RI PPER STREET

Episode 1 - "I Need Light!"

Written by Richard Warlow

YELLOW AVENDS

10/04/2012

(c) Tiger Aspect & Lookout Point 2012

1/1 EXT. LEMAN STREET - EVENING

The last rays of a spring sun bounce off the decaying sandstone spire of Christchurch, Spitalfields. And bounce back again to the heavens. Where they belong. Because they don't belong where we're going...

Down here. Leman Street. The axis of our world. The unholy chaos of it. Naptha lights being lit for the night, flares bouncing off the glass windows of horse-drawn ormibuses. Kids - untamed, running wild. Drunks hanging off tarts. A wild mass of humanity. And a dateline:

APRIL 1889, EAST LONDON.

1/2EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET / MILLERS COURT - EVENING 1/2

TIGHT on the purple, veined face of this TOUR GUIDE. A man in his early 50s, attempting gentility --

> GUI DE Ladies. Gentlemen. Be sure to look down as keenly as you would up. Mr. Gladstone himself - only last week found himself fitted for new boots.

And he laughs unpleasantly. Turns away into a small alleyway as a group of perhaps 15 WELL-TO-DO WEN AND WOWEN follow on. All obey the instruction to avoid the various forms of shit and matter on the cobbles beneath them

GUIDE (CONT'D) MIller's Court. Five months' past the scene of the worst of them. The worst and - please God - the last. Mary Jane Kelly. What the man Jack did to her... well, we shall not say.

The MEN and WOVEN gawk - a visceral chill running through t hem

Behind them another group building up. LOCALS, themselves gawking at the fine clothes and hats of the tour group. Among them - a number of SMALL BOYS.

GUI DE (CONT'D) But let us not dwell.

The GUIDE moving on again, turning through a narrow archway. Above and around them various lodging houses. From their windows, several TARTS look out. Much laughter as a gapPick out - A BOY PICKPOCKET, perhaps 10, catching the eye of the GUIDE. Collusion here. The barest of nods exchanged as the BOY makes his move toward a particular COUPLE. In a footstep, he's relieved the entirely innocent GENTLEMAN of his wallet.

GUIDE (CONT'D)

(all outrage) I say! You, boy!

And in a deft step or two, the GUIDE lays a meaty fist on the collar of the escaping boy, takes back the wallet in triumph. Holds it aloft.

GUIDE (CONT'D) Gentlemen. Please. Vigilance is your only guardian on these - mean and wicked pathways.

The BOY and the GUIDE - another barely visible moment of complicity as the child stamps on a foot --

GUIDE (CONT'D) (all theatre) Wretch! Ruffian!

But the BOY - a smile on his face - is gone.

1/3 EXT. FOLGATE-CONTINUOUS

Stay with the BOY as he runs. Fast, agile, a left, a right. And then he careers to a halt. Sudden, real fear on his face. Stood above him --

A man. All we see - his looming black GREATCOAT. And the DEAD BODY at his feet. What was once a young woman, wrapped in drapes, her throat cut, her face sliced, disfigured.

The GREATCOAT - disturbed from his work perhaps - advancing on the appalled child as --

GUIDE (O.S.) ... the young of this parish know little else but thuggery...

The grateful BOY - his skin surely saved by this interruption, taking off and away. The GREATCOAT no choice but to scarper too.

And here is the TOUR GROUP again, turning blithely into the alleyway --

GUIDE (CONT'D) ... how best to raise them up from such iniquity? That is a matter for you good people, of course... 1/3

But he has not seen what lies beneath him. That privilege belongs to an OLDER WOMAN. Her utter disgust at the profane sight of the body, and she SCREAMS.

The GUIDE - seeing what the WOWAN sees --

GUIDE (CONT'D) Black shit and buggery. (then; bellowing) Murder! Murder!

1/4 TITLES

Those screams and bellows mixing into music. Urgent, or chestral, onward-moving.

And images - archive photographs, drawings, press-cuttings of serious, whiskered, hard-looking POLICEMEN about their business. They clobber FELONS, hold back MOBS, drink outside pubs.

And they are all gathered now about the imposing Victorian frontage of the Leman Street Headquarters of H Division.

Over which, letters form now. The legend:

RIPPER STREET.

1/5 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

A YOUNG MAN (HOBBS, 19) - a police constable in uniform And he is sprinting across wet dark cobbles. Coated in sweat, his chest heaves, at the limits of his endurance. And his face almost a boy's face - is the picture of fear and anxiety. Still he runs, keening with exertion.

Clattering around a corner now. Sees what he's looking for: 3 other COPPERS in uniform, gathered, hidden in an alleyway about a Black Maria (police-wagon).

HOBBS - almost collapsing into the arms of an older COPPER --

HOBBS (can barely speak) The Inspector... Must... see him...

COPPER dismisses this notion with a laugh --

COPPER 1 Show yourself in there - he'll have you bounced and flushing sewerage by morning.

HOBBS won't listen though. Just hands his helmet across and strips rapidly to undershirt and trousers.

1/4

1/ 5

A look for the COPPER and he's striding away, disappearing into the darkness...

1/6 INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

1/6

A FIST strikes out toward us. And a man's nose SPLINTERS beneath it.

The atavistic roar of a crowd greets us as two BARE-KNUCKLE FIGHTERS in a makeshift ring withdraw and circle each other.

One of them - BENNET DRAKE (early 40s), grins for his opponent. Tight on his fist as he inspects it. Withdraws a fragment of bone that's lodged in the fleshy webbing. Tosses it back to his OPPONENT --

DRAKE

Yours, shitspade.

And he launches another left right combination. Enough for his OPPONENT to seek time out. He deliberately drops to a knee.

Check DRAKE out - a huge bear of a man. A couple of TATTOOS on his bicep: Sergeants stripes; and a snake coiled about it, eating its own tail.

Boos ring out. SECONDS move in to their men, soap and water them An UMPIRE jumps in. Moves to the centre of the ring and with a piece of chalk draws a yard length's square. A number 3 beside it.

THE CROWD - booming out a count. Thirty downwards. Take them all in. A seething, bawling maelstrom All creeds, all classes. Stevedores and traders; a few blacks; Lascars, Chinamen, Mcks. And the Upper Crust too, easily spotted in their evening dress. All as one in their blood lust --

CROWD

....27, 26, 25....

Find HOBBS now. Pushing through, his eyes desperately scanning them all, and finding who he seeks now. This man, stood the opposite side of the warehouse --

Flinty, piercing eyes, handsomely moustached. This is REID (late 30s), and he's not counting. He's lent against a pillar, conferring and drinking with another man - JOSEPH SMEATON (40s), wily, weasel eyes. Both have a dolled-up TART draped around them

SMEATON - watching the boxer DRAKE. Waiting for the count - and despite his heaviness - he dances nimbly from foot to foot.

SMEATON (above the clamour) He's tasty alright. (MORE) Episode One - YELLOW AVENDS - 10/04/12

SMEATON (cont'd) (beat) Where d'you find him?

REID Ilooked. Wasn't hard.

REID - pulling his TART closer, a hand beneath her bustle --

REID (CONT'D) Fighters; whores... flesh is what you seek, there's no shortage in these parts.

SMEATON grins for that. Likes REID'S style, as --

CROWD 4, 3, 2, 1 ...

And another almighty roar as the two fighters move to the edge of that chalk square and are joined again. DRAKE - easy, dancing about his quarry, more wounding jabs lashing out.

SMEATON (of DRAKE) He's no shame, then? Does as he's bid?

rei d

Money's right, he'll give you his sister and his mother too.

