

R I P P E R

By

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Inspired by actual events

WME

Tanya Cohen, Brett Rosen

BELLEVUE

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"A murder of the most brutal kind was committed in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel in the early hours of yesterday morning, but by whom and with what motive is at present a complete mystery."

*- The London Daily News
September 1st, 1888*

EXT. BANKS OF THE RIVER THAMES - NIGHT

June 8, 1887

The LITTLE BOY (6) runs barefoot through raw sewage and mud.

No lantern in hand, he dashes into the darkness along the shore, the wind pulling tiny whitecaps from the black water.

Further down the beach, his FATHER (30s) works the banks, shoreline pulled back for low tide.

With a long stick in hand, the Father pokes the filth and muck, looking for lost trinkets, buttons and coins.

He is a *mudlark* - working a poor man's vocation by lantern.

The little boy comes into shouting range, and the child's wispy, raw voice cuts the wind -

LITTLE BOY

Da! Da! Come quick!

The Father doesn't look up, his long pole jabbing the sludge.

LITTLE BOY (CONT'D)

Da! The naked ladies - they're in the river! Come see!

The father looks up, finally. The boy waves frantically, turning to run back the way he came.

Confused, the father yanks his pole free and follows.

Further up the polluted shoreline, the dim lights of the Rainham Industrial District can barely be seen, most of East London blanketed by clouds. A summer storm is rolling in.

Finally catching up, the father peers out over the black river, opening the slats on his lantern for a better view.

FATHER

Where these naked ladies at?

LITTLE BOY

There. And There. And There.

He points among the lapping waves to the curve of a naked buttock. The small of a back - feminine and delicate.

Not more than a stone's throw from that - a bare bosom, pale on a shoulder bobbing in the black water.

He holds up his lantern higher - stopping cold.

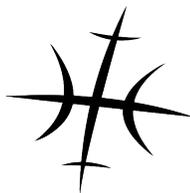
Eyes stare back at him. Unseeing. A Head. Arms. Legs. Torso. Separated and floating in the Thames.

This isn't from one body. *Several*. Cleanly cut through bone, sinew and muscle with ease. The eyes of many dead women stare back at the father, bobbing in the water like buoys.

The man drops the lantern in horror, the glass shattering.

But, just before the river is plunged into darkness again, one final detail burns its way into the father's vision.

On each severed body part, *something* has been carved into the flesh. Slashed into the skin, by knife or claw - hard to say:



EXT. CENTRAL LONDON - MORNING

September 8, 1888 - Sixteen Months Later

All is quiet on the posh side of London. A horse and CARRIAGE, no driver, sits in front of a luxury townhome.

Even without a coachman, the old nag clops her hoof against the cobblestone. Waiting.

INT. GRAND BEDROOM

Empty absinthe bottles, candles still burning low - bed sheets tangled around a woman's legs.

ALBERT MERRIWEATHER TOOLE (50s), his face more jowls and chins than anything else, awakens.

Toole wipes his sausage fingers across his eyes, squinting. He pulls his hand back - fingers and face covered in BLOOD.

He looks to his right - in his bed is a woman. DEAD.

TOOLE

Good God!

A shadow falls across him - someone is standing over the bed.

This is **QUEENIE** (40s). Impeccably dressed, she carries an alligator leather apothecary's bag. Toole clambers from the bed, grabbing Queenie's sleeve.

TOOLE (CONT'D)

Queenie! I-I didn't... she was fine when we finished last night! I-I'd never cross you Forty Elephants!

Without a word, Queenie sits on the bed, feeling for a pulse on the poor girl. Then, she makes the sign of the cross.

QUEENIE

You're lucky I found you before the constables. Or your wife.

Queenie's got a sandpaper voice with milk and honey edges.

TOOLE

Oh, sweet Jesus! My wife!
(to himself)

We've played the game before. She's the prisoner, I'm the warden. I remember the absinthe, but...

Queenie stands, pacing. Our first good look at her -

A mess of contradictions. Revealing corset, but carries herself like royalty. Expensive boots, costume jewelry. Parisian silk gloves, but a staghandle patch knife tucked into her waist. Gunmetal eyes, fireplace smile.

One part Cleopatra, one part Annie Oakley.

QUEENIE

I'm afraid you've got problems, Albert. Your wife and children will be back from the cottage soon.

TOOLE

Oh, Mary! The girls! Help me!

QUEENIE

There's simply no time. There's removal, disposal, cover up...

Toole RUSHES out of the bedroom, into -

INT. POSH STUDY

Toole stumbles to a huge, Whitfield firebox SAFE. His bloody hands SLIP against the dial as he turns it.

QUEENIE

I think the police would be the prudent call to make.

TOOLE
No! No Scotland Yard!

He FLINGS open the huge door and grabs a handful of money and slams the safe shut, spinning the lockwheel.

INT. BEDROOM

A moment later, Toole rushes back in, crumpled money in hand.

TOOLE
Have mercy - I've been a good customer, haven't I?

QUEENIE
Good riders don't hobble their horses. A girl with Elizabeth's talents is hard to come by.

Toole offers the payoff - streaks of blood on the pounds.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
But she was just a girl from Whitechapel. No children to feed or family. No one will miss her.

Reluctantly, Queenie takes the money.

TOOLE
Oh, thank you - thank you!

QUEENIE
Go wash up well. A prostitute is in poor taste, but a corpse is a terrible welcome back gift.

Queenie smiles, then STOMPS her high-heeled boot twice against the floorboards. Immediately, THREE WOMEN enter:

LYDIA HART (late 20s) Could pass for a boy if she wanted to. Decked out in stolen military medals and pea coat of a Royal Admiral cut to fit - she's stiff as a 2x4 and just as curvy. There's a violence in her angles - hard and cold.

MARIA "FAIR EMMA" KELLY (18, at least that's what she says) - Tiny, blonde and fey, with the kind of eyes men start wars over. Innocence drips from her like honey from the comb.

ANNIE CHAPMAN (40s) - a dried rose if ever there were, she's pale as cream, ruby lips and crow black hair streaked with silver. Youthful eyes, even as creases have begun to win the battle for her face.

The girls carry a bulky, camelback flattop STEAMER TRUNK, braced with leather and iron straps.

Toole pushes past the women, heading for the washroom.

As soon as he's gone, the women of the Forty Elephants Gang spring into action, wrapping the body in the bed sheets and tossing the corpse into the trunk.

EXT. CENTRAL LONDON - MORNING

The girls haul the huge steamer trunk out the door of the townhouse, PUSHING it into the waiting carriage.

Lydia grabs a bowler hat and leaps to the driver's bench.

Queenie comes out last, alligator bag in tow. Doesn't look left or right - She gets in, and the coach takes off.

INT. CARRIAGE

The steamer trunk sits open, the dead body inside. Queenie takes stock, counting seconds under her breath.

ANNIE CHAPMAN

We'd best move quick.

FAIR EMMA

We've been too long! Won't work.

Queenie holds out her hand - staring down at the dead woman.

Fair Emma reaches into the pocket of her dress, hands shaking as she pulls out a small leather case. Inside, an 1872 Parke & Davis syringe, complete with an eight-inch steel needle.

Emma's breath quickens as panic sets in, staring down at the dead body. She drops the glass syringe -

Before it hits the ground, Queenie snags it, careful to not let it shatter. Emma's face is pale with fear.

QUEENIE

Shh. Don't worry, dear.

Calmly, Queenie takes the syringe and PLUNGES the liquified cocaine into the corpse - right in the NECK.

Seconds pass.

The corpse GASPS - sitting up with the force of a drowning man. Mouth moving like a fish, the once "dead" girl VOMITS.

The nude, bloody woman is Elizabeth Rose Mylett (30s) - **DRUNKEN LIZZIE** on the streets. She gives a GRIN to Queenie.

LIZZIE

Must'a overdid it on da laudanum.

Lizzie is an Irish Traveller - or *pikey* - her Shelta accent as tangled as her hair.

Emma hugs Lizzie. Lizzie pushes Emma away, catching Queenie's frown as she hands Lizzie a kerchief.

QUEENIE

Wipe off that pig's blood.

Queenie KNOCKS TWICE on the roof of the wagon.

EXT. CENTRAL LONDON - MORNING

Lydia smiles as she hears the knocks, cracking the reins to drive the two-axel Hackman carriage through Old London.

Electric, charged-arc street lamps line wealthy streets, already commonplace in 1888. Save for the lack of cars, the whole thing has an unsettling, *modern* quality to it.

INT. POSH OFFICE/BEDROOM

Toole walks back through his bedroom to his office, freshly cleaned up and relaxed. Then, he stops - mouth agape.

His safe sits open - EMPTY.

INT. CARRIAGE

The alligator medicine bag sits open - no vials or syringes - instead it's filled with files and screwdrivers and chisels.

AND filled with the stacks of papers Queenie took from Toole's safe, the pound notes on top.

FAIR EMMA

How'd you crack it so fast? He didn't even let you in the room.

QUEENIE

His fingers. That's what the blood was for. I could see where he grabbed and how far he turned to trip the tumblers.

INSERT: Sure enough, we're back with a flash to Toole's bloodied fingers turning the dial of the fire safe - closeup of his fingers reveal how far he slid and where he stopped to turn backwards - an imperceptible SMUDGE of a bloody print. You wouldn't know what to look for - unless you were a pro.

Queenie continues fishing through her take from the safe, but her paper shuffling SLOWS...

With dread bubbling up - Queenie pushes past the few pounds - finding IOUs, overdue notices, unpaid bills.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
Seems old Toole was robbing Peter
and Paul to pay for his Marys.

Queenie doesn't scream. But Christ, she wants to.

FAIR EMMA
Will it still be enough?

She doesn't answer. She doesn't need to. It won't be. Annie gives a soft smile, but Queenie doesn't smile back.

ANNIE CHAPMAN
I'll pull doubles down the docks.
We'll make the difference.

Lizzie is still naked from her earlier "death" and stained red from the pig's blood. Without a dram of modesty, she lights a thin, Spanish cigar and puts her feet on the trunk.

LIZZIE
I love da dead girl gift. Classic.

Lizzie's accent is so thick, she should have subtitles. Queenie understands though, shaking her head.

QUEENIE
Put some clothes on. A naked whore
is like free food at a market.

Lizzie begins dressing from a stack of folded undergarments as Emma pulls back the curtain on the carriage, peeking out.

The carriage rumbles past well dressed men walking into an entryway leading UNDERGROUND. A bright sign over it reads -

District Railway's World Famous Metropolitan Underground Rail

***Travel the greatest city in the world via our clean,
gas-lit wooden carriages hauled by genuine steam locomotive!***

Yes, The London Tube was already up and running in 1888.

FAIR EMMA

Why don't they call the Bobbies on us - the men we do this grift to?

Drunken Lizzie laughs, taking a drag on her cigarillo.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE

Christ! I told you dis one's too wet behind the gills to go on grifts wit us!

QUEENIE

Every girl's got to start sometime. When we used to do the fake maid run, you weren't much better, Liz.
(leaning in to Emma)
You see, men would rather be robbed in private than embarrassed in public. Know your enemies' weakness, and stay one step ahead.

FAIR EMMA

But, our Johns - they pay, right? So, they ain't our enemies.

QUEENIE

Yes, but they're not our friends, either. And no one will care for us if we don't care for ourselves.

Hearing the clop of the horse hooves change outside, Queenie BANGS on the roof of the carriage, shouting up to Lydia.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Take Blackfriars' Bridge. It's Sunday, so head south of St. Paul's. His girls work the market.

Queenie recognized their location by the sound of hooves alone. A moment later, the carriage shifts course.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL - DAY

This is not the London we saw moments before. Gas lamps, horseshit and muck choke the air.

It's a neighborhood of Jews, Irish, Russians, Poles. A hundred different flags and languages. But, for all it's muck and mire, there's a vibrant community crackling.

The SCREAM of a neighing horse forces Lydia to skid the carriage to an abrupt STOP, barely avoiding a collision.

A dozen HORSES block the road ahead, pulling scaffolding for a CONSTRUCTION site for a DISTRICT RAILWAY SUBWAY STOP.

INT. CARRIAGE

The carriage now stopped, Lydia's voice drifts down.

LYDIA (O.S.)
 Sorry, ma'am. Construction's pushed
 us right into Spitafields.

Annie Chapman and Queenie share a glance - *that's not good*.
 Lizzie (finally dressed) peers out at the construction.

LIZZIE
 Another to District Railway.
 Whitechapel's turning into a shower
 a' cunts right quick.

Annie gives Queenie a gentle touch to the thigh, to calm her.

ANNIE CHAPMAN
 We'll be home soon.

LIZZIE
 Don' worry, Leather Apron ain't
 gon' catch us here.

QUEENIE
 He does, you won't have to play
 dead.

EXT. MONGER'S MARKET ON BRICK LANE - WHITECHAPEL - DAY

While Lydia waits in the traffic, a group of PROSTITUTES work
 this lane. They point and whisper at Lydia's carriage.

ANNIE CHAPMAN
 They'll tell him soon enough that
 we're past borders.

Something catches Queenie's ear. A new sound. A RUMBLE.

QUEENIE
 Don't think they'll need to tell
 him anything.

OUTSIDE QUEENIE'S CARRIAGE

A moment later, a HUGE, two-axle black and gold CARRIAGE
 rolls around the corner, stopping in the middle of traffic.

LEATHER APRON (50s) exits the carriage. He sports a sable frock coat, wide mutton chops and a deerstalker cap - which he yanks off, revealing a mane of silver hair.

INSIDE QUEENIE'S CARRIAGE

DRUNKEN LIZZIE

Thinks he's da' king a Whitechapel.

Apron locks eyes with Queenie. Stares her down - like predator to prey. Finally, he looks to his girls.

With a smile, Leather Apron buys flowers from a vendor, giving the roses to his prostitutes - refusing his change.

With a *giddyup* from above, Lydia's carriage gets moving again as the construction clears. Apron stares as they go.

EXT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - DAY

This disreputable hovel is an English brothel, rowdy pub and Victorian flophouse all in one.

Rickety old buildings connected by courtyard walkways and deadwood stoops - all crammed together in a sea of filth.

Queenie and her girls step out of their carriage in front of the Tenpenny, pulling a few quid and handing them to Lydia.

QUEENIE

Give this to the Livery. Ask about his wife - she's been ill lately.

Lydia nods and pulls the carriage away. Queenie notices Fair Emma tossing a few pence to a BEGGAR.

FAIR EMMA

God bless you.

QUEENIE

Don't.

FAIR EMMA

Sorry, Queenie. Just a few pence.

LIZZIE

Moths to da' flame.

FAIR EMMA

Just trying to be Christian. Doc Rees says we're all sheep of the same flock.

QUEENIE

Know what happens when sheep flock
together? It draws in wolves.

Lizzie chuckles, putting out her cigar with her bare heel as
SMASHING GLASS and shouts can be heard inside the pub.

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE

A PROSTITUTE holds a torn dress to cover her breasts, blood
on her lips and nose, eye swelling shut from a punch.

A SOLDIER lies near her, blood pooling.

Two more ROYAL SOLDIERS, clearly off duty and drunk, have
squared off against a beast of MAN across the pub.

SOLDIER

'Mad Jew' - Ba! Been with women
tougher looking than him.

With a neck like a phone pole and gorilla shoulders, MAD JEW
KOSMINSKI (40s) - barber, muscle, and a *completely real*
person - quietly speaks in a thick, borscht drawl -

KOSMINSKI

Slapping them's not included in the
price, sir.

One of the remaining soldiers scowls and rushes forward.
Kosminski pulls out a barber's razor, unfolding the blade.

Surprisingly quick for being so big, he slashes the soldier -
taking off half his ear with little more than a wrist flick.

The man screams, grabbing the side of his head as blood
spouts from between his fingers.

The third soldier knows better and RUNS out the door. Calmly,
Kosminski grabs the two injured soldiers - dragging them out.

As he nears the exit, Queenie and her girls enter.

KOSMINSKI (CONT'D)

Morning, Madams. Pardon.

In the pub, factory men nurse one pence gin, while all the
prostitutes gather around Queenie, who pours drinks for all.

40 ELEPHANT GIRL

Did it go well?

Queenie gives a grin and wink, handing out battered tin cups.

QUEENIE

He didn't know what hit him.
 (raises her cup)
 To another profitable morning for
 the Forty Elephants!

Queenie gives a knockout smile that can only be described as criminally glamorous.

ALL

To the Forty!!

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - KITCHEN

Queenie pushes her way into the kitchen, dumping her drink among dirty dishes. Annie follows a moment later.

ANNIE CHAPMAN

Smile, love. We did good today.
 Don't let this lot see you worry.
 We've been through worse.

QUEENIE

Most of these girls were too young
 to remember those days - and I
 wasn't in charge then.

ANNIE CHAPMAN

Don't matter. These girls look up
 to you. You got us away from him.

She takes Queenie's hand, a warmth in Annie's eyes.

QUEENIE

The girls look up to whoever keeps
 a roof over their heads. They're
 whores, not nuns.

Annie's hand lingers, and Queenie lets down her guard - if only for a second. May be just friendship, maybe more.

ANNIE CHAPMAN

I'll run a few johns down the docks
 tonight. Don't worry - we'll make
 the extra coin we need.

From out in the bar, a loud and unsteady voice -

VOICE (O.S.)

First Fairy Fay - gone without a
 trace! Then Martha Tabram - stabbed
 37 times, God rest her!

ANNIE CHAPMAN

Christ. Bulling's starting early.
Why do you keep letting him in?

QUEENIE

A journalist is good in the pocket.

ANNIE CHAPMAN

Then you should find one. He's a
muckraker - and his breath is
pigshit.

QUEENIE

That's the opium.

ANNIE CHAPMAN

No, it's all the shit he spews.

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - PUB

Queenie and Annie exit the kitchen to see THOMAS BULLING
(40s) standing at the bar, arms akimbo - speaking loudly to
Emma. He gulps down his gin.

BULLING

But before those killings, there
were the bodies in the Thames.

His skin is sallow, beard patchy. Well dressed but unkept, he
radiates the filth and fervor of a Victorian tripper.

FAIR EMMA

Mr. Bulling was telling us about
his articles on the killings -

QUEENIE

I can tell you all you need to know
- Fay is a drunk who's sleeping it
off in some fool's bed. And Tabram
mouthed off to the wrong John.
That's it.

Bulling's one eye is dirty glass. A German *Lauscha Eye*, it
rattles and rolls like a doll's eye in his skull.

BULLING

Ah, my dear Queenie. That's why I
come here. The rigorous debate and -

QUEENIE

You come here because the girls are
pretty and I let you run a tab.

(MORE)

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Now, go back to the office. It's too early for your rumors.

BULLING

What about the bodies on the Thames? Rainham was no rumor. I covered that scene.

ANNIE CHAPMAN

It was just pieces of bodies. And Police say it was a medical prank.

BULLING

No prank. It was a sign. A warning - of evil to come. There's a pattern to the murders. An order to the crimes. I just can't find it - yet.

More of the girls have begun to take notice of Bulling.

QUEENIE

Enough. You're scaring the girls.

BULLING

They should be. After what happened to the Nichols girl last week -

QUEENIE

Girls die all the time. Heat stroke in summer, freeze in winter.

Three MEN enter the pub. Well dressed, complete with tails and pleated trousers, stovepipe hats and moustache grease.

Queenie gives a glance to Kosminski, who nods and leads the gentlemen to the SNUG (a room off to the side of the pub).

FAIR EMMA

Those're some handsome bucks. Should I take care of them?

QUEENIE

No, love. They're here to fuck us in a very different way.

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - SNUG

The Gentlemen are seated when Queenie enters.

QUEENIE

No, no. Don't get up.

They weren't going to.

Queenie sits in front of MISTER HERRING (50s, lanky to the point of skeletal).

MISTER HERRING

Madame - I am Acquisitions Agent
Dodd Herring, representing District
Railway Enterprises Unlimited.

Herring punctuates his sentences by sniffing a perfumed kerchief in his hand - a losing war against London's odors.

