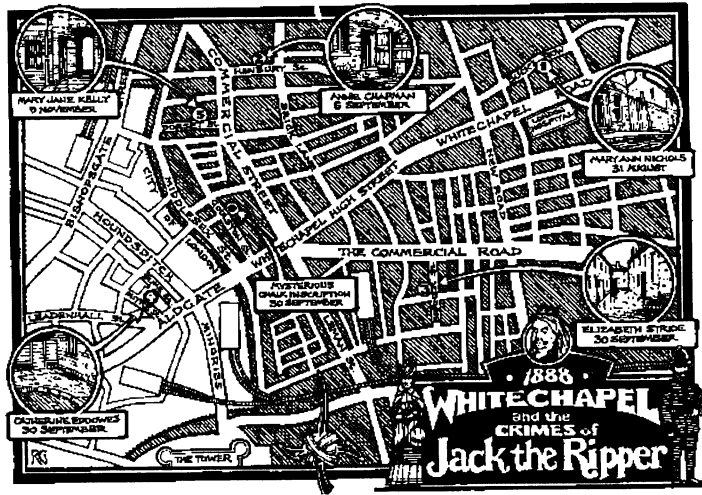


# FROM HELL



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By

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Based on the Graphic Novel by:

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First Draft  
August 1995

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## OUT OF DARKNESS

Fade up a title card:

In 1883 the volcano on the Indonesian island of Krakatoa erupted, showering the world with dust. As this debris fell slowly to earth, it led to a number of strange atmospheric effects. In 1888 the city of London witnessed increasingly bizarre sunsets - green and blood red skies. Contemporary accounts describe it as an unusually lightless year. In retrospect, it seems entirely appropriate...

Whoosh! The screen erupts in orange and red flame. We pull back to reveal -

### A STREET VENDOR

fires up a brazier, starting to roast chestnuts and squirrels over the flames. Unseen by him, two urchins crouch under the barrow, trying to capture some of the warmth. It's dusk - a blood red sky turns to purple as night falls.

Silhouetted against it is a grim and awful church. The massive portico and tower are deliberately out of proportion, designed to instill a sense of fear in those who enter. Its name is Christchurch and it stands in the heart of Whitechapel.

This is the armpit of London - grim Victorian tenements, dark alleys and lanes, a filthy pub on every corner. The streets are crowded with the poor and desperate. Scores of prostitutes, ranging in age from the early teens to the late 40's, work the sidewalks and alleys, looking for trade.

### A SHOP WINDOW

throws a wedge of light across Dorset Street. Several prostitutes look in at the cheap bonnets and shoes. Among them is a woman in her early 20's - she's poorly dressed, shy looking. Her face is beautiful - she has auburn hair that falls to her shoulders and large bright eyes. Her name is Mary Kelly. Like the other women, she is tired and hungry - trying to make a living the only way she can.

An unshaven bear of a man approaches. Under his jacket he wears a leather apron - he's a butcher. Despite his appearance, several of the women put on their most attractive smiles. None of them can afford to be choosy.

The butcher eyes the women up and down, appraising them. Then he sees Mary and smiles.

BUTCHER

New around here. ain't you?

MARY

(quietly)

A couple of weeks, that's all...

BUTCHER

What's the fare then?

MARY

Eight pence. Six pence for me and  
tuppence for a room.

BUTCHER

Eight pence for the hour? I can't afford  
to travel that far. Anything for less?

MARY

A three-penny upright is the cheapest.

BUTCHER

What's an upright, missy?

MARY

There's a lane 'round the back - you do  
it up against the wall.

The Butcher looks around - a narrow alley leads between two tenements.

BUTCHER

It's dark, is it?

MARY

Dark enough.

He smiles at her - then reaches up and rings an imaginary bell.

BUTCHER

Ding! Ding! All aboard.

Mary turns and leads him into the alley.

#### A SADDLE MAKER'S YARD

Mary and the Butcher move through the shadows behind the tenements - a  
workshop and stables form a courtyard. Alleys and passageways run off of it.

Another prostitute enters the courtyard. In her 30's with raven hair and eyes like jet, she looks sassy - a half open blouse and a pert bonnet tied under her chin. This is Annie Chapman - Dark Annie to her friends.

MARY

Hello Annie.

Dark Annie can't see clearly in the gloom. She comes forward, peering -

MARY

It's Mary... Mary Kelly.

DARK ANNIE

Hello, Mary. How's tricks? If you're going to Dutfield Yard be careful - there's a drunk fallen down in the doorway.

MARY

Thanks, Annie.

As they go their separate ways, we crane up: the slums behind the tenements stretch forever - a maze of alleys, broken down hovels and towering walls.

DARK ANNIE

steps into a covered passageway littered with garbage. Smiling, she starts to play hopscotch over the trash.

DARK ANNIE

One, two, buckle my shoe. Three, four  
shut the door...

A man steps into frame. Silently, he watches Dark Annie from behind. In his hand he carries a knife. Annie skips forward, into -

A MARKET YARD

It's deserted now - empty barrows and wagons line the walls, blocking the only exit. Dark Annie curses at having to retrace her steps. She turns - straight into the man! He slashes with the knife! It cuts straight across her throat - her bonnet flutters to the ground.

Annie keeps staring at the man. Oh, he's good with the blade - he's cut the bonnet clean off her chin and not even scratched the skin. He pulls her face close to his. He's a young man - dead eyes and a cruel smile.

GEORDIE

Annie, isn't it? Dark Annie Chapman?

DARK ANNIE

If...if.. it's money you want, I'm.. I've only got a shilling. If it's t'other... I... I'll do it here.

GEORDIE

Time enough for pleasure later. It's business first.

He jerks her head back, laying open her throat and breasts. A sound behind Annie. She rolls her eyes back - two men emerge from the shadows and stand at back of her. One of them is obviously the leader. This is McQueen.

McQUEEN

We come from Old Nichol Street. Maybe you've heard of us?

Annie nods her head - yes.

McQUEEN

The girls up the other end of Whitechapel like us, Annie. We keep an eye on the streets, make sure there's no trouble, you know the sort of thing. Now a fine service like that doesn't come free, does it? The girls have to pay, and not a shilling, either.

DARK ANNIE

How much?

McQUEEN

Every girl, a pound a week each.

DARK ANNIE

A pound?! There's no hope -

McQUEEN

That doesn't sound like enthusiasm. What a shame.

(to Geordie)

Do it!

Geordie clamps his hand over Annie's mouth and slashes the knife across her exposed breasts. Annie's face crumples in pain - she slumps in his arms. McQueen puts his face close.

**McQUEEN**

We like you, Annie - that's why we chose you. You're a good looking girl and you work hard. Now if we do that to someone we like, just imagine what we'll do to someone who gives us trouble. Tell that to the other girls, will you? We'll be round come Friday for the money.

Geordie lets go of her. She falls to the ground. The men vanish into the shadows.

**THREE PENNIES**

are thrown to the ground. We are in Dufield's Yard, a small and shadowy area next to a warehouse. Mary bends and picks up the money. The Butcher pulls aside his apron, getting ready to take her. A sound in the shadows, sort of like a gasping - Annie staggers into the yard, clutching her blouse across her chest.

**DARK ANNIE**

(softly)

Mary... I've been cut, Mary.

Mary goes to her - she sees the blood covering Annie's blouse.

**MARY**

Sweet Jesus...

(to the butcher)

Help us - c'mon she needs help.

The man backs away, doing up his fly -

**BUTCHER**

I came here for some twat - I don't want any trouble.

**MARY**

For Chrissakes, the girl's bleeding!

He turns and runs. Slam! He trips over something lying in the doorway - it's the drunk. The Butcher scrambles to his feet and keeps running.

**MARY**

Men... bloody men!

She cradles Annie in her arms and yells for help. The sound carries across the slums of Dorset Street. A couple of lanterns come on -

## THE RINGERS

is a down-at-heel pub on the corner of Dorset and Crispin Streets. It's real name - as it still is today - is The Britannia. The nickname comes from the proprietors - Walter Ringer and his wife. Annie lies on a couch, a sheet draped from the rafters gives a little privacy from the drinkers. The wound across her chest has just been bandaged.

The local Doctor washes the blood and iodine from his hands. Two policemen, Mary and several other more experienced prostitutes watch -

### DOCTOR LEWELLYN

It'll heal, well enough. She just needs to bathe it every day - no doubt that'll come as quite a shock. I've left some laudanum for the pain.

He packs his equipment into his bag. Annie reaches in to her purse and drops a couple of pennies in his hand - that's all the money she's got. The Doctor looks at the other women, waiting. They all contribute - Mary pulls out the three soiled pennies and hands it over.

### DOCTOR LEWELLYN

Glad to be of service. Good night, ladies.

He steps through the sheet. The senior policeman turns to Annie -

### SERGEANT

I need to get a statement from you.

### DARK ANNIE

What - and it'll be my throat that's cut tomorrow? No, thank you, Sergeant. There's laws down here in the East End, but they're not made by coppers.

Several of the other prostitutes nod in agreement.

### SERGEANT

Do you want our help or not?

One of the women laughs. This is Polly Nichols. She's a good hearted woman in her late 20's. A crooked smile gives her a cock-eyed, impish look -

### POLLY

Help - you? Since when has anyone given a shit about us? We're poor and we're women. There's never a copper around when we need one.

**DARK ANNIE**

You just come round and pick up the pieces. Glorified undertakers, that's what you are.

**SERGEANT**

And what do you call something that fucks in the street? A bitch, that's what I say.

(turns to the constable)

Write it down, Charlie - she tripped and fell on a piece of glass. Accidental injury.

He picks up his jacket, turns and walks out.

**A MAGNIFICENT HOUSE**

It's a grand Nash-designed terrace in Belgravia - all pillars and balustrades. Through a huge window we see a sparkling chandelier -

**IN THE DRAWING ROOM**

are about thirty people - men in black tie, the women in satin and jewels. It's after dinner and the butler serves drinks and cigars. A man near the fireplace turns and takes a brandy balloon. He's in his early 30's, handsome, a little out of his depth in such glittering company. But there's a strength about him, a cool intelligence in his eyes that makes you feel if there was trouble you'd want him on your side. This is Fred Abberline.

On the other side of the room is Sir Charles Warren, the Commissioner of Police. He is in his 60's, gray-haired, strong in appearance but weak in character. He is talking to a big elderly woman, dressed in layers of cream silk. She looks like a galleon in full sail -

**LADY ROSSIE**

And this Mr Abberline, Sir Charles - you say he's a Detective Inspector or something. Tell me, what brings a man like him to the attention of the Police Commissioner?

**SIR CHARLES**

Have you ever been to Whitechapel, m'lady?

LADY ROSSIE

Good God, no.

SIR CHARLES

I don't recommend it. There's seventy thousand people crammed into five square miles. Unemployment is over sixty per cent - and that's among the men. There's nothing for the women, nothing at all, not unless you count starvation or a profession which good manners precludes me from mentioning. The Black Hole of Calcutta - it's here, in the heart of London. Imagine the sort of man that has brought at least some order to it. That's Inspector Abberline. He's an outstanding officer, m'lady.

LADY ROSSIE

(smiling)

Apparently so. And now you're going to turn him loose on us wicked dowagers of Belgravia? Of course, this place is full of crime, too, but as everybody knows - up here we at least have the good taste to keep it behind closed doors. Don't you think your Inspector may be a trifle bored?

SIR CHARLES

I shouldn't think so. Mr Abberline's very ambitious - this is a wonderful opportunity for him. He's already an Inspector at thirty-four - who knows, at this rate he'll have my job before he's done.

LADY ROSSIE

Then it's just as well he works hard - that's a high bar for anyone to clear.

Sir Charles gives a little bow, acknowledging the compliment.

LADY ROSSIE

When does he start?

SIR CHARLES

Not for a couple of months but I thought we should get him acclimatized. The air up in the West End can be quite rarefied.

Lady Fossie keeps looking at Abberline. She speaks quietly.

LADY ROSSIE

He's handsome enough, I'll give him that.  
Standards and loyalty, that's all we ask  
of a man, isn't it Sir Charles?