Which is the right answer. SMEATON smiles - until he finds himself jostled, his drink spilt. He reacts, quick to violence, an ugly shiv in his hand, held now in the face of HOBBS.

HOBBS - it was a gambit, but he wasn't expecting this. He holds his hand up --

SMEATON Streak of piss - I've gutted younger for less.

REID - his expression inscrutable, his eyes meeting HOBBS'. And he acts --

> REID (to SMEATON) Let me.

A rabbit punch to HOBBS' throat. The lad gags, collapses to his knees. SMEATON - his regard for this man growing ever more. Watches as REID catches HOBBS, drags him to the wall, pins him to it.

REID - in the boy's face - an inscrutable look.

REID (CONT'D) (vicious; whispered) This had better be good.

HOBBS - a desperate nod, managing to get the words out --

HOBBS They've found a tart. Up on Folgate. (a beat) She's been ripped, Inspector.

REID - his eyes, the shock of this, the worst possible news.

1/7 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

The Black Maria - flying through nighttime streets. Inside those three uniformed COPPERS. And with them - REID. Urgently addressing his men as they travel --

> REID Like as not, word will have spread. We find a mob there - you follow the Sergeant.

And looking now to the boxer DRAKE - towelling the sweat from his body throwing his jacket on. Around his waist he slings a chain, vicious billy club attached to the end of it --

DRAKE

They'll do their duty, sir.

1/8 EXT. FOLGATE-NIGHT

The sounds of a seething MOB - gathered at one end of a now sealed street. Rage and fear in equal measure. DRAKE and the other COPPERS barely manage to hold it all back.

Beyond them a courtyard at the end of the street that is signalled and illuminated for us by a series of phosphorous flashes.

Reveal the source of that strange light - the insect-like shape of a PHOTOGRAPHER, a tripod camera, and the stamen of his flash gun raised high.

Reid, lantern in front of him, stops - despite everything, the machine fixates him. A moments wonder as the gun FLASHES. And reveals the bundle of drapes and flesh that was once a young woman.

rei d

You.

The photographer - CECIL CREIGHTON (50s, pale, bespectacled, unimpressive whiskers) - turning to Reid, who still must shout above the clamour of the mob --

1/8

1/7

REID (CONT'D)

Name.

CREI GHTON

Creighton.

rei d

Creighton - have you touched anything? Arranged matters to your benefit in anyway?

CREI GHTON

No, sir.

REID - stepping slowly, his lantern in front of him, lighting the ground beneath, his eyes keen, focussed as he approaches the body. Moves the light over the corpse. The things he doesn't want to see are the things he sees --

Her cut throat. Slits cut into her eyelids, small stars carved into her flesh and forehead.

REID - the clear dismay on his face at the sight of this. Turns to CREIGHTON --

> REID Who is it's paid for your time here?

> CREIGHTON The Star, Inspector. Who else?

REID Well - you're on my ticket now. I want these details - her face, her eyes, her throat.

CREIGHTON - nothing to be said. He nods, goes to it, as REID steps back. He scans the cobbles all about --

REID (CONT'D) (to himself) No pooling of blood. She wasn't cut here.

He looks up - the sound of the mob baying from the streets at one end of the courtyard, a small alleyway.

REID (CONT'D) Then where was she brought in?

He walks slowly, swinging the lantern before him, working the scene with the little light available. Disturbed now by the sound of a pair of heels clattering into the courtyard.

It's DRAKE, and he looks worried --

7.

REID (CONT'D) (to himself) Come on, boy.

And - Creighton's phosphorous flashes going off behind him he places his arms beneath the drapes and the body. Searches for strength. Lifts. And as he does, a pain (that we won't understand yet) shoots through the left side of his torso and he grimaces, steals himself against it...

1/9 EXT. FOLGATE-NIGHT

1/9

The COPPERS - still somehow holding back the crowd. But the MOB'S fever is intensified now by the sight of REID emerging from the courtyard, that burden in his arms.

But here's DRAKE - riding the Black Maria, whipping the horses through, driving the crowds aside to screams of objection. One DRUNK tries to clamber aboard, but a lash of REID - I eaning down. Right into BEST'S face --

REID (steel) No. They need their fears pacified.

And he pushes the reporter away.

1/11 INT. 22 TENTER STREET / ROSE'S ROOM - NIGHT

A bed, the softest of furnishings, thick, luxurious drapes, low lights. The perfect scene for the carnal delights taking place within.

A tangle of quilt and sheets and limbs, and a young woman's

REID (across her) That this house thrives - and that your girls aren't walking the streets this night - is at my whim and indulgence, Madam Don't forget that. As an angle will of the street of the s

SUSAN - she resents the truth of that. Finds a shrug --

LONG SUSAN Why should I care? It's not as if he ever pays...

1/14 INT. 22 TENTER STREET / ROSE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 1/14

INT. CELL - LEMAN STREET - NIGHT 1/16

Reid - turning this wall into a makeshift gallery of these previous SCENE OF CRIME PHOTOGRAPHS. Turning to the dead and disfigured woman laid out on an oak table.

JACKSON - looking at Reid. The gravity of what might be laid out before them --

JACKSON Is it him?

Reid - a long beat, his grim fear, but --

REI D That's what you're here to find out.

JACKSON And your sudden passion for the furtive?

REI D I must be sure before that hell rises again.

JACKSON - a nod. Understands the grave severity of this. Takes his coat off, opens his satchel, removes a battered wooden box. The box - glimpse the faded engraving on its lid: UNITED STATES ARMY. And inside - the tools of an autopsy kit.

> **JACKSON** Get her naked, Sergeant Drake.

DRAKE - not sure he likes Jackson's tone, but REID nods to him and he moves to the body.

> JACKSON (CONT'D) (sharp) Gently. Are those hands or meat hooks? (beat) Really. It's no wonder to me at all you're a bachelor.

DRAKE - a special kind of hatred for this man.

1/17INT. CELL - LEMAN STREET - LATER

The body - naked, its wounds washed. JACKSON and REID in their shirtsleeves, poring over it. The slash across the throat. Jackson looks to Reid. Every fact an escalator to their worst of fears --

> JACKSON The hemorrhage is from the severance of the left carotid.

1/16

1/17

REID The stroke left to right.

DRAKE

Like the others.

The carvings in her face --

JACKSON Stars, aren't they? And this - her eyelids slit apart...

REID (as the grave) Catherine Eddowes and Mary Jane

Catherine Eddowes and Mary Jar Kelly had the same.

DRAKE

And the writing on the wall? Like Goulston Street the night we found M ss Eddowes' apron. The same words as was in that letter...

JACKSON - moving down the rest of her body. Her thighs.

1/18 INT. LEMAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

REID - on the move back through the chaos of reception. Heading for the doors, as --

ARTHERTON

Mr. Reid, sir.

REID - turning. Seeing the wiry, bespectacled form of his Desk Sergeant. Going to him

ARTHERTON (CONT'D) I'm hearing strange rumours.

rei d

Oh yes.

ARTHERTON

Mmm That there's an unregistered female on the premises.

REID - casting a look about him Various WHORES laughing in a corner.

REI D

Al ways an abundance of those, Sergeant.

ARTHERTON - a thin smile --

ARTHERTON

I'm not here to judge you, sir. Just to remind you of our obligations under the law.

REID And I thank you for that, Artherton. Always.

1/19 EXT. CREIGHTON BASEMENT - NIGHT

An ugly, subterranean basement. A steel door and padlock. Which Reid now hammers upon --

> REID Creighton! Open up.

1/20 OMITTED

1/21 INT. CREIGHTON BASEMENT - NIGHT

Barely anything to suggest this is home. A camp-bed; two-ring stove. A filthy sink in which the man might occasionally wash his face.

