

The Falcon, The Lobster & The Lady Bird

written by

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Based upon The Deadly Fruit of Original Sin

(c)

OVER BLACK: WHITECHAPEL LONDON 1888

EXT. THE OLD GREENGROCERS SHOP - NIGHT

A FALCON flies off from its rooftop eyrie and hovers uninhibitedly above the slate grey dwellings.

Upon the bird's head a TOP HAT glistens in a clear night skyline, along with his WAISTECOAT of ever-changing colours whilst the RED SEAL of the Royal College of Surgeons hangs delicately from a THICK GOLD CHAIN.

His cloak of PURPLE ribbed wings houses an assortment of sparkling surgical KNIVES of steel.

As he looks down, he pecks at his own chest in discomfiture.

His POV: HORSE CARRIAGES and HANSOM CABS canter along the busy thoroughfares as PEOPLE gather in small groups.

Cackling BOB TAILS (Whores), lift their PETTICOATS when men pass by them.

The Falcon drops BLACKBERRIES into the most crowded areas.

STREET URCHINS scramble and fight for the deadly fruit when it hits the cobblestone at lightning speed and causes EXPLOSIONS upon impact.

The juice covers them in a THICK RED GOO.

Two drunk LOBSTERS (Soldiers) in red uniform exit a drinking house with two LADY BIRDS (Prostitutes).

The first Lobster, broad shouldered and tall. He carries carrotty whiskers and a thick handlebar moustache.

The lubricious Lady Bird clings to his arm. She carries long, brown curls and has sexy eyeballs, and a large potato shape face.

The second Lobster is smaller than the first. He carries a full black beard and moustache.

He smiles into the eyes of the other prettier Lady bird like a lovestruck puppy as she sings an Irish folk song to him.

She wears a black straw bonnet, and her RED LIPSTICK illuminates her milky white skin and steely blue eyes.

They disappear as they enter an alleyway, perpendicular to the drinking house.

Beat.

The lubricious Lady Bird stands with her back against the wall by the entrance of a decrepit tenement block.

Her dress pulled over her waistline, her bloomers around her ankles as she indulges with the carroty Lobster in an act of rushed penetrative sex.

His moustache spattered with saliva as he sweats profusely whilst he seeks a pleasurable conclusion.

From above the Falcon settles upon the rooftop of the same decrepit tenement block.

The Lobster's ears suddenly prick up and he ceases to hump the Lady bird, due to the unwanted intrusion.

He sniffs the air as he listens carefully to an ominous bronchial purring.

During his torment, he withdraws himself from the Lady Bird, then quickly zips up his fly. A look of mortification decorates his angry face.

He looks up to see what it is that causes him to suddenly lose his libido.

LOBSTER -

Apricot.

The Lady Bird stands redundantly and trembles as her petticoat falls down over her shaking knees.

LADY BIRD

What's wrong, soldier?

He ignores her utterance, instead draws his SWORD from its scabbard and marches around in the darkness as he searches for the intruder that lurks within the midst of his sexual exploits.

He turns back to her in a fit of rage, his sword pointed towards her.

She stands aghast before he plunges the sharp, cold metal blade deep into her like a knife through butter.

She gasps upon the sharp intake of the steel blade. Her eyes bulge with deep terror.

LOBSTER

I dislike the smell of apricot.

He returns his sword to its scabbard and makes haste as he disappears into the night.

The Lady Bird stands like a statue with her back towards the wall as she cups herself in the palms of her hands to stop the flow of her blood, but it cascades through her fingers like a waterfall as she trembles uncontrollably.

The Falcon occupies the space in front of her and attacks her with his long, sharp talons, until she finally slides down the wall in a bloodied heap of torn flesh.

He nests upon the warmth of her cadaver as the tectonic plates rumble beneath him.