#### AT THE FIREPLACE

Abberline is with a group about to play cards. One of the men shuffles the two packs - nonchalantly he fans the cards from one hand to the other, fans them in mid-air, cuts them and fans them again. He's in his late 30's - rich and arrogant. This is the seventh Earl of Pembroke - Duchy to his friends. He speaks to Abberline -

DUCHY

Would you care to shuffle... I'm sorry, I  
can't recall your name.

ABBERLINE

Abberline. Fred Abberline. I don't know any  
tricks. I can play, that's about all.

DUCHY

Surprising. I would have thought a  
member of the constabulary would have  
known a lot more tricks than us less  
worldly people. I think you're being shy.  
Come on - dazzle us.

Before Abberline can answer, a middle-aged man who has spent his life with the bottle interrupts. Pouring himself another cognac, he speaks to the Earl -

WILLY

Leave it off, Duchy. What would you  
know about "the constabulary" anyway?

DUCHY

(evenly)

You're quite right, of course, Willy - I've  
never actually met a policeman before.

He turns back to Abberline. His smile is even more patronizing than his words -

WILLY

Light me up, will you Frederick?

He puts a large Havana in his mouth and points at a glowing taper lying in the fireplace. The two men look at each other. The other members of the group watch. Among them is the hostess. She is 29, very beautiful and quite spoilt - ten years previously she inherited a fortune. Her name is Lady Jane D'Urbanville and right now her eyes are totally on the handsome Abberline.

A beat - then Abberline turns and reaches for the taper. So - he gives in. Duchy smiles and leans forward with the cigar, waiting for the light.

ABBERLINE

Actually, there is one trick I know.

DUCHY

Really? You must show us -

Abberline knocks back his entire glass of cognac - and spits! A stream of liquor arches towards the cigar. Abberline touches the glowing taper to it - the liquor bursts into flame. It looks like Abberline is breathing fire. The stream of flame lights the end of the cigar and dies. The rest of the group stare in amazement - then Lady Jane claps and cheers. The others join in. Duchy touches his singed forehead -

DUCHY

Those were my eyebrows.

ABBERLINE

Sorry. The trick's a bit like me I guess - it needs a little refinement.

WILLY

Damn fine trick it you ask me! Far better than that crap with the cards.

Lady Jane catches Abberline's eye - they smile at one another. And Lady Jane keeps smiling - long enough for Willy to note her interest in Abberline.

### A ROW OF CARRIAGES

is drawn up in front of the mansion - the guests are leaving. Lady Jane stands at the drawing room window. Only a few intimate friends remain. She watches Abberline get into Sir Charles' coach. Willy takes Lady Jane's hand -

WILLY

He seems like a fine chap.

LADY JANE

He does, doesn't he?

WILLY

It's funny though, he said his father was the doctor at High Wycombe. When I was young my family had a place there. Damned if I can recall the doctor having a son.

LADY JANE

You were probably drunk, that's why.

Another woman has been listening. She turns to Lady Jane -

VIOLET

How could you, Jane? You heard Willy - he said he was just a child. You didn't become a drunk until much later, did you darling?

WILLY

No, Jane's right, I'm afraid. I realized very early drinking's like sport - you have to start very young if you really want to achieve anything.

Lady Jane laughs but her eyes are still on the coach.

#### MILLER'S RENTS

is a collection of hovels built around a courtyard just off Dorset Street. It's late at night, the pubs have closed, and the courtyard is crowded with men and women. The landlord - an unshaven pig of man - stands outside collecting money for an overnight stay in a tiny room. Mary and Polly, accompanied by another prostitute from The Ringers, are supporting Dark Annie. They shuffle towards the landlord. Mary looks in her purse -

MARY

I've only got a half-penny left - it looks like I'll be traveling steerage.

POLLY

Me too.

(turns to Annie)

You cleaned us out, darlin' - what with the doctor and all that gin you needed for your nerves. I had a husband like that once - he was so nervous he never spent a day sober.

They front up to the landlord, each dropping a half-penny into his dirt-stained hand. He jerks his head, indicating the house behind him.

LANDLORD

Second hall on the left.

A NARROW ROOM

is empty except for several long wooden benches. Crowded onto them are the urban poor - mothers with kids, hollow-eyed men and down-trodden youths. Sitting on back-to-back benches so they form a huddle, are the four women -

POLLY

A pound each!

DARK ANNIE

That's what they said.

Mary and the other prostitute - Liz Stride - look equally shocked. Liz - known as Long Liz because of her height - grew up in Sweden and speaks with an accent.

LONG LIZ

How do they think we earn so much?

DARK ANNIE

That's not their problem. I used to work up that end of Whitechapel, that's how they knew me. There was a girl called Emma Smith who wouldn't pay. They didn't cut her breasts, they... they cut her down there.

The other women look horrified.

DARK ANNIE

That's when I moved down Dorset Street. I'm not getting cut again, I don't care how hard I have to work.

LONG LIZ

Easy to say. How many hours are there in the day?

POLLY

It's not just that. There are ways to earn more money, but there's some things I just won't do.

DARK ANNIE

What are you talking about?

POLLY

You know, what some blokes want -  
foreign ideas, if you ask me.

Dark Annie just stares at her. She's the most experienced of them all and obviously nothing's off the menu with her.

DARK ANNIE

Yeah - not like the English, of course - pull  
your dress up, back against the wall, that's  
their contribution to the art of love.

POLLY

I've got standards, that's all I'm saying...  
yes, you can laugh Annie Chapman but -

MARY

(quietly)

I think I know where we can get the money.

The other three women turn and look at her, taken aback.

DARK ANNIE

What?

MARY

And not a few pounds either. If we're  
going to do this, I was thinking we should  
all get out of Whitechapel. I was going to  
ask for fifty.

The other women just stare. Then Polly starts to laugh - fifty pounds! Liz Stride's  
not sure if it's a joke or not. Only Dark Annie doesn't smile -

DARK ANNIE

If we're going to do what, Mary?

Mary is about to answer but she sees three men approaching. She falls silent. The  
men, employees of the landlord, string ropes the length of the room and pull them  
taut, across the chests of the people sitting on the benches. They've paid to sleep  
sitting upright - the rope prevents them pitching forward while they're asleep. The  
gas lights are turned down.

Darkness.

**CLOUDS OF STEAM**

billow out of the rail yards at Liverpool Street station - a huge building, a Gothic cathedral to the locomotive. The steam pours across a busy road and hits a grim stone building. Over the doors is a sign:

Bishopsgate Police Station

**INSIDE THE BASEMENT**

Bang! A jet of flame shoots out the end of a barrel as a gun fires. We pull back to reveal a group of policemen watching Abberline firing at a makeshift target. He's still got his coat on - he's just arrived at work. The gun is a long-barreled revolver, deadly accurate and beautifully made. He hands it to one of the uniformed officers -

**ABBERLINE**

Where did you get it, Constable?

**CONSTABLE**

We took it off an American seaman last night. He was walking around with it in his coat - probably thought he was Wyatt Earp.

**ABBERLINE**

Lock it in the evidence cabinet when you're finished. Not that we'll need it - I bet he's already jumped bail. He's probably on a freighter right now practicing his French.

He turns to the door. He sees the Sergeant at his locker - he's just finished the night shift and is getting ready to leave.

Abberline joins him - together they walk out the door and along a corridor.

**ABBERLINE**

What's on the blotter - anything I should know?

**SERGEANT**

A bang-tail got her tits cut down near Dutfield Yard. It looks like our friends from Nichol Street are moving south - not that the women'd tell you. Still, I suppose we should feel sorry for 'em.

ABBERLINE

Sorry for em? I would if they tried to help themselves. You've seen what it's like down Commercial Road - the night schools and the free institute are empty. But you can't say that about the pubs, can you? Drinking's the biggest industry in Whitechapel. And the women are as bad as the men.

SERGEANT

Worse. But not yours to worry about much longer, Fred. No whores up in Belgravia - at least none that we could afford.

ABBERLINE

Two months, Pete - it can't happen soon enough.

They disappear up the stairs.

#### LARGE SKYLIGHTS

form the ceiling of a spectacular artist's studio: beautiful furniture, an easel in the middle of the room, canvasses on the walls. It's mid-morning - the front door opens and a man enters. He's in his early 30's - well-dressed, sophisticated, cold. This is Walter Sickert and he's a painter - in time, a famous one. As he takes off his hat and coat he sees an envelope that's been pushed under the door.

He picks it up, rips open the flap and starts to read the letter. Though we don't see the words, his face becomes increasingly grim -

SICKERT

What the hell, Mary...

At last he lays it down. He walks to the window and stares out, thinking. Then he comes to a decision.

SICKERT

Anyway, I wash my hands of it.

He tugs on a bell-pull and a moment later a manservant enters -

SICKERT

I want you to deliver something for me.

As he puts the letter in another envelope and addresses it, we tilt up to one of the canvasses on the wall. It shows a naked woman lying on a crumpled bed. We recognize the props - it was obviously painted in the studio - and the woman. It's Mary Kelly.

#### CLIVEDEN

is one of England's great country houses - east wing, west wing, twenty bedrooms and attics for sixty servants. The whole magnificent pile sparkles now in the autumn sunshine. A horse-drawn carriage travels down the driveway and stops in front of the house's elegant entrance. Sir Charles Warren gets out and walks up the steps.

#### THE GARDENS

of the house seem to stretch forever: banks of flowers, stunning topiaries, immaculate hedges. An elderly man - beautifully dressed, distinguished, powerful - walks down an avenue of white jonquils. This is Lord Hailsham and Cliveden is his home. Sir Charles walks at his side.

#### HAILSHAM

Forty years I was a soldier, Sir Charles. I saw men with great skill and learning, on a few occasions I witnessed outstanding bravery, but you know the quality I came to value most - love of country. I know you have it, Sir Charles, and so do I. In our different ways we both serve the Kingdom. We would pay any price rather than see harm come to it, wouldn't we?

#### SIR CHARLES

Yes, certainly, Lord Hailsham.

#### HAILSHAM

So it is with deep regret I must tell you that I have received a letter, a very worrisome letter. It deals with matters of great delicacy. Some woman is trying to trade information for money. Somehow she has learned things and now, like a ghost out of the past, they come back. But like most ghosts, the only thing to do is lay it to rest.

Hailsham takes Mary's letter out of his jacket pocket and gives it to Sir Charles. They continue walking - the jonquils give way to banks of roses as Sir Charles reads the letter. He looks up -

SIR CHARLES

I can assure you, m'lord, the Metropolitan Police will do whatever is necessary to apprehend the offender.

HAILSHAM

*Offenders* - you see the woman refers to *us*. But it's not really a question of catching anyone, Sir Charles. As I said, this is a situation of great delicacy. It's more a matter of silence.

SIR CHARLES

Silence, m'lord? I'm not sure I follow...

HAILSHAM

You have a good man in Whitechapel, do you?

Sir Charles stares at him, his anxiety starting to rocket.

SIR CHARLES

Yes. Abberline. Fred Abberline.

HAILSHAM

Good. We don't want any of your people blundering around where they don't belong, do we?

SIR CHARLES

Blundering into what? I really need to know what you mean -

HAILSHAM

Not at all. You don't have to do a thing, Sir Charles. This Abberline - ambitious is he?

SIR CHARLES

(lost)

Yes.

HAILSHAM

Excellent. In my experience men who want to move out of their class are always bendable - wouldn't you agree, Sir Charles?

Hailsham looks straight at him - a look of real cruelty. We realize - Sir Charles wasn't always a knight of the realm; he, too, has moved out of his class.

**SIR CHARLES**

(bitterly)

Bendable? Yes, my lord, I suppose they often are. But I am the Commissioner of Police. I must insist you tell me what this entails.

**HAILSHAM**

No, you won't insist, Sir Charles. All I have to do is ask you a question... Who will help the widow's son?

Sir Charles stares in silence. A beat. Then he bows his head in acquiescence. Lord Hailsham puts his hand on Sir Charles's shoulder and leads him back towards the house.