What life is lived here is devoted to work. Shelves and chemicals and lenses and apparatuses.

1/19

1/20

1/21

1/18

16.

And Creighton - bent over his fixing solution, images appearing on photographic paper.

Reid - watching. He picks up a dry plate. Touches his fingers to the edges. Rubs the GELATIN SOLUTION that emerges from it between his fingers. Puts the plate back, wipes his hand on his trouser leg.

CREIGHTON - handing a couple of images to REID. The DEAD WOMAN'S face, that message on the wall, the cobblestones.

REID grabs for a magnifying glass, studies one in particular. The way dirt and dust and leaves have been divided and pushed apart --

> REID This one - which side of the courtyard?

CREI GHTON

(checks) North.

REID He brought her in through the alleyway.

CREIGHTON - it makes no bones to him. He presses on. Moves steadily through a rack of photographic plates. Hands a few more similar prints to REID. Stops after a while.

REID points to a few more plates --

REID (CONT'D)

And those.

CREIGHTON I over-exposed them

REID - his eyes, studying the man --

REID Worth our while to check, however...

A curt nod from CREIGHTON. He takes the plates to the solution, immerses them Silence for a long beat as he washes the plates. And feels REID very close behind him now --

REID (CONT'D) Do you think me some bone-headed flatfoot?

He takes CREIGHTON'S arm Pushes him aside.

REID (CONT'D) They need to come out. (a beat) (MORE) Professional man like yourself. I would have thought you'd know better.

REID - taking over, fixing the image himself now. CREIGHTON watching, his calmevaporating as REID watches the image take shape. Grabbing for another of the earlier prints. Two images of the corpse in the alleyway. Key differences between the two photographs, though . One has that graffiti on the wall; the other does not .

REID - a cocktail of fury at the deception and hope at what that might mean. Thrusts a photograph at CREIGHTON --

REID (CONT'D) Where's the message? The writing on the wall, Creighton... Down On Whores. (that steel) Was it you painted it up there?

CREIGHTON - a direct look for REID --

CREIGHTON You know who it was.

rei d

Best.

CREIGHTON (confirms it) I just record what I see.

Reid - one last look for him and he's gone.

1/22-23AOMITTED

1/22-23A

1/24

1/24 INT. THE STAR - DAY

FRED BEST - a vivid red waist coat today. Ever jaunty, pushing

REID (CONT'D) The later ones. They would have known what that lunatic intended for their bodies. Do you have a pity for them?

He turns BEST - thrusts him toward a framed edition. The drawing of a hunted looking man. The print screaming: John Pizer . Is this the Whitechapel Killer?

> REID (CONT'D) A pity for the many men whose lives you have ruined with accusations?

BEST (a protest) I have never accused. I have asked questions. Speculated!

Another headline on the wall. The Star reporting that the killer has written to the police, a copy of the latter where he signs himself Jack The Ripper - that name, the vast bold letters of the legend.

REID (off this) Speculate. Well I speculate. About you, Best. About the hand that penned that letter. A letter I never credited as bona fide. (beat) And now this.

REID - taking CREIGHTON's prints of the crime scene. Showing them to BEST. Then pushing the man hard into the wall; that framed edition crashing to the floor by his feet.

REID (CONT'D) What else did you alter?

BEST - sprung. Doesn't deny it. Eyes Reid directly. Smiles --

BEST

Nothing. Didn't have to, did I? Just underlined what's plain to a man who's as intimate with the Ripper's doings as myself.

REID - a look of contempt for this.

BEST (CONT'D) (off this; sly) Myself and Chief Inspector Abberline.

Which gets just the urgent reaction BEST was hoping for --

REID You've spoke with Fred Abberline?

BEST - straightening his waistcoat; knows the balance of power here has been re-calibrated --

BEST

Your boss as was. I have. And he finds himself in agreement with me. Our friend is back.

REID - his cold eyes on BEST, he collects the print of the

1/25 INT. LEMAN STREET - DAY

REID - deeply preoccupied, pushing in hard and head down as --

ARTHERTON (O.S.)

I nspect or . . .

REID barely looks at the bespectacled Desk Sergeant.

REID I know, Artherton. It's taken care of.

ARTHERTON It's not that, sir...

REID (turning on him) Then what?

ARTHERTON - clear discomfort, eyebrows raised toward --

The stooped and haggard form of CHIEF INSPECTOR FREDERICK ABBERLINE (50s). He is not all that much older than REID, but he wears his years, the stresses of his professional life, with a weary and belligerent gloom

> ARTHERTON Our past come to say how-do.

Reid - squaring his shoulders. Moving to the man --

REID (CONT'D) Chief Inspector Abberline of the 'Yard. What merits such a visit.

ABBERLINE Enough dancing, Detective. If there's a diced up girl in this shop, she's mine.

1/26 INT. CORRIDORS - LEMAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

1/26

Reid and Abberline - advancing through the inner tributaries of the station. UNIFORMED MEN stand aside as they go. Watch the deference observed for Abberline, as --

> ABBERLINE (greeting them) Watts. Cartwright. (and) My greetings to Margaret. And your boys, Ted.

Reid - that fury. Makes a mental note to have both men drawn across coals. Pushes on.

1/25

21.

ABBERLINE That Yankee clap-doctor!

> REID (rising in defence)

1/32 INT. CELL - LEMAN STREET - DAY

REID (cont'd) These stars and slits in her face with Kelly and Eddowes, they were a postscript, an indulgence. (to Abberline) This girl - they're top billing.

ABBERLINE - the logic may be wearing him down, but this is the obsession of his life and he's not going to give it up as easy as all that. He has a long look for REID, then --

> ABBERLINE This is theory. Not proof. (then) Get proof. If you cannot, I'll pull rank and claim her.

And with a curt nod for REID, he ignores the other two and heads for the door.

REID - watching him go. A sadness certainly. But the bit is between his teeth now. He spins back to Jackson --

rei d

What else?

Jackson - points out the photographs, the blank wall, the writing *Down On Whores* --

JACKSON (CONT'D)

What ever your friend Best's connivery, she had been serviced. Recently. And vigorously.

DRAKE

So - she was a tart?

JACKSON

I reckon not. I make her no younger than twenty-eight, and her skin, nailbeds... the essential health of her - apparatus. By that age... even the more costly are - worn through.

REID So, if she wasn't a professional...

JACKSON My guess - the lady taught fiddle.

A scoffing hoot of disbelief from DRAKE. But JACKSON ignores him, focusses on REID, who's intent, interested --

JACKSON (CONT'D)

And she lived to the north. The new suburbs.

DRAKE Has the Pinkerton been conferring with spirits!?

REID Enough Sergeant. (to JACKSON) Go on.

JACKSON - grateful for this, continues --

JACKSON

Beneath her chin. See the moon-like impression in the clavicle. Her fingers. The skin toughened and puckered by strings. (beat) And her hair - there are heavy deposits in it. Soot.

REID (a smile) From the underground railway.

Jackson - shucking his coat on. Ready to go. Allows himself this little moment of victory --

JACKSON Which arrives - Drake - from which direction?

DRAKE - a bulldog who's swallowed a wasp.

1/32A INT. LEMAN STREET - BOOKING OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 1/32A

Jackson - on his way out the door as Reid barks his instructions --

REID Finchley, Highgate, Crouch End missing persons reports. There won't be too many lady violinists.

DRAKE Just a warning, sir. It may take some time.

A sharp look from REID --

DRAKE (CONT'D) The Type Printing Telegraphs that you ordered...

REID What of them? They're faster.