QUEENIE

I know who sent you. Where's Ross?

MISTER HERRING

Agent Ross has been replaced. The
company found him too distracted.

QUEENIE

A shame. Ross was a good tipper. My
girls loved him.

MISTER HERRING

As the company has made several
offers without a counter offer from
you to purchase this property -

QUEENIE

No answer was my answer.

MISTER HERRING

Nevertheless, my superiors have
instructed me to deliver this.

His voice is a lisping whisper as he pulls official-looking papers from a briefcase. Queenie glances at the paper.

MISTER HERRING (CONT'D)

They asked me to remind you that
the subterranean railway will be a
Godsend for this neighborhood.

QUEENIE

Remind them that I'm not selling.
And this offer is half the price of
the last.

MISTER HERRING

No. That's correct.

He smiles at her, enjoying the moment.

Disgusted, Queenie takes the papers and stands, headed for the door. Herring speaks to her back as she stands

MISTER HERRING (CONT'D)
 District Railway has significant
 Resources and connections within
 the fiduciary circles of this city.
 And, it has come to our attention
 that this property is grossly
 delinquent on its taxes - window,
 revenue, property. In fact, it
 wouldn't be impudent to imagine
 that this building would be
 repossessed by the County
 Commonwealth, and its current owner
 thrown in debtor's prison.

Queenie stops, the look on her face primal as she speaks.

QUEENIE
 Tell District Railway they can save
 the quid they're paying you and not
 send anymore shit offers East. The
 Tenpenny is all these women have.
 Whitechapel won't just lay down our
 homes and businesses for a few
 pounds from a lot like you. These
 are our streets.

MISTER HERRING
 No matter. District Railway is
 buying up the streets, as well.

The other Gentlemen chuckle. Herring stands, his two
 compatriots following in lockstep as they leave.

Queenie doesn't acknowledge them as they go, her eyes sinking
 into the dark ink on the papers - lost in anger and worry.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Darkness swallows London like a whale, gulping down uneven
 streets, chimneys and docks, hiding the grime and grit.

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - HALLWAY

Queenie walks the crooked hall, staring at Herring's offer.
 From somewhere in the rickety Tenpenny, the moans of a girl.

Snoring from an open doorway Queenie passes.

It's Drunken Lizzie. Queenie takes a moment to sneak in,
 covering her where she lays splayed on the bed.

As she closes that door, she hears CRYING down the hall.

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - EMMA'S ROOM

Fair Emma is on her bed, her face bruised and swollen.

QUEENIE

Who?

It may read a question, but it's delivered as an order.

FAIR EMMA

It's nothing. I fell.

Lydia Hart stands in the doorway behind Queenie. Out in the hall, the big shadow of Kosminski can be seen.

QUEENIE

Lying is such and ugly color on you
love. You're better than that. Who?

FAIR EMMA

Joey.

QUEENIE

Barnett?

A stiffness in the air, the name familiar to all. Emma pulls at Queenie's sleeve, pleading.

FAIR EMMA

It's my fault, I'd had a bit of
beer and Joseph -

QUEENIE

Beer doesn't give the right.

FAIR EMMA

It's nothing. I can put on rouge
and get back to work.

Queenie gently pulls Emma's hand away from her face, taking the makeup brush from her trembling fingers.

Emma is scared. Not of this Barnett. Of Queenie.

FAIR EMMA (CONT'D)

Please, Queenie - he said he wants
to marry. Imagine, a girl like me
with a husband? I-I didn't m-mean -

Tears start to fall, and Queenie hugs the young girl.

QUEENIE

Shhh. I'm not going to make you a
widow before you're even married.

Queenie gives a soft laugh, and Emma slowly relaxes, burying her head in Queenie's bodice.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
Now, wash up and I'm going to make
us some tea. Fair enough?

Emma nods, smiling at Queenie.

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - HALLWAY

Queenie walks the hallway, Lydia and Kosminski behind her as she leaves Emma's room. They speak low, barely whispering.

QUEENIE
Fetch me Annie.

LYDIA HART
Gone, ma'am. Working Shadwell.

QUEENIE
Damn. She's always better at tea
than I am.

Queenie stops at the doorway to her bedroom. To Kosminski -

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
Put a kettle on for tea. And find
Joseph Barnett. Tell him he's
leaving London. Tonight.

The big man nods and heads down the hall. Then, Queenie turns to Lydia Hart, her voice low.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
Tell Emma that Joseph took work in
Birmingham. And make sure Kosminski
doesn't kill him - just cuts enough
off so no woman would ever want
him.

The crackling of flames fill our ears as we smash to...

EXT. SHADWELL DOCKS - NIGHT

The docks are burning. High heat, old wooden ships - the fire rages like a demon over the black surface of the Thames.

And, as it's always been - locals are there to watch. They ROAR their approval as the end of the docks COLLAPSE.

Annie works the crowd - whispering to potential customers.

In the fire light of the docks, she's absolutely beautiful. Too pretty to be a prostitute, but that's how life goes.

Nearby, a form moves swiftly through the crowd.

Shorter than most of them, it's a dark-skinned PICKPOCKET. Her clothes are threadbare. She wears flat slippers on scarred feet - everything about her is out of place.

This is EZZ (early 20s). Sharp eyes, nimble fingers. Her delicate hands steal a ring off a finger. A bracelet off a wrist. A billfold out of a pocket.

A GLIMMER of gold catches Ezz's eye. A beautiful pocketwatch CHAIN. *Double Albert Style*. Worth a month's rent in London.

A BEEFY HAND reaches through the crowd, GRABBING Ezz. Ezz's hand goes to the inside of her ankle: a square top, eight-inch BLADE is strapped to her leg.

Ezz bothers a glance backwards. *Shit*. It's a COP.

He smiles. His gloved hand SNAKES into her pockets, feeling her up as he pulls out her "hard earned" pick.

In a FLASH, Ezz writhes out of her jacket, dashing away.

The cop takes a step - then realizes how packed the crowd is, giving up and pocketing the stolen goods he took from her.

EXT. SHADWELL DOCKS - EDGE OF THE CROWD - NIGHT

The fires on the docks have died down. Ezz sits in a doorway, watching Annie Chapman work, brushing gentleman's shoulders.

Annie is a perfect mark, with fat pockets from an evening's "work". Ezz takes two steps towards her, then stops. A MAN in a BLACK TRENCH is now next to Annie.

His face unseen, the man whispers in Annie's ear. Annie giggles, brushing against his coat.

This is the **same MAN wearing the same gold watch chain she saw earlier.**

EXT. BUCKS ROW - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Big RATS scuttle out of the way as Annie and the black coated Man enter the alley and wind their way over the cobblestone.

ANNIE

We don't have to here, love. Price
you're paying, we can get a room.

The man answers, his whisper unintelligible.

Ezz follows in the shadows, creeping into a doorway. Annie's
customer caresses her, a handkerchief in hand.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

It's too dark, love. Don't you want
to see what you're paying for -

In a flash, the man **SHOVES** the handkerchief into Annie's
mouth, muffling her screams. Ezz stops, confused.

From the folds of his black coat - glints of metal catching
light. **Two** bladepoints. Ezz doesn't get a good look at the
knives, save that he seems to hold both blades in one hand.

SCHLICK! The man **SLASHES** Annie quick, slicing the back of her
neck and spine. Shocked, Ezz stumbles backwards.

VOICE (O.S.)

*Shaanti ke lie aaya hoon
Rakshasa...*

Ezz watches as the man lowers Annie softly to the ground.

Annie's legs twitch as he lays her on her back. The attacker
opens a leather case, not unlike a doctor's bag.

Bile rises in Ezz's throat when she sees what he does next.

With Annie still alive, he opens her abdomen, severing and
lifting the intestines out of her body and placing them on
her shoulder, while from the pelvis, the uterus and the upper
portion of the vagina and bladder he entirely removes.

(The above pulled from the actual London Hospital Inquest.)

He cuts, placing pieces of Annie in a leather medical bag.

All while Annie is alive - paralyzed from the cuts to her
spine. Ezz averts her eyes, looking down -

- to see a huge RAT crawling across her feet. Invasive
Sumatran rodents. London rats at the time grew to 20 inches
long - the size of housecats.

Ezz tries to move her foot to shoo it. The rat **BITES** her.

Ezz's **SCREAM** is only for a breath - but it's long enough. The
killer **URNS** - and he and Ezz lock eyes. Ezz turns and **RUNS**.

The killer makes no move to chase, turning back to his prey -

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
ki ne kya kiya hai rakshasa.

As he returns to butchering her alive, all Annie Chapman can do is blink and pray for the end.

London may not know his name yet, but we do.

Jack The Ripper.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL STREETS - NIGHT

Ezz races down the street, heart pounding in her ears. Every few steps she looks behind her. She needs somewhere to hide.

Up ahead - one lone building still has a light on.

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - QUEENIE'S ROOM

Queenie's table is laid out with equal parts jewelry and lockpick tools, makeup mingled with knives.

Like some soldier cleaning her rifle, she methodically polishes the pig's blood from earlier off each piece.

A creaking of the floor behind her.

Queenie's hand goes to the staghandle patch knife in her corset.

But it's only Lydia Hart. No need to speak - Lydia simply nods to her boss. *Job done.*

Queenie goes back to cleaning her tools.

But Lydia doesn't move, standing in the doorway.

LYDIA HART
 Railway's made another offer? Saw them today in the pub.

QUEENIE
 It's handled.

Lydia shifts, uncomfortable.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
 Anything else, Miss Hart?

LYDIA HART

Well, ma'am. It's just... I saw our books, and there ain't no way - begging your pardon, that is - no way that we can make what's owed on taxes and keep girls and Tenpenny -

QUEENIE

Annie does the ledgers. Not you.

LYDIA HART

You know, we could always go back.

QUEENIE

Never.

LYDIA HART

Perhaps a loan, then? Just a bit of safety - financially speaking -

Queenie slams down the lockpick she's polishing, spinning on Lydia. Any maternal softness has gone icy in her eyes.

QUEENIE

That's not safety. Remember what happened, what he is? You of all girls should know that.

SMASH! Somewhere in the Tenpenny below, a loud clattering.

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - KITCHEN

Broken crockery and mugs lie in pieces on the floor, toppled from where they were resting for the night.

Queenie, a lantern in hand, stands in the doorway, Lydia is behind her - shaving razor drawn and ready.

Queenie waits in silence. A shadow moves under the table. *Someone is in the darkened kitchen.*

QUEENIE

We've nothing to steal. Go.

No response. Queenie grabs a big, chipped CLEAVER from the butcher's block. She THUNKS the blade into the wooden table.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

I won't aim for the wood next. Go.

Ezz SCUTTLES out from under the big chopping table, she's got her long, square knife out of its sheath and in her hands.

Queenie's had enough - in the dim light, her nerves frayed.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
Railway send you? Or did he?

EZZ
Just need somewhere for the night.

Her accent isn't cockney, it's tropical - soft and exotic - but still full of defiance. Queenie eyes up the big blade, a little too big for Ezz.

QUEENIE
Hmm, cane knife. Sugar harvesting machete. What Island are you from? Danish Indies? Cuba? Jamaica?

EZZ
Island of "fuck off".

Lydia steps forward, knife out - but Queenie stops her.

QUEENIE
Charming. But, we've no room. You want charity, find a church.

EZZ
Just for tonight. Please.

QUEENIE
Why just tonight?

EZZ
(glances outside)
Streets aren't safe.

Ezz isn't telling the full story, and Queenie knows it.

QUEENIE
You're clearly new in London, or you'd know Whitechapel's streets are never safe. Now go.

EZZ
I saw a murder. A lady killed.

QUEENIE
Women get killed all the time. The bobbies will take care of it.

EZZ
No, it wasn't like that. He spoke strange. He cut pieces off her, took them out. Kept them.

QUEENIE

Maybe you saw that. Maybe not. But these blocks belong to Forty Elephants. Which you're not. Go.

EZZ

Well... What if I just cut you, take whatever room I want?

QUEENIE

First rule of a knife fight: don't pull it if you won't use it.

EZZ

How do you know you I won't cut -

Queenie takes a step, and Ezz stumbles back instinctively.

EZZ (CONT'D)

Please. I've got nowhere.

QUEENIE

Everyone in Whitechapel's got nowhere. And I can barely feed the mouths I have. Now go. Don't come back or I'll kill you.

Ezz sees no charity reflected back. She backs out the door into the alleyway, disappearing into the night.

EXT. BUCKS ROW ALLEYWAY - NEXT MORNING

Annie Chapman was murdered here not more than six hours earlier. In daylight, the spray of blood is sickening.

Police, sketch artists, cleanup crews and press traipse where Chapman's body lays, spread eagle as it was left.

A crime scene in the 1880s was a chaotic affair, with reporters allowed to mingle freely and take evidence.

The police knew nothing of forensics, and crime scenes being scrubbed clean quickly so as to not gather onlookers.

A huge crowd gathered, held back by several uniformed BOBBIES. One is the handsome CONSTABLE WALTER DEW (30s).

Queenie, Lizzie, Fair Emma and Lydia all stand among the crowd, as Annie's uncovered body is loaded onto a wagon.

Fair Emma weeps openly, while Queenie is silent and stoic. Dew notices the women, walking over.

CONSTABLE DEW
Don't look ladies, it's not a
proper sight.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE
Shut it, Dew. She was one of ours.

CONSTABLE DEW
Apologies. Queenie, I'm sorry.

There's a commotion behind Dew - it's Bulling. He sees Queenie, and comes rushing to her, disheveled and winded.

BULLING
I knew it! Eighteen months after
Rainham Mystery! I told you! This
is all part of some pattern!

CONSTABLE DEW
Enough of your nonsense! The body
is not even cold yet, muckraker!

But Queenie's not listening, watching the body being loaded as the CROW AND RABBLE begin to shout -

CROWD AND RABBLE
Heard she was gutted!/ Just like
Nichols/ Who cares - she's a whore!

Their cruel cries hang on the air as Queenie's world spins. Voices muffle as Queenie struggles to push through the crowd.

She leaves the crime scene, walking quickly back onto the street, face taugt and tight.

Emma sees her, taking a step to go, but Lizzie grabs her.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE
Nah, child. Let 'er go.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MORNING

Queenie takes a few steps into the alley, but can no longer hold the brave face. Leaning against a wall, tears fall.

A shadow moves behind her. Queenie doesn't see. She stares down into a puddle, seeing her own reflection.

Then, she sees something else. *Someone* is behind her.

Queenie clocks a flash of movement. Something is brought down on her head. It's a flour sack. Then, a CRACK on the skull-SMASHING her world to **DARKNESS**.

INT. CARRIAGE

All we see is **black**. Queenie's breath in her ears.

The hurried whispers of her abductors, the *clip clop* of hooves and the *creak creak* of carriage wheels.

The noise of the city gives way to a low mournful sound.

Cattle. And lots of them.

EXT. STOCKYARDS - DAY

Queenie lands in mud with a splat as the bag is yanked off. Struggling, her hand rests against a wall that *moves*.

Only, it's no wall - but it might as well be.

Queenie looks up to see a huge BULL staring back at her. He's an English Longhorn - 2,000 lbs with huge horns.

Queenie's in the LONDON STOCKYARDS - thousands of cattle forming an unending sea of meat and shit and fur and horns.

LEATHER APRON steps out from the other side of the bull, running his gloved hand along its fur. He wears a big tanner's apron, leather tools and knives adorn his belt.

LEATHER APRON

I'm sorry 'bout Annie.

Queenie reaches for her own knife - but it's not there.

On the other side of the fence, a few East End thugs lean against the fence smirking. They are CORNERMEN - a street gang of Welsh and cockney teens covered in tattoos.

One holds Queenie's knife, picking his fingernails with it. She ignores the Cornermen, turning towards Leather Apron.

QUEENIE

You killed her - to get back at me.

He doesn't even look at her as he talks, instead running his hand gently over the bull's fur.

LEATHER APRON

You wound me. I would never do something like what was done to her. Annie Chapmen was a flower.

QUEENIE

She hated you. And you her.

LEATHER APRON
Still. This is a tragedy.

QUEENIE
How'd you know? I just heard -

LEATHER APRON
A good boss knows where his gang is
- and where they ain't. I simply
brought you here to offer sympathy.

QUEENIE
You stole me off my own steps.

LEATHER APRON
You wouldn't have come otherwise.

Queenie glances around the pen - the huge cow between them,
the wooden fence all clung to by his girls. She's trapped. No
easy escape route, and no weapon for her to fight back with.

LEATHER APRON (CONT'D)
Come home, Queenie.

QUEENIE
Whitechapel's my home.

LEATHER APRON
I mean come back. Working for me.
Your girls must be scared. Tabram
girl was slit from tits to tail.

His coldness clocks for Queenie - *is he the killer?*

LEATHER APRON (CONT'D)
... and now, poor Annie. A light in
the darkness, snuffed out too soon.

QUEENIE
Stop saying her name.

LEATHER APRON
Well, she used to like to say mine.

Leather Apron chuckles at his innuendo. Queenie seethes.

QUEENIE
None of your girls been hit. Why?

LEATHER APRON
Don't know. But I do know that,
before this, I kept Whitechapel
running smooth - quim, fights,
poppy, drink.

(MORE)

LEATHER APRON (CONT'D)

But now, the Forty Elephants are the only gang in Whitechapel don't work with me.

QUEENIE

Only ones who don't work *for* you.

The more defensive Queenie gets, the more cockney her accent reverts - as if her proper English is a cracking veneer.

He walks back around the cow, petting it as he talks.

LEATHER APRON

Call it what you like. But, I hear times are tight for the Elephants.

QUEENIE

Never been better.

A lie, and Apron knows it. He motions to Queenie's feet.

LEATHER APRON

You need a new pair of boots?

He motions to the bull. Queenie shakes her head 'no'.

LEATHER APRON (CONT'D)

Too bad. That's this one's name - *New pair o' boots.*

With the speed of a striking snake, he pulls his leather knife from his belt - it's a wide, HALFMOON TANNER'S BLADE.

He YANKS his blade across the bull's neck, slashing it open. The big animal thrashes around - it's deadly horns FLAILING.

The animal thrashes, but Apron calmly sidesteps the horns.

LEATHER APRON (CONT'D)

My offer stands. Elephants are welcome back under my protection. Tell your girls, all is forgiven.

QUEENIE

My girls. Not your concern.

LEATHER APRON

For now.

Apron motions for his Cornermen to take Queenie home, then goes back to butchering the animal as it is STILL ALIVE.

The last thing Queenie hears is the horrible scream of the bull as we SMASH TO -

INT. ROYAL LONDON HOSPITAL - BASEMENT

Wet, dank halls - more a dungeon than a medical facility.
Constable Dew nervously walks the hall, Queenie behind him.

CONSTABLE DEW

You sure?

Queenie, done up proper despite the setting, is impatient.

QUEENIE

I'm not here for the scenery. Can
you let me in or not?

CONSTABLE DEW

No, no. I can. It's just - this
isn't a place for a lady.

QUEENIE

Unfortunately, constable - ladies
like me end up here far too often.

INT. MORGUE

Annie Chapman STARES up at us. Well, what's left of her.

The body, having fallen apart in transport by police, lies in
pieces on the cold stone slab of the morgue.

Queenie looks down at her, refusing to show any emotion - her
only tell is blinking to hold back tears.

Dew, on the other hand, looks like he's going to puke.

The YOUNG CORONER (late 20s), a newspaper under his arm and
smoking a pipe, looks down at the body, unfazed.

Queenie eyes up the slashes to the poor girl's throat. Not
singular, but **two** slashes everywhere.

CORONER

Two knives, I suppose.

He LIFTS the sheet covering Annie's lower half. Her belly has
been hollowed out. Nauseated, Constable Dew vomits.

Dew rushes out. The Coroner eyes up Queenie to see if she's
running, too. She's not going anywhere. He's impressed.

CORONER (CONT'D)

The killer had medical training.
Doctor, vet, maybe butcher.

