

RIPPER STREET

Episode 1 - "I Need Light!"

Written by

Richard Warlow

YELLOW AMENDS

10/04/2012

1/1 **EXT. LEMAN STREET - EVENING**

1/1

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

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

APRIL 1889. EAST LONDON.

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

1/2

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

GUIDE

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

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

GUIDE (CONT'D)

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

The MEN and WOMEN gawk - a visceral chill running through them.

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

GUIDE (CONT'D)

But let us not dwell.

The GUIDE moving on again, turning through a narrow archway. Above and around them various lodging houses. From their windows, several TARTS look out. Much laughter as a gap-toothed HAG lifts her skirts for a young CHURCHMAN.

GUIDE (CONT'D)

Rents here are paid by the day. I believe that is all you need know.

Pick out - A BOY PICKPOCKET, perhaps 10, catching the eye of the GUIDE. Collusion here. The barest of nods exchanged as the BOY makes his move toward a particular COUPLE. In a footstep, he's relieved the entirely innocent GENTLEMAN of his wallet.

GUIDE (CONT'D)
 (all outrage)
 I say! You, boy!

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

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

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

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

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

1/3

EXT. FOLGATE - CONTINUOUS

1/3

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The GUIDE - seeing what the WOMAN sees --

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

1/4

TITLES

1/4

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

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

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

Over which, letters form now. The legend:

RIPPER STREET.

1/5

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

1/5

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

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

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

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

COPPER dismisses this notion with a laugh --

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

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

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

1/6

INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

1/6

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

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

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

DRAKE

Yours, shitspade.

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

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

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

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

CROWD

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

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

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

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

SMEATON

(above the clamour)

He's tasty alright.

(MORE)

SMEATON (cont'd)

(beat)

Where d'you find him?

REID

I looked. Wasn't hard.

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

REID (CONT'D)

Fighters; whores... flesh is what
you seek, there's no shortage in
these parts.

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

CROWD

... 4, 3, 2, 1 ...

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

SMEATON

(of DRAKE)

He's no shame, then? Does as he's
bid?

REID

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

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

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

SMEATON

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

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

REID

(to SMEATON)

Let me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

1/7 **EXT. STREETS - NIGHT**

1/7

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

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

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

DRAKE
They'll do their duty, sir.

1/8 **EXT. FOLGATE - NIGHT**

1/8

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

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

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

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

REID
You.

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

REID (CONT'D)

Name.

CREIGHTON

Creighton.

REID

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

CREIGHTON

No, sir.

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

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

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

REID

Who is it's paid for your time here?

CREIGHTON

The Star, Inspector. Who else?

REID

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

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

REID (CONT'D)

(to himself)

No pooling of blood. She wasn't cut here.

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

REID (CONT'D)

Then where was she brought in?

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

It's DRAKE, and he looks worried --

DRAKE

Sir. We can't keep 'em penned much longer.

REID

(of the area around him)
But this is vital. All of it.
(the lantern)
And this is next to useless.
(beat)
I need this place uncorrupted and in daylight.

But DRAKE is distracted by something. His eyes move beyond REID, to the wall behind, only now lit by his own lantern glow --

REID (CONT'D) (cont'd)

What is it?

DRAKE

The wall. He's left word again.

REID turns, his light thrown ahead of him. Both men aghast at what they see. On the wall - thick, ill-formed letters. But the message entirely clear.

DOWN ON WHORES.

REID

(almost a plea, this)
I need more time with her.

DRAKE

Sir. There's the way things are and the way they should be, but that lot are coming through...

REID - a contained fury. Knows there's nothing for it --

REID

Then we have to move her. Get the Maria brought through.

DRAKE - on it immediately. Turns back to the crowds. REID - turning to CREIGHTON --

REID (CONT'D)

You. You're not finished. I want the cobbles - running in all directions away from her. As many as you can get. The wall, that writing too. Understand?

CREIGHTON does, steps away as REID crouches to the body --

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

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

1/9

EXT. FOLGATE - NIGHT

1/9

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

But here's DRAKE - riding the Black Maria, whipping the horses through, driving the crowds aside to screams of objection. One DRUNK tries to clamber aboard, but a lash of DRAKE'S whip opens his cheek and sends him back into the scrum.

DRAKE - jumping from the carriage, a concern on his face as he goes to him --

DRAKE
Here, Mr. Reid. Give her to me.

REID does just that. Watches as DRAKE effortlessly places the bundle of ex-human in the carriage. He breathes, extends his left shoulder. And now has to contend with --

BEST (O.S.)
(a shout)
A comment for The Star, Inspector!
Is it him? Is it Jack?

The crowd, hearing the name. The hysteria. The shouts of 'Ripper!' and 'He's back!'.

REID - turning to the owner of that voice --

FREDERICK BEST - 30s, aspires to the dandy, though neither his looks or his ancestry are helpful in this matter. His thumbs jammed into the pockets of his yellow waistcoat, his mood is entirely at odds with the febrile mob. He could be at a Sunday fair.

REID - an ugly look for BEST, then he ignores the man. Climbs up to join Drake.

BEST - he hasn't got as far as he has by being this easily dismissed. He pushes his way through the baying mob, shouts up to REID --

BEST (CONT'D)
These citizens need their questions
answered, Mr. Reid.

REID - leaning down. Right into BEST'S face --

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

And he pushes the reporter away.

REID (CONT'D)
(to DRAKE)
Go!

And away DRAKE takes them. The carriage clattering back through the incensed crowd and away into the night.

BEST - a grin on his face, at the forefront of this ever more incensed mob, crying out above the tumult --

BEST
And where would be the sport in that!?

1/10 **EXT. CARRIAGE - TRAVELLING - NIGHT**

1/10

REID and DRAKE atop the flying carriage --

DRAKE
Where are we taking her? The London? Mr. Bagster-Philipps'?

REID
No. No hospitals; no Met surgeons. They'll all talk.
(beat)
You take her back to Leman Street. Use the back. Find a cell and lock her in it. You don't book her in; and Sergeant - you tell no one.

DRAKE
And yourself, Mr. Reid?

REID - eyeing DRAKE --

DRAKE (CONT'D)
Sir. Not the American.

REID - ignores the protest; jumps to the street.

REID
Just get her hid.

1/10A **EXT. 22 TENTER STREET - NIGHT**

1/10A

Establish this exterior. The seemingly unremarkable facade of this well appointed house on a quieter street.

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

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

A tangle of quilt and sheets and limbs, and a young woman's face. Flushed porcelain cheeks, green eyes, thick red hair. This is ROSE. Perhaps 23, she is raised on her elbows, looking down, a look of delighted disbelief on her face --

ROSE

Captain Jackson. This is all topsy-turvy, I'm sure.