DRAKE So it's said, sir.. Jackson - stopping at something. Turning back in and --

JACKSON

Reid.

Reid stops. Looks to him --

JACKSON You have a type-printer?

Reid - a long look for him. Then jerks his head to follow.

1/33-34 OMITTED

1/ 33- 34

1/35 INT. LEMAN STREET - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

The frankly terrified face of Constable Hobbs, his neck rigid in a bright, white brace, sat at the only desk in this white, pristine, silent space. A world away from the rest of the station.

On the desk and in front of Hobbs - a shiny, new Telegraph. Entirely untouched.

> REID Hobbs. You were instructed, were you not?

HOBBS Yes, Inspect or.

rei d

Well?

HOBBS It's a bit of a handful, sir.

REID (a frustration) It's the future!

DRAKE - gentle, stepping in --

DRAKE The lad might come to terms with it sooner, sir, if you weren't stood so close.

REID - acknowledging this. Steps back. To JACKSON who's greatly entertained by all this --

Jackson - a smile, his own curiosity suddenly fired by the question --

JACKSON From a peeper's dry plate?

Reid - a nod confirms it.

1/36 EXT. REID HOME - DAY

Although not sure where we are yet. A tidy, modest home. And - O'S - the growing sounds of a man and woman in congress.

1/37 INT. BEDROOM - REID HOME - DAY

The source of those sounds: a man and a woman who have barely bothered to undress. REID and a WOWAN we've not met before. She is younger than him, very pretty. His wife, EMLY.

REID - his hands pressed down on her shoulders. Their eyes fixed on the other. You wouldn't call it love-making. But it is intense and it is consensual. Much passes between them

1/38 INT. BEDROOM - REID HOME - DAY

REID - exhausted, sat now on the edge of the bed --

REID I'm home for a coat and shirt.

EMLY - emerging from a bathroom Gives him a look for that --

EMLY Not simply that.

rei d

No.

EMLY (matter of fact) And now you go back.

REID It can't be helped.

EMLY - a nod. Moves to a linen cupboard, opens it. Selects from a pile of freshly pressed shirts. Hands one to him

REID (CONT'D)

Thank you.

REID - only now removing the one he's still wearing --

REID (CONT'D) I'll try to get word to you, if I'm to be gone [all night]...

EMLY (across him) There's no need, Edmund54wD-suel0.198 Tc 0.022 T0Twgt.

1/37

1/38

And he throws the old shirt into a laundry basket, turns back to her in his vest.

For us - the shocking and pitiful sight of his left shoulder. TERRIBLE BURNS. Mottled scars stretch from his upper arm to just beneath his neck. Emily, however, is unmoved --

EMILY And what is it you imagine I worry about?

If there's an answer to that question Reid is not prepared to offer it. Finds a weak smile for her. Turns from the room

1/39 INT. REID HOME - REID'S CHAMBER - DAY

1/39

REID - climbing another set of stairs, pushing into this attic room His bolt-hole. A day bed that is much slept in. A lovingly constructed hot-air balloon swings from the ceiling. Books and bookshelves everywhere. Contemporary science and mathematics mainly. Posters advertising lectures at the Royal Society - among them see a recent one: Edward Muybridge's -Studies in Animal Locomotion. The images of a horse captured in motion repeatedly; as if in flight.

He moves to a mirrored cabinet. From within a bottle of some

1/41 INT. DRAKE COTTAGE - DAY 2

A truly vacant space. The smallest of worker's cottages. A kitchen, a bedroom, a small washing chamber. On the sideboard - a solitary cup and plate washed and upturned.

DRAKE - washed, in front of a mirror. The bruises and cuts about his hands. Hands that turn to his uniform A clothesbrush swept across it; brass buttons polished on his tunic; black boots polished.

These tasks somehow completed, he turns to a small table. On it - a book. Check the title - Etiquette For The Modern Gentleman. How Manners Maketh The Man.

It's some kind of Victorian self-help manual. But DRAKE clearly takes it very seriously. The book is well-thumbed, sections underlined and ticked off.

Then - from a pocket he's placing a couple of crowns inside a small brass tin. Placing the tin back inside a bare cupboard.

1/41A INT. 22 TENTER STREET / JACKSON'S ROOMS - DAY 2 1/41A

Small. A bed. A basin. An examining table and a sooty overhead light. On the wall - a few entirely spurious and florid medical qualifications. Various solutions in jars.

And Jackson on his knees, pulling storage crates out from underneath. Inside: various phials, all labelled - Dr. Jackson's Topical Remedy . Not what he's looking for. Pushes it aside. Reaches for another crate. Examines its contents --

JACKSON

Got you.

1/42INT. LEMAN STREET - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY 21/42

The Type Printing Telegraph - clattering away. A strip of paper sprouting from it. Hands ripping it off. Moving to the door, throwing it open to the clamour of Leman Street and --

HOBBS (gleeful triumph) Send a runner for Mr. Reid. (beat) He'll be taking the Metropolitan -Finchley's missing a violinist.

1/43 VARIOUS ARCHIVED IMAGES

The Victorian Steam Engine dream Maps and machines and advertisements. A new age!

1/44 EXT. FINCHLEY - DAY 2

The sounds of a railway engine departing. Smoke in the air perhaps.

1/41

1/ 43

1/44

And Reid and Drake - turning out on to this wide street.

DRAKE It's the call to send them underground that troubles me, sir. Seems unnatural.

REID Well - they're building more. More trains, digging more tunnels. It means the city can spread out - and we can stop living like rats.

Drake - looking around him The trees, the grass. Genteel, peaceful, entirely to be desired.

*

DRAKE What? And come live on these streets?

REID Would you like that, Bennet?

DRAKE (may as well walk on water) I'dlike many things, sir.

REID - a sad little smile for that. And on they walk. Until --

DRAKE Left here. Number 42.

Left they turn. REID, noticing an impressive coach parked * opposite - two black horses, plumage, a coachman. On they go, * past small but tended front gardens. Down a pathway. To a * door that's hanging open...

REID - casting DRAKE a curious look, calling out --

rei d

Mr. Thwaites, sir? It's the police.

Rove. Krebbern-mod, due AskEa assoltaneaymoug v.a coassh of sme hingsbe ngsburn.d

And Drake is racing through in an instant. Sees --The window bust open and two GREATCOATS *

JACKSON (off this) JACKSON (cont'd) (beat) That man wants to make a friend of me, he's welcome. 'Cause if he ain't a friend he's an enemy; and an enemy like that we do not need. So please - which of your girls has a leaning to smut?

SUSAN - a long look for him, weighing this up. Then she heads for the door, opens it and shouts --

LONG SUSAN Myrtle! Get Rose up here.

1/49 INT. 22 TENTER STREET / JACKSON'S ROOMS - DAY 2 1/49

Tight on a photograph, printed on a postcard. A set of them and of significantly better quality than the previous. Hands and thumb flick through the cards, creating a moving image of sorts. Of ROSE - slowly undressing and disporting herself.

JACKSON - looking up from the pictures. Looking at ROSE. Who's brazen. Just looks at him right back. Cheeks him --

> ROSE You can keep'emif you like.

> > JACKSON

I may. (beat) Where'd you get these done, Rose?

ROSE - looking to LONG SUSAN; who nods her approval.

1/50 INT. THWAITES HOUSE - DAY 2

REID and DRAKE help THWAITES into a chair. Sit next to him as the man drinks water, recovers.

REID Mr. Thwaites. Those men - did they put you up there?

A traumatised nod from THWAITES --

DRAKE Boarded a coach with some toff. Trimmed whiskers. Black Moustache.

THVAITES, unsure now.