The Coroner pushes up the torso and Queenie notices a **mark** around the shoulder.

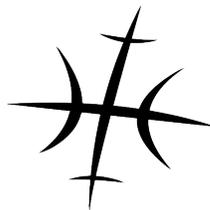
QUEENIE

What's that?

Coroner peers down, bullcap pipe smoke yellow and billowing.

He takes out a handkerchief and RUBS the back of the Annie's shoulder - clumped, coagulated blood FLECKS away.

Underneath the old blood, a SYMBOL carve into flesh:



CORONER

Hmm. Looks like the other one.

MOMENTS LATER, next to Annie Chapman, a different body lies on a metal gurney.

Bloated and blackened, this woman's gums pulling back as the body decomposes. Queenie leans in.

CORONER

Wouldn't do that, ma'am. They get ripe like that...

He makes the *sploosh* sound with his hands and mouth.

But Queenie isn't deterred. After a few moments, she finds it. On rotten skin, this time along the stomach, Queenie finds the coagulated remains of the SAME SYMBOL.

CORONER (CONT'D)

Polly Ann Nichols. Throat cut, August 31st, Whitechapel - a full week before this morning's.

Queenie's looking at the cuts on the body - double slashes. Almost like claws, but then - too clean to be claws...

CORONER (CONT'D)

In all my years, never seen this sort of work done, whore or not.

Queenie grabs the newspaper from under his arm.

CORONER (CONT'D)
I was gonna read that.

She pushes the newspaper onto the wound on the neck.

Due to the dampness of this basement, the blood on the wound is congealed and sticky. Queenie PRESSES against it, leaving a SYMBOL IMPRINT on the newsprint as the Coroner drones on.

CORONER (CONT'D)
-- now only if someone saw this
killer, the coppers could wrap --

This trigger something in Queenie.

QUEENIE (PRE-LAP)
Dark skinned. Probably Island born.
Small girl. I need you to find her.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL - HOSPITAL FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Queenie explains to the 40 Elephants gathered around:

QUEENIE
I need to speak with her. Full
Pound for the girl that brings her.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE
What's dis girl got?

QUEENIE
Only thing that matters.
Information.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY/NIGHT

The 40 Elephants show their reach as day turns to night - talking to every pickpocket, fence, shopkeeper and paperboy.

It's like watching wildfire spread - questions are asked, ears are whispered, and payoffs are traded for information.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL ALLEYWAY - GUN STREET - DAY

Fair Emma drops coins in the hands of beggars and veterans.

FAIR EMMA
- this Islander has seen the
killer! Hurry. Queenie wants her.

Emma doesn't see, but Ezz is listening from a nearby alley.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL - TEN BELLS PUB - DUSK

The search for Ezz continues. Lizzie spreads the word to the customers leaving the pub.

LIZZIE

-- Caribbean. 'Bout yay tall.
Elephants will pay in puss and
pints whichever lout finds 'er.

Lizzie doesn't see, but a dark SHADOW stands in one of the alcoves, listening. Fine jacket, fine shoes. And **a gold watch chain**. We've seen this man once before - The Ripper.

He HEARS Lizzie describe Ezz and his breath increases - like an animal who's just scented prey.

EXT. ST. KATHERINE DOCKS - NIGHT

The easternmost docks of London proper - wretched center for the rubber, wool and sugar that floods into the city.

As such, this is a mecca for foreigners, and the dark skinned WOMEN who service the sailors know their clientele. Moors, Africans, Caribbean - even a few Aborigines work the docks.

All of these girls are similar in build and stature to Ezz.

As the girls call to the sailors - a dark figure WATCHES a few young women. His gold watchchain swings as he approaches. One of the CARRIBEAN PROSTITUTES sees him, and motions -

CARRIBEAN PROSTITUTE

Come on, love. Why you standing in
shadows? We won't bite -

As he APPROACHES them, his breathing increases. Reaching into his jacket, glints of metal catch the light as he swings.

A blowing FOGHORN from an approaching ship in the darkness of the harbor blasts through the air, drowning out the screams of the first woman.

The first girl turns to run, blood pouring from a huge slash to her abdomen. The prostitute struggles to hold in her intestines as the Ripper pushes her aside.

The women realize too late as the first of them falls.

The others turn to run, slipping in the blood of the fallen prostitute. The killer slowly steps towards the others.

Not haphazard. Calm. Focused. Inevitable.

INT. PRINTING WAREHOUSE

Huge, flywheel printing presses, each several stories high, run nonstop, twenty four hours a day.

Thunderous, relentless - feeding a ravenous public.

Bulling walks among them, proud of the work as he heads for his office in the back. He opens the door, stopping -

Then, on the floor in his office doorway... An ENVELOPE. It's lumpy and leaking blood.

One word has been written on it: **GOSWORTH.**

EXT. WHITECHAPEL STREETS - EVENING

Cold rain begins to drizzle.

Queenie stands in the doorway, ignoring the rain as she listens to arthritic BEGGAR, who then WHISPERS updates in Queenie's ear. No luck yet.

EXT. BANKS OF THE RIVER THAMES - EVENING

Dusk loses the battle with night. RAIN falls hard now.

Ezz walks - careful to avoid everyone, moving in shadows.

Hungry, wet, cold and tired.

She notices the only place not crawling with people: a big, dark pipe that empties into the River Thames.

The end of the Central London Sewer Line.

She pulls her hood tight and heads towards it.

Ezz doesn't notice a few BEGGARS and PAUPERS watching as she squeezes her way into the sewer tunnel.

EXT. THE GOSWORTH - NIGHT

The drizzle of rain continues, pelting the GOSWORTH - an East Indiamen FRIGATE rocking in the St. Katherine docks.

A MOORISH SAILOR flings open the hatch and climbs up from below, lantern in hand.

A GULL, snacking on something held in its claws, takes flight. It drops what it was eating - a human FINGER.

EXT. THE GOSWORTH/DOCKS - DAWN

A swarm of JOURNALISTS push against the few cops holding them back from stepping on the gangplank that leads to the Gosworth. Thomas Bulling is among them.

Bulling pushes against a burly COP. He's like a wall.

BURLY COP
Back! Active crime scene!

BULLING
Come on! They been up there for
hours and not so much as a peep!

On the deck of the Gosworth, Bulling can see POLICE COMMISSIONER CHARLES WARREN (60s) walking the deck with the HARBOR MASTER (80s) and CHIEF INSPECTOR ABERLINE (40s).

Because of how high the ship sits in the water, it's impossible to see what they're looking at on deck.

BULLING (CONT'D)
(shouting up to them)
Missing something, Commish?

The Commissioner STOPS what he's doing, turning to stare down.

Bulling holds up a handkerchief. Clenched within the cloth is a **severed human ear**, dark-skinned and cleanly cut.

EXT. THE GOSWORTH - DECK - DAWN

Bulling is drug onto the deck by the Burly Cop, who hands the cloth with the ear to the Commissioner. The gentle old man makes the sign of the cross, whispering under his breath -

COMMISSIONER WARREN
Where did you get this?

BULLING
I'm the reporter, I'll ask the -

WHACK! The Burly Cop smacks the mouthy journalist.

BULLING (CONT'D)
Uh, delivered last night in a
letter to me. Left in my office.

The Commissioner looks to the men around him, worried.

BULLING (CONT'D)
So, is there a body to go with it?

The Harbor Master, hands shaky, points to wooden barrels on the deck. Behind them, the bodies lie stacked and tangled.

These were the dark-skinned girls we saw earlier in the evening. Each of these poor women have their eyes stabbed, cheeks slashed. Ears and fingers cut off, scattered around.

The police have to shoo away seagulls, looking to feast.

Aberline examines the *double slash marks* on the bodies.

INSPECTOR ABERLINE

Wounds look like claws.

COMMISSIONER WARREN

Nonsense. It's clean, like a knife.

BULLING

These cuts look like those on the Rainham murders.

INSPECTOR ABERLINE

Stop. Those were severed clean- this is a mutilation. This has nothing to do with the Rainham mess.

BULLING

It has everything to do with Rainham, and the killings in Whitechapel. There's a pattern -

COMMISSIONER WARREN

No, there isn't. Inspector Aberline, this ship never made port. Instruct the harbor master to strike the logs and pay the captain of this vessel to give these poor heathens a Christian burial at sea.

The Commissioner turns to leave. Bulling heads after the Commissioner, but the Burly Cop stops him.

BULLING

You can't, sir! The citizens -

COMMISSIONER WARREN

Have enough to worry about. These poor girls aren't Londoners. Go home, Mr. Bulling. Wanting grand conspiracies don't make them so.

The Commissioner and his assistants leave. Aberline stays, staring at the bodies with Bulling.

The journalist sees the slashed cheeks and lips...

...sliced off ears.

...poked out eyes.

BULLING

Hear no, see no, speak no evil.

INSPECTOR ABERLINE

What's that?

BULLING

A warning. Message telling someone to keep quiet. Just walk away.

INSPECTOR ABERLINE

Who the blazes would this killer be sending a message to?

BULLING

Don't know. But I pity the poor soul he has set his sights on.

INT. SEWERS - DAWN

Ezz awakens from where she spent the night, huddled on a walkway above the flowing sewage. She stretches, yawning.

She doesn't notice, but down the tunnel, figures WATCH her.

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - BAR

Kosminski washes the dishes as Lydia reports to Queenie.

LYDIA HART

Dockmen said they saw a dark skinned girl down St. Katherine sewers. Spent the night there.

QUEENIE

Shit. We watched the streets. She'd know to go below them.

KOSMINSKI

Smart girl.

Queenie is headed for the door, Kosminski pulling on his hat.

QUEENIE

Not if the Toshers find her before we do.

INT. SEWERS

Ezz is backed against the wall of the sewer, eyes wide.

She is surrounded by a group of MEN. Filthy, carrying packs to hold the garbage they find, clutching OYSTER RAKES, BROKEN TOOLS and TIN-TIPPED trash pickers. They are the real-life, sewer-scavenging TOSHERS of Victorian London.

Ezz has her cane blade out, waving it as they close in.

SKINNY TOSH

Ooh, careful. Claws on this one.

The BOSS TOSHER (30s) smiles as his gang circles. His lips and teeth are the same color as the shit he stands in.

BOSS TOSHER

Far from the sugarcane fields, eh?

SKINNY TOSH

Flesh sweet as sugar, I'd wager.

The group of men LAUGH - circling her.

EZZ

Come closer and I'll cut your dirty pecker off and feed it to the rats.

Ezz tries to make a run for it, but they block her way.

BOSS TOSHER

Where you runnin' to, love? We know every sewer, tunnel and pit under London. Ain't none running anywhere down here we don't know. And anything down here belongs to us.

EZZ

I don't belong to anyone.

BOSS TOSH

We'll see 'bout that.

They move in, eyes lecherous and coveting Ezz's clean skin. A SPLASHING sound echoes. Something coming their way.

BOSS TOSH (CONT'D)

Who goes?

Out steps Queenie, careful to keep her dress above the water.

QUEENIE

The girl's not yours.

BOSS TOSH
Ain't your territory, Queenie.

Kosminski STEPS out of the shadows behind Queenie.

QUEENIE
She belongs to me.

Ezz looks at Queenie - Queenie is the woman who *THREATENED TO KILL HER* a few nights ago. So, no love lost there.

BOSS TOSH
She's down here. So, she belongs to the Toshers. You take her, we're owed one. That's the rules.

QUEENIE
I won't ask again.

BOSS TOSH
Ya won't need to.

He motions to his gang. The Toshers smile, coming towards Kosminski. As they prepare to swarm, stab and poke the Mad Jew, Queenie GRABS Ezz's hand, pulling her.

QUEENIE
Come on. While they're distracted.

But Ezz is no friend to Queenie, either.

EZZ
Let go! I'll cut you. I swear!

QUEENIE
Come on. You're safe with -

In *flight or fight* mode, Ezz SWINGS her knife instinctively. Queenie SNAGS her hand out of the air, stopping the slash a hair's breath before cutting Queenie's face.

Queenie pauses - then **SMACKS** Ezz hard across the face.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
They'll do worse than that to you.

Ezz sees Kosminski in a full-on brawl against the Toshers.

One STABS Kosminski in the leg with a broken shovel handle, burying the wood spur in flesh.

The Big Jew doesn't even grunt, just uses the closed distance to smash the man in the face, sending teeth flying.

Kosminski pulls his barber's razor - slashing another man with it across the face and chest.

Like all real violence, this happens fast - no preamble or gorgeous choreography. It's brutish, grunting and gurgling.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

We need to go. Now.

Ezz just nods, a little stunned. As she and Queenie turn to head into the dark tunnel, Queenie clears her throat.

Given his signal, Kosminski SLAMS Boss Tosh into the stone wall - not killing him, but sending him sprawling.

The Toshers struggle to pull their leader up as the Mad Jew follows Queenie into the darkness. Boss Tosh SCREAMS -

BOSS TOSH

Queenie! Bring her back - she belongs to us!

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - BEDROOMS - DAY

DR. LLEWEYLN REES (40s, proper and prim) leans down, staring under the dress of one of the 40 Elephant PROSTITUTES.

The other girls are gathered, awaiting medical exams. Rees speaks from under the dress, calling out to Queenie - who waits at the doorway with Ezz beside her.

DR. REES

The French girl's with child. A few scrofula, yeast. Gonorrhoea's gotten bad with the dock girls. Fevers. Sulphur, mercury and belladonna to treat. But it's not cheap.

QUEENIE

Dr. Rees, I've got another one.

Queenie pushes Ezz into the room, still filthy from earlier.

Ezz resists as Queenie pushes her towards the doctor.

EZZ

I'm not one of yours.

QUEENIE

No. But you're around my girls. Disease spreads like fire. Twice as hard to put out.

The Doctor pulls his head out from under the dress. He's a little shocked by filthy Ezz, but is ever the professional.

DR. REES
Let me get my bag.

He reaches down to the floor and grabs his medical bag. He opens it on the table, revealing shiny, clean medical tools .

Stethoscope, tongs, tongue depressor, pills and powders. As each item is brought out, Ezz becomes more and more nervous.

DR. REES (CONT'D)
Just try and be calm.

He reaches for his syringe beside the long, shiny LISTON KNIFE in his doctor's bag - used for amputations.

Ezz stares at Dr. Rees - *is this the killer she saw before?*

DR. REES (CONT'D)
Now, a variolation for smallpox.

When Ezz sees the glint of the blade, the edge of the scalpels - she PANICS - eyes widen, breath increasing.

DR. REES (CONT'D)
It's nothing to be afraid of -

Quickly, Queenie realizes and covers the medical tools.

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - HALLWAY

Away from Ezz and the other girls, Lydia Hart pays Dr. Rees as he and Queenie whisper -

DR. REES
- that young girl is under extreme duress. Heart palpitations - as if trapped in memory. Strange.

QUEENIE
But is she healthy, Doctor?

DR. REES
Surprisingly so. I'd say nothing a good meal wouldn't fix.

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - BAR

Ezz has her face buried into a breakfast of mutton and ugly brown stew. All the 40 Elephant girls STARE at her.

Lizzie steps in, pushing the girls aside as Queenie enters.

LIZZIE
Christ, you hens give 'er space!

QUEENIE
Back to work. Now.

FAIR EMMA
But, with the protests, no one -

QUEENIE
I said get to work!

Her voice is sharp and loud, bouncing off the glassware.

They scatter. In a moment, the bar is empty except for Kosminski, Queenie and Ezz. Queenie takes a seat.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
I love my girls, but I have a
business to run. At times, that
requires a firm hand.

EZZ
I don't care about your business.

QUEENIE
My business paid for that soup.

EZZ
This soup is shit.

Queenie, annoyed, pulls the food away. Out of reflex, Ezz pulls her butter knife and tries to STAB Queenie's hand.

But this isn't Queenie's first knife-fight in a bar, and she CATCHES Ezz's hand in mid-swing.

QUEENIE
Not bad. But your eyes gave you
away. I knew what your move was -

Queenie stops. Ezz has her FORK in her left hand, jabbing Queenie in the stomach. Ezz smiles. A shadow falls over Ezz.

It's Kosminski. He holds out his hand.

KOSMINSKI
Knife and fork please, young miss.

QUEENIE
Reflexes are good, but backup is
better.

Defeated, Ezz hands over the silverware

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I slapped you.

Ezz nods. She's not much of a talker.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
You're safe now. The 40 Elephants
have you under our protection.

EZZ
Ain't scared.

QUEENIE
Were the last time you were here.

Touché. Ezz stops eating, remembering that fateful night.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
That night... I couldn't take you
in. I needed to worry about my
gang, my girls.

EZZ
Sure, mum. Whatever.

QUEENIE
I'm not your mum.

EZZ
Old enough to be.

QUEENIE
Careful.

Queenie pours herself some tea. Milk and sugar, just like an English lady. The whole process is out of place in the bar.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
I don't drink tea with strangers.

Ezz shrugs - not getting it or not caring.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
And you are?

EZZ
Ezz.

QUEENIE
What's Ezz short for?

EZZ

Don't know. West African. It means king. My momma wanted a boy.

QUEENIE

Then pick your own name.

EZZ

You mean a name like Queenie? Just saying a thing don't make it true.

No one talks to Queenie like this. Even Kosminski, who's back to cleaning the bar, swallows hard at her response.

QUEENIE

The night you broke in - you said you saw a killing. Could you identify the man who did it?

Ezz pauses - as if remembering makes it real. Queenie motions to Kosminski, who ladles another SPOONFUL of disgusting stew.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

I have a proposition - help me find the killer you saw that night and I'll allow you room and board, to stay here while we search.

EZZ

I want my own bedroom. Three meals. Not this slop. And new clothes.

QUEENIE

You're in no position to make such a steep bargain.

EZZ

You're in no position to say no.

Ezz grabs a bottle of gin from the bar. She pauses, waiting to see if Queenie is going to reprimand her. But she doesn't.

Ezz pours, gulping it and wincing - then coughing. Queenie enjoys the little display of bravado gone wrong. Then, she pulls out the faded newspaper with the symbol.

QUEENIE

Ever seen this mark before?

Ezz shakes her head NO.

BULLING (PRE-LAP)

Out of my way - important business!

EXT. WHITECHAPEL STREETS - DAY

Thomas Bulling pushes his way down the street, hands still bloody from the ear he was given from the Gosworth attack.

He pushes past beggars, high-strung from some narcotic binge as he sidesteps the Whitechapel Vigilance protesting and a Railway worker pounding a sign on a nearby church.

As he approaches the Tenpenny, Fair Emma and other 40 Elephants girls are out front, trying to drum up business.

FAIR EMMA

I wouldn't go in there right now,
Mr. Bulling. Queenie's on one.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE

Pissed and bothered o'er da girl
she brought in last night. Says da
child saw Annie's murderer.

BULLING

Saw the murderer?

FAIR EMMA

Mm hm. Fresh from the boat, this
girl. Bimini, maybe Nassau.

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - BAR

In a corner table, Ezz plays cards with Kosminski, his hands swallowing the cards. They play WHIST - forefather of bridge.

Bulling enters the pub, making a beeline for Queenie behind the bar. Out of instinct, Ezz reaches for her knife.

KOSMINSKI

No worry, young miss. That's just
news man Bulling. He's harmless,
unless you're gin or opium.

EZZ

He work for your Queenie, too?

KOSMINSKI

No. But Queenie took him in when
the dragon had 'im by the claws.
Been a friend of the girls since.

EZZ

Seems your boss'll make a deal with
everyone.

KOSMINSKI

Miss Queenie don't believe in charity. She gives a bit of worth to those with none. And people want to thank her for it, in their own way. When I got out of Broadmoor, she got me work as a barber.

EZZ

Broadmoor's your home?

KOSMINSKI

Nope. Asylum.
(plays his cards)
Your turn.

They finish the hand - which Kosminski lets Ezz win. As they set up to deal another, Ezz lowers her voice, mumbling -

EZZ

Uh, thanks. For the Toshers. I never told you thanks.

