? Look, there are still two chapters that you can have. For some reason beyond my reckoning I decided to save them. And do not say another word about it, Charles. Be grateful you have something to print at the very least. Now I am going over there to see my husband before he passes away. You see, Charles I still have a family to think about. And someday I will eventually have grandchildren, and I would wish them to live their lives knowing that their grandfather was a good man that helped to shape their futures. That’s why I burnt the manuscript. I rather hoped you could see that for yourself.

CHARLES
You really shouldn’t have, Anne. If I would have known that from the start, I would never have travelled all this way to see you both.

ANNE
No? That’s funny, I thought you were his dearest friend?

CHARLES
I am your husband’s trusted and loyal editor, that is all.

ANNE
I can see that now.
(pause)
You see, Charles... It is my good family name that I am protecting; not entirely Frederick’s. It is they who will have to live with the consequences if I had let you take that manuscript and publish it. Not you. Not me, nor Frederick; but them. And I could not possibly allow generations of my family that bane.

CHARLES
Oh?

(CONTINUED)
ANNE
Oh and by the way. If you print one false word about my husband I will see to it that you never print another book again. Now good day, Charles. And thank you so much for coming all this way to see us.

CHARLES
This is preposterous!

ANNE
Is it? Look I am very sorry for you having come all this way to remonstrate, but I cannot do anything about it now. I will have the remaining chapters sent to your office in London, as soon as I arrive back home.

CHARLES heads towards the door wiping his brow.

CHARLES
Right. Good bye then. And thanks for nothing.

ANNE
Oh, Charles? I nearly forgot.

CHARLES
Yes? What is it?

ANNE
If I were you, I would take the train into town. It really is worth exploring, at the very least.

CHARLES exit’s the room in a huff as Anne stands in front of the fire.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUED

The NURSEMAID RE- enters the room carrying a silver tray with a pot of tea. She places it down on a table in the corner.

Moments later Anne steps into the room.

ANNE
Oh, nurse?
The NURSEMAID continues on then exits.

ELIZABETH goes to the Pastor and stands by his side.

She takes his hand in hers and gazes sympathetically at her husband.

The PASTOR has finished reciting from his bible and his eyes are closed.

ANNE (CONT’D)
Do you think he is still breathing, Pastor?

PASTOR
I think so, Anne. Morphine makes you very drowsy.

ANNE
I see. To think that he is suffering the same pain our devoted daughter suffered in her youth.

Anne acknowledges the Pastor with a concerned smile as he stands silently at the bedside of her dying husband.

The Stranger shows himself.

STRANGER
Ah! My darling wife, Anne. Loyal to the end. I used to toy with her, telling her, ‘That medicine be my wife, and literature be my mistress.’ She never quite understood my meaning. That quote from Chekhov was my favourite. It was the one I felt that truly summed me up.

Like a bat the STRANGER leaps onto the bed and enters the dying surgeon.

(CONTINUED)
DREAM SEQUENCE

The doctor flies high above the clouds. Joseph follows behind.

They sport TOP HATS and black ribbed wings. They are happy whilst at the same time dropping blackberries onto Whitechapel and Christchurch areas of London.

Moments later they head off into the ether.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

Anne walks to the window and closes it. She turns as she stands with a knowing look upon her face.

END