Smiling back at her - a man. Moustached, a wasted elegance and infectious charm. CAPTAIN HOMER JACKSON (late 30s), the American in question. About his neck - a chain. On the chain: rabbits paw, Indian feather, and a fat, gold, four-cornered and rubied fraternity ring --

JACKSON

Rose. Darling. There's no rules here. Haven't I told you that?

And he slings the chain behind him and throws her skirts up over her giggling face.

1/12 **INT. 22 TENTER STREET / CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS** 1/12

Another woman - sliding a peephole shut. She steps away from it and turns toward us, irked by what she's seen. She is handsome, blonde, early 30s, well dressed. This is LONG SUSAN, and this is her brothel. It's nice, though. Draped, brocaded; beautiful YOUNG WOMEN shown off by gentle lighting. A world away from the broken tenements we saw in the opening sequence.

She stalks away down the corridor. Stops now to the sound of a disturbance below. From a balcony, she sees: REID - pushing through the entrance. Which does little to improve her mood --

LONG SUSAN

Sweet Jesus.

1/13 **INT. 22 TENTER STREET / RECEPTION - NIGHT** 1/13

REID - looking up as LONG SUSAN stalks down the stairway toward him --

LONG SUSAN

You cannot simply intrude here any time of your choosing...

REID

(across her)

That this house thrives - and that your girls aren't walking the streets this night - is at my whim and indulgence, Madam. Don't forget that.

(then)

Where is he?

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

LONG SUSAN

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

1/14

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

1/14

ROSE - her bottom lip held between her teeth, transported. Disturbed now by this sudden banging on the door --

ROSE

(shouts)

What!?! He's taken me for the night!

REID (O.S.)

Jackson!

JACKSON - his face emerging, his eyes closing --

JACKSON

(shouting)

Reid? I'm occupied. I'll come see you in the morning.

REID (O.S.)

Can't wait. I need a surgeon.

JACKSON - off the bed in his britches, covers a crestfallen ROSE with a quilt, thrusts his pendant back inside his shirt. And opens the door to reveal REID. A direct look between the two of them --

JACKSON

You have your own.

REID

They're drunks and incompetents. I want you.

JACKSON

Five minutes.

And he moves to shut the door. Can't. Because REID'S foot is in the way --

REID

Now.

1/14A **EXT. LEMAN STREET. H DIVISION HQ - NIGHT** 1/14A

Gaslight illuminates the soot-black walls of this - our precinct headquarters. A tide of humanity sweeps in and out beneath the sign **POLICE**.

JACKSON

You going to tell me what this is about?

REID

Just keep walking.

And Reid leads him through.

1/15 **INT. LEMAN STREET - BOOKING OFFICE - NIGHT** 1/15

Night shift. A barely contained anarchy. COPPERS, their COLLARS, DRUNKS, the HOMELESS. And JACKSON, a leather satchel over his shoulder, following REID though --

On they go, heads down, REID leading the way past an imposing DOCK at which the booking Sergeant, ARTHERTON - huge black ledger in front of him, sits surveying the chaos.

1/15A **INT. LEMAN STREET - OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT** 1/15A

Reid unlocks a gate, shows JACKSON through a humming Outer Office - desks and more COPS and DETECTIVES talking, drinking, interviewing SUSPECTS, in the shadow of a wall-to-wall CASE BOARD. A blackboard divided in columns, wheeled step ladders beneath. At the far left in bold chalk capitals, the word RIPPER, the various KILLINGS detailed below.

Jackson - wide-eyed for this. But Reid isn't waiting for him. Pushes on through.

1/15B **INT. LEMAN STREET - REID'S OFFICE - NIGHT** 1/15B

A large cork-board. A map of the precinct. Red spots mark the whereabouts of these 5 crimes --

Photographs: a number of them. Several original police photographs of these five dead women.

And Jackson - watching Reid as he unpins a handful of these. Marches away with them.

1/15C **INT. LEMAN STREET - CELLS - NIGHT** 1/15C

First an open quadrangle of holding cells and drunk tanks, groaning with arrested and restless humanity, then a long corridor of several isolation cells.

On the last door on the left, REID raps three times and the door opens to reveal DRAKE. JACKSON and REID step through. Shut the door behind them.

1/16 **INT. CELL - LEMAN STREET - NIGHT**

1/16

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

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

JACKSON

Is it him?

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

REID

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

JACKSON

And your sudden passion for the furtive?

REID

I must be sure before that hell rises again.

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

JACKSON

Get her naked, Sergeant Drake.

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

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(sharp)

Gently. Are those hands or meathooks?

(beat)

Really. It's no wonder to me at all you're a bachelor.

DRAKE - a special kind of hatred for this man.

1/17 **INT. CELL - LEMAN STREET - LATER**

1/17

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

JACKSON

The hemorrhage is from the severance of the left carotid.

REID
The stroke left to right.

DRAKE
Like the others.

The carvings in her face --

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

REID
(as the grave)
Catherine Eddowes and Mary Jane
Kelly had the same.

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

JACKSON - moving down the rest of her body. Her thighs.
Pushing them gently apart. Finds some kind of SMUDGING on
white flesh. Moves back to his satchel, produces a petri
dish.

REID (CONT'D)
What is it?

JACKSON
Some kind of gelatin.

REID
What kind?

JACKSON gives him a look for that.

JACKSON
From a meat pie.
(then)
How am I to know yet?
(beat)
Don't you have evidence to collect?

REID - a nod. Goes for his coat.

REID
(to JACKSON)
Do what you do.
(to DRAKE)
I know it's tempting, but try not
to kill him.

1/18 **INT. LEMAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER** 1/18

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

ARTHERTON
Mr. Reid, sir.

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

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

REID
Oh yes.

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

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

REID
Always an abundance of those,
Sergeant.

ARTHERTON - a thin smile --

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

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

1/19 **EXT. CREIGHTON BASEMENT - NIGHT** 1/19

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

REID
Creighton! Open up.

1/20 **OMITTED** 1/20

1/21 **INT. CREIGHTON BASEMENT - NIGHT** 1/21

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

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

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

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

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

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

REID

This one - which side of the courtyard?

CREIGHTON

(checks)

North.

REID

He brought her in through the alleyway.

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

REID points to a few more plates --

REID (CONT'D)

And those.

CREIGHTON

I over-exposed them.

REID - his eyes, studying the man --

REID

Worth our while to check, however...

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

REID (CONT'D)

Do you think me some bone-headed flatfoot?

He takes CREIGHTON'S arm. Pushes him aside.

REID (CONT'D)

They need to come out.

(a beat)

(MORE)

REID (CONT'D)

Professional man like yourself. I would have thought you'd know better.

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

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

REID (CONT'D)

Where's the message? The writing on the wall, Creighton... *Down On Whores.*

(that steel)

Was it you painted it up there?

CREIGHTON - a direct look for REID --

CREIGHTON

You know who it was.

REID

Best.