KOSMINSKI

Nope. Miss Queenie. She had half the city looking for you.

There's some noise over at the bar, by Queenie and Bulling.

AT THE BAR

Bulling smacks his hands loudly on the bar, angry and cocaine fueled, then he points over to Ezz.

BULLING

Don't you see?! Whoever or whatever is out there killing, I think he's looking for that child **there** --

Bulling stops - his face is ashen, eyes wide. He's looking at the symbol on the newspaper.

BULLING (CONT'D)

This mark - where did you get this?

QUEENIE

Annie Chapman's body. Nichols, too.

BULLING

I've seen that mark. In the Thames. June of '87 - body parts in Rainham. Each piece of those poor girls carved with that mark.

(MORE)

BULLING (CONT'D)

The Yard, Commissioner, *The Star* - none of them believed what I told them.

QUEENIE

Told them what?

BULLING

That this symbol I saw - the one you've seen now, as well - it has meaning to some men in London.

QUEENIE

Take me to these men.

EXT. BETHNAL GREEN - PUNJAAB MARKET - EVENING

Pigs and cows roam freely, fumes drifting on the air from boiling tripe, melting tallow or butchers preparing cat meat.

At the center, an old East Indian hodgepodge of stalls, adorned with Hindu cloth and beads.

Queenie, Ezz and Kosminski stand behind a nervous Bulling.

BULLING

Ummm, these men. They're not quite friends. More business associates -

VOICE (O.S.)

You got balls of iron, newsman.

From the folds of the cluttered stalls, a few MEN step. East Indians, armed and scary - sailors and mercenaries. Their leader is CALCUTTA JOHN (40s, all tattoos and gold teeth).

BULLING

Hello John, how've you been?

The point of John's sword is the only thing that could shut Bulling up so quick - it's poking into the newsman's throat.

CALCUTTA JOHN

I think I'll cut those iron balls off - pay your debts on the pipe.

QUEENIE

No debts. He works for me today.

CALCUTTA JOHN

You're a long way from Whitechapel, Elephant Queen.

The thugs laugh. Queenie HOLDS out the newspaper with the symbol on it. The thugs stop, color draining.

CALCUTTA JOHN (CONT'D)
Shit. *Daaada* needs to see this.

INT. DEN OF THE OPIUM KINGS

It's expected behind the stalls would be full of strange wonders and odd smells, cluttered and smoky backrooms.

In reality, it's MEANT to look like a chaotic collection of stalls - hiding a full-bore LAUDANUM PROCESSING FACILITY.

Dozens of *Lascars* mix the popular medicine from mercury, hashish, ether, chloroform and OPIUM. Laudanum was the cure all for tired wives, cranky children and infamous writers.

Queenie and her group are led across the factory floor.

CALCUTTA JOHN
Wait here.

Moments later, Prayer beads and saffron gown hems drag across the floor as DAADA (100s) is brought out.

Hindi for "grandfather", his nails are as long as pocketknives, patches of hair cling to a liver spotted scalp.

DAADA
kisane dekha Rakshasa?

Daada speaks in *Vedic Sanskrit*, a proto-Hindi tongue that predates Christ by over 2,000 years.

CALCUTTA JOHN
He wants to know who saw it.

BULLING
It?

THUG
Whatever made the mark.

Queenie NODS towards Ezz. The old man eyes up Ezz and begins to speak in the old tongue, which Calcutta John *translates* -

CALCUTTA JOHN
*This is the mark of the rakshasa.
The man-eater - a demonic creature
who possessed enormous strength,
strange powers, strong mind -*
(MORE)

CALCUTTA JOHN (CONT'D)

But rakshasa recognize no sort of restraints like man or god. They show no respect, no humility. Swollen with ego, they are beyond every law. It is said Rakshasa were created by Brahma - yet when he made them, they turned and began eating their creator.

EZZ

How do you kill it?

Old Daada LAUGHS, then finally speaks - in English:

DAADA

No one has ever killed the Rakshasa.

EXT. BETHNAL GREEN - PUNJAAB MARKET - AFTERNOON

The group leave the hidden Laudanum plant.

BULLING

So, the killer's an East Indian?

QUEENIE

Or he's served on the subcontinent.

BULLING

You believe all that mystical talk?

QUEENIE

No. But the killer does.

INT. A DARK, DARK PLACE

There's no way to tell where we are - the only thing for sure is that we should not be here.

A sickly, green light barely illuminates a writing desk, where SOMEONE sits - penning a letter in black ink he mixes with deep, crimson blood.

The hands that struggle to write the letter are old, gnarled and withered.

INT. PRINTING PRESS - NIGHT

The printing press is empty at this late hour - except for Thomas Bulling, who is passed out at his desk - opium pipe spent atop his articles and papers.

The Ripper watches Bulling sleep, yanking something from his long, black coat. A letter. The Ripper places it by Bulling.

Then, the voice of the RIPPER begins. (*Taken from an actual letter sent to the London Star on September 27, 1888*):

RIPPER (V.O.)
*Dear Boss, I am down on whores and
 I shant quit ripping them till I
 finish my work...*

EXT. WHITECHAPEL STREETS - NIGHT

A skinny prostitute (ELIZABETH STRIDE, 32) works the streets. A dark shadow falls over her.

The shiny points of the man with the gold watch slices Stride's throat - her neck nearly slashed to her spine.

RIPPER (V.O.)
*Grand work the last job was. I gave
 the ladies no time to squeal.*

She falls to the ground - one day, she'll be one of the most famous prostitutes ever. But tonight, she dies alone.

The man with the gold watch bends down to get to work. But commotion from down the street stops him.

RIPPER (V.O.)
*You will soon hear more of me with
 my funny little games.*

Quickly, this killer leans down and KISSES the dying whore and racing away before a few drunk Irishmen find the body.

EXT. SLUMLORD LODGING HOUSE - THE SAME NIGHT

Empty at this late hour. An old prostitute (CAT EDDOWES, 50s) kisses her john goodbye as he buttons his trousers.

As he goes, someone watches Cat in the shadows. She notices.

RIPPER (V.O.)
*The police and the papers ask who I
 am, but they ought be asking what.*

Cat opens her mouth to ask "who goes there?" But she never gets to finish.

The two shiny points of claw or blade pierce into her womb with the fury of a monster's claws.

RIPPER (V.O.)
*Don't worry, the next job I do
 shall clip the wings off London. A
 jolly good feast is coming.*

The man with the gold watch GRABS Cat by the very wounds he just slashed into her, yanking the woman back to him.

RIPPER (V.O.)
*No need to set a place for me, the
 whole world is my banquet. Praying
 won't help you, either - I don't
 answer to God or Devil.*

EXT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - FRONT/COURTYARD

Lydia buys a newspaper from a NEWSBOY as the VO continues.

RIPPER (V.O.)
*P.S. - Hope you don't mind me
 giving the trade name. Yours truly-
 Jack the Ripper.*

We follow her as she clambers through a hole in the fence and into the courtyard where all the girls are gathered around.

Lydia opens the paper and we see the headline:

Whitechapel's Beast has a name: Jack The Ripper

**East End Killer claims two more!!
 Read the letter from the killer - only in the London Star!**

On the front page is the now infamous wood-cutting of a girl being murdered by the Ripper. The 40 Elephant girls can see the picture, and they're eyes are wide - terrified.

Queenie YANKS the paper from Lydia's hand and crumples it.

The girls look to Queenie. All except Ezz, who keeps her head down, whittling a stick on one of the stoops.

The front bell rings from out in the bar as the door opens.

QUEENIE
 Tell whoever is out there we are
 closed. They can come back later.

LEATHER APRON (O.S.)
 Oh, I think you can open for me.

He's in the doorway to the courtyard, with his mane of silver hair and crooked smile. With him, his cadre of PROSTITUTES.

QUEENIE

Get out. You and your girls.

LEATHER APRON

Aww, love. I'm just stopping by, seeing how you lot are doing.

Pointing his cane to the crumbled newspaper -

LEATHER APRON (CONT'D)

Shame about that. Two more dead.

He takes a step forward, but Queenie steps in front of him, her message clear. Apron smiles at the escalating tension.

LEATHER APRON (CONT'D)

Just inquiring as to your welfare. Heard there's been offers to buy this place...

QUEENIE

Our welfare isn't your concern.

LEATHER APRON

Kind of is, though. I don't like to see girls go hungry, live in fear. No matter who they work for. I'm a Christian man. Fact remains, The Forty Elephants can come back to my flock. Safety. Order. *Walk alone, go quick. Together, go far.* Right?

This is why pimps have existed as long as whores - *the devil you know is always better than the devil you don't.*

LYDIA HART

What about Queenie?

LEATHER APRON

No more boss nonsense. I'd take that burden from her.

Queenie's had enough, pulling her staghandle patch BLADE from the folds of her dress. Kosminski steps up, backing her.

Apron's girls close around him - brass knuckles, straight razors, eye gougers, push daggers being pulled in a flash.

They're baiting Queenie into a fight, and Queenie's the only one who's too angry to realize it.

Ezz watches nonchalantly from a chair in the bar - this isn't her fight. Lydia Hart, on the other hand, can see the tension escalating. She quietly slips out the hole in the fence.

LEATHER APRON (CONT'D)
 Ain't there been enough death?
 You're going to let these girls die
 for you? Because, if you can't keep
 'em safe, that's what'll happen. He
 ain't touched my girls, has he?

Queenie knows - if she doesn't fight back, she looks weak. If she does fight back, she loses. He's got her.

LEATHER APRON (CONT'D)
 Come on, let's end this nonsense.

One of Queenie's girls begins to take a step towards Apron.

QUEENIE
 Not one step. Any of you.

Queenie steps to her old pimp, gripping her knife.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
 My girls. My gang. My rules. You
 act like you know what's best for
 all in Whitechapel -

LEATHER APRON
 I am Whitechapel!

Motion from the back door of the kitchen. It's Constable Dew.

CONSTABLE DEW
 What's all this then?

Lydia Hart is behind him. She ran and fetched him during the standoff.

Leather Apron sees the cop and chuckles, unafraid.

LEATHER APRON
 Well played, Lydia.
 (to the 40 Elephants)
 The rest of you lot know where to
 find me if you're tired of all the
 death and bloodshed... and there
 will be more of that.

CONSTABLE DEW
 Enough! Out of here - all of you!

Apron smiles at Queenie and leaves slow and lazy, his girls after him. As he goes, Queenie is only focused on her gang:

Young girls - all fearing for their lives.

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - NIGHT

The pub, normally rowdy, is subdued. Ezz and Kosminski sit at the bar, Kosminski watching the door for trouble.

An Irish jig BAND plays a tune in the pub's corner - Fair Emma tries to pull up men to dance.

Lizzie sits by Queenie, her cigarillo smoke wafting. Queenie notices nervous glances from the girls. Morale is unraveling.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE

We ought to strike at Apron.

QUEENIE

They're young girls, not Traveller born like you. We'd die. And this Ripper would still be out there.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE

So we jus' sit? Wait n' die?

Frustrated, Lizzie grabs the bottle and pours a big glass.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Apologies. It's just - I'm no confidante, no red right hand. That was Annie's job to be ya ears.

The band finishes a song and the crowd gives a cheer, saving Queenie from having to acknowledge Annie's death.

By the bar, Emma finishes a dance with a handsome gentlemen. She sees Ezz. Emma races up to Ezz, ever smiling and giddy, no matter the circumstances.

FAIR EMMA

Come, on - sing a song! Something of palm trees and sailing ships!

KOSMINSKI

Go on, miss. Sing something pretty.

Ezz relents. Emma takes her hand.

Ezz stands by the Irish band, taking a DRINK from one of them. Silence falls over the Tenpenny.

Then, in a mournful voice, she begins to sing.

EZZ

*Oh the tide is The Devil,
it will run you out of breath.*

(MORE)

EZZ (CONT'D)

*Race you to the seashore,
chase you to your death. The tide
is the very Devil and the Devil has
his day, on the lonely conch banks
of Morecambe Bay.*

The crowd falls silent as soon as she opens her mouth - stunned. Queenie watches Ezz sing, every man enraptured.

An idea hits her, a hammer to a bell.

QUEENIE

I know what needs done.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE

What's dat?

QUEENIE

How do you draw a wolf from the woods?

She doesn't take her eyes off Ezz as she speaks -

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

You let out your lamb.

EXT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - NIGHT

November 11, 1888

The protesters of The Vigilance Committee march - their banners held high, singing hymns.

At the doorway to the Tenpenny - Queenie, Fair Emma, Lizzie and Kosminski are gathered - longcoat jackets pulled tight.

Ezz is dressed the lightest, revealing bare shoulders and a low cut bodice. She's meant to be seen. Queenie looks to her -

QUEENIE

This Ripper. You said you saw him. Describe him. Every detail.

EZZ

Black trench, black gentleman's hat, shoes wingtip. Saw a Gold watch chain. Prince Edward style.

QUEENIE

Brown or pale skinned?

EZZ

Deep in shadows. Couldn't see.

QUEENIE

He would recognize you, though?

EZZ

I seen his eyes, and he seen mine.

Lydia pulls up alongside them in an open topped WAGON, the same old nag she was driving before. Queenie nods, satisfied.

She then hands Lizzie a SPYGLASS, while Kosminski gives Queenie a hand mirror and a dock lantern.

The group waits as Queenie turns back to Ezz.

QUEENIE

Time to keep your part of our bargain.

(softening)

Look... we catch this man - it's going to help many people.

Ezz gives a defeated laugh, already cold in the winter air.

EZZ

That what you say to the worm when you go fishing?

QUEENIE

When you set sights on him, whistle the signal.

Ezz nods to Queenie and the group disperses, heading off into the darkness.

Only Fair Emma and Queenie remain.

FAIR EMMA

I didn't get a mirror.

QUEENIE

Could get a bit unpleasant.

Emma's face falls. Queenie pulls out her knife for Emma.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Keep the girls safe. Lock each in their rooms. Open for no one you don't know. Then, hide yourself away, too. I'm counting on you, Em.

Fair Emma nods, her big eyes beaming with pride.

With a smile, Queenie turns and disappears into the cold night.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CIRCUS - NIGHT

A small park in winter - the trees skeletal and the ground frozen, buildings surrounding the small square are abandoned and slated for District Railway's destruction.

Sitting at the border of Whitechapel and Spitalfields - this park intersects the two worst neighborhoods in East End.

It's late - drunk soldiers stumble home as pubs close, dumping wastewater into the street, puddles everywhere.

Ezz walks the block alone - freezing in the cold. She clocks someone behind her - on her right.

Just a drunk Irish DOCKWORKER, stumbling home. Ezz gives him the evil eye and he keeps walking. Ezz glances up, towards -

THE ROOFTOPS

High overhead, Queenie sits on the roof, back against a chimney so as not to be seen from the road.

But she has the hand mirror out - tilted DOWN so she can watch Ezz on the street below. An unlit lantern sits by her.

ACROSS THE PARK

On the opposite end of the park, along the edge of Cardoborough Lane, a sober Lizzie sits on a different rooftop, among flag poles jutting from the ledge.

She watches through her spyglass and catches sight of Ezz coming around the far side of the park. Lizzie peers down to -

THE STREET BELOW

Three stories down, Lydia and Kosminski sit on the same wagon Lydia drove earlier, with Kosminski snoring in the back.

The old nag clops her hooves, nervous.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CIRCUS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Now, only Ezz walks the park's edges, lips shaking. It's one degree above freezing tonight, her breath swirling.

ON THE ROOFTOP

Queenie sits, silent and committed. Like a gargoyle, she watches the street below through her mirror.

ON THE STREET

Ezz looks down: her boot untied, long laces soaked through Whitechapel half-frozen muck and puddles.

She mouths the word *shit*, then bends down to tie, when -

Slow, uneven *footfalls* - somewhere to her right.

Someone has just turned onto Barker's road. Ezz hazards a glance - tall, long black coat, hat.

It's him. The Ripper.

He's moving through the shadows along the south sidewalk, tight against the buildings.

Ezz finishes tying and then continues walking away from him, as if she doesn't notice his presence.

Her breath gives her away - a frantic shiver in the cold air.

ON THE ROOFTOP

Queenie keeps pace with Ezz, the mirror allowing her to see the street below and not be seen peering over.

But Queenie can't see anyone in the **shadows** along the wall of the building below her. Which is where the Ripper is.

Ezz realizes who is behind her. Quickly, she begins to whistle *Danny Boy*. That's the signal.

Just as she does, somewhere a clock strikes - 4am.

Could be Big Ben - but it's hard to tell where sound comes from in the twisted, narrow crooks and alleys in East End.

But Queenie can't hear Ezz over the clock's chiming.

ON THE STREET

Ezz picks up her pace. Behind her - the Ripper gains. The ringing of the clock drowns out her humming. She's alone.

ON THE ROOFTOP

Queenie peers in the mirror, watching the street - it takes a second, but she clocks it: No Ezz.

Queenie PEERS down to the street below. No Ezz. No Ripper.

She panics, hands shaking from the cold as she LIGHTS the lantern, opening the slats full-bore.

EXT. CARDBOROUGH LANE - ROOFTOP

From Lizzie's perch several blocks away, Queenie's lantern signal is easy to see.

Lizzie springs into action, BANGING On the flagpoles that jut from the roof. The noise is piercing, alerting Lydia, who is -

DOWN AT STREET LEVEL

Lydia shoves Kosminski awake, then CRACKS the reins and the old horse takes off towards Buck's Row.

EXT. BUCK'S ROW - STREET - NIGHT

Queenie finishes her climb to street level, DASHING onto the street, confusion and panic now gripping her like a vice.

She looks up and down the street. Empty. *Where is Ezz?*

A woman's SCREAM cuts through the bitter cold. In the winding alleys of Whitechapel - it's impossible to tell from where.

EXT. BUCK'S ROW - DARK ALLEY

Dead end alley. Whitechapel is full of them. Ezz has ducked into one. But now, she has nowhere to go.

The Ripper stands in shadow at the mouth of alley. His long black coat seems to fill the very air around him.

Ezz backs against brick wall. She screams again -

EZZ

Shit! Queenie! Come on!

Ezz pulls her cane knife, determined to go down swinging.

At the mouth of the alley, a clatter of wagon wheels as Lydia's cart rounds the corner. Kosminski is on the back of the wagon - his huge arms outstretched.

Too late, the Ripper realizes - spinning towards the wagon but entangled in his long coat.

With a grunt, Kosminski LEAPS from the wagon as it closes in, arms outstretched like a silverback, tackling the Ripper.

Kosminski stands, the Ripper still in his massive hands.

EZZ (CONT'D)

Wait!

Ezz yanks aside the Ripper's black trench and hat.

It's an OLD MAN, his elderly hands gnarled with rheumatoid arthritis. He couldn't hold a knife, even if he wanted to.

Ezz is confused, but relieved on some primal level.

EZZ (CONT'D)
 But, this is his jacket...
 (to the old man)
 Where'd you get this?!

The old man doesn't answer.

Queenie arrives a second later, out of breath and running down the alley. She finds Kosminski pressing the old man against the brick walls, squeezing the air out of him.

EZZ (CONT'D)
 This is the Ripper's jacket and
 cap, but it ain't him!

Queenie motions for the Mad Jew to relent for a breath.

QUEENIE
 (to the Old Man)
 Who gave you that jacket?

No answer. Furious, Queenie grabs the old man by the face -

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
 I asked you a question.

The old codger struggles with twisted hands to pull a NOTE from his pocket. He hands it to Queenie.

These are the old hands we saw writing the letter for the Ripper earlier.

Queenie takes the folded paper - opening it, pupils widening as she reads.

By Ezz and Kosminski, the lantern's light shines on the Old Man, and we glimpse of why he wasn't talking:

Someone has recently cut out his tongue, neatly suturing the fleshy stump in the back of his throat.

As she finishes the letter, Queenie LEAPS into the back of Lydia's wagon, barking to Lydia -

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
 Tenpenny. Now!