**BROOK STREET**

is a row of beautiful houses in the heart of Mayfair. Gas lamps glow in the cold London night. It's late and the houses are in darkness. All except number seventy-four. This is the residence of Sir William Gull. We push in on it -

**IN THE BATHROOM**

Gull is in his 50's, a handsome but arrogant looking man - a tilted jaw, aquiline nose, a soft mouth. Right now he is almost naked. His flesh is flabby and sickly white, the teats of an aging man hang down. Despite the hour he has just finished shaving, his face pink and shining, his hair powdered and perfectly parted. He reaches into a jar, takes out a handful of lavender and crushes the petals in his fingers, releasing the perfume. Slowly he rubs it over his soft skin, scenting himself. He starts to dress.

**THE RINGERS**

The pub is crowded with drinkers. We track past a crowd of men to a table near the fire. Sitting at it are Mary, Dark Annie, Long Liz and Polly. With them is a friend of theirs - another prostitute called Catherine Eddowes. Polly is laughing, modeling a new black bonnet.

At the bar is a coachman - a big man in his early 30's - mean and cunning. This is the sort of man who is cruel to those beneath him and fawning to those he considers his betters. His name is John Netley. He leans forward and says something to Walter Ringer - the publican.

RINGER

Mary Kelly? That's her - the fine looking woman.

He points across the room then leans close, confidential -

RINGER

She hasn't been on the street long. Fresh, so to speak. If it's fun you're after, you couldn't do better than her.

NETLEY

Those others they're all her friends, are they?

Ringer looks at him - he's not sure what he's driving at.

RINGER

Well... yeah... she drinks with 'em, if that's what you mean. Most nights they have a bite of supper.

NETLEY

I'm a coachman, Mr Ringer. Let me tell you what I'm gettin' at. If I wanted to double-team a couple of fillies and take 'em for a good hard ride, then it could be Mary Kelly and one of her pals, could it?

RINGER

Double team 'em? Ha! Ha! Yeah, but don't let your head make a promise your dick can't keep. Ha! Ha!

NETLEY

Don't worry about that. It's like you say, Mr Ringer - it's certainly fun I'm after.

At the table, the women have bought another round of drinks - they're still laughing, enjoying themselves. They look up - Netley is standing next to them. Polly is the most brazen -

POLLY

Hello. A strappin' fella like you - you're lookin' for company, I bet.

Netley just keeps looking at her. He doesn't say a word.

POLLY

Oh, Lord - not a foreigner, are you?

There's peals of laughter from the others. Netley gives a crooked smile -

NETLEY

No, missus. East End born and bred.  
What's yer name, darlin'?

POLLY

Polly Nichols. Interested?

NETLEY

Maybe later, Polly.

POLLY

Yeah, sure - that's what they all say.

Netley pulls on his coat, smiles and goes out the door.

#### THE DRAWING ROOM

at Brook Street. Gull, elegantly dressed now, takes a small medicine bottle and puts it in his pocket. A clock somewhere in the house chimes the hour. 11 p.m. Gull checks his watch. Right on time a butler opens the door -

BUTLER

Your carriage, sir.

Gull picks up a small leather bag (like an attache case) and heads for the door.

#### IN THE STREET

Gull comes out of the house. Netley climbs down from the driver's seat and opens the door of a small black carriage.

GULL

Good evening, Netley. They say before any great campaign Roman generals always marched their men past the glories of the city. No matter what lay ahead, they wanted the soldiers to remember what they were fighting for. We have time, Netley - drive past the Palace and down the Mall, I want to see the sights of London.

## RATCLIFFE DOCKS

are burning. Several large warehouses sticking into the Thames River are ablaze. Pillars of smoke rise into the night, the leaping flames reflected in the river. Boom! Barrels of pitch, stored in one of the warehouses, explode. In the glare we see people gathering on the nearby roads and docks to watch.

## A SCOTTISH CASTLE

stands brilliant in the moonlight - turrets, crenellated walls and a silver lake. From inside, we hear an orchestra and gay, brittle laughter.

## IN THE BALLROOM

aristocratic men in kilts and dinner suits swing jeweled women around the dance floor. As the silk and taffeta sail by, we hold on a man's face. He's in his late 20's - pale skin and refined features - dressed in the best clothes money can buy. We don't know his name but at one stage in his life he called himself Albert Victor.

The dance comes to an end and Albert bows to his young and silly partner. From the back of the room, a voice rings out. This is the Laird of the castle -

### THE LAIRD

My lords, ladies and gentlemen - the loyal toast.

Everyone picks up a glass and raises it to an illuminated portrait of Queen Victoria -

### THE LAIRD

The Queen!

Albert Victor stares at the portrait, undisguised hatred in his eyes. The orchestra strikes up "God save the Queen". It bridges over to -

## A COMFORTABLE APARTMENT

in London. Sir Charles Warren, the Police Commissioner, is getting ready for bed. His butler, holding a silver tray, watches as Sir Charles opens a letter that has just arrived. On the top is an embossed letter-head - it's from Lord Hailsham.

### SIR CHARLES

"Just a note to inform you the first of the ghosts will be laid to rest tonight. I believe you dined this evening with the Prime Minister. I trust you enjoyed your dinner."

**INSIDE THE RINGERS**

Mary and the other prostitutes are still at their table. Mrs Ringer delivers a pile of bread and plates of stew to the table.

MARY

You sure you won't be having any, Polly?

POLLY

I can't be sittin' here all night. Board needs earning.

She drains the last of the gin from her glass and gets to her feet.

**SPITALFIELDS MARKET**

is a huge place. A stall keeper puts a bunch of black grapes into a bag and hands it to Netley. He pays and walks to the carriage. The door handle turns as Gull tries to open it. Netley laughs -

NETLEY

You've forgotten, yer lordship. I told you - I fixed the doors so they can't be opened from inside.

Netley slides the window down and hands the bag of grapes to Gull.

**OUTSIDE THE RINGERS**

The front door of the pub opens and Polly steps out into the cold night. She ties on her new bonnet and heads down the dimly-lit street. Above the roofs of the tenements the sky glows red from the fire at the docks. It looks like hell. Polly heads towards it. She starts to sing -

POLLY

"Green grow the rushes-o!  
One is one and all alone  
And ever more shall be so..."

She turns into -

**DORSET STREET**

The white stone of Christchurch reaches up into the night. Under every street lamp we see prostitutes - old and young, pretty and haggard, ashamed and brazen.

Polly moves through the shadows. We track in behind her - someone is following her. Closer... closer. Crack! She turns, startled. Netley's coach stands right beside her. He sits atop it, smiling, the whip he's just cracked dangling in his hand.

NETLEY

Didn't scare you, did I darlin'? Polly, isn't it? Remember me - the strappin' feller from The Ringers? Said I'd come back, didn't I?

POLLY

(smiling)

Yeah, that's right - you did too.

NETLEY

Listen, Polly - I've got a very refined gentleman inside. He's taken a likin' to you - a real likin'.

POLLY

Oh, he has, has he?

She turns and looks in the window - the blind is drawn.

NETLEY

Go on, girl - open the door.

She turns the handle and swings the door open. All she can see is a pair of expensive doe-skin shoes - then Gull leans forward out of the darkness and smiles at her.

GULL

Would you like a grape, Polly?

POLLY

Ooh, I do love 'em. I never can afford 'em though.

She steps into the carriage.

GULL

Go on, have as many as you like. To the Druids, grapes were known as the fruit of sacrifice. London was once a Druid village - did you know that, Polly?

POLLY

No, sir, I can't say I did.

Gull closes the door. Netley snaps the reins. The carriage disappears into the gloom.

### RATCLIFFE DOCKS

The fire has burned the warehouses to the bones - the brick walls stand like skeletons amid the flames. People have crowded around the docks, watching the fire-trucks and bucket brigades.

The coach is parked in a quiet cul-de-sac, hard up against a building. The door handle jerks as Polly tries desperately to open it. Slam! Her head is rammed up against the window. Her eyes are glazed, she tries to scream but somehow she doesn't seem able to manage it. Gull puts his soft mouth close to her ear -

GULL

Mary Kelly, Liz Stride, Annie Chapman  
and you. Who else, Polly?

POLLY

(tiny, slurred)

Kate Eddowes. She weren't there for  
the letter writing, we told her later.

GULL

Anyone else?

POLLY

There weren't nobody else. Can I go  
now?

GULL

(kindly)

Freedom, Polly - that's what we all want,  
isn't it? "You shall know the truth and the  
truth shall set you free." That's what the  
Savior said. Do you believe in the Savior,  
Polly?

POLLY

'Course I do.

GULL

I don't. Mine is the God of the Old  
Testament -

His manicured hand twists Polly's head back, exposing her throat.

GULL

"Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron,  
thou shalt dash them in pieces like a  
potter's jar."

A flash of steel Gull drives a long double-edged knife down towards her throat -

GULL

The God who punishes blackmailers  
and traitors - that's the God I love, Polly!

At the last moment, Gull looks away - he can't even watch it himself. Polly screams and jerks. Gull feels the blade hit flesh and bone. He slumps, relieved - the anticipation is always worse than the reality. He looks back - Polly is staring at him, wide-eyed, terrified. The blade has missed her throat and sliced into her collarbone. For a moment they just stare at one another, then Gull lifts up the bloody knife and plunges it at her throat again. This time she can't avoid it.

#### ON TOP OF THE COACH

Netley sits in the driver's seat, rocking as the coach sways with the fury of what is happening inside. Netley's too scared to even look down - he stares straight ahead, watching the fire turn the sky blood-red.

#### BRADY STREET

Netley's coach is parked in an unlit street. He and Gull stagger along beneath the weight of something wrapped in the canvas tarpaulin. They turn into Buck's Row, a narrow alley. Gull stumbles and falls. He picks himself up and moves on but he's limping - he's sprained his ankle. They up-end the tarpaulin. Polly's body slides to the ground. Netley looks at her blood-soaked clothes -

NETLEY

Jesus God...

Polly moans ever so slightly. She's still alive. Netley, revolted, looks at Gull -

GULL

Don't stare at me! Men have always  
reserved the most extreme punishment  
for crimes like hers. Now lay her out,  
Netley. Pull up her petticoats.

Netley rolls her over onto her back. He looks down at his hands - they're covered in blood. He turns and walks away -



**ABBERLINE**

Who the fuck let him in here?! Come on get her down to the morgue.

**THE MORGUE**

is the grimmest place we've seen - a cobbled floor, stone walls and marble slabs. Two elderly men - paupers - use shears to cut away Polly's blood-stained clothing. One of the paupers reels back, gagging.

**DOCTOR LEWELLYN**

What the...?!

He walks forward and looks at where Polly's stomach has been exposed. Her petticoats are draped so that we don't see what the Doctor does, but from the look on his face it must be terrible.

**DOCTOR LEWELLYN**

Jesus Christ.

**INSIDE THE POLICE STATION**

It's not quite dawn - two overworked constables are taking statements from residents of Buck's Row. Through an open door we see into -

**ABBERLINE'S OFFICE**

He sits at his desk - grim, haggard. Polly's blood-stained dress has been pinned to the wall. The Sergeant enters. He hands Abberline a copy of a newspaper - the morning's "Illustrated Police News". On the front page is the photo of Abberline kneeling over the body.

**SERGEANT**

Have you seen it? They say the killing's so ferocious, it couldn't possibly have been done by an Englishman.

**ABBERLINE**

Yes. I've already had a note from the Commissioner. He says Buffalo Bill Cody and his Wild West Show are appearing in Drury Lane. He wants us to interview the Red Indians. And you know what? We might as well because I'm damned if I know where else to start.

## SERGEANT

The Old Nichol Street boys. That lass Annie Chapman was cut by them. And then there was Emma Smith - we damn well know, they killed her.

## ABBERLINE

Question them, Pete - we'll have to try anything - but I don't think it's them. There were forty-two separate wounds on her body -

## SERGEANT

I know. I was there, I saw them.

## ABBERLINE

Not all of them! Neither of us did. I want this kept quiet as long as possible, Pete.

(he pauses)

He disemboweled her. The killer took her intestines out then replaced her underwear. Some of her organs, or at least parts of 'em, are missing. For all I know he ate them. No, I'm not joking. Does that sound like the Old Nichol Street boys to you?