CREIGHTON

(confirms it)

I just record what I see.

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

1/22-23 ~~OMITTED~~

1/22-23A

1/24 **INT. THE STAR - DAY**

1/24

FRED BEST - a vivid red waistcoat today. Ever jaunty, pushing through the humming life of these newspaper offices. Heads into an office - the words "**Chief Reporter**" carved into it, kicks the door shut behind him and - before he knows what's happened - feels his jacket pulled down, used to pinion his arms by his side --

REID (O.S.)

How do you think they felt, those girls, the moment they knew that was it - that breathing this air was up?

BEST - being slowly turned about to face the walls of his office. Framed copies of his front-page by-lines on the various Ripper murders and The Star's own muck-raking inquiries as to the perpetrator.

REID (CONT'D)

The later ones. They would have known what that lunatic intended for their bodies. Do you have a pity for them?

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

REID (CONT'D)

A pity for the many men whose lives you have ruined with accusations?

BEST

(a protest)

I have never accused. I have asked questions. Speculated!

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

REID

(off this)

Speculate. Well I speculate. About you, Best. About the hand that penned that letter. A letter I never credited as bona fide.

(beat)

And now this.

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

REID (CONT'D)

What else did you alter?

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

BEST

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

REID - a look of contempt for this.

BEST (CONT'D)

(off this; sly)

Myself and Chief Inspector Abberline.

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

REID

You've spoke with Fred Abberline?

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

BEST

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

REID - his cold eyes on BEST, he collects the print of the writing on the wall, "**DOWN ON WHORES**", advances on the man.
BEST - a coward at heart, he is entirely intimidated --

REID

Nothing's for certain. And I won't have people hiding in their homes again 'til I get certain.

(beat)

I see this in print, I'll be back here for some ripping of my own.

REID strides from the office, past all the assembled HACKS and ASSISTANTS wondering at the disturbance.

BEST - coming after him, shouting across the office --

BEST

Who d'you think you are, Reid? Come here to rattle me when you forget what I know of you...

(beat)

Do not fear good citizens, do not shake. For - sleepless, tireless - Detectives Reid and Abberline hunt our Jack down dockside and rookery. Two finer police the world has not yet made so be of good heart, this maniac will be brought to ground and hard.

Reid - his face. Stopping. Hooded eyes turn back to Best.

BEST

Only he wasn't, was he? The man and his works abide.

(beat)

Friday. Unless you have something proves it's another knifeman, this story turns over on Friday.

REID - meeting the man's eye. Holding it. Then he's out the door. And BEST - turning back to the newsroom --

BEST (CONT'D)

What are you lot gawking at!?

1/25 **INT. LEMAN STREET - DAY**

1/25

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

ARTHERTON (O.S.)
Inspector...

REID barely looks at the bespectacled Desk Sergeant.

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

ARTHERTON
It's not that, sir...

REID
(turning on him)
Then what?

ARTHERTON - clear discomfort, eyebrows raised toward --

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

ARTHERTON
Our past come to say how-do.

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

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

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

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

1/26

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

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

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

1/27 **INT. CELL - LEMAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER** 1/27

DRAKE and JACKSON - looking up as the door is thrown open to reveal REID and ABBERLINE --

ABBERLINE

Out.

DRAKE and JACKSON - their eyes flick to REID, who nods for them to leave. ABBERLINE - a particularly filthy look for JACKSON as they go. Turns his attention to the slab. This naked, dead woman. Scar now running sternum to pubis.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

How could you do this?

REID

(calm)

You have complaints, you direct them to Commissioner Monro. H Division is my shop now.

ABBERLINE

(sudden violence)

And this is my case!

1/28 **INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CELL - LEMAN STREET - CONTINUOUS** 1/28

DRAKE and JACKSON - waiting outside; looks exchanged at the sudden outburst.

1/29 **INT. CELL - LEMAN STREET - CONTINUOUS** 1/29

REID

(still calm)

I know how it looks, Fred.

He shows him the photograph with the writing - **DOWN ON WHORES** - on the wall --

REID (CONT'D)

But the graffito is Best's contrivance, and we...

ABBERLINE

(across him; won't have it)

Look at her! Her eyes. The stars on her face. Her guts.

REID

Her abdomen was opened fresh, right here, as part of the autopsy conducted by Homer Jackson.

Another bark of outrage from ABBERLINE --

ABBERLINE
That Yankee clap-doctor!

REID
(rising in defence)
The man was a US Army surgeon and a
Pinkerton.

1/30 **EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CELL - LEMAN STREET - CONTINUOUS** 1/30

DRAKE and JACKSON exchange looks again.

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
A Pinkerton?

REID (O.S.)
That's right.

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
A chartered mercenary with a badge.
(beat)
An ocean between him and his
rightful manor...

JACKSON shrugs. Examines a fingernail.

1/31 **INT. CELL - LEMAN STREET - CONTINUOUS** 1/31

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)
(bitter now)
... and you place his word above
mine.

But Reid won't be shamed, shows him the body --

REID
I think you'd have her Ripper above
all else. Another bite, another
chance at him.

ABBERLINE
And you would not?

REID
I would have my innards served to
me cold if I thought it would show
him to us but, Fred - what if this
girl has been dressed as Jack for
our eyes and, in our fervour, we
fill the streets with uniform
hunting him and miss the truth of
it?

Abberline - digesting this. Eyeing Reid --

REID
Let me bring my mercenary back in
and have him speak.

1/32 INT. CELL - LEMAN STREET - DAY

1/32

ABBERLINE stands - stiff, disapproving. But he's listening --

JACKSON

Fact he didn't open her up that strikes as strange. Their guts - that's always what he wanted the most. Open them up; see their viscera in his hands...

ABBERLINE

(counters)

Then he got caught short; as he was with Elizabeth Stride. *Her* throat was cut, the rest of her untouched.

Reid - those photographs in his hands - the body; the alleyway with and without the painted words --

REID

But if he was disturbed with this one, he went back to her. Or hid beside her. But whichever, he waited some few hours before bringing her here. So long in fact that all blood had ceased to spill from her. See - the cuts about her face, the gash in the throat but no blood on the cobbles she was dragged across...

JACKSON

I doubt there'd have been much where they cut her either.

ABBERLINE

(a bitter scoff)

When the woman's throat was cut!?

JACKSON

The throat is a - post-mortem injury.

Drake - following hard, trying to make sense of it --

DRAKE

Then what did for her?

JACKSON

Asphyxia. Her hyoid bone is broken.

Reid - a smile, a hope emerging --

REID

She was strangled. And all else took place after.

(beat)

(MORE)

REID (cont'd)

These stars and slits in her face -
with Kelly and Eddowes, they were a
postscript, an indulgence.

(to Abberline)

This girl - they're top billing.

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

ABBERLINE

This is theory. Not proof.