EXT. WHITECHAPEL STREETS - NIGHT

Lydia drives the wagon as hard as she can. Queenie and Ezz hold on for dear life. Kosminski has one hand on the wagon and one gripping the old, tongueless man.

The piece of paper given to Queenie by the old man blows free from her hand, and we follow it as it drifts to the street.

Glimpsing the letter as the gutter water soaks into it:

*This is fun.
But all this cat and
Mouse has made me hungry.
Going to leave you a
Little thank you gift.*

EXT. THE TENPENNY LODGING HOUSE & PUB - NIGHT

Lydia rounds the corner onto the south end of the street, the Tenpenny up ahead, barely visible in the foggy darkness.

Then, out of the shadows. A man. Tall and dark.

This man doesn't MOVE from out of the way of the wagon, instead turning to face them. Shiny points, just like claws, glimmer in the lamplight - dropping from his jacket.

Lydia's wagon, not stopping, is about to mow him down.

Instead of moving, the Ripper swings his unseen weapon - SLASHING the horse across the belly and shoulders.

The horse screams, slipping in the half-frozen street.

Her equine front leg snaps like kindling, splitting under her own weight, her big body TWISTING in the hitch of the wagon.

The wagon rolls, spilling its riders. All except for Lydia, who's pinned under the shattered and broken wagon.

Slowly, the man in the street walks away - but not before Ezz and he lock eyes. It's him. The Ripper. No missing this time.

Ezz points. Kosminski SEES the man walking away from the Tenpenny. He ignores his own wounds and gives chase.

The man with no tongue stumbles to his feet. Tossed free from the wreck, he limps off into the night.

Queenie ignores him, instead racing inside as Ezz struggles to pull Lydia from under the dead horse.

EXT. THE TENPENNY LODGING HOUSE & PUB - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Queenie, ignoring her own cuts and scratches, races in.

All is quiet. A dull glow from one room. A few candles lit in the windows. Room four. Queenie races forward, struggling with number four's handle.

QUEENIE

No. No. No. Em! Emma!

Locked. She SLAMS her body weight against the door. Once. Twice. Tears welling in her eyes.

BOOM! Finally, the old pine door and its pinbolt lock gives way with a splinter and Queenie SPILLS into -

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - ROOM FOUR

The candles inside are still burning, casting everything in that flickering shimmer.

But we can see good enough. A lace garter. Legs. A hand, dangling off the bed.

And blood. Everywhere. On the wall, in blood, symbols of the **rakshasa**. Queenie lets out a strangled cry.

Emma Kelly has been sliced open, pieces of her strewn about.

Stabbed into the floor with Queenie's own silver knife is a note. Queenie rips it free with a shaking hand. The letter is written in a shaky, bloody scrawl.

Your turn. - Jack The Ripper

*P.S. I did love that Caribbean girl's singing.
She'll sing for me soon enough.*

EXT. WHITECHAPEL STREET - NIGHT

Kosminski races down the street, away from the Tenpenny and the accident scene - faint screams in the distance as more girls discover Emma's body.

The noise has begun rousing the locals from sleep, lanterns flicking on and windows opening. Somewhere, a police whistle.

Kosminski gains on the man that they nearly hit with their wagon. Hard to view in the darkness and fog, but this man is well-dressed, no trench coat - a medical bag in his hand.

Kosminski's pace increases as the man he's following suddenly DUCKS a quick left, sidestepping in an alley.

The Mad Jew knows this is their man - because he's not running towards the scene of the crime - but away from it.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL ALLEY - NIGHT

Kosminski races down the alley as the man he's pursuing smashes through a wooden door into an abandoned church.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH

Kosminski enters, angry and huffing. All around him - crucifix, a toppled Virgin Marys, broken pews, an old pulpit.

The waning moon shines through the broken stained glass. He catches movement to ahead of him -

The Ripper is waiting in the shadows. They face each other, each at opposite ends of the hall. Silently, taking stock.

Kosminski charges towards the Ripper, knocking aside pews like an enraged bull.

The two men collide. A crack of bone and Kosminski sends him spinning. The collision may have broken a few of the Ripper's ribs. Hard to say in the darkness.

Kosminski looks down - a slash on his side. He watches as the Ripper stands from amongst the broken pews.

Kosminski pulls his barber's straight razor, ready to fight.

The Ripper SMILES, and we glimpse his teeth - bits of sinewy raw flesh and blood in his mouth. Pieces of Emma.

With a roar, Kosminski charges again.

The Ripper charges, as well - two points of metal glinting in moonlight. His weapon, like the metal claws of some beast.

The two men meet in mid-attack, like Gods of Old colliding.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL ALLEY - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

The sounds of Police whistles and gathering crowds fade into the background as Queenie rushes into the alley, searching.

At the end of the alley, she sees the broken wood from the door where the Ripper and Kosminski forced their way in.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH

Moonlight pokes through the stained glass windows.

It looks like a gladiatorial battle raged here. Overturned and smashed pews, smashed crosses and blood.

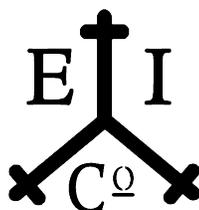
Queenie stands over Kosminski's body. The Mad Jew looks to have been stabbed and slashed nearly twenty times.

This was not some savage murder scene - these are wounds from a fight. A fight Kosminski lost.

Looking over the carnage, Queenie stops, noticing something.

Clutched in the dead man's giant hand - along with ripped cloth, as if torn during the battle - is a thin gold chain.

Connected to that chain - a gold PENDANT. Queenie holds it up to the moonlight. Struck into the gold, a SYMBOL:



Ezz pushes her way into the church a moment later. She sees Kosminski. We don't hear her cry out, but we don't need to.

Queenie takes Ezz's head in her hands, pulling Ezz's line of sight away from the gruesome scene of carnage.

QUEENIE

Shh! Listen! We can tell no one of his sacrifice, what happened here -

Confused, upset and angry, Ezz pulls away.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Once word spreads we've no more muscle, Apron - along with every other gang in East End - will come!

But Ezz doesn't want to hear it, pulling free and rushing to his body, kneeling beside it, letting tears fall.

Seconds later, an injured Lydia pushes races in.

LYDIA HART

Ma'am... the coppers are arriving. Better get back to the Tenpenny.

QUEENIE

Pay some dockmen - foreigners, not locals - to bury him. Pay extra to keep it off book. Unmarked grave. Bury tonight. And patch yourself up. Enough blood for one night.

INT./EXT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - ROOM FOUR - DAWN

The scene of Emma's murder, golden hour - the daylight red and soft - giving the blood on the wall an even tone.

Emma's body still lies splayed on the bed - unseeing eyes still open. Police and Inspectors walk around the body.

Commissioner Warren is there, watching as one of the Constables SCRUB the bloody Rakshasa symbols from the walls.

Outside Room Four, more police - struggling to keep onlookers and press at bay. Word has spread - the Ripper struck again.

Warren motions to Constable Dew, standing nearby.

COMISSIONER WARREN

Let the press in, Dew. They want their pictures, let them have them.

A PHOTOGRAPHER, lugging his huge silver oxide flash, crams into the crime scene, tracking blood and snapping photos of Fair Emma's corpse.

One day, these will be the most famous crime scene photos ever taken.

Across the courtyard, watching from balconies and windows - the girls of the 40 Elephants watch, eyes red from crying.

Queenie with Thomas Bulling, who examines the pendant she took from Kosminski's dead hands.

BULLING

Attaches to a pocketwatch chain. Double Albert Style clasp.

QUEENIE

Find out what you can about the symbol on it. Tell no one.

Bulling nods, pocketing the pendant, and leaves.

Drunken Lizzie and Lydia Hart (now bandaged from the accident) walk up to Queenie, handing her the Ripper's note.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

He'd been watching us. Was in our pub. Under our fucking noses. Emma must've known him. Door was locked when I arrived. She let him in.

LYDIA HART

How long?

QUEENIE

Too long for Emma.

Queenie catches Aberline watching her.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Lizzie, tell our girls to speak to no constables. Not a whisper. Give false names - I don't want the papers or police to have the facts. We don't know who we can trust now.

PRIEST (PRE-LAP)

Trust unto the Lord, and he shall grant unto you a perpetual light -

EXT. ST PATRICK'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CEMETERY - MORNING

November 19, 1888

An old CATHOLIC PRIEST gives the eulogy for Emma, standing by the modest gravestone that will one day be a tourist trap.

PRIEST

*Welcome them into paradise, Lord
Where there will be no sorrow -*

The funeral is attended by the 40 Elephant girls and a few of the Johns who "loved" her, standing over the grave.

Even Leather Apron and his girls are there - well dressed and leaving a huge bouquet of flowers on the coffin.

Queenie, paranoid and exhausted, stands towards the back.

Lydia taps Queenie's foot - nodding towards Inspector Aberline and his detectives among the tombstones.

They're not mourning - they're watching Queenie, whispering to one another. Queenie glances around the graveyard - Apron watches her, hungrily.

And, worst of all - somewhere the Ripper waits, as well.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL - STREET CORNER - DUSK

The sun sets, cold clinging to the dirty streets. Queenie's breath swirls around her as she walks, her head down.

Up ahead, Thomas Bulling waits, shivering in the cold. His eyes dart back and forth, watching every window and door.

She walks, Bulling keeps pace beside her. They speak low, weaving between roasting chestnuts and snow covered wagons.

QUEENIE

You don't look well. Go easy on the pipe. And no more gin - just beer.

She's right. He's pale and sallow, sunken eyes, unshaven.

BULLING

What I wish it were. The Ripper's letters increase.

QUEENIE

Hasn't he always sent you his letters? The Star prints enough.

BULLING

Not like this. Only a fraction of the letters we get go to print. Some are too... gruesome, even for our readers.

Bulling hacks out the next bit between ragged coughs.

BULLING (CONT'D)

His notes are changing. More brazen. Focused. Grand.

QUEENIE

He's getting cocky.

BULLING

Perhaps. He says I'm to be his herald - whatever that means. But that's not the worst. His newest letters, what he claims he's going to do to all of London soon...

Bulling glances around nervously.

QUEENIE

Easy, Bulling. This Ripper is still just a man. One that preys on fear.

BULLING

You're telling me you're not?
Afraid, I mean?

QUEENIE

My work, you can't show fear.

BULLING

Fear is a poison, and not a fast-acting one. My editors run these letters and panic sets in. The Coppers blame a military man and the military says it's an East Russian and the Russians blame the Welsh who blame the Jews and the Jews blame the East Indians and on and on. He's ripping this city apart, not just whores.

Bulling shoves the gold watch pendant into her hand.

BULLING (CONT'D)

I searched on your little bauble. Weren't easy. East India Trading Company. Struck before 1835 when the company declared bankruptcy.

QUEENIE

They ran out of money?

Bulling actually laughs, breath swirling.

BULLING

The rich don't run out of money - they just get better at hiding it. There's a smith's mark on the clasp. Custom made - most likely for a singular, wealthy family. Only the highest ranking members would've had that. But they haven't made these watches since the 1700s.

QUEENIE

So, an heirloom? Can't be many.

BULLING

There's still plenty who could've had that watch. Old families. Money stretching back to the damn Romans.

QUEENIE

Where do they live? These families that would've had this pendant?

BULLING

Wherever they want. They're rich.
I've got a list of homes through
bank records. Weren't easy to get.

QUEENIE

This killer has to have a lair, a
home, a base in the city.

BULLING

You don't understand, love. Dozen
of homes in London. Factories. Even
a damn Castle out near Wales.

QUEENIE

Then the 40 Elephants will watch
them all. He's out there.

Up ahead, they near the Tenpenny, but Queenie turns and heads
out into the night.

BULLING

Where're you going? It's freezing!

QUEENIE

I've one more stop.

EXT. PAUPER'S GRAVEYARD - THAT NIGHT

At an unmarked grave. A cheap, pine casket is lowered in. Big
enough to hold Kosminski, it takes three MEN to do the job.

Standing alone at the edge of the grave is Queenie, eyes red.

Once lowered, the MEN look to Queenie, who NODS silently and
they begin filling in the grave.

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Ezz, Lydia and Lizzie are gathered around a table as battle
plans are being drawn up.

QUEENIE

We call due any favor we have for
information on the members of this
East India Company. And then we
watch them. Their homes. Holdings.
Properties. Night and day.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE

Watching for what?

QUEENIE

He'll come and go at odd hours,
return before sun-up. Keep an ear
out for anyone of the medical,
veterinary or butcher livelihoods.
Any man with business connections
to India or the near East. I
suspect he's got money, so he'll
have the ability to pay assistants,
maybe even coppers on the take.

LYDIA HART

If we check all these places, the
girls won't have time to work.

Queenie points to the near empty bar. No work, either way.

QUEENIE

We can wait for him to pluck us one
by one, or take the fight to him.

Ezz, agreeing, has her knife on the table, angry.

EZZ

I'll watch the -

QUEENIE

No. You're the only one who can
identify him. And he knows who you
are. I can't risk it.

Ezz doesn't like this, being caged.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

We've got one thing in our favor,
ladies - this Ripper sees us as
just a bunch of whores. Let him
think that.

*Galloping hooves fill our ears, and we find ourselves racing
along the -*

EXT. EDGE OF LONDON - DAY

Lydia Hart rides a horse out of London, fast as the gelding
will go. She's headed for the dark woods, west of the city.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL STREETS - DAY

The protests of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee have
turned violent, harassing locals immigrants - blamed for
being the same nationality as the Ripper.

Fists are thrown as a fight breaks out, and the police (one of them Constable Dew) struggle to break it up.

Queenie stands nearby, shawl pulled tight against her to keep out the cold, watching the chaos of the neighborhood.

She turns to head back towards the Tenpenny.

Up ahead, a MAN hammers something onto her front door.

Queenie approaches and he's quick to scuttle off, papers blowing in the wind. On her door, a paper has been nailed.

Queenie rips it down and reads -

NOTICE OF TAXATION DELIQUINCY
Debtor's Foreclosure

Dates and formalities crowd this page, written in perfect scrawl. The details don't matter - the noose is tightening.

Queenie crumples the paper, glancing across the street.

In an ornate carriage - Mister Herring of District Railway watches. Queenie meets his gaze, tossing the paper to the street. He gives a skeletal smile, rapping on the roof.

The carriage takes off, nearly running down Queenie as it goes.

EXT. OLD CITY - WALBROOK WARD - DAY

Drunken Lizzie, now dressed like a wealthy trophy wife, pushes a pram (with no baby in it) through posh Old London.

On the long main street of homes, Lizzie glances around. Easily a dozen police officers, each on different corners.

One notices her, ambling away from the English and Spanish Baroque style doorsteps and heading her way. Afraid of being made, Lizzie pushes the empty pram away.

EXT. RUPERRA CASTLE - EAST WALES - DAY

Days have passed. Lydia Hart is in the deep woods, watching an overgrown CASTLE among the dead trees.

Lydia is bundled against the cold, settled in the boughs of an ash tree, peering through her spyglass at the castle.

SPYGLASS POV: On the old stone transom above the entryway to the castle is a symbol: THE EAST INDIA TRADING COMPANY.

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - PUB

Girls report back to Queenie, whispering in her ear. Judging by their faces - the news isn't useful.

EXT. RUPERRA CASTLE - WOODS - DAY

December 20, 1888

More time has passed, now snow falls in the woods. Lydia is half asleep, high in her watching perch among the branches.

Noises awaken her, and she sits up. There, at the great castle - wagons are arriving.

On the wagons - decorations, chairs, chefs, servants. Lydia sneaks closer, overhearing workers as they chatter and work.

We can't hear what Lydia hears, but whatever it is makes her eyes go wide, and she quickly races back through the woods.

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - BAR

Business is bad, like everywhere in Whitechapel.

Queenie sits at the bar, open ledger in front of her. Drunken Lizzie sits beside her, nursing a drink.

Ezz stares out the windows, stir crazy. She spies something coming through the windows and stands, nervous.

Lydia bursts in, winded - snow on her jacket falling free.

LYDIA HART

That castle, with the East India symbol... Something's happening. Men from all over England - fox hunting, I overheard them talking. Wives and girlfriends coming in for some huge ball or banquet.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE

So? The rich're always carrying on -

QUEENIE

When? When is the ball?

LYDIA HART

Tomorrow night, they said.

QUEENIE

Hmm. That's Winter Solstice.

EZZ

What's that?

QUEENIE

Old calendar dates - longest nights of the year. Bulling always said he thought there was a pattern.

Queenie points to the date on the newspaper.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

The Rainham body parts fell on Summer Solstice, in June. Annie was killed on the Autumnal Equinox. Both right on the day. Once is coincidence, two is a message. Tomorrow is the Winter Solstice.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE

Could be random - this Ripper's killed a lot more than just that.

QUEENIE

This killer is many things - but not random. If East India is gathering, this is our best chance to get all these types together.

EZZ

Seems a gamble.

QUEENIE

A bigger gamble is sitting here, waiting for him to pluck us like a fox in the hen house.

LYDIA HART

But this isn't just some banquet - it's a ball. Masquerade.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE

Christ. We'll never find 'im.

QUEENIE

But he won't be able to find us, either. We've got an advantage.

LYDIA HART

You don't understand, ma'am. This isn't just some place you can walk in on a Sunday stroll.

QUEENIE

Well, then we best be invited.

INT. WEST ENGLISH WOODS - ROAD - NIGHT

Dark forest of scots pine, silver birch and ash. A wooded road cuts through this forest like a single vein. A LUXURY CARRIAGE makes its way, the DRIVER cracking the whip hard.

INT. LUXURY CARRIAGE

Jewelry, lace, petticoat, frills and too much makeup. WEALTHY HOUSEWIVES (40s-50s) giggle and gossip in the carriage.

WEALTHY HOUSEWIFE #1
- and I said, 'she isn't even
pretty for a mistress!'

The other women laugh, gargoyles of wealth and privilege. Outside, the carriage SLOWS, the women look around, annoyed.

WEALTHY HOUSEWIFE #2
What's this? We're already late.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Apologies, ma'am. Up ahead -

EXT. WEST ENGLISH WOODS - ROAD - NIGHT

The trees hang low over this road, blocking moonlight.

The luxury carriage approaches a WAGON, lying on its side.

A poor and filthy WOMAN stumbles from the wreckage. The wealthy carriage slows for her.

WOMAN
Bless your heart! Axle broke - my
horse jumped da' bridle!

The wealthy women raise the shades to peer out. Annoyed, the lead Housewife shouts up to the driver -

WEALTHY HOUSEWIFE #1
Just a local plowgirl. Christ,
don't stop. We'll miss the party!

The door to the carriage flings open. The poor woman is Lizzie, yanking off her rags, big knife in hand.

LIZZIE
Not very Christian, eh ladies?

Queenie and Ezz step from the treeline, waving the driver down. He reaches for his hunting rifle, under the bench seat.

But Lydia has dropped down from the branches overhead, onto the roof of the carriage.

She puts her blade to the back of his neck - she shakes her head "no."

EXT. WEST ENGLISH WOODS - NIGHT

A short distance from the road, under the cover of trees, the wealthy women are now half-naked, cold in the winter night.

Queenie stokes a small fire, while Lydia holds the driver and the women at gun point with the driver's shotgun.

Lizzie smiles, wearing one of the women's fine dresses.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE

Nice enough to be buried in.

WEALTHY HOUSEWIFE #2

Why are you doing this? What about women uniting together? Suffrage? Unity for the fairer sex?

DRUNKEN LIZZIE

Cow, we ain't nothing alike.

Lizzie YANKS off the woman's earring. One of the housewives SCREAMS, fainting at the sight of a few drops of blood.

Lydia pulls back the hammer on the gun, cocking it to fire.

QUEENIE

We don't do that. Tie them up by the fire so they don't freeze.

Ezz pulls rope to tie the women up, and Queenie grabs one of their fancy dresses left hanging from a branch.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Beg pardon, ladies. But we've a party to attend.

INT. RUPERRA CASTLE - MAIN HALL

Hundreds of shiny, bejeweled masks adorn PARTY GOERS.