## SERGEANT

I've seen alligators waddling through the shit in the gutters, I arrested a bloke one night who was leading an albino round on a chain, but a woman ripped and gutted...? What the fuck are we dealing with, Fred?

Abberline shakes his head - he can't answer that.

## A HORSE TROUGH

stands at the back of Miller's Rents. It's the start of a new day - half dressed women are gathered around the trough, washing themselves. Mary, Dark Annie, Liz and Kate are standing to one side. Several of them are red-eyed, they are all distraught, worried - they've heard the news about Polly.

## LONG LIZ

Of course it was them! We haven't paid, have we?

DARK ANNIE

Imagine what we'll do if we have trouble -  
that's what the bastard said, something  
like that.

MARY

But Polly... she was so -

KATE

(interrupting)

There's no helping Polly. It's who's next  
that worries me. What about the  
letter you sent?

MARY

Not a word.

DARK ANNIE

He's had long enough, I reckon.

MARY

I'll send him another note tomorrow.

DARK ANNIE

No. You go round there, darlin'.  
Understand?

Mary, scared like the rest of them, nods her head - yes.

#### A SMALL GRAVEYARD

A huge crowd has gathered, pushing forward, trying to get a glimpse of Polly's cheap wooden coffin. It stands next to an open grave, a minister leading the small group of mourners through the burial service. Mary and the other three prostitutes stand at one side. Liz tries but she can't stop crying.

Abberline and the Sergeant stand on a small hillock, shocked at the size of the crowd.

ABBERLINE

Jesus! Have you seen anything like it?  
Nobody gave a shit about her when she  
was alive. Now they can't get enough  
of her.

## SERGEANT

That's the newspapers for you -  
trumping everything up. They don't  
let the truth get in the way of a good  
story. The "Star's" got some bloke —  
called "Leather Apron". Of course, he  
just happens to be a butcher so  
that's put the fear of God up everyone.

## ABBERLINE

But it goes deeper than that, Pete -  
this has got sex and blood and death.  
Those are the things of myth, older  
than any of us. Look at these people!  
It makes you wonder what else is  
ripping along just below the surface.  
Get some men - keep those bloody  
kids away!

The Sergeant sends a pair of constables to drive off a group of urchins. Abberline keeps looking at the crowd. His eye falls on the group of women. He points at them.

## ABBERLINE

Polly's co-workers?

## SERGEANT

Some of 'em. They all drink at the Ringers.  
The one at the end is Annie Chapman -  
Dark Annie - the one that got cut.

But Abberline's not looking at her.

## ABBERLINE

Who's next to her - the handsome one?

## SERGEANT

Mary Kelly. But there's not point in  
speaking to any of 'em - even if they  
know anything they're not going to help.

## THE STREETS OF WHITECHAPEL

It's early evening, the same day - the lodging houses are empty, the sidewalks are crowded with drunks, beggars and women trolling for trade. Abberline picks his way through a log-jam of carts and horse-drawn buses. An organ grinder and his monkey belt out a tune. A sidewalk preacher stands on a ladder, waving his Bible -

## PREACHER

"I looked, and behold a pale horse! His name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given to him over the earth, to kill with sword and with famine..."

Abberline shoulders his way through a circle of men. In the center is a man with a bear on a chain. Other men have pit bulls on leashes. In a moment one of the dogs will be turned loose on the bear. Abberline, disgusted, keeps walking. He passes -

## THE STEPS OF CHRISTCHURCH

A group of street urchins chase each other through the derelicts camped on the steps. It's an old game with a new twist - a stockily-built boy has a piece of rag tied around his waist and a pointed stick like a knife in his hand. He yells -

## BOY

Aaargh! I'm Lever Apron! Where's Polly?  
Where's Polly?!

Other kids, girls mostly, run screaming, clutching their throats.

## THE RINGERS PUB

is packed - an informal wake for Polly is still in progress. Dark Annie and Liz Stride get up from a corner table and head for the door. They leave Mary Kelly to count through pennies and farthings, settling up the bill. A voice behind her -

## ABBERLINE

If you're happier on your own I understand,  
but I was wondering if I could buy you a  
drink?

Mary turns. She looks him up and down. Then she smiles -

## MARY

A drink'd be lovely. A small gin, thanks.

Abberline signals to the barman and sits down at the table.

## MARY

You must be new around here.

## ABBERLINE

Why's that?

MARY

Well, you're polite for a start.

ABBERLINE

... (smiling)

Not new. I work up the other end of Whitechapel. I'm a saddle-maker.

MARY

I knew a chap that was a saddle-maker up there - in Folgate Street.

ABBERLINE

That's Eric Howell. No, I'm down in Brady Street, near Buck's Row.

He watches her react.

ABBERLINE

Yeah, that's right - where that woman got murdered. The place is full of gawkers - can't even get in a pub.

MARY

(quietly)

I knew her.

Abberline feigns surprise. The barman arrives with the drinks. Mary takes a hit.

ABBERLINE

One of the papers said it might have been a protection racket but I don't believe it. I mean, killing someone isn't going to make her pay, is it?

MARY

It would others, though. They cut another friend of mine just the other night. You know what it's like in the East End - women are just trade. Why not kill Polly - there's always another girl. It's a business expense. One thing I don't understand, though, is the carriage. These are hard-boys - it's not like them to be in a carriage.

ABBERLINE

(surprised)

A carriage?

MARY

Yeah, they had to be, didn't they? Emily Holland said she saw Polly in Whitechapel Road. Twenty minutes later, according to the paper, Polly was dead. She couldn't get from Whitechapel Road to Bucks Row in that time.

ABBERLINE

'Course she could - she just goes up past Christchurch.

MARY

How? They're digging up the road. A mountain goat couldn't get through.

ABBERLINE

Then she'd cut across Dorset Street and through Dutfield's Yard. It's a five minute walk to Bucks Row.

MARY

You'd never make a detective, Mr Saddlemaker - Dutfield's yard is where Annie Chapman got cut. Most of the working women think evil sticks to a place. Polly was really superstitious, she'd never have gone near Dutfield's Yard. Not in a hundred years. No, the only way was by cab or carriage, no question.

Abberline spins it round in his head. Finally -

ABBERLINE

Fred.

MARY

What?

ABBERLINE

My name. It's not Mr Saddlemaker, it's Fred.

Mary smiles - it makes her look even more beautiful. She puts out her hand -

MARY

Mary Kelly.

ABBERLINE

That's clever, Mary - that thing about the carriage. Can I get you another drink?

MARY

No, but thanks - I've got to earn my keep.

Their eyes meet. They look at one another.

MARY

You know, if you've a mind to, we could get a room.

Abberline looks at her - he's tempted, no doubt of that. Then he shakes his head -

ABBERLINE

No. I mean... thanks, but I won't - not tonight.

She smiles at him.

MARY

First it was my virtue, now it's my looks. Things are going from bad to worse.

ABBERLINE

You know that's not true.

MARY

That's nice of you to say, Fred.

Her eyes are twinkling at him.

ABBERLINE

I'd like to see you again, Mary - you know, just to sit down and have chat, maybe get a bite to eat.

She looks at him - serious.

MARY

Don't say it if you don't mean it, Fred.

ABBERLINE

I mean it.

MARY

It's been a while since a man just wanted me for my company. I'll make sure I'm in here this week between ten and eleven. Good night, Fred.

ABBERLINE

G'night, Mary.

Smiling, she turns and goes out the door. Abberline sits down in his chair. The grin vanishes from his face - he really likes her, he's lied to her and now she's going to get hurt. Things seemed a lot clearer a few hours ago.

#### WHITECHAPEL ROAD

It's a sparkling morning. A line of carriages are drawn up on the side of the road - poorly-dressed men and boys are washing them. Uniformed police move among the group, showing an artist's sketch of Polly. One of them talks to a washer-boy.

CONSTABLE

Have you seen blood in any of the carriages?

The boy shakes his head - no. The cop moves on. We rack focus - Mary Kelly, not paying any heed to the police, hurries along the crowded sidewalk. She hails a horse-drawn bus.

#### A LIGHT-FILLED CORRIDOR

Mary walks towards the front door of an apartment. She is about to knock when she realizes - the door is open. She pushes it and steps inside -

#### THE ARTIST'S STUDIO

It's the place where Mary sent the letter. There's no-one in the room -

MARY

Mr Sickert... Mr Sickert!

No answer. She crosses the room and opens one of several doors on the far side. She looks into a study. Everything is in its place but there's no Walter Sickert.

MARY

It's Mary Kelly! I've come to talk to you about the letter. I need the money -

A sound behind her. She spins - a man is at her shoulder! Dressed in a suit, he's come out of one of the other doors -

AGENT

I'm the property agent. Mr Sickert left for Venice this morning. Can I help you? —

MARY

Venice? How long for?

AGENT

It was all rather unexpected, but indefinitely, I believe.

The color drains from Mary's face - no Sickert, no money.

AGENT

Are you alright, madam?

MARY

Yes... yes, thank you.

As she turns and hurries out the room we hold on a newspaper lying on the desk. Across the top is the report of Polly's death.

### A TRAIN LOCOMOTIVE

belches steam as it approaches Liverpool Street station. The tracks run right alongside the road. Galloping down it is a beautiful horse-drawn carriage - deep red lacquer and two liveried footmen perched on its running board. For a moment the train and the carriage keep perfect pace - like the era itself, the past and the future run together in tandem. Then the carriage swings aside and halts in front of the Bishopsgate Police Station.

### INSIDE THE POLICE STATION

The Desk Sergeant escorts one of the footmen into Abberline's office.

### AN ENVELOPE

is ripped open. Abberline reads a gilt-edged invitation.

ABBERLINE

Your company is requested... to view something of unique interest.

Down the bottom is a signature - Lady Jane D'Urbanville.

### GAS LIGHTS

illuminate the front of a large building. By their light we see a sign : London Hospital. A string of coaches pull up in front. A group of people including Duchy and Willy spill out. Abberline offers Lady Jane his hand and helps her down -

ABBERLINE

Now are you going to tell us what we're doing?

LADY JANE

Then it wouldn't be a surprise, would it?

### A MARBLE LOBBY

deep inside the hospital. A glittering crowd are milling about - distinguished doctors, socialites and patrons of the hospital. They are waiting for something to begin. Abberline and Lady Jane stand part way up a sweeping staircase, looking down -

LADY JANE

Do you recognize any of these people?

Abberline shakes his head - no. Lady Jane indicates a beautifully-dressed, dissolute man on the far side.

LADY JANE

That's Lord Norris. He killed a man in Italy over a gambling debt. Not that anyone cares much since he inherited his father's estate. He's richer than God.

ABBERLINE

Better dressed too, by the look of it.

An overweight man catches Lady Jane's eye. He raises a jeweled hand in silent greeting. Lady Jane smiles ever so sweetly but keeps her voice low -

LADY JANE

The fat pig is the Duke of Westminster. The woman next to him is supposedly his wife but there's not a boy in London who's safe in his company.



She sees Gull and motions him over - Gull's ankle is bandaged, he walks with the help of a cane. He takes Lady Jane's hand and she kisses him on the cheek -

LADY JANE

What ever have you done to yourself?

GULL

It's nothing - just a sprain.

LADY JANE

Sir William Gull, allow me to introduce Mister Frederick Abberline. Perhaps you've read about Mr Abberline - he's investigating that murder in Whitechapel.

Gull looks anew at Abberline. The two men shake hands.

GULL

A grisly business, Inspector. The newspapers have a lot of theories - what about the police?

ABBERLINE

Information, Sir William, but nothing you could dignify with the term "theory". Not yet, anyway.

GULL

Yet? That indicates confidence, Inspector. I'm reassured already. How many murders have you investigated?

ABBERLINE

Thirty... maybe more.

GULL

And how many have you solved?

ABBERLINE

All of them.

GULL

Very impressive.

LADY JANE

Oh, yes, Sir William - Mr Abberline's quite outstanding. The Police Commissioner told me so himself.

This is news to Abberline. Sir William sees the flirtatious look she gives Abberline.