(then)

Get proof. If you cannot, I'll pull
rank and claim her.

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

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

REID

What else?

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

JACKSON (CONT'D)

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

DRAKE

So - she *was* a tart?

JACKSON

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

REID

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

JACKSON

My guess - the lady taught fiddle.

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

JACKSON (CONT'D)

And she lived to the north. The new
suburbs.

DRAKE
Has the Pinkerton been conferring
with spirits!?

REID
Enough Sergeant.
(to JACKSON)
Go on.

JACKSON - grateful for this, continues --

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

REID
(a smile)
From the underground railway.

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

JACKSON
Which arrives - Drake - from which
direction?

DRAKE - a bulldog who's swallowed a wasp.

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

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

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

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

A sharp look from REID --

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

REID
What of them? They're faster.

DRAKE
So it's said, sir..

Jackson - stopping at something. Turning back in and --

JACKSON

Reid.

Reid stops. Looks to him --

JACKSON

You have a type-printer?

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

1/33-34 **OMITTED**

1/33-34

1/35

INT. LEMAN STREET - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

1/35

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

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

REID

Hobbs. You were instructed, were you not?

HOBBS

Yes, Inspector.

REID

Well?

HOBBS

It's a bit of a handful, sir.

REID

(a frustration)

It's the future!

DRAKE - gentle, stepping in --

DRAKE

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

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

JACKSON

That, Reid, is the human barrier to progress.

Reid - not so amused. But catches sight of something. The sleeves of his coat. Dark ruby stains: dry blood.

REID

I'm home to change.

(to Drake)

And you'll be needing rest too.

Then - to JACKSON, a new thought --

REID (CONT'D)

Captain Jackson. The tonic you took from her thighs. Have you wondered if it might not be some kind of silver solution?

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

JACKSON
From a peeper's dry plate?

Reid - a nod confirms it.

1/36 **EXT. REID HOME - DAY**

1/36

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

1/37 **INT. BEDROOM - REID HOME - DAY**

1/37

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

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

1/38 **INT. BEDROOM - REID HOME - DAY**

1/38

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

REID
I'm home for a coat and shirt.

EMILY - emerging from a bathroom. Gives him a look for that --

EMILY
Not simply that.

REID
No.

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

REID
It can't be helped.

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

REID (CONT'D)
Thank you.

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

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

EMILY
(across him)
There's no need, Edmund.

REID
I don't want you to worry.

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

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

EMILY

And what is it you imagine I worry about?

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

1/39

INT. REID HOME - REID'S CHAMBER - DAY

1/39

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

He moves to a mirrored cabinet. From within a bottle of some kind of oil is produced. A portion poured into his right hand, which - stood in front of his reflection - he proceeds to massage the oil into the shoulder joint. A movement that is practised and thorough.

Then he's moving to some kind of (clearly self-constructed) piece of MACHINERY that he has bolted to a wall.

Reaches for a leather sling. Fits it about left elbow. Drawstrings are tightened. A metal chain makes its way through castors that are fitted to the wall and connected to a rotor. REID turns this with his right hand and the chain grasps. Ratchets his left arm up and away from his body.

REID'S eyes - dead ahead. His right hand - turning the rotor. His left shoulder and arm - slowly extended to a normal - if extreme - range of motion for most but for REID...

He sweats. Resists the intense pain. Cannot. And screams.

1/40

INT. BEDROOM - REID HOME - CONTINUOUS

1/40

EMILY REID - combing mussed hair. Dressing herself after her exertions. Her reflection in a glass as she stands - head to foot in black now. Her mourning weeds.

Taking herself in as another scream rips through her home.

1/41 **INT. DRAKE COTTAGE - DAY 2** 1/41

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JACKSON

Got you.

1/42 **INT. LEMAN STREET - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY 2** 1/42

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

HOBBS

(gleeful triumph)

Send a runner for Mr. Reid.

(beat)

He'll be taking the Metropolitan -
Finchley's missing a violinist.

1/43 **VARIOUS ARCHIVED IMAGES** 1/43

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

1/44 **EXT. FINCHLEY - DAY 2** 1/44

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

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

DRAKE

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

REID

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

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

DRAKE

What? And come live on these
streets?

REID

Would you like that, Bennet?

DRAKE

(may as well walk on
water)
I'd like many things, sir.

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

DRAKE

Left here. Number 42.

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

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

REID

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

From inside - a clattering, a crash of something being turned
over. REID and DRAKE on the move.

1/45

I/E. THWAITES HOUSE - DAY 2

1/45

*

A pair of boots - suspended mid-air, thrashing. A CHAIR
KICKED OVER beside them. Above - A MAN in his 30s (CHRISTIAN
THWAITES), hanged by rope from a high ceiling, his face puce
and distorted, CHOKING. Desperate hands clawing at the rope
about his throat. *

REID - to the man in an instant, his shoulder forgotten.
Thrusting the legs upwards. But - from the interior of the
house. Another NOISE, a CRASHING. *

And Drake is racing through in an instant. Sees -- *

The window bust open and two GREATCOATS sprinting away across the front garden and boarding that coach, its door held open by THIS MAN - 30s, aristocratic, saturnine. DONALDSON. He meets Drake's eye - the briefest moment. And the coach is gone. *

Drake - every instinct in him willing to give chase, but -- *

REID (O.S.)
 Drake! With me! I cannot hold him. *

Thwarted for now, he turns back in. *

Sees REID - grimacing with the weight of the struggling man -- *

REID
 Your knife! *

Drake - producing a blade from the inside of his coat. Moves to them. *

1/46 **OMITTED** 1/46 *

1/47 **OMITTED** 1/47 *

1/48 **INT. 22 TENTER STREET / JACKSON'S ROOMS - DAY 2** 1/48

TIGHT ON: a few dog-eared photographs of women posed in their underwear. And Jackson - starting - as Long Susan barges in.

LONG SUSAN
 What did he want?

JACKSON
 Weren't you taught to knock?

LONG SUSAN
 The day you pay rent, I'll knock.
 What did Reid want?
 (then)
 Is that maniac on the strut again?

JACKSON
 Who? Reid?

Susan shoots him contempt for the lame joke.

JACKSON
(off this)
Relax darlin'. You need to start
frisking men for knives again -
I'll let you know.

And he hands her the photographs --

JACKSON
Now. Any of your girls get their
picture taken?

SUSAN - checking them --

LONG SUSAN
Who's asking?

JACKSON
(shrugs; who does she
think?)
Reid.

Susan - her frustration at this --

LONG SUSAN
Jackson - that man could ruin us.

JACKSON
He wants my help. What am I to do?

LONG SUSAN
Tell him sorry, you're indisposed?

JACKSON
Fine. But he'll ask himself why.
And Reid - he asks himself a
question, he's liable to look for
the answer. He goes looking for an
answer, he won't rest 'til he gets
one. You and me - we don't want
that.