1/50

*

*

PORNOGRAPHER

Never better. These halftone copiers have changed the world for I, o rastinguest. sseso (beat) We find the right distribution... Rose here'll be lighting them up in

Rose here'll be lighting them up in Blackpool.

JACKSON

Imagine that, Rose - total strangers - from the North, feasting their eyes on you...

ROSE

Sarah Bernhardt and I shall be one of a piece.

JACKSON

'Already are, Rose.

Which she likes. Threads her arm through his as they walk on.

1/ 52 INT. LEMAN STREET - CORRIDORS / CELL - DAY

REID and THWAITES - stopped outside this closed door.

rei d

Whatever the outcome here, it may s on whatlobecksafleirkfosconymeksfitnodrefmla/ARGEnitWOODESONCABINEET a while, Mr. Thwaites. (beat) Until we find those men.

THWAITES - an anguished nod. Then REID raps on the door. The locks turn from within as DRAKE opens up from inside.

1/53 INT. CELL - LEMAN STREET - DAY

THWAITES - his head turning toward the cadaver, her modesty protected by a sheet. The ashen confirmation of what he already suspected --

THVAI TES

Ch Maude.

1/54 EXT. THE COURTYARD - DAY

JACKSON and ROSE97.0 f4(loc dEclcadaagM1 0.01ot.Nurtywar.e) Tj 1 0 0

. т

1/53

1/54

1/52

JACKSON Don't you all catch cold out here?

ROSE Wouldn't know. Never been here before.

And they turn to leave. Back through into the warehouse. Heading for the stairs. Where JACKSON stops by a large waste paper container. Has a quick rifle through it all. Cast-offs, over-exposures, that kind of thing. But something takes his eye. The image is over-exposed, useless - but there are figures discernible in it. Naked flesh; a man's hand clasping a buttock. Jackson's eyes go wide. He pockets the image.

1/55 INT. THE BROWN BEAR - DAY

A pub - thick with smoke and talk and off-duty COPPERS. A very masculine energy about the place, it's yards from HQ and where our men come to DRINK.

Follow a BUSBOY. Two enormous CHOPS on tin-plates. A tin-pot of beer, 2 glasses, unceremoniously dumped now in front of REID and DRAKE. They set in --

rei d

We have her name.

DRAKE We know how she was killed.

REI D

And not hing else.

Then - a disturbance. An alteration in the currents of the room The place quieting. Reid and Drake - looking up to see many men and their suspicious eyes on --

Jackson - perfectly unworried about this. Moving toward Reid and Drake.

DRAKE

(going back to his chop) What does he want?

Jackson - above them Tossing on to the table his little collection of porn cards. Rose disports herself in front of them Drake almost chokes on his lunch.

> JACKSON (CONT'D) (cont'd) Your lead, Inspector. Your notion about the dry plates...

> > DRAKE

Disgusting.

JACKSON Disgustingly remunerative. 1/55

And he pulls up a chair. Sits. JACKSON

JACKSON

It's more evolved...

Reid - taking it in, and --

1/56 INT. THE DEN - NIGHT

The briefest of glimpses. Maude Thwaites and an unseen man -FLASH-PHOTOGRAPHED in the grip of passion.

1/57 INT. THE BROWN BEAR - CONTINUOUS

REID Was Maude Thwaites caught up with this?

Drake - turning the image in his hands. Trying to figure out just what it is he's looking at. And then he sees it. He goes puce. Slams the image down on the table.

JACKSON

Would fit. (beat) No streetwalker; but so recently and energetically squired...

Reid - picking up those cards. Eyeing Jackson --

REID I amin your debt.

Jackson - I eaning back. Considering both men --

JACKSON You let me know which scratch Drake takes his fall in tonight - l'll consider it paid.

Reid - the ghost of a smile at that.

1/58 INT. LEMAN STREET - REID'S OFFICE - DAY

Beneath Reid's Ripper-wall sits CHRISTIAN THWAITES - his recent tragedy and the attempt on his life heavy upon him But he looks at us now with an expression of entirely startled offence --

> THWAITES You've no right to ask me this thing.

REID - his stony features; DRAKE stood with him

REID I fear we have every right, sir. (beat) (MORE) 1/57

1/56

1/58

REID (cont'd) Your wife's body bears the signs of recent intimacy and I need to know if that intimacy was shared with yourself.

THVAI TES

Of course it was.

But he can't meet REID'S eye. Looks away.

REID (after a moment; gentle) Mr. Thwaites - why do you think those men chose to string you up the way they did? THMAITES I've told you - I have no idea who they were.

rei d

No. I mean - there was trouble taken to make it appear selfslaughter. As if guilt or shame had driven you to it. In any event they wanted your silence. But just what is it that they feared you might speak of? What shame Mr. Thwaites?

REID - setting the pornographic cards of ROSE down in front of THWAITES; that over-exposed image too --

REID (CONT'D)

This shame?

THWAITES - a collapse taking place from within, a crumbling --

REID How far and how openly did your wife share her intimacy?

Reid waits. Studies the man's pallor; everything broken within. Still he waits. Until --

THWAI TES

Everything she did, she did for us. For me - so that my pride might not be ruined.

(he looks down) When I found her - she lived near here. In Whitechapel. She played for the children of the orphanage on Criterion Street. From where I hoped to deliver her. My church group - we raise supplies for a number of poor schools in the borough. I loved her immediately. I took candied oranges for the orphans and left with a wife. (beat) My wife was not a prostitute, Inspector.

DRAKE No one has accused her of that, Mr. Thwaites.

THMAI TES

(across him, eyes on REID) Before I married her, however... she confessed to a certain practicality. 39.

REI D But then, as you say, you delivered her... THWAI TES I did. I promised her comfort and dignity; pupils to be taken in her own home. DRAKE And she deceived you. THWAITES - the most rueful of smiles --THWAI TES No Sergeant - the deception was mine. (beat) My employment was not as secure as I thought. I had no grounds to promise her those things. (anot her beat) Her home, even her violin - I mortgaged it all. REID - beginning to understand now --REI D So she returned here. (beat) Fortunate for you that she was so practical. THWAITES - he can't even bring himself to look at REID. DRAKE Where did she go? THWAI TES I don't know. DRAKE Who did she go to? THWAI TES I don't know. REI D Mr. Thwaites - Sergeant Drake fights London Prize Ring tonight. It's unwise to rile him

THWAITES just laughs at that --

THWAITES Do you think you can hurt me? Here, now - when my most profound wish is that those men had succeeded in their task. (beat) Can't you see, Inspector, that I am the last person who would ever know about the things she did because as far as I was concerned it wasn't happening at all.

1/ 59- 60 OMITTED

1/59-60

1/61

1/61 INT. LEMAN STREET - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

REID and DRAKE - on the walk through Leman Street's humming corridors.

DRAKE

(mid flow) ...the shame is too much; he follows her. Kills her.

REID He'd need lodgings. Somewhere to do the work on her.

Reid - looking up at the Case Board. New upon it: MAUDE THWAITES / MURDER; arrow and question mark leading to the Ripper column.

Reid takes a cloth. Rubs that arrow out. Turns back in to the room Finds Drake there --

REID Well, Sergeant. Fit and able?

DRAKE

Yes sir.

1/62 EXT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Swooping in hard and low down the river. Heading for this same warehouse. The sounds of a bedlam building.

1/63 INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

That seething, clamorous mass of men - once more baying on their two men in the ring. DRAKE and a shorter, squatter BULL of a man.

DRAKE'S reach and superior skill have opened up a fierce cut above BULL'S left eye. A gash that DRAKE is intent on working on - his jab flying out, connecting. Blood spraying from the wound into the laps of the SAILORS sat adjacent to the ring. They scream their approval.