GULL

Well, it hardly seems likely then the murderer can long evade capture. Not unless he's extraordinarily clever, of course. Tell me, Inspector -

LADY JANE

If you will excuse me - I should have at least one word with the freak. I don't want it getting around I'm a complete coward.

The men bow as Lady Jane withdraws.

GULL

So tell me - confidentially - he's not just some slash and stab merchant is he, this Whitechapel killer?

ABBERLINE

Why do you say that?

GULL

The Coroner's report in The Times listed the woman's injuries. It didn't say explicitly, but it seems to me, professionally speaking, he disemboweled her.

ABBERLINE

Professionally speaking? Are you a doctor, Sir William?

GULL

Surgeon.

ABBERLINE

You're right - that's exactly what he did.

GULL

A lot of people wouldn't appreciate how difficult that is. It takes a substantial knowledge of anatomy - and in the dark, blood everywhere, his heart probably pounding - the closest thing I could equate it to is the work of one of those fine battlefield surgeons. Of course, for all we know that's how he sees himself - a man on a battlefield of his own.

ABBERLINE

A battlefield? I'm sorry - I don't follow.

GULL

The eternal struggle between good and evil, of course.

(he smiles)

Naturally, it's just speculation - who could really know what goes through the mind of such a man? I'm probably making a fool of myself. For all I know, right now the police are arresting a butcher.

ABBERLINE

Not at all. We're looking for a wealthy and intelligent man. He travels by carriage and that probably means an accomplice. He can afford grapes - they're out of season, Sir William, two shillings a pound down Spitalfields' market and that's a lot of money in anyone's language -

GULL

Grapes, Inspector? What have they got to do with it?

ABBERLINE

I found one in the woman's hand. I spent hours trying to fathom why she didn't cry out - surely somebody would have heard her. Then I realized - he fed her grapes. But first he brushed them with laudanum. She was drugged, that's why she didn't scream.

Gull stares at him, impressed -

GULL

Obviously your reputation is well deserved, Mr Abberline.

Before Abberline can even shrug it off, Lady Jane returns, flushed with her boldness at speaking with Merrick.

## LADY JANE

You must forgive me, gentlemen. I know I have a weakness for handsome men but whoever gave Mr Merrick his stage name insulted the elephant. -

She laughs, looking up at Abberline, holding him with her eyes. Gull turns to the Inspector and puts out his hand -

## GULL

A fascinating conversation, Inspector. I hope we can continue it some time. If I can be of any help, any help at all, please don't hesitate to call.

Abberline offers Lady Jane his arm - they head towards the doors. Gull doesn't take his eyes off of Abberline.

## THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

It's a beautiful evening - the lights of the city reflected in the river, Tower Bridge breathtaking in the moonlight. Abberline and Lady Jane have left the hospital reception. They walk along the gas-lit path that follows the embankment, expensive homes lining the street. Lady Jane's carriage follows at a discrete distance.

## LADY JANE

Sir William has a reputation for being arrogant. I've never heard him offer help to anyone. That's quite a coup - he's so well connected, too.

## ABBERLINE

Is that why you invited me - to make connections, m'lady?

## LADY JANE

You're so very formal - all this "m'lady" business. It's quaint but it's not really necessary, you know.

## ABBERLINE

Why - what should I call you? Jane?

## LADY JANE

Well, if you're going to kiss a woman goodnight, that's more appropriate, don't you think?

She turns and gives him her most dazzling smile. Instead of taking her in his arms, Abberline's face grows serious.

ABBERLINE

What of the future, Jane? I mean - who was your father, the fourteenth Earl of Leicester? Your family have been aristocrats since Magna Carta.

LADY JANE

My family wrote the Magna Carta.

She smiles, but she's only half joking.

ABBERLINE

You can hardly say we share a common background, can you?

LADY JANE

No, but you come from a good family - your father's a doctor. Anyway, background can be lost in achievement. You're going to the top, I don't have any doubt.

ABBERLINE

(quietly)

I always intended to, and if I'm lucky I'll make it to Commissioner one day. The top copper, Jane - but a copper all the same.

She moves closer to him. Unthinkingly, she straightens his tie -

LADY JANE

Don't be so modest. With the right connections, an outstanding career as a police officer can open a host of doors. Politics...business...diplomacy. Can you imagine - Ambassador in Rome?

She indicates the mansions all around them. Through several windows we see elegant, jeweled people at dinner parties -

LADY JANE

Once you make it to this part of the world, Fred - people look after their own. Everything's possible.

(she looks up at him)

Everything.

Abberline hesitates. Again he looks at the beautiful houses - it's so far from where he began, farther than anyone realizes. He feels light-headed - the beautiful night, her perfume, the bright shining prizes almost within his grasp. She leans towards him. He takes her in his arms and kisses her.

#### A SALVATION ARMY HALL

Bare boards and rows of trestle tables. It's a soup kitchen - a line of ragged people snake past cauldrons of food. But right now everything is frozen - one of the Salvation Army captains is leading everyone in grace.

#### CAPTAIN

"... for thine is the kingdom, the power  
and the glory. Forever and ever. Amen."

The room erupts in a clatter of plates and a rising tide of voices. Mary sits with Dark Annie, Liz and Kate, a bowl of soup and a Bible in front of each of them.

#### DARK ANNIE

Jesus, Mary! I know it's not your fault  
this bloke's gone away, but we've got  
to get money from somewhere.  
What are we going to do?

#### MARY

I say we go and see 'em - all of us.

#### DARK ANNIE

Who?!

#### MARY

The Old Nichol Street blokes.

The other women look at her, incredulous -

#### KATE

Don't be stupid!

#### MARY

We give 'em what money we can, like  
a gesture of good faith. We tell 'em  
we need more time to get on our feet.

#### LONG LIZ

On our backs, you mean.

The others smile but there's no joy in it - they're far too worried. Mary looks at them for their response.

DARK ANNIE

(softly)

It's an idea, Mary, and maybe it'd work.  
But I can't to go - not after last time. I'm  
not proud, I'll say it - I'm scared.

Mary nods - she understands. She looks at Kate.

KATE

I'm only working another few days.  
John Kelly's asked me to go hop-  
picking with him in Kent. The money's  
not much but it's a damn sight safer.  
No, Mary.

It's up to Long Liz. By nature she is a nervous sort of woman -

LONG LIZ

I'd go if the others were... but you  
don't know these men. Just the two  
of us - it's asking for trouble.

Her voice trails away. Silence. Dark Annie, Kate and Liz look down at their food, sort of ashamed. We push in on Mary's face. There's a determination to it -

#### A DARK AND EMPTY STREET

Mary - alone - walks through the shadows. She turns a corner - in the glow of a street lamp we see a sign on a wall: Old Nichol Street. Mary stops in front of a building and steps into -

#### THE BRICKLAYER'S ARMS

It's a quiet pub. People turn and look. Mary makes her way up to the bar. She speaks so close to the ear of the bartender we can't catch what she says. The bartender indicates a table in the corner -

McQueen is holding court. Several young women, obviously prostitutes, sit with Georgie and the Old Nichol Street boys. Mary approaches them - she's frightened but she's damned if she's going to show it. McQueen turns and looks at her.

MARY

A couple of you blokes know a friend of mine - Annie Chapman. Dark Annie.

### THE BACK OF THE PUB

is a pig-sty: piles of trash, empty beer barrels, a tiny out-house for the women. Mary hands McQueen and Geordie a bag of coins.

MARY

There's eighteen shillings - that's from the four of us. It would have been more, but a chap that's going to help us had to go away.

McQueen and Geordie look at each other - they're surprised about the money but they don't let Mary know it.

McQUEEN

Yeah, well - when's he expected back, this chap of yours?

MARY

A week, maybe. We need time to give you the rest, that's why I'm here.

McQUEEN

A week you say? At least you made an effort. All right, then.

Mary turns, about to go, but she can't contain herself. She turns back.

MARY

Why did you do that to Polly? If you'd have just shown her the knife it would have scared her half to death.

McQUEEN

Polly?

MARY

Yes, Polly. And next time you want to send us a message just come to Miller's Rents.

McQUEEN

We didn't kill Polly Nichols.

MARY

Oh, save that for the coppers!

McQueen's hand flashes out and grabs Mary by the neck. He pulls her close -

McQUEEN

Listen - we got a business here.  
Sometimes we have to encourage the punters, like with Annie. But kill Polly Nichols - why the fuck would we bring that shit down on Whitechapel?

Mary looks into his eyes and knows it's the truth. She trembles, shaken by it -

McQUEEN

What's wrong with you?

MARY

I thought we could deal with you, Mr McQueen. But me and the other women have to work those streets. Now somebody's killed one of us. I'm scared - that's what's wrong with me.

McQUEEN

I never thought I'd see the day when a woman would *miss* dealing with Tom McQueen. God, what's the fucking world coming to?!

He pushes Mary aside. He and Geordie head back into the pub.

### A SPRIG OF GRAPES

lies on the ground in a narrow passage-way just off Dorset Street. From ahead, we hear voices - Dark Annie has found herself a customer. She leads Gull towards a dark and deserted yard at the back of a row of tenements.

DARK ANNIE

(laughing, sort of high)

Look at me staggerin' will you? You'd think I was drunk.

GULL

We can stop here if you want.

**DARK ANNIE**

No, I'm just tired or something. Everything seems like it's floating. It feels nice.

**GULL**

Excellent, Annie - that's excellent.

They keep walking, entering -

**THE YARD**

Dark Annie props herself against a tall fence. Gull puts down the leather briefcase. Annie turns to face him. She touches his face -

**DARK ANNIE**

You're a handsome man.

(she laughs)

I just wish your nose'd stay still, that's all.

**GULL**

Are you ready, Annie?

**DARK ANNIE**

Gettin' all bothered are you?

(she grabs his crotch)

Gawd - it's hard enough, isn't it?

He strikes her hand away. Gull's mask of civility drops - he grabs her by the shoulder and spins her around. But Annie, drugged and disoriented, laughs-

**DARK ANNIE**

Ooh - want it doggie-style, do you?

Gull slips his fingers around her throat. He starts to tighten them - she gasps and tries to tear free but the drug seems to have sapped her strength. In the first murder, Gull was nervous but now he starts to find pleasure in his work. He strangles her with one hand while the other goes to her bodice. He rips open the buttons, exposing her breasts. His hand slides towards them. Annie fights for air - her eyes bulge. Gull smiles.

**THE YARD NEXT DOOR**

A man comes out the back of the adjoining tenement. This is Albert Cadosch, a carpenter, heading out early for work. He unzips his fly, and starts to pee. He sees nothing - but from next door, he hears a cry.

## DARK ANNIE (O.S.)

No...

Cadosch listens - a couple of whimpering sounds - then he decides what it is.

CADOSCH

Fuckin' whores! Why don't you do your business somewhere else.

He turns and walks back inside.

## THE YARD

Annie fights for her life. Her fingers tear at Gull's expert stranglehold but she's growing weaker by the moment. Her eyes roll back in her head and her body shakes as she goes through the death rattle. Gull lets her crumple to the ground. He turns, opens the briefcase and selects a long pointed knife -

GULL

Now I'll give you some artistry, Mr Abberline.

## INSIDE THE MORGUE

It's 4.30 am, still dark outside. Abberline watches as Doctor Lewellyn pulls back the sheet from a body, revealing the face. Abberline turns to the Sergeant -

ABBERLINE

It's Polly Nichols' friend, isn't it?

SERGEANT

Yeah. Annie Chapman's her name.

ABBERLINE

What about the injuries - similar?

DOCTOR LEWELLYN

Worse. He laid open the abdomen, severed the intestines and put them over her shoulder. The uterus, the womb and its attachments were removed, including -

ABBERLINE

All right, George.

He turns away. He rubs his eyes - he's weary, drained.

ABBERLINE

Jesus. Where do you even start with  
a man like this?

He looks at them. Silence. Nobody can answer.