LONG SUSAN
(hard)
Then stop lavishing your care and
attention on him.

JACKSON - undeterred, taking her elbow, pulling her hard
toward him --

JACKSON
Coming here was your idea. You said
it was the kind of lawless
shitswarm we could hide ourselves
in and you were right. But darling -
it's our kind of shitswarm and, in
case you hadn't noticed, we're not
hiding anymore. We live here.
(MORE)

JACKSON (cont'd)

(beat)

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

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

LONG SUSAN

Myrtle! Get Rose up here.

1/49

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

1/49

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

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

ROSE

You can keep 'em if you like.

JACKSON

I may.

(beat)

Where'd you get these done, Rose?

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

1/50

INT. THWAITES HOUSE - DAY 2

1/50

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

REID *

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

A traumatised nod from THWAITES -- *

DRAKE *

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

THWAITES, unsure now. *

REID

Do you know him? The man Sergeant
Drake describes?

*
*

THWAITES - entirely at a loss. Puts his head in his hands.
Looks back up at the police now. His voice is weak --

THWAITES

Were you here to talk about Maude?
My wife?

REID - on his feet, moving past a violin and music stand with
sheet music open on it. Takes from beside it a framed photo,
a very pretty woman in her late 20s --

REID

Sir - you should prepare yourself.

1/51 INT. THE STUDIO - DAY 2

1/51

A Roman chariot. Upon it - A WARRIOR, helmet, spear in her
hand. Naked. A PHOTOGRAPHER takes her photograph.

ROSE (O.S.)

Boadiccea. Queen of the Britons.

ROSE - leading JACKSON through this large, light warehouse
space. The whole place hived off into perhaps ten different
units. One of which encloses the WARRIOR.

And next door - another YOUNG WOMAN. She's sprawled in a
chair with a three pronged hat, two pistols, her skirts
raised for another PHOTOGRAPHER.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Highway-Woman.

JACKSON nods appreciatively. Casts around - sees more girls
and photographers in different units taking similar shots.
Everywhere - dry plates, gelatin solutions, flash guns.

Along the way - a PORNOGRAPHER operating a new printing
press. Hundreds of those postcards being turned out from. He
sees JACKSON. Stops. Suspicious, until --

ROSE (CONT'D)

S'alright Perce. He's with me.

(cheek for JACKSON)

Thinking of joining up, aren't you?

JACKSON gives her a smile for that. Turns back to the
PORNOGRAPHER. Offers him a cigarette. Lights them both up.

JACKSON

Business good?

PORNOGRAPHER

Never better. These halftone copiers have changed the world for us.

(beat)

We find the right distribution... Rose here'll be lighting them up in Blackpool.

JACKSON

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

ROSE

Sarah Bernhardt and I shall be one of a piece.

JACKSON

'Already are, Rose.

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

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

REID and THWAITES - stopped outside this closed door.

REID

Whatever the outcome here, it may be safer for you to remain with us a while, Mr. Thwaites.

(beat)

Until we find those men.

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

1/53 **INT. CELL - LEMAN STREET - DAY** 1/53

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

THWAITES

Oh Maude.

1/54 **EXT. THE COURTYARD - DAY** 1/54

JACKSON and ROSE - turning out into this day-lit courtyard. And a strange space it is too. Flats mocked up to present a different period of antiquity. Mediaeval England; hanging gardens of Babylon; ancient Greece.

In the corner - two MEN and a WOMAN smoking, resting glasses of gin on what looks like some kind of LARGE WOODEN CABINET on wheels (**we'll come back to this**). They nod a hello for JACKSON and ROSE --

JACKSON

Don't you all catch cold out here?

ROSE

Wouldn't know. Never been here before.

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

1/55

INT. THE BROWN BEAR - DAY

1/55

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

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

REID

We have her name.

DRAKE

We know how she was killed.

REID

And nothing else.

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

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

DRAKE

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

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

JACKSON (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Your lead, Inspector. Your notion about the dry plates...

DRAKE

Disgusting.

JACKSON

Disgustingly remunerative.

And he pulls up a chair. Sits.

JACKSON
There's this too.

And on to the table goes that over-exposed image. The bodies together, the hand grasping flesh.

JACKSON
It's more evolved...

Reid - taking it in, and --

1/56 **INT. THE DEN - NIGHT** 1/56

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

1/57 **INT. THE BROWN BEAR - CONTINUOUS** 1/57

REID
Was Maude Thwaites caught up with
this?

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

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

Reid - picking up those cards. Eyeing Jackson --

REID
I am in your debt.

Jackson - leaning back. Considering both men --

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

Reid - the ghost of a smile at that.

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

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

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

REID - his stony features; DRAKE stood with him.

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

REID (cont'd)

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

THWAITES

Of course it was.

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

REID

(after a moment; gentle)
Mr. Thwaites - why do you think those men chose to string you up the way they did?

THWAITES

I've told you - I have no idea who they were.

REID

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

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

REID (CONT'D)

This shame?

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

REID

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

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

THWAITES

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

(he looks down)

When I found her - she lived near here. In Whitechapel. She played for the children of the orphanage on Criterion Street. From where I hoped to deliver her. My church group - we raise supplies for a number of poor schools in the borough. I loved her immediately. I took candied oranges for the orphans and left with a wife.

(beat)

My wife was not a prostitute, Inspector.

DRAKE

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

THWAITES

(across him; eyes on REID)

Before I married her, however... she confessed to a certain - practicality.

REID

But then, as you say, you delivered her...

THWAITES

I did. I promised her comfort and dignity; pupils to be taken in her own home.

DRAKE

And she deceived you.

THWAITES - the most rueful of smiles --

THWAITES

No Sergeant - the deception was mine.

(beat)

My employment was not as secure as I thought. I had no grounds to promise her those things.

(another beat)

Her home, even her violin - I mortgaged it all.

REID - beginning to understand now --

REID

So she returned here.

(beat)

Fortunate for you that she was so practical.

THWAITES - he can't even bring himself to look at REID.

DRAKE

Where did she go?

THWAITES

I don't know.

DRAKE

Who did she go to?

THWAITES

I don't know.

REID

Mr. Thwaites - Sergeant Drake fights London Prize Ring tonight. It's unwise to rile him.

THWAITES just laughs at that --

THWAITES

Do you think you can hurt me? Here, now - when my most profound wish is that those men had succeeded in their task.

(beat)

Can't you see, Inspector, that I am the last person who would ever know about the things she did because as far as I was concerned it wasn't happening at all.

1/59-60 **OMITTED**

1/59-60

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

1/61

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

DRAKE

(mid flow)

...the shame is too much; he follows her. Kills her.

REID

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

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

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

REID

Well, Sergeant. Fit and able?

DRAKE

Yes sir.