Venetian style - a menagerie of wealth and debauchery.

Among fresh holly and pine boughs, huge candles burn. The centerpiece of which is a massive yule log, 12 feet long and burning. Goat and lamb cook whole, right on the wood.

Opulent yet somehow primitive and ancient - there's an unnerving, pagan-like quality to the whole affair.

Guards, in half-faced porcelain masks, are everywhere.

Queenie and her girls enter - Lydia wears the mask of a turquoise butterfly, Ezz a white and black mouse, Queenie a blood-red Parisian courtesan and Lizzie a purple jester.

LIZZIE

We'll never find 'im in all this.

QUEENIE

No, but we can look for the broken chain. Look for a double Albert chain with no pendant. Lydia, the door. Make sure they don't net us.

The hall is crowded, while an octet of musicians (all of their faces blindfolded) perform classics with precision.

The musicians begin a Victorian Ballroom Dance - where the women and men dance in circular patterns, swapping partners as they elegantly pass back and forth between the crowd.

A few GENTLEMEN dancers notice the unaccompanied women.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Join the dance when they ask us.

EZZ

I don't want to dance.

QUEENIE

We draw attention if we don't.

The Gentlemen approach, bowing with hands out to ask for a dance without a word (the custom at the time).

Queenie catches the hand of a man nearest her and is swept up in the dance. Next goes Lizzie. Finally, Ezz joins the dance.

From overhead, the dance swirls and ebbs like some singular organism - a flock of starlings, a hurricane or bacteria.

The musicians pick up the tempo. Soon dresses, masks, hands and arms become a blur.

WITH QUEENIE

A skilled chameleon, Queenie matches the steps, watching each dancer with barely a tilt of the head. Her eyes on pockets, belts and vests - any sign of an errant watch chain.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE

With her prey none the wiser, Lizzie begins lifting watch chains from the men she dances with, careful to replace the pocket watches before she is passed to the next dancer.

WITH EZZ

Ezz tries to get a glimpse at the eyes behind the masks of the men she dances with.

But Ezz is small and untrained in ballroom dance. Clumsy and confused, she's constantly turning the wrong way, getting sideways glances and mumbles from others.

Ezz stumbles, banging into a woman. Someone steps on the train of her dress. Ezz falls, other dancers ignoring her.

MALE DANCER (O.S.)

Apologies, the guests are savages.

EZZ

Thank you, I -

She glances up. A gentleman DANCER holds out his hand. He's wearing a PLAGUE DOCTOR MASK, the eyeholes blacked out.

No way to see his eyes. Ezz takes his hand and he helps her up. Then, she glances down, at the man's suit vest -

No pendant on his chain. *Shit*. It's him. The Ripper.

THE RIPPER

Here, allow me. I'll show you.

His voice is kind. Ezz realizes - *He doesn't know who she is.*

Ezz glances left and right - surrounded by dancers, bumping against them. She can't scream or she'll reveal they've crashed this party.

But the Ripper can't alert anyone of their presence, without revealing what he is, as well.

He shows Ezz the steps as they dance. Taking his white-gloved hand, Ezz catches the turns. He's a good teacher.

Then, when he turns Ezz in a closed position, their heads pass near each other. He whispers in a flash -

RIPPER

I could knick your femoral artery
and you'd bleed out. Before the
others even know you were cut.

Ezz stumbles backwards, pulling her mask off in a panic. The Ripper catches the mask, gently placing it on her again.

Ezz reaches for her blade - but the Ripper puts his hand on hers. Knowing what she's doing, he caresses her bare arm.

RIPPER (CONT'D)

I've always learned it's best to
keep your prey watching your left
hand, so they don't notice the
knife in your right.

Ezz catches the glint of two metal points, inching out the edge of his sleeve - a blade, ready to plunge into her.

WITH QUEENIE

Queenie sees Ezz with the man in the plague doctor mask.

She tries to push her way through the crowd, but other gentlemen grab her hand. Nearby, guards notice.

Queenie signals Lizzie. With a nod born from years of practice, Queenie is able to give Lizzie the direction of Ezz with just the tilt of her head.

WITH LIZZIE

Dancing near the banquet table, Lizzie sees Queenie's signal and makes her way towards Ezz.

WITH EZZ

The Ripper still holds Ezz, fingers entwined. They begin to dance again - he won't let Ezz go.

She glances up at his plague mask - long, conical snout, and blacked out eyes - birdlike, only hellish and skeletal.

Ezz catches sight of the two shiny metal points - some kind of knife or blade up his sleeve.

He moves the blade to her neck, ready to cut Ezz's throat - but there's a flash of movement and Ezz is pulled free.

Drunken Lizzie YANKS Ezz away from the Ripper - The older prostitute standing between the Ripper and his target.

There's a flash of movement, kept low to not alarm other dancers - a chaos of limbs in time to music.

The Ripper gasps, a clang of metal as the blade he was holding hits the floor - but the noise is swallowed by the sound of the music and stomping of feet during the dance.

The Ripper clutches his bleeding hand.

A large banquet FORK is stabbed into the back of his hand - the only weapon Lizzie could grab from the banquet table.

Ezz sees the Ripper's knife on the ground and goes to grab the weapon, and we finally get a look at the murder weapon:

Well over a foot long, the blade is deeply curved with large, serrated teeth. Its tip has two points, like claws. It's a horrifying weapon, foreign and violent from point to pommel.

Ezz drapes the hem of her dress over the blade, covering it from any eyes of the other dancers.

Queenie arrives to their location. But the Ripper is already gone, swallowed by the crowd. He could be anywhere.

The musicians finish their performance and the crowd claps.

Exposed in the middle of the dance, Queenie pulls her two girls to the shadows in the corner of the hall.

INT. RUPERRA CASTLE - GREAT HALL - COLUMNS

Off to the side of the dance floor, ugly and squat columns - a perfect hiding spot. Lizzie, Ezz and Queenie stand behind the columns, the Ripper's knife in Queenie's possession.

Lydia Hart dashes from around the corner, winded.

LYDIA HART

Where is he? The Ripper?

EZZ

Out there. Somewhere.

There's a sea of people between them and the door, the Ripper like a shark somewhere in that water of bodies.

EZZ (CONT'D)

We need to tell someone.

QUEENIE

No. If we scream, we're caught. We're in his territory. We need to get this knife back to the city and tell someone what we've found.

LYDIA HART

Shit. We've been made.

Lydia nods towards the door.

The women they took the masks from - the wealthy wives - are at the entrance, in their undergarments. One of the women POINTS in their direction.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE
 Whatever you pick, you ladies
 better make it quick.

Lizzie swallows hard, and pointing to her dress - blood soaks through the fabric near her thigh.

The Ripper got her. Femoral artery.

EXT. RUPERRA CASTLE - NIGHT

A carriage speeds away from the castle, horses moving fast. Lydia drives the carriage, tossing her new mask in the mud.

INT. CARRIAGE

Lizzie leans back, Ezz clamps down on her leg as the carriage rumbles and bounces.

QUEENIE
 Hold it tight! Hold the wound
 tight!

Blood is everywhere - having seeped through Lizzie's dress, quarts of it, sloshing on the floor.

Queenie looks to Lizzie, and the wild Irish whore smiles.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
 You'll be fine. We'll get you to a
 local doctor. There's a town not -

DRUNKEN LIZZIE
 Don't think so, love.

She laughs, but her face is pale. Queenie fights back tears.

DRUNKEN LIZZIE (CONT'D)
 Least I don't have to get old and
 lose my looks... like you...

Lizzie tries to laugh at her own joke, as she always does - but her eyes begin to go glassy, pupils dilating.

They can do nothing as Lizzie fades.

Queenie holds her hand as the blood soaks through, dripping out of the carriage.

EXT. EAST LONDON - SPITAFIELDS ALLEY - NIGHT

The carriage the Elephants stole earlier sits in an alley.

Lydia, Ezz and Queenie stare down onto the street. In front of them, neatly wrapped, is Drunken Lizzie's body.

LYDIA HART

This don't seem right, ma'am.

QUEENIE

We're near London Hospital. They'll find the body.

LYDIA HART

We should give her a proper burial.

QUEENIE

We'd be exposed. We have to stay to the shadows.

Ezz says a silent prayer over the corpse while they argue.

LYDIA HART

Seems wrong. It's Lizzie... she's been with you longer than I ha-

QUEENIE

Enough! She dead! That's it!

This stings Lydia. Queenie turns to Ezz, holding the blade.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

We'll take this blade, the watch, and what we've learned and we'll get help. Lydia, head back to the Tenpenny and ready the girls.

LYDIA HART

Ready for what?

QUEENIE

He'll strike back at us. We've scared him.

EZZ

No, we didn't. I heard his voice - you didn't. He's not afraid.

QUEENIE

What is he, then?

EZZ

Entertained.

INT. PRINTING WAREHOUSE

It's the middle of the night, but the printing presses still run - only a skeleton crew to maintain them.

Queenie and Ezz walk quickly among the rumbling machines.

EZZ

Why are we here now?

QUEENIE

Bulling can help us. The public will believe him if he writes about what we found.

In the far corner, the door to Bulling's office is dark.

Queenie glances to see if any of the workmen notice, then hands Ezz the Ripper's wrapped blade and pulls LOCKPICKS from her pockets, approaching the door.

INT. PRINTING WAREHOUSE - BULLING'S OFFICE

With the clunk of a deadbolt, the door swings open. A shaft of light drifting into the dark and cluttered office.

QUEENIE

You're a hard man to find, Thomas. Hop Sing said you hadn't been in to smoke in days. We've got evidence -

She stops as she steps inside, immediately clocking something is wrong. But it is Ezz who notices the blood first.

BULLING (O.S.)

Solstice... seven chakras... Red nile... can't. Won't. Can't. Won't.

It's Bulling, whispering, like insects Buzzing.

QUEENIE

Thomas?

BULLING (O.S.)

You shouldn't have come looking for me, Queenie. I'm not yours anymore... he said I'm *his* now.

A scuttle of movement. Then, a glimpse of Bulling passes through the shaft of light from the door.

He's naked save for tattered trousers, his skin cut in a hundred places.

In each place, the symbol of Rakshasas carved into his flesh, the wounds scabbed over. Torso, arms, neck, cheek.

QUEENIE
Christ, Thomas!

Bulling looks towards Queenie - his eyes looking through her.

BULLING
He told me to stay here, to wait
and publish his letter just when he
said. Said I'm his herald now.

INSERT: Flashes of Bulling being lashed down, while the Ripper slashes symbols into his flesh - Bulling's screams drowned out by the rumbling machinery.

Ezz notices a peculiar piece of blood-stained piece of paper on the desk and picks it up -

BULLING (CONT'D)
Put that down!

It's more of a screech, and Bulling lunges at Ezz. But she's quick and has the Ripper's blade out in a flash.

Bulling collapses on the floor at the sight of the blade.

Queenie yanks Ezz back and takes the letter. She reads it.

Dear Boss, you've been a good little worker ant, toiling with your words and machines. But all seasons end, and the Rakshasa has nearly eaten his full.

Come seven breaths from Winter's darkest night, the seven chakras will be served, and our own filthy Nile will run red. A night London will never forget.

Let the final feast begin.

The note goes on, descending into chaotic symbols and scrawl.

QUEENIE
Has anyone seen this letter?

Bulling shakes his head no. Queenie folds the letter, grabbing Bulling's coat off the rack, putting it over him.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
Bulling, we need to get you on a train. Tonight. Get you out of the city.

BULLING

Why?

QUEENIE

Because, if this letter is right -
London is about to get bloody.

EXT./INT. THE TENPENNY LODGING HOUSE & PUB - NIGHT'

In the dead of night, the streets are nearly empty, Queenie and Ezz headed towards the front door of the Tenpenny.

QUEENIE

Wake the girls, I'll get Lydia
prepared. With the blade and the
letter, we've finally got proof.

At this late hour, the Tenpenny is closed. Queenie unlocks the door with an old skeleton key, pushing it open into -

INT. THE TENPENNY PUB & LODGING HOUSE - PUB

Darkness. Then - *Fwssh*. The sound of lanterns catching.

The darkness recedes, casting the pub in a yellow-orange glow. A lantern held by Leather Apron.

LEATHER APRON

Hello, love. What took you so long?

More lanterns catch, Queenie and Ezz are surrounded.

She can see her own 40 Elephants are mixed in with Leather Apron's girls, Lydia Hart in the back along with them.

LEATHER APRON (CONT'D)

Your girls've asked for a change in
leadership. As of now, 40 Elephants
have been dissolved. Time has come
for a more steady hand at the helm.

Queenie looks to Lydia, who can't even meet her gaze.

QUEENIE

But girls, we've found the Ripper!
We can fight back!

Lydia won't answer, but Apron motions her forward.

LYDIA HART

So more can die? Like Annie, then
Emma - then Lizzie out in the cold?

Queenie is furious - ready to kill her, but Apron can sense it, stepping beside Lydia. His protection has already begun.

LEATHER APRON

Lydia's doing what you should've had the stones to. True leadership.

QUEENIE

You're no leader, you're a thug.

LEATHER APRON

The girls will come and stay with me. Under my roof. My protection.

40 ELEPHANT GIRL

What about Queenie?

Apron offers a hand to Queenie, giving a smile.

Finally losing her cool, Queenie reaches for her knife, and Apron SLAPS her across the face.

Queenie drops to her knees - Apron's slap is as hard as a fist from a normal man.

LYDIA HART

You said no killing! You promised!

Lydia puts her hand on his strong arm, pleading.

LEATHER APRON

I did. And I didn't kill her. Yet.
 (to the other girls)
 Unlike your Queenie here, who promised to keep you safe - I keep my word.

Queenie stands - breath calm as she looks at her Elephants.

QUEENIE

Please, girls. Sometimes safety ain't worth what it costs. A too tight corset will suffocate the breath out of you. Even if it is a bonney sight.

A few of the younger girls have tears in their eyes. Lydia swallows hard, unsure. But Apron steps towards Queenie.

LEATHER APRON

Go. I see you again, I'll kill you.

The same threat Queenie gave Ezz all those nights ago.

Without a word, Queenie stumbles to her feet, blood pouring freely from her split lip as she leaves the pub.

After she goes, Leather Apron holds out his hand to Ezz.

LEATHER APRON (CONT'D)
 What about you, little mouse? Heard you're quite the pickpocket. No need to follow Queenie into hell.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL ALLEY - NIGHT

Queenie is alone, cold in the winter chill as she leaves the Tenpenny. The streets are empty at this hour.

A clatter of cobblestone behind her. Queenie SPINS, knife at the ready. It's Ezz.

QUEENIE
 Go with him if you want. You don't owe me anything.

EZZ
 You're right. I owe you everything. You helped me. I help you now.

Queenie manages to muster a smile, then turns and heads into the dark without waiting for Ezz.

QUEENIE
 Can't stay on the streets - Ripper knows we've made him. And Apron'll kill me if I don't find protection.

EZZ
 So, where can we go?

QUEENIE
 The last place I'd ever want.

EXT. COMMISSIONER WARREN'S HOME - NIGHT

A massive, Old London mansion. Fine hedgerows and iron gates. Police Constables patrol outside, billy clubs at the ready.

INT. COMMISSIONER WARREN'S HOME - STUDY

Police Commissioner Warren holds the Ripper's blade, turning it over in his hands. Lit by the glow of the fire, the blade casts ancient and jagged shadows across the wall.

In a low voice, pipe smoke billowing as he talks -

COMMISSIONER WARREN

Hmm. Mughal Empire. 17th century.
Zulfiqar blade. Most intimidating.
Intentionally split, meant to cause
mutilations. Supposedly, men would
piss themselves on the field of
battle to see someone wielding one.

Ezz, Queenie and Constable Dew stand in front of the huge desk where Commissioner Warren sits.

CONSTABLE DEW

As soon as the ladies come to me
and told me what happened, I knew
you needed to see, sirs.

Inspector Aberline leans over Warren's shoulder, worried.

INSPECTOR ABERLINE

You did good, Dew. Thank you.

While the men talk, Queenie silently cases the room -

Blades, pistols and animal heads on walls. A strange piece of art on Warren's desk, complete with notations beside it:



Hard to make out in the dim light - maybe some art, or symbol. But it's large, taking up much of the desk.

COMMISSIONER WARREN

Ma'am, is this the weapon you
believe the killer used?

QUEENIE

Yes. We found him in a castle West
of London, but he must have a home
in the city, somewhere to operate
from. We also found this.

Queenie pulls the letter she got from Bulling and hands it over. Warren eyes it up, then glances to Queenie.

COMMISSIONER WARREN
The ramblings of a deranged mind.

QUEENIE
Sir, with this evidence, we know -

COMMISSIONER WARREN
No, you don't.

QUEENIE
Beg your pardon?

COMMISSIONER WARREN
You don't know where or who he is,
and therefore we can't arrest him.
It's a shame, too. This is a
beautiful blade.

Warren throws both the letter and the blade into the fire.

EZZ
What are you doing?!

COMMISSIONER WARREN
A commissioner who arrests wealthy
men on the word of whores won't be
commissioner for very long.

Queenie glances around the room. Dew has his head down.

Ezz is a step ahead of her, already headed for the door. But
Inspector Aberline blocks the door. Ezz reaches for her
knife, but he GRABS her arm and twists.

Realizing what's happening - Queenie pulls her own knife, but
Dew wrenches it from her hand. Then, he begins CHOKING her.

Queenie struggles - knocking a quill and ink off the desk. As
he chokes the life from her, she can hear Warren bark -

COMMISSIONER WARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Careful, Dew! This rug is new. Take
them back to Whitechapel. Make it
look like a robbery.

Queenie blacks out, darkness taking her as we smash to -

EXT. WHITECHAPEL STREETS - NIGHT

A Scotland Yard PADDY WAGON - all black with thick iron bars,
racing through the dark, wet streets. Dew whips the horse.

It's a police wagon, but this is far from police business.

INT. PADDY WAGON

Ezz and Queenie have their hands and feet restrained with big, wrought iron shackles - the precursor to the modern handcuff, only with much less mobility.

Ezz struggles, but Queenie knows there is no getting out of one of these unless they let you out.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL ALLEY - NIGHT

Now, the paddy wagon sits in a dead-end alley, dark and wet.

Dew uses the big, rusty skeleton key to unlock Queenie and Ezz from the wagon, though they still have their shackles on.

He yanks the two women from the wagon, dragging them onto the cobblestone street, pushing them to their knees in the muck.

They can barely walk, let alone run - and their shackles would mark them as prisoners of Scotland Yard to anyone.

Then, Dew pulls Queenie's own KNIFE from his pocket, taken from the struggle in the Commissioner's office earlier.

CONSTABLE DEW

Sorry, Queenie. Was always fond of you. But you girls've made a mess.

He makes a quick sign of the cross, mumbling a hail Mary.

CONSTABLE DEW (CONT'D)

Try and not struggle. Commissioner says slit your throat. They say it's like slipping into a warm bath. Least painful way to go. Least they say.

Dew genuinely seems to believe this - Queenie steels herself, as she's first up to the execution.

Dew swallows hard, grabbing Queenie's head by her hair, exposing the soft pink flesh of the throat. He brings his knife hand back -

But someone grabs Dew's hand.

It's the Ripper. He squeezes Dew's hand holding the knife by the fatty part of the thumb, cracking the metacarpal bone with medical precision, shattering it like balsa wood.

As the bone cracks, Dew drops the knife with a yelp.

With dead calm, the Ripper grabs the falling knife and SLICES Dew's throat with Queenie's knife. Whispering to Dew -

RIPPER
They're mine.

Dew tries to scream, but no sound comes out - a knife still sticking in his vocal folds as his mouth works like a fish.

RIPPER (CONT'D)
And death is not like slipping into
a warm bath. At all.

The Ripper PUSHES the Constable away, and the officer FALLS onto the cobblestone, blood pumping out of his body.

The Ripper stares at Queenie as she steps in front of Ezz.