#### OUTSIDE THE MORGUE

reporters and sightseers all over the place - Whitechapel's rumor mill has been spreading the news for the last hour. The reporters surge forward as Abberline comes out the front doors. They yell questions but Abberline, grim-faced, shoulders his way through. An ugly murmur rises up from the crowd - women shout abuse at Abberline. They want the police to do something - two murders in a couple of days! Abberline stares at them - he knows they're frightened but still he's shocked. He gets into a waiting cab. The driver cracks his whip. The horses push through...

#### INSIDE THE RINGERS

Mary Kelly has been crying. It's about 9am - there's only a few hard-core drinkers in the pub. She sits alone, pale and frightened. Walter Ringer puts a glass in front of her and fills it with gin. He puts out his hand for payment -

MARY

I'm skint, Mr Ringer. Can you put it  
on the slate?

He goes to take the drink away - then he looks at her face.

RINGER

Just this once, 'cos of Dark Annie, that's  
all. You pay me tomorrow, you hear?

She nods her head. Unseen by Mary, Abberline comes through the front door and looks around. He sees Mary in the corner and makes his way towards her. Mary picks up the glass but her hand's trembling. Before she can get it to her mouth, liquor splashes onto the table.

MARY

(to herself)

Damn - get a grip!

ABBERLINE (O.S.)

I knew a man with a problem like that.



ABBERLINE

It seems strange... there must be more to it than that. Listen - I want to help you, Mary. Just give me a chance.

MARY

There's nothing more to it, Fred. It's nice of you to offer, but anyway - what could you do?

He reaches into his coat and gives her three one pound notes.

ABBERLINE

I want you to get a proper room and stay off the streets. That's a start.

She stares at him for a moment, unbelieving -

MARY

I can't take this, Fred.

ABBERLINE

'Course you can. Now go on.

MARY

But... why are you doing this?

ABBERLINE

I told you I could help, didn't I?

Mary looks at him. The money could be a life-saver - literally. She puts her arms around his neck and kisses him. Men turn and look. Abberline gently disentangles her arms. She takes hold of his hand -

MARY

I didn't always do this work, Fred. Ever since I was thirteen I've had real jobs. For five years I was a lace-maker - but then that went bad and what can you do? Virtue's easy on a full stomach. It's different when you're starving.

ABBERLINE

Yeah, but weren't there other jobs?

MARY

Not in my line - machines are doing it all, and it's hard - you grow up in Ireland, most of the kids barely get an education. I tried everything - I sold flowers down at St James then I worked as an artist's model. Last year I was living in a lovely place in Cleveland Street. Sort of like home help.

ABBERLINE

What happened?

MARY

(evasive)

Oh, there was trouble... a lot of trouble, Fred. Nothing to do with me but it all came to an end - I was out on the street.

Abberline notes the evasion. Mary is looking down at the money, thinking of the possibilities. She can't help but be excited -

MARY

There's a woman I know, a good Irish Catholic - she runs a boarding house in Dwyer Street. It's clean and there's two meals a day. It'd be just like Cleveland Street. Only better.

(pauses)

I've never asked you - but are you married, Fred?

He just looks at her. A beat.

ABBERLINE

No... no, I'm not married.

MARY

You could come 'round... you know, stay the night... only if you want, but it's not like I'm saving myself, is it? I'd like it, Fred. I really would...

Abberline looks around, not sure what to say. He smiles at her -

ABBERLINE

Maybe... let's see, shall we?

MARY

(laughing)

You're right - I'm always rushing things.  
But just say you will, Fred.

ABBERLINE

There's nothing you want to tell me  
about Polly and Annie, is there? You're  
being honest with me, aren't you?

MARY

Sure I am.

She smiles at him. He smiles back. But he doesn't believe her. He looks at the clock.

ABBERLINE

Gawd - time I was going.

He gets up. Mary leans forward and kisses his cheek -

MARY

You're a good man, Fred. You really  
are.

He squeezes her hand, turns and leaves.

### CLEVELAND STREET

is a pleasant road - a couple of grand old houses, apartments, a good number of shops. It is busy - Saturday morning, a clear and crisp autumn day. Abberline is going door to door. He comes out of a small cobbler's store and enters a -

### GROCER'S SHOP

Abberline is talking to the owner. He lays out a copy of one of the tabloids and points at a photograph taken at Polly's burial. It shows the women near the grave -

ABBERLINE

Her name's Mary Kelly - do you  
recognize her?

GROCER

She lived down the road with a lass  
called Annie Crook. She had a baby -  
Annie did - a lovely little girl as I recall.

ABBERLINE

You know the house?

GROCER

A basement flat - but it won't do you no good. The police come for Annie - at least most of us think they were police. They were in plain-clothes but who else would have blocked off the whole road?

ABBERLINE

They blocked off the road to arrest one woman?

GROCER

That's right.

ABBERLINE

Have you got a minute, Mr Baxter? I want you to tell me everything you remember.

Mr Baxter nods. He goes and closes the front door of the shop.

DWYER STREET

It's just after lunch, the same day. Mrs Finnane's boarding house has a sign hanging out the front:

Rooms To Let  
Gentlewomen Only

INSIDE ONE OF THE ROOMS

Mary, looking more rested and happier than she has for days, is washing her underwear in a small bowl. A knock on the door. She turns, instantly alert, scared -

MARY

Who is it?

ABBERLINE (O.S.)

Fred... Fred Abberline.

Mary's face lights up - he's come to see her! She flies into action - grabbing underwear off a drying line, trying to tidy up, looking in a mirror, cursing her hair and make-up. She calls out, excited -

MARY

Give me a minute. You should have warned me. This place is a mess...

#### IN THE CORRIDOR

Abberline waits in front of the door. It swings open - revealing Mary, her hair fixed, lipstick on. One look at Abberline's stony face and she knows something is wrong -

MARY

What is it?

ABBERLINE

Why didn't you tell me about Cleveland Street?

MARY

What..?

#### THE BEDROOM

Abberline enters and closes the door behind him.

ABBERLINE

Who were they - the men that came and took Annie Crook and her baby? Why did they do that, Mary?

MARY

What were you doing in Cleveland Street? What gives you the right to go digging in people's lives?!

ABBERLINE

I've got every right. I'm not a saddlemaker, Mary. I'm a copper.

Mary stares at him. Whatever dreams she had are turning to ashes -

MARY

A copper? It was just lies... all that stuff about wanting to see me... you let me make a fool of myself! All you wanted was information... God, I tell you, I've been used by men but never like this -



ABBERLINE

Because I care about you. *That's* why I gave you the three quid - to keep you safe. How could I tell you who I was - I knew you wouldn't talk to the police. I never meant to hurt you, Mary.

MARY

Pretty words, Fred - but that's all they are. I don't believe anything you say. You're pulling yourself if you think I could trust you. Now go, will you?!

She's close to tears. She turns away from him.

ABBERLINE

Like it or not, you're going to have to talk to me. I'm a copper. I want to know who the toff was that came to visit. An aristocrat, people say.

MARY

I don't know who he was.

ABBERLINE

Bullshit! A year or more he came, and you don't know his name!

MARY

He didn't use his real name! Albert Victor he called himself. There - are you satisfied?! Just go, will you!

ABBERLINE

And Annie Crook - what happened to her? Where's she?

MARY

(soft)

I don't know where Annie is.

ABBERLINE

Oh, come on...!

She turns and looks at him - her face is crumpling with tears -



ABBERLINE

Say she'd died, would her file have been put somewhere else?

OLD MAN

No. If you're born in these files, you die in these files. She's no deader than you or I -

(he laughs)

Well, no deader than you, anyway. But like I say Inspector, you're welcome to look for yourself.

Abberline shakes his head - no. He starts to leave. Then he remembers something. He turns back -

ABBERLINE

One of the residents said he heard the name of a copper. He doesn't know his rank or anything but he said he thought he was a senior man. Mr Kidney they called him.

A shadow passes across the old man's face -

OLD MAN

There's only one bloke I know of that name, not that you'll find him listed anywhere. Superintendent Ben Kidney. He works for the Special Branch.

ABBERLINE

(taken aback)

Jesus. Is that why there'd be no file?

OLD MAN

Oh, there'd be a file alright, but they keep all that stuff to 'emselves. You won't find out nought from them. Dirty bastards, if you ask me.

ABBERLINE

Yeah, that's their reputation all right.

More worried than ever, he turns and goes.



ABBERLINE

If I'm a good officer, it's because my intuition -

SIR CHARLES

I said no, Fred.

Again the two men look at one another. Sir Charles rolls the scotch around in his glass. He softens -

SIR CHARLES

You said yourself he was an aristocrat. He used an alias for a reason, don't you think? I wouldn't mind if this was going to serve some useful purpose, but it's not going to help either of us, is it? You understand what I'm saying?

Abberline understands alright.

ABBERLINE

Yes... yes, I suppose I do, Sir Charles.

SIR CHARLES

Excellent. To our health, then.  
(he raises his glass)  
Cheers.

#### THE STEEPLE OF CHRISTCHURCH

rises up into the night. On either side of the road prostitutes walk their beat. Mary stands under a street lamp, waiting for business. Abberline comes towards her. Despite the anger she feels towards him, she doesn't want him to see her like this. She turns away, but too late - he's seen her.

ABBERLINE

I went to the boarding house. A bloke there said you looked like you were dressed for work.

MARY

A woman's got to earn a living.

ABBERLINE

What about the money I gave you?

MARY

I've still got it. I'm trying to earn as much as I can - I'm going back to Ireland. And don't think of giving me any more, Inspector. I'd rather earn — it this way than take it from you.

ABBERLINE

I wasn't thinking of it. I'm here because I want to know something. What were you mixed up in, Mary?

MARY

I wasn't mixed up in anything.

She starts to turn away but he reaches out, grabs her shoulder and spins her back.

ABBERLINE

Listen to me! That wasn't the police down in Cleveland Street - that was the Special Branch. Do you know who they are? They were set up to deal with your countrymen, Mary. Their brief is to catch the Irish bombers. They don't exactly respect the law - they don't have to. They report directly to the Government. These are hard men, Mary. Killers. What the fuck were they doing in Cleveland Street?

Mary's frightened by the thing about the Special Branch but she's not going to show it -

MARY

You already know - they came for Annie.

ABBERLINE

Why? What else?!

MARY

Maybe it was Albert Victor. How would I know - I was just the help!

ABBERLINE

You were her friend - what did she tell you?





The constable stares at Kidney, confused. A beat.

KIDNEY  
Jesus Christ - the file room!

The three of them race for the stairs.

#### THE FILE ROOM

Abberline's got a cabinet open at the letter "c", tearing through the files, searching for "Cleveland Street". Nothing. He keeps looking. From outside the room - Bam!

KIDNEY (O.S.)  
Shit!

Abberline reacts - his early warning system has been triggered.

#### THE CORRIDOR

Kidney is in a heap on the floor, tripped by a thin wire stretched across the darkened corridor. He scrambles up, mouth twisted in anger.

#### THE FILE ROOM

Abberline searches furiously. He stops at a file. On the top - "Crook, Annie Mary". He rips the file out of the cabinet. It contains a single sheet of paper - an official document, like an admission form. Printed across the top are the words:

Marylebone Workhouse

#### THE CORRIDOR

There are two doors into the file room. Kidney motions to Press and Brack - they approach one door, Kidney takes the other. Simultaneously, they burst in -

#### THE FILE ROOM

is empty. The lantern flickers on a table. Drawers are open, the room in disarray. Kidney's eyes search the shadows - the intruder could be anywhere. He draws a gun. Slowly he moves forward - screech! Kidney jumps - then realizes, it's just the train whistle.

He looks at one of the tall windows - smoke from the train's locomotive spills through a tiny crack at the top. Someone hasn't closed it properly! Kidney motions to Press and Brack. They close in on one window, Kidney on the other.

#### OUTSIDE THE BUILDING

Abberline dangles between the two windows, his hands gripping the iron gutter, nothing supporting his feet. The railway tracks are fifty feet below. He watches the shadows inside the room. They move closer - smash! Fists come through the glass on either side of him. He only has a second to think - Kidney's head is out the window, the gun rising, his finger on the trigger. Abberline looks down - train carriages hurtle along the tracks. Kidney's finger tightens. Abberline drops! Kidney fires - misses. Abberline plunges down -

#### THE ROOF OF THE TRAIN

He hits the roof of the carriage and tumbles - towards the edge. His hand grabs an iron conduit on the roof. He lies there, spread-eagled on top of the speeding train.