BULL - a judicious time out. He drops to one knee. DRAKE withdraws.

In the crowd, find: JACKSON - sat on his own, smoking a cheroot, enjoying himself; CONSTABLE HOBBS - lent against a pillar, another PLAINCLOTHES by his side. He nods for another two PLAINCLOTHES sat up in the bleachers, looking down perhaps four rows beneath them - to REID and JOSEPH SMEATON, sat together, exchanging glances, readying themselves as --

In the ring - the UMPIRE draws that chalk square, writes a number 5 next to it --

UMPIRE (bellowing it out) numdF. H! 1 0 0 1 96 420.38 Tm - 0.195 Tc 0.017 T5 (DRAM

1/63

DRAKE - in the ring, dancing as the BULL comes at him He jabs, dances away again, as his opponent kicks out at him

The clamour of the crowd: a particular knot of WELL-TO-DO GENTS gathered in a shadowy recess. Champagne, a fog of cigar smoke, clearing now to reveal a man we know --

DONALDSON, the man Drake saw in the carriage. Drinking, smoking, his dark eyes are intent on the action. Where --

The BULL takes a swipe with his spikes. Opens up a cut on DRAKE'S thigh. DRAKE - the pain. And a fury. He ducks into the BULL - unleashes savagery. Sends the man reeling.

SMEATON - casting a worried look at REID, shouts --

SMEATON (CONT'D) Thought you said he could be trusted!

But REID'S ignoring him Focussed intently on the ring. Where DRAKE is dancing away once more from the BULL'S feet. Spinning, his eye moving out to the crowd, where it alights now on DONALDSON.

For his part, DONALDSON has made no connection with the fighter and the policeman who tore a door from his coach. He drinks from the neck of a bottle of champagne.

DRAKE - can't believe who he might have just seen. Scans the crowds to find him again. Does so. DONALDSON - finding the fighter staring at him, beginning to make the connection.

The BULL - witnessing his opponent's distraction, his dropped guard. He steps in with an UPPERCUT.

DRAKE - his eyes still on DONALDSON as he feels his world collapse and fold and BLACK OUT.

1/64 INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

1/64

Screams of triumph and despair. SMEATON - delighted and on his feet. He claps REID on the back and moves away, giddy with greed and pleasure. REID - watching him, moving to a bank of PUNTERS. Some delighted - like Jackson here, pocketing cash, others - many more - entirely aggrieved.

Watch SMEATON - in his element, stood on a bleacher, taking vast amounts of money in.

REID - watching the money very carefully. SMEATON'S takings go into one pocket, whilst THE PAY-OUT IS TAKEN FROM ANOTHER.

CUT TO.

DRAKE - his face, desperately trying to reassemble his senses.

The world spinning around him, he claws at the ground. Tries to raise himself upright, to focus on that area of crowd, to find Donaldson again, but the world just swims.

BACK TO:

REID - signalling now to HOBBS and the other PLAINCLOTHES and stepping forward, his men forming a phalanx behind him Moving for SMEATON.

The PUNTERS - seeing this body of men, their intent. They move aside. Reveal SMEATON, who turns, sees Reid. These men behind him And the penny drops. The betrayal of it --

SMEATON (CONT'D) You....!? You're blue!?

REID - a nod for HOBBS, who reveals his warrant card.

REID Joseph Smeaton. I'm arresting you for the organization of, and illicit profiteering from proscribed fights. (to HOBBS) Put the irons on him

And the PUNTERS scatter now. Word spreading like fire through the crowds. The WELL-TO-DO the sharpest to scramble.

Jackson - stood in the melee. Pushing against it. Eyes on Drake. Making for him

BACK TO:

DRAKE - his breathing shallow. Craning himself to see as the crowds shout and scatter. The flash of Donaldson's face. Dragging himself to his knees. Trying to shout. No words forming. And appalled to find his head suddenly taken and held in Jackson's hands --

> JACKSON Drake. Hold still. I have you.

BACK TO:

Reid - oblivious, facing Smeaton's fury and indignation --

SMEATON Buckle me?! They'll be leaving their earnings with another body tomorrow. You need to put the iron on every man-jack in East London!

But then --

JACKSON (O.S.) Reid! Here! Reid spinning. Sees Drake - struggling in Jackson's lap. Moves fast to them His concern --

REID

What? Is he...

JACKSON He's fine. Glass-jaw. But he's fine.

But Drake is clasping at Reid, trying to find words --

DRAKE Sir! The toff. The whiskers. At Mr. Thwaites'...

And he manages somehow to reach; point --

DRAKE

Ther e!

Reid - electrified. Turning. Sees Donaldson disappear through a doorway. Takes to his heels.

1/64A EXT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Donaldson - a measured pace about him Climbing into his carriage, and a word for his Coachman --

DONALDSON Best make haste, Tucker.

CUT TO.

1/64A

Reid - great hope, great urgency. Descending on this carriage. Ripping the door open to reveal --

A TERRIFIED MOUSTACHED TOFF. But not the Moustached Toff he wants.

Reid slams the door. Spins. And sees --

A pack of SIM LAR CARRIAGES disappearing into the night.

He screams in frustration.

1/64B INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Reid - all fury, pacing hard back to where Smeaton still struggles in these Plainclothes' arms.

REID Hold him (beat) The men that come here. The ones with canes and toppers and money to spend I'm sure... Dark hair. Trimmed whiskers. Moustache. 45.

1/ 64B

But Smeaton just laughs bitterly at him --

SMEATON Men like that here? A hundred of them every week.

SMEATON (cont'd)

(beat) Louse. Lurker. Magsman. Even if I could tell 'em apart - l'd cut my tongue out before I blew on 'em to you.

And he spits a lump of sputum on to REID'S face.

HOBBS and another of the PLAINCLOTHES - laying into SMEATON with their clubs; blows to face and stomach.

REID stops them Coolly reaches into SMEATON'S pocket. For the money he was paying out. Looks at it --

REID Counterfeit currency. I shall send you down for snide too, Joe.

And he uses the money to wipe the spit away. Grabs SMEATON'S face, pushes his mouth apart and shoves the money inside it.

1/65 INT. LEMAN STREET - CORRIDORS / CELL - NIGHT 1/65

REID - still holding that arm, walks with DRAKE. The sweat of the fight still on him, the bruising around his face --

REID If he has anything to tell us about this man, we're taking it this time.

Their injuries, their grim purpose, striding toward us. Opening a cell door now, to find --

CHRISTIAN THWAITES - slumped. His shirt removed and tied through the bars of his cell. The other end of it about his neck. Quite dead.

REID (CONT'D) (cont'd) Oh no, no... Get Jackson!

1/66 INT. LEMAN STREET - REID'S OFFICE - NIGHT

1/66

A knock at the door. DRAKE slings it open to reveal ARTHERTON - the desk sergeant --

ARTHERTON

Mr. Thwaites' particulars, sir.

A nod from REID. He gestures at the desk. Where ARTHERTON deposits a buff envelope.

JACKSON

May I?

REID nods. JACKSON produces the usual belongings, wallet, watch, keys. Goes through the wallet. Produces a photograph.

Reid, Drake, Jackson - lanterns in hand, pushing into the basement. Utter silence. A sense of abandonment.

And then the three men are SEARCHING the place. Drake - that camp-bed turned over; meagre personal belongings rifled through.

Reid - turning draws and records out. Jackson the same. A trunk. Clearing the junk from it. Checking its dimensions, and --

JACKSON

False bottom

So he stamps through it. Pulls the remains away. Reaches in. And turns to the other two with his hands full of a treasure trove of Victorian pornography.