Ezz scrambles to her feet, but the Ripper is too close to them - having backed them into a dead end corner.

Queenie's not going down without a fight, protecting Ezz.

QUEENIE
Come on, Rakshasa - that's what you
think you are, right?

RIPPER
Clever girl. You've learned the
true name - the maneater, the
Asura. Peace killer. *Nri-chakshas*.

He smiles as he stares at Queenie and Ezz.

RIPPER (CONT'D)
I learned one thing while I was
over in the filthy East - the idea
of rebirth, that things can die and
return as something better. The
Rakshasa has been reborn... in me.

His speech is calm and conversational, though he's not looking at them - instead staring at Dew's body.

RIPPER (CONT'D)
You know, no one cared what I did
until I started ripping English
whores. What's that say about our
mighty, just Empire?

Queenie sees her moment... he's distracted -

QUEENIE
Run, Ezz!

Queenie stands in his path so Ezz can dash by. Ezz struggles to run in her shackles, rushing past the Ripper in the alley.

But it was a ploy to lull her into confidence.

The Ripper's arm snakes out and snags Ezz. He looks at her - though a better description would be *through her*.

RIPPER

I said you would sing for me.

He STABS Ezz through the stomach, Queenie's knife poking out her back. Ezz SCREAMS as he pulls out the blade, dropping it.

All the while, the Ripper has his eyes on Queenie.

THE RIPPER

I'll take you when I'm ready.

He backs away. He doesn't run. He doesn't need to. Queenie is on her knees, her hands on Ezz's wound as the Ripper leaves.

INT./EXT. TOWNHOME - NIGHT

Dr. Rees, the doctor who cares for Queenie's girls, sits with his stuffy wife MARTHA REES (40s), who pets a tabby cat.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

Rees puts down the book, calmly walking to the door.

DR. REES

Don't worry, Martha. I'll tell the
beggars we've no more to -

As soon as he unlocks the door, it's FLUNG open - pushed by Queenie. Hanging from her one arm is Ezz.

DR. REES (CONT'D)

Queenie?! What in the blazes -

Then, he sees Ezz's wound, and his face falls.

INT. TOWNHOME - SITTING PARLOR

Ezz lays on the couch. She looks dead.

Martha sits on the other side of the living room, bible clutched to her bosom.

Blood is everywhere, big white bandages wrap Ezz's wound. Queenie and Dr. Rees whisper in the corner.

DR. REES

Sutured what I can. But, internal
bleeding, potential blood poisoning
- there's no assurance she'll live.

Rees notices his wife, about to faint.

DR. REES (CONT'D)

Let's talk in my office.

INT. TOWNHOME - OFFICE

QUEENIE

Came out of the shadows. Knew where
to stab. How to make her suffer.

She stops. The room is filled with stacks of medical texts,
maps, autopsy photos, reports. All about the Ripper.

DR. REES

Apologies. I've been trying to
solve this myself. The victims -
many of them were my patients.

Queenie nods, realizing that she's not the only one affected
by this tragedy.

DR. REES (CONT'D)

You should leave the city.
(pulls out money)
Here, it's not much. Perhaps a
train ticket.

But Queenie isn't focused on Rees - she's looking at a map
Rees has on his wall. Something about it looks familiar.



Queenie steps closer to the map, trying to remember.

DR. REES (CONT'D)

I've been marking the locations of
the murders. Thought maybe that -

In a flash, like tumblers in a lock, her razor-sharp memory clicks into place - and Queenie realizes:

QUEENIE
Warren's office...

She pulls the map down from Dr. Rees' study and turns it upside down - the same way she was looking at the image in Commissioner Warren's office.

Then, she sees.

They are both maps of Whitechapel.



Queenie takes a charcoal pencil, scribbling on Rees' map.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
What I saw on his desk had no labels. No streets. No landmarks.

DR. REES
Sounds like a planning blueprint.

He points at the parts Queenie has marked off on his map.

DR. REES (CONT'D)
But what doesn't make sense is that some of those areas are District Railway stations. But some... this is the Tenpenny here, and these over here are just buildings all over Whitechapel. The Stockyards, the Bethnal Greene. Those don't belong to District Railway.

QUEENIE
Yet. I'd wager they're future sites District Railway wants.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
But that means they'd be buying up all of Whitechapel. What does that have to do with the Ripper?

Queenie stares at the map, as if wishing for an answer. Then, she notices the doctor's housecat, rubbing against her leg.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

How do you get rid of mice you don't want? You get a cat.

Queenie springs into action, rolling up Rees' map. She yanks the doctor's jacket off and puts it on to keep her warm against the night. She points to where Ezz lies.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

I need you to keep her safe.
Please. Tell no one where she is.
No bobbies, none of your customers.

DR. REES

I can't promise she'll make it through the night.

Queenie swallows hard as she pauses at the door.

QUEENIE

I can't promise I will, either.

INT. COMMISSIONER WARREN'S HOME - HALLWAY

Commissioner Warren, in his pajamas, walks down the hall, tired and leaning on his cane as he hobbles to his study.

INT. COMMISSIONER WARREN'S HOME - STUDY

Queenie is in that very study, rifling through his desk - finding the map of the district railway plans.

The fire has gone out, and the Ripper's double-pointed blade still sits in the ash of the fireplace - the blade blackened, but its ancient, Damascus steel still strong as ever.

Queenie takes the city planning map, rolling it up.

Clomp, clomp. She can hear the three-legged sound of Warren's cane as he limps to the doorway. She's trapped.

The Commissioner opens the door. He gets one step in -

Queenie POINTS the Ripper's BLACKENED BLADE, pulled from the ashes of the fireplace. She holds the blade at his throat.

QUEENIE

Scream and I push. Now - we've a conversation to finish.

EXT. STOCKYARDS - NIGHT

The shifting of the cattle herds, low chuffing and snorts.

The cows are nervous - something moves among the rows of the stockyards, dragging a large trunk through the darkness.

Up ahead, a lone STOCKHOUSE sits, bright lights from inside.

INT. STOCKHOUSE - TANNERY - NIGHT

By day a leather tannery, huge vats used for boiling flesh to loosen from cowhide still bubbling, slimy with tallow.

By night, this macabre building is converted into a Victorian gentlemen's CLUB - card tables and cocaine girls working while musicians and nude dancers perform.

The 40 Elephants girls work the venue, heads down and quiet among the expatriate cowboys, South African sex *traffickers* and German immigrants that crowd the stench-heavy hall.

AT THE FARO TABLE

In the back, Leather Apron sits, Lydia on his lap. The crime boss plays FARO (an old west card game popular among European working classes) - leaning over the long and slender board.

A big, female DEALER turns over a card on the board.

It's an ACE - Apron is close to winning. The female dealer exhales, thankful. The Dealer pulls the final card -

BANG! A loud SLAMMING as the front door is flung open. It's Queenie - bloody, bruised and filthy.

The room stands still. No music. No dancing. No laughter. You can hear every creak of chair and foot.

Queenie is immediately surrounded by Apron's girls - blades, billy clubs and saps out. They could kill her in a flash.

Leather Apron gives a half grin and growls -

LEATHER APRON
Game's over. Everyone out.

The customers can't get out of there fast enough, with the prostitutes not far behind.

Even Lydia Hart tries to leave, but Apron puts a firm hand on her tiny arm - *don't even think about leaving.*

All of the rest shuffle past Queenie, who stands by the door - eyes locked on Leather Apron as the crowd leave quickly.

After a moment, the gambling hall is empty.

Queenie stalks forward, tossing Warren's map and the Ripper's blade on the faro table. Apron slowly turns the Ripper's blade over in his hands. If he's impressed, it doesn't show.

LEATHER APRON (CONT'D)

You've got brass balls, love.
Coming in here after I warned you.

Lydia still sits beside him, petrified for Queenie.

QUEENIE

Kill me if you want, won't stop what's coming. It's on those maps, plain as the Sabbath: Whitechapel is meant to be destroyed. They've taken my home, coming for you next.

LEATHER APRON

Nah. No man's coming to take what I fought for - gangs like mine, we built Whitechapel.

QUEENIE

Not a man. Progress. The future is gonna burrow right under your feet and suck you down into darkness.

Apron looks up - Queenie's talk is an affront to his control.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

First, my Elephants got hit, then -

LEATHER APRON

My Elephants.

Queenie ignores his jab, her focus on the map, her finger tracing the path of the underground railway. It follows near the location of the Ripper's killings.

QUEENIE

That Ripper was set loose to drive down the price of land so East India could buy cheap. Then, District Railway - a front for East India - would build their underground, driving up value. They'd become the most powerful company in the world once again.

Her finger rests at Whitechapel on the map.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Look - knock down one of us, and soon the rest of the pins go tumbling, too. Whitechapel is their keystone - right in the heart. They take that, and the whole lot crumbles. East End, Moorfields, Shoreditch, Stockyards.

Apron's temper begins to flare. The Stockyards are his. All Apron's fine clothes can't hide the animal underneath.

But Queenie isn't stopping, she's come to make her point.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

This affects all - not just the whores. Every gang. Every girl. Every fence, pick, and corner boy. We'll all fall. But, if we align, all the gangs as one - we can stop this Ripper and the railway.

Apron doesn't answer, stewing over the map - his hand on the blade. Apron waits a beat, finally looking up at Queenie.

LEATHER APRON

I'm supposed to believe you? You come in here, bleating like a sheep on the butcher's block.

He clears the Faro table, in Queenie's face in a flash.

QUEENIE

I've brought you proof.

LEATHER APRON

Ha! A burnt blade and pieces of paper are proof?

MOMENTS LATER

A big, familiar camelback STEAMER TRUNK. Queenie PUSHES it across the floor of the Tannery.

This is what we heard being pushed through the stockyards, the trunk clumped with manure.

Satisfied once the case is in the middle of the room, Queenie FLIPS it open. It's Commissioner Warren, in the trunk.

He looks dead. Queenie dumps the trunk, Warren spilling out. She slaps him awake.

QUEENIE

Must've used too much laudanum.

Warren is groggy from the drug, looking around the room, eyes adjusting to the light after being stored in a box.

Warren steps forward, a defiance born of wealth and power.

COMMISSIONER WARREN

Release me immediately and I may be able to convince the Crown to just imprison instead of hang you -

LEATHER APRON

Aww, Commish - if you think I'll ever rot in some cell or hang for some rich man's amusement - you're even more daft than they say. Tell me, is what Queenie says true about District Railway letting this Ripper kill girls?

There's no backpedaling, no begging. If anything, Warren is annoyed that the answer wasn't already obvious.

COMMISSIONER WARREN

Murders lower property value.

Queenie SMACKS him, catching the old man off guard and he FALLS to the ground. Warren glares up at her.

COMMISSIONER WARREN (CONT'D)

You'll hang for that.

QUEENIE

Hang for plenty. But not tonight. Go on, tell them what you told me.

COMMISSIONER WARREN

East India Trading realized long ago that our fortune was no longer on the water, but the land. More specifically, below it. We stood to gain handsomely as the East End was modernized, brought into the fold.

LEATHER APRON

You posh shits made a deal with the devil, that it?

COMMISSIONER WARREN

I made no deal. I don't know this Ripper's reasons or machinations.

(MORE)

COMMISSIONER WARREN (CONT'D)

I've never met him. None have. He's a pestilence. A plague when needed.

QUEENIE

Needed? What about all he's killed in Whitechapel? That just the cost of doing business?

COMMISSIONER WARREN

When the foundation is rotten - you knock down the whole building.

Apron fumes, grabbing the Ripper's blade and hefting the Damascus steel as he stalks towards Warren.

COMMISSIONER WARREN (CONT'D)

You can't kill me, I'm a god damn agent of the crown! A policeman!

LEATHER APRON

No one'll notice one dead copper when I set all of London aflame.

He raises the curved blade, SWINGING it down towards the Commissioner as the old man screams and we SMASH TO -

INT. STOCKYARDS - TANNERY

Queenie's stands over the maps on the faro table. Leather Apron and his gang of prostitutes are now gathered around.

QUEENIE

We want to keep East India and District Railway dogs out of Whitechapel? It ends by taking out the Ripper. He's the fear that powers their engine. And I know where to find him.

EXT. RIVER THAMES - EAST END SHORES - DAWN

Two boys run with their dog along the shores.

QUEENIE (V.O.)

The Ripper's letter to Bulling said "*our own Nile will run red.*" He means the Thames, that's our river. And this all started with the body parts. But no one's ever seen how he gets those body parts in - as if the bodies just appear. But then I saw these city planning maps.

The boys stumble upon fresh body parts of young women, the symbol of the Rakshasa sliced into the flesh.

Perched on a creamy thigh, severed at the hips are several RAVENS, plucking fetid meat.

Spooked by the boys, the ravens take flight from their feast.

We follow the birds over the Thames, past the Cannon docks.

QUEENIE (V.O.)

London's an old city, been built up over and over. The Romans paved over a river the pagans used, then the Saxons paved over that. This river still flows underground, into the Thames. That river? Walbrook.

The Ravens wind their way through manicured streets of -

EXT. OLD CITY - MORNING

Mercantile banks, electric street lamps, clean carriages. This place couldn't be more different from Whitechapel.

QUEENIE (V.O.)

When I had the Elephants watching for East India, Lizzie told me about a street -

EXT. WALBROOK AVENUE - MORNING

The ravens land on high-angled rooftops, looking down on -

Inspector Aberline stands and reads a copy of the London Star with the headline: **JACK THE RIPPER: WHO SHALL BE NEXT?**

QUEENIE (V.O.)

It's filled with police, patrolling all hours. Too many for a block in the oldest part of the city.

Disgusted, Aberline tosses the paper down, and we can finally see he's standing beside a contingent of police officers - easily two dozen - patrolling the long stretch of sidewalk.

QUEENIE (V.O.)

Only thing special? Houses on that street are owned by East India. Guess where that street is?

We follow Aberline's line of sight to a sign: WALBROOK WARD. Then, over the rickety cobblestones, past the police -

QUEENIE (V.O.)

There, one building sits directly over the buried river, emptying through the Cannon street drains. That's how he's getting bodies out.

Finally, we come to rest in front of an abandoned apartment building. All alone. Windows shuttered.

QUEENIE (V.O.)

There's only one place in this city that's owned by East India, police protected, and the perfect way to get bodies into the Thames.

Over the door, the symbol of East India Trading Company - and watching it all from the shadows is Queenie.

INT. STOCKYARDS - TANNERY

Queenie points to the location of the building on her map.

QUEENIE

Get me inside. I'll do the rest.

Behind her, Apron's goons drag Warren's dead body away.

LEATHER APRON

What makes you so certain he'll be right there, in London, today?

QUEENIE

The letter the Ripper meant for Bulling to publish - *seven breaths from Winter's darkest night* - the longest night of the year is Winter Solstice. *Seven breaths* - seven days after that. That's two days from now. He needs to be here and he needs access to the Thames. He's back to where this all started.

LEATHER APRON

Lot of might and maybes in there.

QUEENIE

I'd bet my life on it.

LEATHER APRON

You're betting all our lives on it.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL - DARK ALLEY - DAY

Leather Apron stands, his girls behind him, ready to fight.

QUEENIE (V.O.)

We need every sundry gang and group
of ill repute Apron holds sway
over. Tell them - if we don't work
together, we fall, one by one.

From out of the darkness of the alley, other East End gangs step, gathering around Leather Apron and his girls:

- The BEGGAR'S UNION: destitute and filthy old men and women in their rags. Some legless on carts, other disease-ridden.
- The OPIUM KINGS: Led by Calcutta John, a well-armed group of East Indians and Chinese mercenaries.
- The YARDIES: A violent and diverse gang of dockworking whores. Caribbean, African, Moorish, Thai and Cambodian.
- The CORNERMEN: Tattooed Welsh and Cockney teens wielding brass and iron belt buckles to whip and maim their victims.

EXT. LONDON - CENTRAL/EAST END - NIGHT

The sun has just set - somewhere, a huge clock strikes ten, bells tolling loudly and ringing through the city.

Across the city, several events play out.

Curiously unconnected. Utterly random. Absolutely unrelated.

EXT. EAST END LONDON - FENCHURCH STREET - EVENING

A huge gathering of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee, marching from the slums of East End into the wealthier, reserved neighborhoods of Central London.

Some bang drums, a few blow horns and tubas. A sea of flags and banners protesting police inaction -

*END THE KILLINGS!
JUSTICE FOR THE POOR!
WHERE ARE THE POLICE?*

EXT. RIVER THAMES - ST. KATHERINE DOCKS - NIGHT

At the same time, a few *smacks* - small, single sail British fishing boats, catch fire on the river.

It will take the Royal Navy and three fire brigades all night to put out the burning boats, tying up resources.

EXT. CENTRAL LONDON - FENCHURCH STREET - NIGHT

The Vigilance protest marches, slow and solemn - now singing "A Mighty Fortress is our God."

They are headed for the old city, to protest Scotland Yard's inability to catch the Ripper.

Aberline and his officers watch the protesters as they pass by the police stationed at the edge of Walbrook Ward.

Aberline ignores the jeers and shouts of the locals - even as some citizens toss rotten vegetables and wet newspapers.

His eyes are on the beggars and urchins who've come out to watch the commotion of the protest. Among them - young men.

Too many of them. Eyeing one another up.

Without a word, a street fight erupts, several dozens of youth in a an all-out brawl in the middle of the street.

Aberline's officers rush in to break the fight up.

WITH THE PROTESTS

Moving among the herd of protesters: Queenie, Lydia, Apron and the other girls - wearing frill bonnets and bulky coats - holding signs and banging drums.

BACK WITH ABERLINE

Aberline watches, then notices - the young men aren't swinging their weapons. Simply scrambling out of reach.

Wasting the time and focus of his men. Aberline blows his police whistle, rounding up his men with a wave of his arm.

The young gangs race away as Aberline looks up the street - catching sight of a much smaller protest group than before.

EXT. WALBROOK WARD - NIGHT

Queenie's gang moves through the silent streets, the sounds of the protest fading away. They toss off their church bonnets and overcoats, revealing young women ready to battle.

Queenie pulls Jack the Ripper's knife from her dress.

They turn onto Walbrook Avenue - the long, thin street that cuts through the heart of the old neighborhood.

At the end of the lane - the building they're looking for.

Electric Streetlamps cast a yellow glow. High buildings squeeze in the tiny road - Only one exit and entrance.

Moments later, the Lambeth Lads, Cornermen and Beggars turn onto the street, as well.

Soon though, a new sound drifts on the wind. Rhythmic, low.

LEATHER APRON

Hooves. Lots.

The *clomp clomp clomp* comes from both ends of the street.

From out of the fog and haze come CLYDESDALES - huge horses, each eight feet at the shoulder. Monsters of the Gilded Age.

Each horse carries a police OFFICER in a distinctive scarlet waistcoat, stovepipe hat and huge muttonchop sideburns.

LEATHER APRON (CONT'D)

Bow Street Horse Patrol. Meant to chase down highwaymen, break up Wildcat strikes. They don't arrest - they maim and kill.

The gathered throng of criminals shifts, uneasy.

From behind them, dozens of constables march onto the street - forming tightly packed defense lines.

Queenie and her gangs are trapped, caught in the middle of a long street with law enforcement at either end.

Inspector Aberline calls out to the horsemen.

ABERLINE

Arrest the rioters, Captain. If they resist, do what you must.

The Patrol Captain urges the huge Clydesdales a few steps.

Queenie's "rioters" are destitute prostitutes, hungry orphans, sickly homeless - not some well organized force. The least of London.

It's going to be a massacre.

Fear pulses through gathered mass. Queenie grips the Ripper's blade tightly. This is it, and she knows it.

Lydia steps behind her, at her side and ready to fight. She whispers so only Queenie can hear -

LYDIA HART

Ma'am, I'm sorry about -

QUEENIE

That was the past. You're here now,
that's all that matters.

Anxiously, the Clydesdales clomp their hooves, big as dinner plates - the Patrol Captain raises his arm -

When he lowers it, the horses will charge, mowing them down.

Fwweeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!