1/62 **EXT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT** 1/62

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

1/63 **INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT** 1/63

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

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

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

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

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

UMPIRE
(bellowing it out)
Five!

DRAKE - preparing himself, dances from foot to foot, glances out to the crowd, meets REID'S eye. And turns back to his opponent to see --

The BULL'S SECOND - helping his man into a new pair of shoes. Sharp, evil RUNNER'S SPIKES on the sole.

The crowd - seeing this, word spreading. The audible rush of excitement. REID - can't help himself; gets to his feet. But SMEATON'S got him. Pulls him back down --

SMEATON
Prize Ring conditions still provide
for 'em.
(a laugh)
Besides - he don't have to deal
with it too long now, does he?

REID - having to sit. Hating it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1/64 **INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

1/64

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

BACK TO:

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

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

SMEATON (CONT'D)

You....!?! You're blue!?

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

REID

Joseph Smeaton. I'm arresting you for the organization of, and illicit profiteering from proscribed fights.

(to HOBBS)

Put the irons on him.

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

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

BACK TO:

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

JACKSON

Drake. Hold still. I have you.

BACK TO:

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

SMEATON

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

But then --

JACKSON (O.S.)

Reid! Here!

Reid spinning. Sees Drake - struggling in Jackson's lap.
Moves fast to them. His concern --

REID
What? Is he...

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

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

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

And he manages somehow to reach; point --

DRAKE
There!

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

1/64A **EXT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

1/64A

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

DONALDSON
Best make haste, Tucker.

CUT TO:

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

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

Reid slams the door. Spins. And sees --

A pack of SIMILAR CARRIAGES disappearing into the night.

He screams in frustration.

1/64B **INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

1/64B

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

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

But Smeaton just laughs bitterly at him --

SMEATON

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

(MORE)

SMEATON (cont'd)

(beat)

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

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

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

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

REID

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

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

1/65

INT. LEMAN STREET - CORRIDORS / CELL - NIGHT

1/65

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

REID

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

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

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

REID (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Oh no, no... Get Jackson!

1/66

INT. LEMAN STREET - REID'S OFFICE - NIGHT

1/66

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

ARTHERTON

Mr. Thwaites' particulars, sir.

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

JACKSON

May I?

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

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Sweet girl.

And he throws a keepsake image of MAUDE THWAITES, all demure lace halterneck, on to the desk. REID - picking it up --

REID

With dark secrets.

JACKSON

We've all got secrets. Even Drake here.

DRAKE - eyeing JACKSON from above his patched-up nose.

REID

I'd be gentle with Sergeant Drake, if I were you. I think he's of a mind to murder someone and tonight I have no strength to stop him...

But he tails off. On his feet, moving to the Ripper board, on which he has pinned the various crime scene photographs and porn shots. He removes a crime scene photograph; moves along, stops in front of the over-exposed shot from the pornography studio. Removes that too. Places them alongside the image of Maude.

REID (CONT'D)

What do you see?

DRAKE

Death and corruption.

REID

Look closer.

And he takes a pencil. Draws a small circle in the top left-hand corner of each image.

REID (CONT'D)

There's a blemish. A scratch on the lens most likely.

JACKSON

The same place on each photograph.

DRAKE

The same camera.

REID

Cecil Creighton's camera.

The padlock on that steel door. A sledgehammer busting it open. Tossed aside.

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

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

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

JACKSON

False bottom.

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

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

JACKSON

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

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

REID

Got her.

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

JACKSON

Not much seems beyond our Maude, does it?

And DRAKE - visibly upset by all this --

DRAKE

That's him.

An extraordinary image this: Against a painted backdrop of pyramids and camels, DONALDSON - made up like some kind of Pharoah - "forces" Maude, herself in Egyptian headdress, a leash about her neck, into subjugation.

REID - putting the images aside. Moving to something else. Something he doesn't recognise - strips of film, hung from a clothes wire --

REID

What's this?

JACKSON - moving to him --

JACKSON

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

REID

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

DRAKE

Like these?

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

REID

Yes like those.

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

JACKSON

Look at this. All exactly the same.

REID

Show me.

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

REID (CONT'D)

Creighton.

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

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

REID (CONT'D)

No.

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

1/68

EXT. CREIGHTON BASEMENT - NIGHT

1/68

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

1/69

INT. CREIGHTON HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT

1/69

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

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

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

DRAKE

What kind of fire will not be doused!?

REID

The nitrates. They're flammable.

DRAKE - realising the horror of their predicament now --

DRAKE

Then everything dies here. All evidence.

JACKSON

All the men who know of it.

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

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

REID

Give me your arm!

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

JACKSON

(beginning to get it)
Oh Reid.

REID

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

DRAKE

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

REID

Do it, Sergeant.

DRAKE needs no further encouragement. Grabs a metal spatula. Goes to work on the doorway.

REID - moving down the shelves of chemicals. Reaches down two containers. From one he pours a granular substance carefully into the folds of the material of DRAKE'S jacket.

JACKSON
Phosphorous. Flash powder.

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

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

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

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

REID - pushing DRAKE aside now. Reaches and inserts the sticky wads of material and chemicals into the cracks. Steps down. Grabs for that strip of film, for the images of Maude Thwaites and Donaldson, stuffs them into his pockets and --

REID
Back! Matches!

DRAKE - handing him a box of matches. The flames - all about them now.

JACKSON
Choose your end, Drake. Burnt
alive, or blown to smithereens!

REID - the box of matches clasped in one hand, a match in another, pressed against the sandpaper strip. He flicks at the match. The lit match flies through the air...

And extinguishes against the steel door.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
You're shanking it. Aim right.

Flames licking at their turn-ups now.

DRAKE
Just take your time, Mr. Reid, sir.

REID
Thank you Sergeant.

And he flicks again. The match - flying, aflame, turning head over tail through the air. Colliding with the guncotton and --

1/70 **EXT. CREIGHTON BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS** 1/70

KABOOM!!!!

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

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

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

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

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

JACKSON

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

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

1/72 **EXT. 22 TENTER STREET - NIGHT** 1/72

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

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

ROSE, MYRTLE, a couple of other GIRLS. Taken by the luxury of the carriage. By the sight of the COACHMAN handing a large bundle of cash to Susan; and a blindfold to each girl.

COACHMAN

His Lordship would preserve his anonymity a while longer.

Rose - a look for Susan, who offers a reassuring nod in return. So she and the others blind themselves. Allow the Coachman to help them aboard.

1/73 **INT. DONALDSON'S COACH - NIGHT** 1/73

The blindfolded GIRLS - settling into the plush interior of the coach.

DONALDSON

Good evening, my ladies.

DONALDSON - already sat in the carriage.

DONALDSON (CONT'D)
Turkish Delight.

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

ROSE
There someone else in here, sir?