Flicking through it. His face recoils at it. Harder, much more upsetting than the images he was exposed to with ROSE; even harder that what that over-exposed image hinted at.

> JACKSON Drake - you may want to avert your eyes. This is strong meat.

REID - finding more in there. Similarly aghast at what he sees --

rei d

Got her.

MAUDE THWAITES - many images of her in many different poses.

JACKSON

JACKSON It's roll-film, isn't it? For that new box-camera...

REID No - it's wider than that. Built for broader spools. A much bigger device.

DRAKE

Like these?

DRAKE - found a box of self-made wooden spools.

REID Yes like those.

JACKSON - studying the film Innocent images these - a bird in a cage, but --

JACKSON Look at this. All exactly the same.

rei d

Show me.

JACKSON does so. But as they confer - a sharp noise. They turn for the entrance. See a figure silhouetted there --

REID (CONT'D)

Cr ei ght on.

But then the phosphorous glow of a CIGARETTE LIGHTER. A flame connecting to something else - one of those rolls of film, it FLARES ALIVE as --

CREIGHTON - illuminated, looks at an aghast REID and --

REID (CONT'D)

No.

CREIGHTON tosses what is now a strip of fire directly into a box at REID'S feet. More film HUNGRY FOR THE FLAMES. A sudden conflagration.

1/68 EXT. CREIGHTON BASEMENT - NIGHT 1/68

CREIGHTON - taking up that sledgehammer, sliding it through the brackets of the steel door. And calmly walking away.

1/69 INT. CREIGHTON HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT 1/69

The fire - spreading eagerly. REID - bounding past it. Hurling himself at the basement door. But there's no give whatsoever. He turns back, sees --

DRAKE - moving to a cistern. And throwing water to douse the flames.

49.

But the three of them stunned to see the flames unaffected. Spreading. Smoke everywhere now --

DRAKE

What kind of fire will not be doused!?

REID The nitrates. They're flammable.

DRAKE - realising the horror of their predicament now --

DRAKE

Then everything dies here. All evidence.

JACKSON

All the men who know of it.

Fire - terrifying, rampant. Gelatin plates pop and crackle as they're swallowed. REID, DRAKE and JACKSON forced further back from it, choking on the NOXIOUS FUMES.

REID - casting about him, looking for something, anything to get them out of this. Scans the shelves of chemicals and compounds that line the basement walls. An idea forming, he shouts to DRAKE now --

rei d

Give me your arml

DRAKE - confused, doing as he's bid. REID - ripping at each sleeve of his jacket, removing two squares of material.

JACKSON

(beginning to get it) Oh Reid.

REID The door. Clear out the space between its hinges. The same directly opposite.

DRAKE

The steel is five inches thick, Mr. Reid. It'll never give.

rei d

Do it, Sergeant.

DRAKE needs no further encouragement. Grabs a metal spatula. Goes to work on the doorway. REID - moving down the shelves of chemicals. Reaches down two containers. From one he pours a granular substance carefully into the folds of the material of DRAKE'S jacket.

JACKSON Phosphorous. Flash powder.

REID - twisting the material into two balls. Finds tongs and carefully dunks the balls into the gelatinous liquid that's inside the other container --

JACKSON (CONT'D) (to REID) Is that nitrocellulose?

A curt nod from REID. JACKSON - can't quite believe it --

JACKSON (CONT'D) (to DRAKE) The crazy bastard's making guncotton!

REID - pushing DRAKE aside now. Reaches and inserts the

1/70 EXT. CREIGHTON BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

KABOOM !!!

That sledgehammer flies back. The door is wrenched, bent and sheared apart. But there is a hole.

1/71 I/E. CREIGHTON HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 1/71

Oxygen rushing into the basement. Fire exploding with it. REID, JACKSON and DRAKE - fighting through it. DRAKE - first through. Wrenching that hole wider. Reaching for REID. Pulling him out.

And here's JACKSON looking out at him Flames, his outreached hands, needs his help.

DRAKE - holding for the briefest of moments; just enough to strike mortal fear into JACKSON --

JACKSON Come on! I was joking, Drake. A bad habit I've developed for men who intimidate me!

DRAKE - a broad smile all of a sudden. Reaching through and dragging the American into the safety of the night air.

1/72 EXT. 22 TENTER STREET - NIGHT

1/7702

LONG SUSAN - escorting ROSE and two other GIRLS through the doorway, out on to the street, where --

A large coach waits for them - 2 black horses, black plumage, a new carriage door. And strapped to its roof - a LARGE WOODEN CABINET; the same cabinet that the more observant amongst us will remember from the porn studio.

ROSE, MYRTLE, a couple of other GIRLS. Taken by the luxury of the carriage. By the sight of the COACHMAN handing a large bund. 48 Tm - 0. 193 Tc 193 Tc - 0. F(EXT. handi Su 199 ri 2 fe. 00. 48 Tm - 0. 1

DONALDSON all ready satisfies the cartilage

DONALDSON (CONT'D) Turkish Delight.

He takes the girls' hands, leads them to this wooden sweet box. Rose luxuriates in the softness of the seats. The almond sweetness and sugar on her lips. And sensing something --

ROSE

DOw48.4mt96Th&t2ewBogInceronTejnetusoemeincsh,erler;e.s.iDI?pymlk (DONALDSON - lighting

DONALDSON - lighting a cigarette. And in the glowte. And in th4i/g0 1

(a wonder in him now) The precise details of our lives caught and re-presented to others.

REID - another thought. Producing now the singed and curled portraits of Donaldson and Maude Thwaites doing extraordinary

JACKSON In the right circles - it would make them a mint.

DRAKE Then they'd make more.

REID - the same ghastly thought has taken root in him as well. He jabs at DONALDSON'S ghoulish likeness --

REI D

This man. We have to find this man.

- 1/77 OMITTED. CONTENT MOVED TO 1/81
- 1/78 I/E. LEMAN STREET - BOOKING OFFICE - DAY 1/78

Broad shoulders and a dark suit, mounting the Leman Street steps and throwing the doors open.

Abberline - striding through the booking office toward where Artherton, rook-like, sits at the dock --

> ABBERLI NE Artherton, l've come for her. (beat) Wherè's Réid.

Artherton - a look for Abberline. Jerks his thumb away --

ARTHERTON The Inspector addresses his men.

Abberline - returning that look, passing on through.

INT. LEMAN STREET - OUTER OFFICE - DAY 1/78A

Abberline sees all the MEN gathered, REID stood out front --

REI D All your snitches - every tart, landlord, bully or thief. He'll be refined, wealthy, ruthless.

DRAKE and HOBBS - passing the print of DONALDSON to the MEN. They look, pass it on --

> REID (CONT'D) We only have these pictures. And we have no name...

Those prints - passed hand to hand. And Abberline - stepping forward. Taking them in his hands. His face - sudden recognition; a dismay in him, but --

> ABBERLI NE His name is Sir Arthur Donaldson.

55.

1/77

1/78A

REID - his eyes flying across the room to meet those of his old boss.

1/79 EXT. LEMAN STREET - DAY

Carriages waiting. DRAKE and a phalanx of UNIFORMS assembled. And REID and ABBERLINE stood apart and alone.

ABBERLINE - he's stiff, brings forth the information with the discomfort of a man who knows he's proved wrong --

ABBERLI NE

Summer '86. (beat) Before your time here. (another beat) He got his cock out at a church picnic in Victoria Park. Week or two later, tore the blouse off a pregnant woman on the Stepney Omibus. Charged him but - man from such a family... as like to do Jug as Victoria herself. (beat) The address is all we ever had for him

REID - he knows what it is the man had given up here. Lays a hand on his shoulder --

REI D Thank you, Fred.