Chinese whistlers (a Victorian firework) crash into the street with a high-pitched squeal that immediately spooks horses and man alike in a shower of spark and sound.

A breath later, homemade smoke bombs are lobbed from behind the police and from the rooftops.

In less than five seconds, the silent street is filled with a cacophony of sound, smoke, screams and sulphur.

A spooked Clydesdale runs, taking out an electric lamppost, shorting out the street lamps.

As smoke envelopes her, Queenie looks towards a cupola on one rooftop to see Calcutta John and his Opium Kings hunkered down by chimneys and ledges. He nods down to her, smiling.

WITH THE POLICE

The horses buck and rear as Apron and the other criminals POUR from the smoke and noise - pelting the officers from both flanks, hurling rocks, cans and stones.

As soon as the officers rush to stop them, the criminals race away, hidden by the smoke and exploding fireworks.

EXT. WALBROOK WARD - OLD BUILDING - FRONT STOOP - NIGHT

Sulphur, nitrate and charcoal fill the air. Queenie has used the chaos to make it to the front door of the building.

The structure is tall and shabby, but with new windows - bars glimpsed behind curtains inside. Above the door, the East India symbol, painted over.

This building is made to look decrepit - it's anything but.

Queenie immediately goes to work picking the new front lock - using her heavy ring of iron picks to jam the hub and spindle, cracking the tumblers to move the deadbolt.

A police OFFICER sees Queenie, racing towards her.

WHAM! He's cracked on the knees with a thick cudgel, dropping him to the ground. The gnarled club is held by Lydia Hart - behind her are a dozen 40 Elephants, racing from the smoke.

Queenie nods her thanks, then goes back to picking the lock.

As gunshot ricochets near their heads and the screams of men echo from the smoke, she slams the tumblers down.

KER-CHUNK. The big oak door swings open. Darkness inside, beckoning. No turning back now.

INT. WEALTHY MANSION - VARIOUS

Queenie enters first, Ripper's blade in hand.

At the far end of the entryway, a dull, orange glow from tungsten electric lamps.

The entire apartment building has been converted into a single Victorian curio - velvety red wallpaper, taxidermy animal heads on the walls, ornate furniture.

Shelves and hutches contain antiquities stolen from India, Africa, and Asia. Colonial luxury oozing like a cyst.

The 40 Elephant girls enter a moment later - stunned by the luxury, drowning out the sounds of the riot outside.

Lydia peers at the artifacts displayed - burnished gold Buddha statues, scores of Indian diamonds, marble carvings.

Queenie looks closer at the frames along one wall - daguerreotypes, salt prints and albumen style photographs.

In each photo, a young military doctor stands with Gambians, East Indians, Persians, Chinese. All women and children.

This young doctor is the Ripper - growing up before her eyes.

Satisfied, Queenie NODS to Lydia.

Immediately, Lydia makes a quick hand gesture and the girls begin overturning furniture, shoving everything they can in front of windows and doors.

While the girls work, Queenie waits - tense.

LYDIA HART
I think he's gone.

QUEENIE
No. He's here.

Outside, shouts and commotion draw their attention.

EXT. WALBROOK WARD - STREET - NIGHT

The chaos of the riot is still in full effect. Amid the smoke and shouts, one man draws the eye.

Leather Apron, swinging through police officers - a constable's billy club in each hand.

He's a street fighter, not prone to proper protocol - snapping fingers, biting ears, kicking groins. And loving it.

Behind him, several of his prostitutes, along with a few Cornermen and terrified beggars, are being encircled by the Bow Street horsemen. They're trapped.

Apron sees their scared faces. The old crime boss frowns, then steps towards one of the charging horsemen.

Unafraid of the great animal, he calmly cracks the HORSEMAN as he rides by with his billy club.

Apron's brutal swing takes the man right off his Clydesdale and breaks his jaw. Apron grabs the fallen man's rifle, looking back to the group huddled behind him.

LEATHER APRON
You lot go on.

Then, he turns back toward the police, shouting -

LEATHER APRON (CONT'D)
You think you can take my
Whitechapel without a fight!

He fires the rifles at the police, sending coppers ducking among the smoke. He roars with joy, a beast in his element -

BOOM! A rifle blast strikes Leather Apron in the shoulder.

A few dozen yards away, Aberline stands before some mounted soldiers of the Bow Street Horse Patrol, all holding rifles.

Apron doesn't even have time to surrender.

The horsemen open fire.

It takes a dozen rifle shots before Leather Apron falls, blood pouring from the crime boss.

He dies in the street, a smile on his face - watching his girls and the poor of Whitechapel escaping into the smoke.

INT. WEALTHY MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Queenie sees Apron fall. Even worse, everyone else does, too.

A ripple of fear pulses through the criminals and they begin to retreat.

The horsemen give chase - this riot is nearing it's end.

In the foyer, an overturned electric lamp SPARKS, catching fire to luxurious rug.

Queenie glances at the fire - it's crossing the rug, climbing up heavy drapes, smoke begins to fill the building.

INT. WEALTHY MANSION - HALLWAY

Smoke from the fire begins to snake its way down the ornate hallway, the velvet wallpaper curling at the heat.

Queenie walks the hall, Ripper's knife in her hand. The smoke overtakes her and she struggles to hold a cough.

From somewhere in the building, footsteps and shouts -

LYDIA HART (O.S.)
Queenie? Queenie!

But she doesn't answer, waiting.

Up ahead, a door in the hallway FLINGS open and a dark form dashes out. It's the Ripper, racing toward the far end of the hall, using the smoke as a cover.

Queenie watches as he opens a basement door, racing into darkness below. Silently, Queenie follows.

INT. BASEMENT LAB

Queenie creeps down the basement stairs. The huge, dank room is filled with shelves and rows of objects floating in glass jars filled with formaldehyde.

Lit by lantern, the formaldehyde casts everything in a sick, greenish pall. Still, no sign of the Ripper.

The jars contain human viscera; uterus, ear, womb, bowels - and the names of the victims they've been taken from.

Among the body parts, older specimens float: cats, dogs, rats, even a skinned Bengal Tiger, floating in a huge tank.

In the center of all these shelves, an ancient stone WELL sits. From within this black well, the rush of the underground River Walbrook rises from below.

Around the edge of the well are medical exam tables - pieces of unlucky Whitechapel girls taken by the Ripper.

In the corner - the old, tongueless man has been lashed to a desk by twine and rope, cutting into his flesh. This was the desk he wrote the Ripper's letters from - only now, the old man is dead and bloated, covered in maggots.

A shadow behind Queenie, and she spins. It's the Ripper.

RIPPER

You hid the newsman from me, took my message away from the hungry masses. But, tonight will still play out - you can't hide what the world wants to see.

QUEENIE

All I see is a pawn for East India - a lapdog of District Railway.

RIPPER

Railway. East India. I hate them as much as you. *Neros*, fiddling while Rome burns. It's fitting.

QUEENIE

How?

RIPPER

In the *Vedas*, it's written that when Brahma made the Rakshasa, they immediately turned and began to devour him. And so, London eats itself, as I have been eating it.

Overhead, the ceiling GROANS, the fire above beginning to eat at the structural integrity of the building.

Upstairs, the shouts of Lydia and the Elephants drift down.

40 ELEPHANTS (O.S.)

Queenie!/? Where are you!/? Queenie?

Seizing his moment - The Ripper grabs one of the formaldehyde jars from the shelves - hurling it at her.

Queenie tries to block the glass, but it knocks the Ripper's blade from her hand. The glass shatters on the floor, sending noxious formaldehyde onto Queenie's clothes and hands.

Gasping from the fumes, she scrambles for the blade but the Ripper is quicker - snatching it off the ground.

He steps forward, ready to kill her, pupils dilated in the darkness, his teeth an ugly yellow in the light.

The fire overtakes the ceiling. The floor sags and creaks...

CRACK! A section of the upstairs gives way, falling to the basement below, knocking Queenie and the Ripper down.

Showering flames and burning wallpaper touch the spilled formaldehyde- the fire spreading faster now.

Glass specimen jars begin to POP and CRACK, old glass shattering as more formaldehyde catches fire.

Realizing the basement is about to become engulfed, the Ripper stops, turning and racing towards the open well.

He steps into opening of the well, plummeting from view.

He's gone.

Overhead, the ceiling GROANS again. The rest of the ceiling will collapse soon. Queenie yanks off her own dress, down to her trousers and whalebone corset.

At the stairwell, Lydia and a few 40 Elephant girls appear, coughing amid the smoke. Lydia and Queenie lock eyes.

Lydia swallows hard, tears welling. She knows what's next. Queenie shouts over the crack of glass and roar of flame.

QUEENIE

This has to end.

Then, she leaps into the blackness of the well.

EXT. UNDERGROUND WALBROOK RIVER - NIGHT

Queenie falls from the old well into an underground river, fast flowing in blackness right below London.

Barely above freezing, a jagged bit of granite breaks two of her ribs as the current pounds her like flotsam in this claustrophobic, airless waterway.

EXT. WEALTHY MANSION - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The thud and crack of axes as they chop holes in the roof.

The axes are held by the Opium Kings, hacking holes in the roof of the Ripper's mansion.

Smoke pouring from the holes, Lydia and the 40 Elephants clamber from the holes as the building creaks and moans.

CALCUTTA JOHN

Your Queen?

Lydia shakes her head *no*, hacking from the smoke. A few constables on the street below spy them.

COPPER

They're on the rooftops! Up there!

One blows his shrill whistle, calling for reinforcements.

Inside, fire overpowers more of the floorboards, collapsing under the flames into the basement below. The explosion of formaldehyde and flame is intense.

Fire BURSTS from the windows and doors amid a shattering of wood and glass - knocking the constables to the ground.

By the time the police get to their feet, the criminals above have scattered, racing away across rooftops.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CANNON STREET OUTFALL DRAIN - NIGHT

A circular metal hole, barely five feet across and submerged below the Cannon street docks.

Once an ancient Roman drainage system, this rocky, underwater hole SPITS the Walbrook into the Thames with massive force.

Queenie is pushed from outfall drain. The force of the expulsion flings her into submerged rocks, gashing her head.

EXT. RIVER THAMES - SHORELINE - NIGHT

Queenie is washed ashore, vomiting up the filthy Thames. A wound on her side and gash on her scalp bleed freely.

If she hadn't taken off her dress and petticoat, she would've never been able to swim, drowned by her own clothing.

Up the banks of the Thames, The Ripper is on his feet.

He looks upriver - where the burning boats from earlier have firemen and sailors struggling to put out the flames.

He sees the gaping maw of a low-tide access dock - a construction entrance for the SUBWAY TUNNELS. He races towards the tunnel.

Gasping in pain as she crawls to her feet, Queenie follows.

INT. LONDON SUBWAY TUNNELS

These "subway tunnels" are little more than rough hewn caves in 1888, dynamite-blasted rocks ragged and jutting. Iron tracks - not unlike railroad tracks - snake into blackness.

Excavation mounds and sewer access tunnels crisscross the straight, narrow veins that will one day connect London.

Every few dozen yards, Queenie stops, leaning a bloody hand against the wooden support frames of the tunnel.

Still, she pursues the Ripper.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONSTRUCTION SITE EXIT

Up ahead, the rocky wall where construction has stopped, ladders leading to the surface, moonlight drifting down.

Queenie stops in the darkness, realizing she's come to the end of the tunnels. No Ripper. He must've escaped out --

The Ripper's arm SNAKES around Queenie's throat, choking her, his fetid breath on the nape of her neck.

RIPPER

Things like you don't hunt me.
I hunt you.

He was waiting among the blackness, grabbing her when she was distracted by the light of the exit. He whispers in her ear -

RIPPER (CONT'D)

Shaanti ke aaya hoon Rakshasa...

The same words he spoke to Annie the night he killed her.

Queenie struggles, as he moves her head into the crook of his elbow. Easier to break her neck and sever her spinal cord.

The Ripper begins to twist - slowly, so Queenie will feel the tendons in her neck pop before the shattering of vertebrae.

From the shadows of the exit, a figure steps shakily, catching a bit of moonlight drifting down.

It's Ezz. Leaning against the wall - weak but very much alive. For one lifesaving moment, the Ripper is confused.

RIPPER (CONT'D)

But, you're dead -

He's distracted, and Queenie manages to drive her elbow into the Ripper's solar plexus - twisting herself free.

Behind Queenie and the Ripper, in the darkness of the tunnel - the telltale FWOOSH of lanterns catching behind.

It's the Forty Elephant girls, led by Lydia Hart.

Unconcerned, The Ripper turns to Ezz. She's injured, an easy kill that's blocking his exit.

RIPPER (CONT'D)

Move, and I'll let you live.

EZZ

*Someone once told me, it's best to
keep your prey watching your left
hand, so they don't notice the
knife in your right.*

Furious, the Ripper reaches for his blade to kill Ezz.

But it's gone. The Ripper glances down, confused.

Queenie has picked his pocket, taking his blade. He looks back, just as Queenie STABS him through the stomach.

QUEENIE

For Annie. For all of Them.

His eyes go wide as she TWISTS the blade, pulling it out and slashing open his belly in one violent pull.

He stumbles back, bleeding into his own hands. The Ripper looks at his stab wound, blood pumping from him.

In a flash, it all becomes clear, his mind reversing the steps of the evening, only now from a new point of view.

INSERT: Queenie pulling his blade free when he was distracted by Ezz.... Queenie smearing her own bloody handprint on the wooden beams of the subway tunnels to mark her path so the Elephants could follow... The burning boats on the River Thames, giving him no choice but to escape down this subway tunnel... Queenie, setting down her weapon to draw him out... Queenie pushing over the lantern to start the fire that drove him from his hiding place... the girls Blocking the windows and doors in his home so he had to flee to the basement... The riot in the streets - to distract his police protection.

In short - Jack The Ripper has been played.

Every step of this night as distraction, misdirection or ruse. The predator hunted by the very prey he was hunting.

Realizing, the Ripper gives a slow laugh, stumbling into the rocky walls of the tunnel.

He slides down to the ground, blood and bowels pouring from him. Even so, he looks at the women gathered round, defiant in spite of the odds; ever a lion amongst hyenas.

RIPPER

*Rakshasa shall keep returning, in
new forms, feasting on this modern -*

SCHLICK! Queenie stabs the Ripper through the throat, severing his jugular, voice box and spinal column at once.

Jack the Ripper dies, the words still on his lips, eyes going glassy, pupils dilating as his breath slows to nothing.

It's over. The girls gather round the body, as if not believing the infamous Jack The Ripper is dead.

Queenie hangs back, bloody and wet - gingerly moving her neck after almost having it snapped. She scowls at Ezz.

QUEENIE

You were late.

EZZ

I followed your plan. But -

QUEENIE

No. I told you to head us off at
the Fenchurch intersection.

Ezz goes to retort, but stops as Lydia steps behind Queenie, pulling something from her pockets.

Lydia holds a handful of diamonds and jade carvings from the Ripper's home - priceless antiquities.

LYDIA HART

The Opium Kings'll pay handsome to
be able return these home.

Lydia wraps Queenie's hand around the treasures.

LYDIA HART (CONT'D)

Enough to pay taxes on a
Whitechapel pub, I'd wager.

Up top, drifting down from the construction entrance, the
shrill whistles and shouts of CONSTABLES getting closer.

CONSTABLE (O.S.)

Send some men down into the subway!

EZZ

Those crooked Coppers find us with
his body, we'd be better off dead.

Coming from behind them, the jingle of metal and footsteps.

They're being boxed in - Coppers coming from the south and
their only exit crawling with police above.

Queenie looks around - no way out. They're caught.

She tightens her grip on the Ripper's blade, ready to fight
in the tight subway tunnels of London.

The Forty Elephants see this, and step beside their Queen.

EZZ (CONT'D)

Um, Queenie?

QUEENIE

Not now.

EZZ

I didn't follow your plan exactly.

From out of the shadows, the Toshers step. A huge crew of
them, easily twenty. Queenie steps forward, knife in hand.

Boss Tosh ignores her, noticing the Ripper's body. To Ezz:

BOSS TOSH

He the one?

Ezz nods, ripping the new pocket watch hanging from Jack The
Ripper's vest and tossing it to one of the Toshers.

The sewer scavenger bites down on the watch - and nods. It's
gold. Satisfied, the Toshers pull hatchets, knives and saws.

Queenie tenses, but the Toshers walk past her, to the body.

EZZ

We also need to get out of here,
with no one seeing.

The sounds of the police above gets closer. Boss Tosh nods.

BOSS TOSH

Aye. We know every tunnel, corner
and crevasse of this whole city.

Queenie points to the Ripper's body.

QUEENIE

What about -

BOSS TOSH

Aww love, relax. Gonna be like you,
and him, never even existed.

EXT. OLD CITY - FENCHURCH STREET - NIGHT

The aftermath from the earlier riots - police patrol as the whistles of fire wagons cut the night.

A few CONSTABLES scan the streets for any sign of rioters.

From sewer holes and construction sites, toshers crawl from the shadows and drains.

Only, it's the Forty Elephants, wearing the tattered jackets and britches of the Toshers - their faces smudged with muck.

Aberline stands on the corner, barking orders to his men. He doesn't notice as Queenie walks right by him, long hair hidden under a dirty newsboy cap.

EXT. BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE - DAY

Two Months Later

The old bridge on the edge of East End, this road into Whitechapel buzzes with activity in the Spring sun.

Workday crowds cross over the Thames, weaving between carriages and carts.

Thomas Bulling moves through the crowd. He looks healthier now - a beard covering his many scars, his clothes clean.

He stops on the middle of the bridge, checking his watch.

QUEENIE (O.S.)

You're late. Was about to leave.

Bulling is startled to see Queenie, suddenly behind him. Perfectly dressed as always, she buys a paper from a newsboy.

BULLING

You're a hard woman to find.

QUEENIE

Safety precautions. After all, Whitechapel is a dangerous place.

BULLING

Especially now, since District Railway has abandoned plans for stations in Whitechapel. They've stopped buying properties, shut down construction, rescinded all offers. Officially, they see the subway as just a wealthy pastime.

QUEENIE

Yes. I read your articles.

BULLING

Though, I've heard whispers that Whitechapel was not welcoming to their kind.

QUEENIE

I heard that, too.

BULLING

Have you also heard that the police have no leads on the Ripper? No intention to follow up on any, I'm told. The Commissioner who took over after Warren went missing has reassigned Aberline at the request of Buckingham. The riot wasn't reported in any press editions. Some are whispering Scotland Yard or someone more powerful spent a fortune to keep the papers quiet.

Queenie steps to the railing, staring out at the river.

BULLING (CONT'D)

And I've gotten no more letters. You don't have any idea what happened to... him, do you?

QUEENIE

Same thing I told our new
Commissioner. He could be anywhere.

BULLING

A good journalist would have
theories - that there's no more
killings cause there's no more
Ripper. In fact, some journalists
theorize that if the Ripper was
never proven dead, then there'd be
no need for revenge or retribution
from those factions that would want
to cover their involvement.

Bulling and Queenie share a moment, gazing over the water.

QUEENIE

That's quite a theory.

Bulling catches a flash of metal in the sunlight.

There, in the folded newspaper in Queenie's hand - the curved
and double pointed blade of **Jack The Ripper**.

Bulling is paralyzed with fear, as if the scars the Ripper
cut into him still ache.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

History may not remember, but
Whitechapel will.

Queenie lets the blade slide from the newspaper - tumbling
end over end into the black Thames below. Bulling watches it
fall, the river swallowing the knife.

The Queen of the Forty Elephants simply gives Bulling a nod
and walks away, disappearing into the crowd.

Bulling looks for her on the busy bridge - catching glimpses
of Ezz, of Lydia, of the other Elephant girls.

They've been watching him. He takes a step towards them.

But, like ghosts, they blend into the crowd. He takes a few
more steps, but realizes that it's a lost cause.

With a sigh, Bulling heads back the way he came.

Soon, even he is swallowed by the Whitechapel crowds.

T H E E N D .