#### IN THE FILE ROOM

Kidney leans out the window, watching the figure of the man grow smaller.

KIDNEY

Who the fuck was that?

The train disappears into a tunnel.

#### A HUGE ARCHED ROOM

The ceiling is supported by three massive beams. A slogan is painted on each of them: God Is Good; God Is Holy; God Is Just. We tilt down to several hundred women - some infirm, some retarded, all dressed in gray smocks. They sit at work benches doing simple sewing - sheets, pillow cases, sacks. This is Marylebone Work House - a pauper's prison. A female Governor steps onto an observation platform. Abberline stands behind her.

GOVERNOR

(calling out)

Annie Crook... Annie Mary Crook!

A woman stumbles to her feet. She's in her late 20's and must have been quite beautiful once. Now her hair is lank, shoulders stooped, her eyes dull and vacant.



DOCTOR

I'm afraid the Governor's right - you'll get no sense from Annie.

Annie is still rambling on about the children's story. Abberline shakes his head - what can you do? The Governor takes Annie by the arm and leads her out.

ABBERLINE

What was the cause of it?

DOCTOR

There's a number of serious medical conditions for which it is necessary to remove the thyroid gland. This was before she came here, of course. Unfortunately one of the side effects is almost a total loss of memory.

ABBERLINE

Do you know anything about her? Is there a case file or anything like that?

DOCTOR

Not that I know of, Inspector, but she came from Guy's Hospital. They'd saved her life or something. I remember because they told me the name of the surgeon involved - he's one of the finest in the land. Sir William Gull.

Abberline just looks at him. A beat..

DOCTOR

Are you alright, Inspector?

ABBERLINE

Yes... yes, I'm fine, thank you.

#### A STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA

stands at the entrance to Guy's Hospital. It's dusk, the sun starting to set. We crane up from the Queen's face to a window high above. Through the glass -

#### A LARGE WOOD-PANELED OFFICE

Sir William Gull sits behind his desk, his injured ankle propped up on a stool. He watches Abberline open his briefcase and take out a file.

ABBERLINE

These are the Coroners' reports on the two murders. I was hoping you might be able to help in regard to the weapon.

GULL

The weapon, Inspector?

ABBERLINE

Yes. If you look at the report on the first murder, it says the wounds were so deep, they were probably done with an ax. I don't think that's possible - there's not enough room to wield an ax in a carriage.

GULL

Of course not. The Coroner's reports - fascinating...

He picks up the file and starts to read. Abberline studies the man - the arrogant face, the soft flesh, the expensive clothes. He glances at Gull's doe-skin boot resting on the stool. It's obviously hand-made - pressed into the heel is the bootmaker's personal mark, a three-turreted castle. Gull lays the file down -

GULL

It certainly wasn't an ax. It seems from the wounds it was a long double edged blade. One has to wonder how these Coroners get the job.

ABBERLINE

I often think that myself. So, in a confined space without much force behind it, the weapon would have to be incredibly sharp, wouldn't it? You were saying before, this is probably a man with a substantial knowledge of anatomy - I think you mentioned a battlefield surgeon. What sort of weapon do you think a man like that would use, Sir William?

GULL

Well, there's a number of possibilities... of course, being double edged narrows it down. The word "battlefield" brings at least one instrument to mind.

He smiles as he reaches into his drawer and pulls out the long double-bladed knife he used to kill Polly. He hands it to Abberline -

GULL

It's called a Liston knife, named after a brilliant surgeon in the Crimean War. Because there was no anesthetic he had to carry out amputations as quickly as possible. He designed the knife so that he could have a leg "on the sawdust" in under a minute. Naturally I can't say it's the weapon, but it does fit our criteria - about ten inches long, double-edged, serrated, two narrow ridges to fold back the flesh and drain away the blood. It's a beautiful instrument, surgically speaking, of course.

Abberline turns the instrument over in his hands -

ABBERLINE

Every surgeon would have one?

GULL

Yes. They're standard issue in a portable amputation kit. But even if I'm right, I'm afraid it doesn't do us much good, Inspector - you can get them at any medical supply shop. Apart from that, the army must have thousands of them.

Gull takes the knife back and returns it to the drawer.

ABBERLINE

But it's a start - a Liston knife. Thank you, Sir William, as always you've been a great help.

Abberline gets up, shakes Gull's hand - then stops. He makes out he has just remembered -

ABBERLINE

Oh, there was one other thing. Stupid of me, I almost forgot - do you remember a woman by the name of Annie Crook?

He looks straight at Gull, watching for his reaction. Gull's eyes flicker for a moment, his hand goes to straighten his tie, then he changes his mind. A beat.

GULL

Annie Crook...such a common name.  
No... I can't say I do. Why?

ABBERLINE

It's nothing really... she seems to have some small connection to one of the women involved. It turned out she was a patient of yours. I was wondering if you knew anything about her.

GULL

A patient of mine - where?

ABBERLINE

Here at Guy's.

GULL

A lower class woman, was she?

ABBERLINE

Yes, I suppose she was.

Gull smiles, acting as if the mystery is solved -

GULL

Like most surgeons, I do a substantial amount of pro-bono work. I perform mine at Guy's. You could hardly call such people patients - I just do the surgery on the list. Naturally, I don't know anything about these people.

ABBERLINE

Naturally. Still, I hope you don't mind me asking. Goodnight, Sir William.

GULL

Goodnight, Inspector.

He watches Abberline go. For the first time, despite his arrogance, he feels uneasy.



Abberline's shocked - physician to the Queen? Where does all this end?

LADY JANE

What do you say he... "lied"... about?

ABBERLINE

There was a young woman.... a working class girl he operated on. He said he didn't recall her.

LADY JANE

Why would he? He must have had thousands of patients. I can hear it in your voice - you're not even sure yourself, are you?

ABBERLINE

Of course you doubt... there are always doubts. But I've been in the force fifteen years. I know what I saw.

LADY JANE

And why would he lie about it?

ABBERLINE

I don't know. There's someone else involved - an aristocrat. He calls himself Albert Victor - but that sounds like two first names.

He looks at Lady Jane to see if the name means anything to her -

LADY JANE

Don't look at me - I'm sure I don't know.

ABBERLINE

There's a book, isn't there - it lists knights and lords?

LADY JANE

Earls, viscounts, marquis and dukes. It's called Burke's Peerage.

THE PAGES OF A BOOK

being turned. Abberline sits alone in Lady Jane's library, working by candlelight.



He leafs backwards through the pages - very fast. Lady Jane leaves. Abberline keeps looking - then he stops. He stares at the page. We don't see what's on it but we see his face. He's scared now. Very, very scared.

#### EARLY MORNING

The street at the front of Bishopsgate Police station is coming to life. A cab draws up and Abberline, looking exhausted, gets out. He goes up the front steps and into the station. A constable behind the desk looks up.

CONSTABLE

There's been a letter, sir.

#### INSIDE ABBERLINE'S OFFICE

The Sergeant and several other cops watch as Abberline reads aloud parts of a handwritten letter.

ABBERLINE

"I am down on whores and shan't quit ripping them 'til I do get buckled... the next job I do I'll clip the lady's ears off, just for jolly..."

(he throws it down on the desk - tired)  
It's bullshit.

DETECTIVE

How do you know? There's been other cases -

ABBERLINE

The killer's intelligent. He doesn't write letters in red ink that start with "Dear Boss" and he certainly doesn't call himself "Jack the Ripper".

(he rubs his eyes)

It's a hoax.

SERGEANT

I don't think so, Fred.

ABBERLINE

Christ - not you too, Pete!



She lets the blanket fall, revealing her naked body, and walks to the chair where her clothes are lying. Abberline picks up the blanket and throws it at her -

-ABBERLINE --

Of course it matters!

He turns his back, allowing her to get dressed. For a moment, she just looks at him - still hurt and caring about him.

MARY

So... where are we going?

ABBERLINE

The opening of Parliament. The Queen arrives at nine o'clock.

MARY

Parliament?

ABBERLINE

What's wrong - not interested in democracy, Mary?

MARY

Of course I would be - if anyone in England practiced it.

She's pulled on her dress and shoes - she's ready.

#### PALACE ROAD

runs from the gates of Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament. The street is lined with sightseers. Uniformed police keep them back as ranks of ceremonial troops pass by - the Household Cavalry, the Life Guard, the Imperial Dragoons...

A cheer goes up for the Queen's gold-encrusted State coach. The dour old woman, dressed in her perpetual black, sits alone, waving at her subjects. Following close behind are dozens of other coaches carrying members of the Royal Family and the country's leading noblemen.

In the second rank is a magnificent vehicle trimmed in gold. Driving it - ramrod straight and dressed in finery - is a man we recognize. John Netley!

## IN THE CROWD

Abberline and Mary push through to the front. The coaches are approaching the gates to the Houses of Parliament. Abberline points out Netley's coach (they can't see the driver's face because the footmen and postillions block him from view.)

ABBERLINE

The second coach! Look at the man  
inside... look at his face... understand?

Mary nods her head - yes. She steps out onto the road. The coach draws abreast of them. Inside a man sits alone. It's Albert Victor. He turns -

Mary looks through the window. The man starts to wave at what he thinks is an enthusiastic subject. Then he stops - he and the woman have seen each other before... a year ago in a basement apartment. Mary stares at him. He looks back. Then the coach is gone, passing through the gates and into the forecourt of the Houses of Parliament.

ABBERLINE

Was it him, Mary?!

MARY

(soft)

Who is he?

Abberline feels his stomach turn as the truth is confirmed.

ABBERLINE

Albert Victor. Prince Edward Albert  
Victor Christian. Grandson of Her  
Majesty the Queen. Heir to the throne  
of England.

Mary stares at him - God, what has she brought down on herself? All around them, the crowd is dispersing. Abberline speaks softly -

ABBERLINE

I can't see all the threads, Mary - not  
half of them I shouldn't think - but the  
Special Branch are involved, so's the  
Queen's surgeon and the Prince  
himself. God knows where else it  
leads. But there's one thing I can't  
fathom - the connection to Polly and  
Dark Annie.

He looks at her, hoping she'll volunteer something but she doesn't.

ABBERLINE

I found your friend Annie Crook, you know?

MARY

Annie? Where?!

ABBERLINE

It doesn't matter - she won't know you. She had an operation - maybe it was necessary, but it just so happens it destroyed her memory.

MARY

(close to tears)

But... memories are like someone's life.

ABBERLINE

I suppose they are but that's what we're dealing with. What's the connection, Mary? Help me.

But now she's more frightened than ever -

MARY

I don't know.

ABBERLINE

I'll tell you what I think - you did something or you know something. I think you're the link.

MARY

You're wrong, Inspector.

ABBERLINE

I know you don't trust coppers - me especially! - and if you're frightened, you've got every right to be, but you've got to give me a chance. You've got to help, Mary!

MARY

I can't.

Abberline turns away - frustrated, angry. He takes a second to compose himself.

MARY

I'd better be going...

ABBERLINE

How much money have you got?

MARY

Why?

ABBERLINE

I don't believe you, Mary - I think you're in danger. More danger than I probably realize. If I'm right, you mustn't go anywhere you're known. You can't work, can you? Stick to the poor neighborhoods - you've got a better chance of being lost there. Stay in that lodging house, but only as long as nobody knows you. That takes money. Can you afford it?

Mary looks at him - tenderness in her eyes.

MARY

I'll ask Mrs Finnane if I can work for lodging. If she'll do it, it'll be char work in the kitchen - four in the morning 'til after dinner time and I'll still have to pay for my food. But with what you gave me, I'll be able to manage for a while - I'll have to won't I? But thanks, anyway.

Time to go. They look at one another. A beat - then Mary puts out her hand. Abberline shakes it.

MARY

Goodbye, Fred.

She goes. Abberline watches her head towards the Houses of Parliament. He turns away, into the crowd.