DONALDSON - lighting a cigarette. And in the glow of the match, find sitting opposite him - CECIL CREIGHTON.

DONALDSON
No one you need worry about.

1/74 **EXT. CREIGHTON HOME - NIGHT**

1/74

Our three heroes - their blackened faces, smoking cigarettes, sat on the opposing sidewalk to the smoking building. A frightened collection of CREIGHTON'S NEIGHBOURS in their nightwear looking on. After a moment --

JACKSON
What now?

REID - taking his time, removing from his pockets that strip of film. He holds it up to the light of the flames - sees the image of the caged bird flickering away --

REID
See the way the images look identical, but by the end of the sequence the bird sits in a different position...

JACKSON - a nod. And REID - standing now --

REID (CONT'D)
There's a man - A Frenchman, Le Prince. An engineer. He has - experimented with photographic images that...
(a bald statement of fact)
... move.

JACKSON
Like a lantern show?

REID
No. Real. It's why the pictures appear of a kind - because every degree of muscular movement must be captured in one moment of precision. The end effect, therefore - a fluid movement.
(MORE)

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

REID - another thought. Producing now the singed and curled portraits of Donaldson and Maude Thwaites doing extraordinary things to each other. Hands them to JACKSON and DRAKE --

REID (CONT'D)
 Imagine you could get these to
 move? To be real?
 (beat)
 See the leash...

1/75 **EXT. THE DEN - DAY**

1/75

The film. DONALDSON and MAUDE - abstracted images of their sex. A leash placed about her neck...

1/76 **EXT. CREIGHTON HOME - CONTINUOUS**

1/76

REID (CONT'D)
 (to JACKSON)
 Enough - in a moment of grotesque
 passion to...

And he wrenches with his two hands. Snap.

JACKSON
 A misadventure.

REID - this his most urgent anxiety --

REID
 And what if that entire moment had
 been captured by this new camera.

DRAKE - aghast at the idea --

DRAKE
 You'd destroy it; as he attempted.

REID
 I don't agree. Not these men.
 Creighton is more than a peeper.
 One look at his darkroom should
 tell you he's an - experimentalist,
 however misguided, a man of
 science.
 (the image of DONALDSON)
 And this man? Corrupt and evil?
 Absolutely. But in his way -
 equally progressive.
 (another beat)
 If this thing exists - they'd
 celebrate it.

JACKSON

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

DRAKE

Then they'd make more.

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

REID

This man. We have to find this man.

1/77 **OMITTED. CONTENT MOVED TO 1/81** 1/77

1/78 **I/E. LEMAN STREET - BOOKING OFFICE - DAY** 1/78

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

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

ABBERLINE

Artherton. I've come for her.

(beat)

Where's Reid.

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

ARTHERTON

The Inspector addresses his men.

Abberline - returning that look, passing on through.

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

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

REID

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

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

REID (CONT'D)

We only have these pictures. And we
have no name...

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

ABBERLINE

His name is Sir Arthur Donaldson.

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

1/79 **EXT. LEMAN STREET - DAY**

1/79

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

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

ABBERLINE

Summer '86.

(beat)

Before your time here.

(another beat)

He got his cock out at a church picnic in Victoria Park. Week or two later, tore the blouse off a pregnant woman on the Stepney Omnibus. Charged him but - man from such a family... as like to do Jug as Victoria herself.

(beat)

The address is all we ever had for him.

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

REID

Thank you, Fred.

ABBERLINE

Go.

REID nods. Withdraws his hand, turns to join DRAKE and the UNIFORMS as they board the carriages and tear-arse away.

ABBERLINE - watching them go. A sudden sadness in him - he has one look for the frontage of his old shop, then he's turning away, his impeccable black suit disappearing into the free-for-all of the streets.

1/80 **INT. 22 TENTER STREET - DAY**

1/80

JACKSON - his hands dressed for burns, an urgency about him as he makes his way into the brothel. Finds --

JACKSON

Where's Rose, Susan?

SUSAN - taking in his hands; entirely cool with him --

LONG SUSAN

I'm afraid Rose isn't with us today, Mr. Jackson. Will one of our other girls serve?

1/81 **INT. THE DEN - DAY**

1/81

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

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

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

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

DONALDSON (O.S.)

Oh no, my beauty.

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

DONALDSON

You're with me.

ROSE

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

DONALDSON

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

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

1/82 **I/E. TOWNHOUSE - DAY**

1/82

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

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

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

1/83 **INT. 22 TENTER STREET - DAY**

1/83

JACKSON - his frustration with SUSAN'S attitude --

JACKSON

She needs to hear what I have to say - she's to stop with the smut.

LONG SUSAN

What - you squire her one day and
daddy her the next?

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

JACKSON

What's the trouble here, Susan?

And he grabs her arm. Pulls her close --

JACKSON (CONT'D) (cont'd)

We were married for three weeks,
three years ago - and now you get
jealous?

LONG SUSAN

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

JACKSON

Then get the girl.

LONG SUSAN

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

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

LONG SUSAN (CONT'D)

They're late. And what's worse -
they've paid me in snide.

JACKSON

(suddenly alert)
Who did?

LONG SUSAN

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

JACKSON - grabbing at the COUNTERFEIT MONEY --

JACKSON

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

LONG SUSAN

I'm doing no such thing.

She reads his look.

LONG SUSAN

You touch me, I'll kill you.

1/84 INT. THE DEN - DAY

1/84

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

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

DONALDSON
Creighton. Lift the curtain.

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

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

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

1/85 INT. LEMAN STREET - DAY

1/85

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

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

But then --

JACKSON (O.S.)
Reid!

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

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

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

LONG SUSAN
Three of my girls. Collected last
night. Not yet returned. Black
coach, two black horses.
(beat)
They paid in that.

REID - studying the bill, handing it to DRAKE; many things dawning on them --

REID
Come with me.

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

1/86

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

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

REID
(to DRAKE)
Do it.

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

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

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

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

SMEATON
They're all over the city.

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

SMEATON
What makes you think I know?

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

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

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

1/87 **INT. THE DEN - DAY**

1/87

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

THE FILM: MAUDE THWAITES - her neck CRACKING at this moment of ecstasy. She slumps - quite dead - at DONALDSON'S feet.

DONALDSON - his rampant excitement, turning to CREIGHTON --

DONALDSON
Shall we make another?

CREIGHTON
(terse; frightened)
I need light.

DONALDSON
Imagine - a little thing like that
stood between us and our
enrichment! Light you shall have.

And he grabs ROSE by the hair again hand, drags her from the armchair, moves to a set of doors and throws them open. Sunlight floods the room.

CREIGHTON - squinting out on to a totally secluded ornamental garden. Huge walls rising up and encircling it. THE WALLS PAINTED AND DECORATED AS THE BACKDROP FOR THOSE SCENES OF PHAROANIC EGYPT.