1/81 INT. THE DEN - DAY

Although you'd never know it was morning. The velvet luxury of this darkened townhouse. Shutters drawn, lights still on. The remnants of a scene of utter debauch. Champagne, Absinthe, Opium Bedrooms - their doors open. Various GENTLEMEN and various TARTS. States of absolute exhaustion.

Find ROSE - the torn and stained state of her dress testament to what the night held for her. Moving amongst it. Looking for the exit. Finds a front door locked. No keys in evidence either. Rose kicks at it. It doesn't budge. Shakes at set of shutters. No traction there either.

ROSE - climbing through bodies, finds a poker by a fireplace. Moves to a shuttered window, uses the poker to - smash the bars that hold the shutters in place.

Light floods into the room Men and women stir. Rose - throwing a window open, but --

DONALDSON (O.S.) Oh no, my beauty.

A brutal backhand to her face. Rose - spins. Makes to strike with the poker. But Donaldson has her by the wrist. Twists --

DONALDSON

You're with me.

ROSE

No. Tristan or Bertrand or whatever your name is - I'm going home.

DONALDSON

I've paid for you and you're mine.

And he strikes for her. Hard. Drags her away.

1/82 I/E. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

1/82

1/81

REID, DRAKE, their MEN - gathered outside the close-shuttered exterior of this upmarket townhouse. Silence. Until REID blows his whistle. And a ram crunches through the oak door.

Inside - UNIFORMS pour in, REID and DRAKE with them But REID is stopping now, his face falling.

The house is deserted. Drapes over furniture. REID puts his finger through a thick film of dust on a window sill.

1/83 INT. 22 TENTER STREET - DAY

1/83

JACKSON - his frustration with SUSAN'S attitude --

JACKSON She needs to hear what I have to say - she's to stop with the smut. LONG SUSAN What - you squire her one day and daddy her the next?

JACKSON - a slap for her. Hard. Silences her.

JACKSON What's the trouble here, Susan?

And he grabs her arm Pulls her close --

JACKSON (CONT'D) (cont'd) We were married for three weeks, three years ago - and now you get j eal ous?

LONG SUSAN Jealous? I would sooner shrivel and die alone than let you near me again.

JACKSON Then get the girl.

LONG SUSAN She's not here. She was ordered out and is yet to be returned.

An anger here that's little to do with JACKSON. She reaches for a stack of cash on her desk --

LONG SUSAN (CONT'D) They're late. And what's worse they've paid me in snide.

JACKSON (suddenly alert) Who did?

LONG SUSAN I don't know. A coachman. Took three of them away in this great charabanc.

JACKSON - grabbing at the COUNTERFELT MONEY --

JACKSON Get your hat. You're going to see Reid.

LONG SUSAN I'm doing no such thing.

She reads his look.

LONG SUSAN You touch me, l'll kill you. 58.

1/84 INT. THE DEN - DAY

CECIL CREIGHTON - the door to this large wooden cabinet now open to reveal a protrusion that is both camera and projector.

Donaldson - Rose by the hair; fresh bruising all about her. Dragging her into a chair and on to his lap.

DONALDSON

Creighton. Lift the curtain.

Creighton - his discomfort. Does as he's bid. Sets the machine going.

Rose - nothing in her life has prepared her for this. Astonishment at these images that move. And sheer dread at the content of the images --

THE FILM: MAUDE THWAITES - that leash about her neck, a slave girl offering herself to DONALDSON, the Pharoah .

1/85 INT. LEMAN STREET - DAY

1/85

REID and DRAKE - pushing back in with their men --

REID His friends. Any relatives. (beat) Hobbs! The Telegraph. Scotland Yard must have their names and addresses.

But then --

JACKSON (O.S.)

Reid!

REID spins to his name. Sees JACKSON - scratches and bruises fresh on his face, his hand still on the collar of a very pinched LONG SUSAN, deeply unnerved by being surrounded by all these police. He pushes her toward them --

> JACKSON (CONT'D) Show and tell, Susan.

SUSAN - handing REID a few counterfeit notes. And this is hard for her --

LONG SUSAN Three of my girls. Collected last night. Not yet returned. Black coach, two black horses.

REID Come with me.

1/86 INT. LEMAN STREET - CORRIDORS / CELL - DAY

JOSEPH SMEATON - his heels scuffing on the smooth floor as he's dragged by DRAKE down this corridor and flung into a cell.

DRAKE - slamming him on to a chair. Taking irons and bolting him to it.

REID (to DRAKE) Doit.

Reid - slamming the door to the cell and, before SMEATON knows what's happened, DRAKE has hit him with a blow so powerful that man and chair are lifted from the floor and cast into the opposite wall.

REID - grabbing at SMEATON'S filthy shirtfront, drags him upright. Hands him the counterfeit note --

REID (CONT'D) One of yours, I believe.

SMEATON - squirming, but finds his contempt for REID --

SMEATON They're all over the city.

rei d

Only they're not. (beat) You don't have to tell me who they are. Just where I find them

SMEATON What makes you think I know?

REID Sincerely? Not a great deal. I'd call it instinct.

SMEATON Then you can take your instinct and put in -(DRAKE) This animal's fundament.

Reid - a look for Drake. A nod to him And he turns for the door.

1/87 INT. THE DEN - DAY

ROSE - her eyes wide. Her disgust. Feels DONALDSON tense as, on the screen --

1/ 87

1/86

1/96 INT. THE BROWN BEAR - DAY

Back in this boozer. REID - sat at a table. In his hands that film The caged bird. He folds it carefully. Places it inside an envelope. Places envelope inside his coat.

1/96

And looks up now to see two men stood in the entrance to the pub - ABBERLINE and BEST. The crowds of COPPERS - they part respectfully for ABBERLINE, look with a certain hatred at a clearly intimidated BEST. Watch as the two men join REID.

All eyes on this triumvirate as, after a moment, REID pushes a buff brown file across the table to BEST --

rei d

The facts.

BEST - his confusion. Taking the file, opening it. His eyes going wide at the photographs within. ABBERLINE can't believe what REID has just done --

> ABBERLI NE Have you lost your mind? BEST orest (to REID) Why? REI D Because it is the truth. And I would have the world know it. (then) She was never Ripper, that girl. But we three... you.. (BEST) for profit. (ABBERLINE) You and I for guilt, I suspect. We wanted it so. (beat) So now I ask us to undertake this: that we take a little joy in his continued absence. And that we then cease to look for himin every act of evil that crosses our path. (beat) There is an abundance of that hereabout and I would have obsession blinker us to the wider world no longer. Am I understood?

BEST - clasping his file to his chest, he nods.

rei d

Then get out.

BEST - doing just that. Scurrying away through the ranks of men. Abberline - a long moment --

ABBERLINE Edmund - this last year, that... lunatic. It will ever bind me to you. But you ask too much. (beat) (MORE) ABBERLINE (cont'd) He lives still; he breathes this air still. These streets demand your vigilance.

REID No. We did everything in our power. Used every instrument allowed to us and many that weren't. All that is demanded now is - he is gone. And stays gone.

And REID gets to his feet. Looks down on his old comrade --

REID He will own my life no more.

And he's turned and gone. Past all those COPPERS. They nod for him, clear and full respect in their eyes.

ABBERLINE - just a sad man in a corner, as --

1/97 EXT. LEMAN STREET - DAY

1/97

REID keeps walking. Out the pub, back into the clamour of the streets. His streets, his manor. Striding on.

END OF EPISODE