#### AN IRON RAILING

Mary hurries past it. She glances in at the State carriages parked on the other side - and stops dead in her tracks. She stares through the bars and though we don't see what she does, we can tell from her face - it chills her to the bone.

**THE THAMES EMBANKMENT**

Fred walks along the sidewalk at the river's edge. A voice behind him -

MARY (O.S.)

Fred!

He turns - Mary comes towards him.

MARY

The Prince's coachman, I've seen him before... he came in the pub one night - he asked Polly her name.

Abberline stares at her - at last he gets a break.

ABBERLINE

Where, Mary?! Point him out!

Mary leads him into the crowd.

**THE IRON RAILING**

Mary and Abberline push through to the front of the crowd. She points at the carriages - Netley is laughing, sharing a joke with one of the other drivers. Abberline stares at him, marking him well.

ABBERLINE

I always thought he had an accomplice - who better than a coachman? It looks like you've found the monkey, Mary. God willing, the organ grinder won't be far behind.

He turns and looks at her - she's got other things on her mind.

MARY

I've got to go, Fred.

She gathers up her skirts, pushes through the crowd and hurries away -

**THE RINGERS PUB**

Mary enters and quickly looks around. It's mid-morning and the pub is almost empty. She goes to the bar -

MARY

I've got to find Liz Stride. You haven't seen her have you, Mr Ringer?

RINGER

Not this week. Peter Leyland said he saw her on Monday at the Horn O' Plenty, pissed out of her mind. Have you tried Miller's Rents?

MARY

There and everywhere else. Listen - I've got to tell her something. When she comes in, will you give her a message?

Ringer nods. Mary hurriedly writes out a note. Above the bar, she sees a sign for "Gilbey's Gin". She signs the note "Mary Gilbey" and puts it in an envelope.

MARY

Make sure you tell her it's from me, will you?

He nods his head. She turns and leaves.

## BEAUTIFUL ROLLING HILLS

Fields of gold and yellow, haycarts in the dales, men and women harvesting vegetables. Under a tree, Kate Eddowes takes a drink from a bucket. She turns as a sunburnt man in his 30's approaches. This is John Kelly, her common-law husband.

JOHN

There's a bloke just arrived from London. He says they're offering a two hundred quid reward for the Whitechapel killer.

KATE

So? I don't know nothing about it.

JOHN

Don't be daft! Four women take a punt on getting some money and two of 'em are killed. It's gotta be that artist bloke. What's his name - Sickert?

KATE

Listen to me, John Kelly - I'm not telling the coppers anything. There's a name for that letter - it's called blackmail and I'm not going to jail for anyone.

JOHN

Jesus, woman. Nobody's gonna think you had anything to do with the letter! You can't even write. You just tell 'em you heard the other women talking about it. Now you're being a good citizen and informin' the coppers.

Kate starts to think about it -

JOHN

Shit, Kate - two hundred quid, just for us. It'd set us up. Or do you want to keep slogging away in Kent or London? Either way it's hard on your back.

KATE

It is a lot of money, isn't it?

JOHN

That's the girl! We can jump a train to London tonight.

#### THE BANK OF ENGLAND

is a huge and impressive building - sweeping steps lead up to a row of Doric columns. A horse-drawn cart pulls up in front of it, delivering bundles of the afternoon edition of "The Star" to the street vendors. A newsboy grabs an armful and starts to hawk them -

NEWSBOY

Coppers get a letter! Read all about him - Jack the Ripper!

Gentlemen of the City - businessmen - stop and listen. The newsboy starts to sell them as fast as he can take the money.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

The green leather benches of the beautiful chamber are full. A Member of Parliament rises to his feet.

### POLITICIAN

My question is directed to the Prime Minister. Will the Honorable member assure terrified residents of London that the Government is do everything in its power to apprehend the man calling himself Jack the Ripper?

The six hundred members roar their approval - "Hear, hear... hear, hear". The Prime Minister stands up to answer. He looks around, beleaguered, worried...

## HYDE PARK

Gull and Lord Hailsham walk down an avenue of beautiful oak trees. The sun is setting, casting a tangled web of shadows across their faces. Though we don't hear what they are saying, it's obvious Hailsham is angry. They come to a rise and look across a lawn. An afternoon rally has attracted thousands of people. A sign behind the podium reads:

### Whitechapel Vigilance Committee

The president of the newly-formed group addresses the crowd -

### PRESIDENT

Four women dead in a matter of weeks -  
how many more before the Police and  
Government take action?!

A roar of agreement goes up from the crowd. Lord Hailsham turns to Gull -

### HAILSHAM

Now do you know what I'm saying?  
Finish it. You hear me? Finish it!

## A PIGEON

pecks at a trail of bread crumbs. It's night -the trail of crumbs lead under a wooden box, propped up by a stick. Three street urchins hide around a corner, waiting to spring the trap - pigeon pie for dinner. We tilt up from the box - to a carriage parked on the side of the road.



The People's Palace  
Cheap Lodging

INSIDE THE PEOPLE'S PALACE

Liz Stride lies on the floor of a room little bigger than a closet. Empty gin bottles lie next to her. She opens her eyes - God, it's one hell of a bender she's been on. Bang! Bang! on the door - the sound cuts through her head like a knife.

LANDLORD (O.S.)

Open the bloody door!

Liz crawls to the door on her knees and unslips the bolt. The door swings open -

LANDLORD

Your doss money only lasts 'til midnight.  
You've got an hour to pay another day  
or get your ass out of here.

LONG LIZ

My compliments to the manager - how  
could I resist another night in such a  
fine establishment?

LANDLORD

And don't give me any foreign lip either.

He slams the door. Long Liz up-ends her purse. Two half pennies fall out - that's all she's got. She slumps against the door, nursing her head.

LONG LIZ

Oh God...

BISHOPSGATE POLICE STATION

Abberline pays his driver and bounds up the steps. He's lost Netley - whatever he can do, it's got to be done fast. He goes through the door.

IN A CORRIDOR

Abberline meets the Sergeant coming out of another office. Abberline shows him the newspaper photograph of the women at the funeral.

ABBERLINE

You know the names of these women,  
Pete?

SERGEANT

Most of 'em.

ABBERLINE

I want everyone working this shift  
assembled in the muster room - that  
includes the men on the beat. I want  
the women arrested. No muckin' about,  
any charge you like.

SERGEANT

You mind telling me why?

ABBERLINE

Just do it, Pete. Use fucking bloodhounds  
if you like.

He stares at Abberline but the Inspector turns away, heading into his office.

#### THE DEATH COACH

is parked out of sight in a dark alleyway. We crane up from it - above the adjoining  
tenements. We look down Dorset Street - on the corner is The Ringers pub.

#### INSIDE THE PUB

Ringer serves a glass of ale to Netley.

NETLEY

You told me about a dark-haired lass  
one night. Said I couldn't do better  
than her if I wanted a bit of fun.

RINGER

That's right - you were going to double  
team her. Mary Kelly.

NETLEY

Yeah, that's her. She been in tonight?

**RINGER**

I don't think she's workin' the street any more. Like a lot of girls, she probably doesn't have the stomach for it - ha!ha!

**NETLEY**

Oh yeah, ha!ha! I've got a hard-on that'd make a blacksmith blush. You don't know where she lives, eh... maybe a home visit?

**RINGER**

Sorry... no idea, mate.

**NETLEY**

I'd make it worth her while. Yours, too.

Ringer looks down - Netley slides a silver florin across the bar.

**RINGER**

Now you put it like that - she did leave a note for one of her pals.

He rummages under the bar, pulls out the envelope and reads the note.

**RINGER**

It says a friend from Sweden's turned up and's staying at an address in Dwyer Street. Signed Mrs Gilbey, whoever that is. No help, I'm afraid.

**NETLEY**

Ah well, we can't do any more than that, can we?

Ringer tosses the note and envelope in a corner of the counter and turns away. Netley reaches over, flicks open the note and looks at the address.

### **THE DARK ALLEY**

Netley walks towards the death coach. The window slides down. Gull looks out -

**NETLEY**

I've got an address for Mary Kelly. She's either using the name Mrs Gilbey or that's a friend of hers. Either way we can find her - it's about three mile away.

GULL

What about the others?

NETLEY

I didn't ask. The bloke'd believe I'd want to rut Mary Kelly, but not the other two.

GULL

I told you! We have to finish it, Netley.

(looks at his watch)

Still, it's early - the Kelly woman can await our pleasure. Jesus himself said he'd make us fishers of men. Drive, Netley - we'll cast our net once more in the sewer of Whitechapel.

Netley turns and swings himself onto the driver's seat. He snaps the reins - the carriage disappears into the night.

#### WILKES STREET

A flower seller has a stall on the corner. Liz Stride - looking for trade - picks a broken red carnation out of the gutter. She snaps off the stem and fits the bloom into her buttonhole. Smiling, she continues on her way.

#### THE DEATH COACH

turns into Wilkes Street. Traveling fast, it passes pawnshops, pubs and a group of drunk, arguing men. It bears down on the flower seller. Neither Gull or Netley have seen Liz, but at any moment they will. Closer they come, closer - still they haven't seen her! Liz, blithely unaware, turns into a tiny alley-way. The death coach gallops past.

#### DORSET STREET

Liz has cut through the alley into the heart of the red-light area. She stands outside the Salvation Army hall, talking to a friend of hers - Kate Eddowes. The sounds of voices singing a hymn - "Amazing Grace" - carries over from inside the hall. Kate is giggly, a bit drunk.

KATE

We got back from Kent this mornin' and been loaded ever since. They put me in the drink tank down in Whitechapel - only let me out half an hour ago.

(drops her voice, confidential)

We've been celebratin'.

LONG LIZ

Celebrating what?

KATE

My John's come up with a way to make some money. Real money.

LONG LIZ

He has, has he? How's that, then?

KATE

You know that -

Then her street cunning cuts through the alcoholic fog - why share this with anyone?

KATE

Forget it. You know how it is - I don't want to put a jinx on it.

Liz knows how it is alright - people looking after themselves. They keep talking but we pull back from them -

### THE DEATH COACH

has turned into Dorset Street. The sidewalks are crowded and Liz and Kate stand in the shadows. Then the hymn, accompanied by an organ, reaches it's finale. The sound of the voices, uplifted to God, carries across the road. Netley turns - and reins the horses back hard.

Bang! Gull slides open a narrow panel that allows the passenger to talk to the driver. Netley inclines his head and holds up his fingers - two. Gull looks at the two women. Already the excitement is starting to rise within him. He smiles.

### ON THE SIDEWALK

Liz checks her make-up in a fragment of mirror and returns it to Kate.



LONG LIZ

(smiling)

A tit man, are you? It's a shilling for  
short time, a florin for -

Netley leans down from the driver's seat and slams the door shut. Liz turns, suddenly frightened. She grabs the door handle and turns - it won't open! The crack of the whip - the coach starts moving. She spins back to Gull -

GULL

We're going to have to be quick!

The Liston knife drives towards her breasts - it hits her flesh. Liz screams. Gull's hand clamps across her mouth. He slashes the knife down from her breasts to her knees, cutting apart her dress and petticoats, laying bare her stomach and crotch. Liz, still alive, stares at him in horror. He draws the knife back, aiming at her stomach -

The coach turns into a dark, cobblestoned road. Liz's stifled cry is drowned out by the clatter of wheels.

LIZ STRIDE'S BODY

lies in a heap in Dutfield Yard. Constables with lanterns search the surrounding alleyways. Already the curious are starting to gather - in another few hours it will grow to a flood. Abberline pushes through. He bends down next to the half naked body and looks at Liz's mutilated face - her eyelids have been slashed, the tip of her nose is missing. A detective comes to Abberline's side -

DETECTIVE

She hasn't got any papers on her. We're  
rounding up some of the bang-tails to  
see if anyone can identify her.

ABBERLINE

Don't bother - her name's Elizabeth  
Stride. Long Liz.

He turns and leans back against the wall - tired, defeated.

ABBERLINE

(quietly)

It's like the Mad Hatter said - "they tried  
and tried but it was too little, too late.  
Off with her head, off with her head!"











































