Rose - her utter terror. And she goes for him. Kicking and biting and scratching for her life. But Donaldson is way too strong for her. Two more heavy blows send her flying out into the daylight.

1/88 **INT. LEMAN STREET - CELLS - DAY**

1/88

Reid - upright outside this closed cell door. Terrible sounds of Smeaton's beating and agony emerge from within.

SMEATON (O.S.)
He lives in Mayfair!

DRAKE (O.S.)
We know that. He does no longer.

More blows. More screams. Reid's face is steel --

SMEATON (O.S.)
There's another place. I only went
there once. They wanted
amphetamine. From Germany. There's
a Kraut at the docks I know...

DRAKE (O.S.)
Where!

And then Drake is in the doorway. His shirtsleeves rolled up, a fleck of blood on his shirt front; more on his knuckles.

REID
Well?

DRAKE
Under our noses, sir.

1/89 **OMITTED** 1/89

1/90 **EXT. THE DEN - SECRET GARDEN - DAY** 1/90

ROSE - her eyes adjusting to the bright light. Of DONALDSON above her, his knees pinning her to the terrace. In his hand - a vial of some kind, the liquid inside --

DONALDSON (CONT'D)
This will calm you.

And he forces her jaw apart. Pours it into her.

1/91 **EXT. STREETS - DAY** 1/91

REID, DRAKE and JACKSON - running through the carnival mayhem of Whitechapel. The wonder of the whole neighbourhood passing by until --

They turn into this quiet, deserted street. All the houses about them derelict, run-down. Including the one at the end of the street outside which - two GREATCOATS stand sentry.

REID
Slow now.

The three - slow purposeful strides toward the house. But - as they draw near - the GREATCOATS are taking no chances. Bring up a heavy SHOTGUN each. Aim and...

JACKSON - the swiftest of moves. Two COLT .45s produced and unleashed. Two GREATCOATS spinning DEAD into the gutter.

REID and DRAKE - twin looks of amazement to JACKSON, who just shrugs, moves on.

1/92 **EXT. THE DEN - SECRET GARDEN - DAY** 1/92

CREIGHTON and his BOX - set up outside now. He has his dry-plate camera too. Takes a photograph as - DONALDSON and ROSE emerge from within dressed in that Egyptian finery. Take their place against this backdrop of ancient Egypt.

ROSE - all fight gone from her; entirely stoned. Her desperate eyes swim to Creighton. Plead to him.

But, Creighton - his fear, his shame - cannot meet them. Attends to his business.

1/93 **INT. THE DEN - DAY** 1/93

DRAKE, REID, JACKSON - cautious now in the shuttered gloom of the place. Opening a door. Inside, their eyes adjusting, picking out the tangle of limbs and naked bodies.

The glare of steel now. A MAN - barely clothed, emerging from the dark - a regimental sword raised high and brought down upon JACKSON.

JACKSON - bringing his arm up to shoot. Too late, though - the gun fires into the ceiling. The sword cuts through the flesh of JACKSON'S shoulder.

Blood. And screams. DRAKE'S fist - buried into the face of the ASSAILANT, who goes down. A stamp from REID'S boot finishes him.

DRAKE - taking up the man's sword. Chaos now. Women's screams. Our three heroes pushing against the tide of people screaming from the house.

Kicking doors open. Seeing light flooding into this empty room. Their eyes adapting as they careen through, seeing --

1/93A **OMITTED**

1/93A

1/94 **EXT. THE DEN - SECRET GARDEN - CONTINUOUS**

1/94

CREIGHTON crouched over his camera, turning the handle, filming - DONALDSON, on his knees, and ROSE, entirely blank, astride him. His hands around her throat, her last breath is upon her. DONALDSON - his mad eyes turning to see --

DRAKE - first through the door, instant, appalled rage at what he sees. Three easy steps to the man. Burying the regimental sword in DONALDSON'S skull.

DRAKE - he keeps on moving, drops the sword and catches ROSE as she falls. Sweeps her off and away, covering her up, taking her back indoors past a concerned JACKSON.

CREIGHTON - staggered by this sudden violence. Steps away from the advancing REID --

REID

Whatever happens, whatever
punishment is seen fit for - all
this...

(of the camera)

It is extraordinary.

CREIGHTON - the machine on castors, backing away with it. His hand reaching inside. Releasing film. Winding it about his arm --

CREIGHTON

I knew you were a man to appreciate
such things.

And he clutches the machine tight. Uses one hand to reach for the lighter in his pocket.

REID

No.

Too late. CREIGHTON flicks once, flicks twice. And lights the film. Up they go. Man, film, camera - swallowed by incandescent flame.

Reid and Jackson - no choice but to watch them burn.

1/95

INT. 22 TENTER STREET/ BEDROOM - DAY

1/95

LONG SUSAN throws the doors of the brothel open for --

DRAKE. ROSE carried effortlessly in his arms. Behind him - JACKSON, his arm bound, and the two other girls.

LONG SUSAN

This way.

DRAKE - sweeping up the staircase. Looks down - sees ROSE'S beautiful green eyes gazing up at him, her rescuer. He smiles for her. Pushes into this room and lays her on the quilted bed. Stays with her a moment, as --

ROSE

I thought - at last, the Ripper gone - I thought it was safe again.

DRAKE

Sssh. It is now.

ROSE

Your name..?

DRAKE

Bennet. Bennet Drake.

(a beat)

It is my great pleasure to make your acquaintance, Miss Rose.

And in that moment DRAKE binds himself to Rose. He is hers forever.

LONG SUSAN stopping JACKSON in the doorway --

LONG SUSAN

You see to her. If she is hurt, you make her well again.

And JACKSON approaches the bed.

JACKSON

Thank you, Drake. I'll tend to her now.

DRAKE - a regret. A nod. He backs, blushing from the room.

1/96 **INT. THE BROWN BEAR - DAY**

1/96

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

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

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

REID

The facts.

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

ABBERLINE

Have you lost your mind?

BEST

(to REID)

Why?

REID

Because it is the truth. And I would have the world know it.

(then)

She was never Ripper, that girl. But we three... you..

(BEST)

for profit.

(ABBERLINE)

You and I for guilt, I suspect. We wanted it so.

(beat)

So now I ask us to undertake this: that we take a little joy in his continued absence. And that we then cease to look for him in every act of evil that crosses our path.

(beat)

There is an abundance of that hereabout and I would have obsession blinker us to the wider world no longer. Am I understood?

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

REID

Then get out.

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

ABBERLINE

Edmund - this last year, that... lunatic. It will ever bind me to you. But you ask too much.

(beat)

(MORE)

ABBERLINE (cont'd)

He lives still; he breathes this
air still. These streets demand
your vigilance.

REID

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

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

REID

He will own my life no more.

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

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

1/97

EXT. LEMAN STREET - DAY

1/97

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

END OF EPISODE