

The Surgeon, The Falcon & Bob Tail

written by

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The Deadly Fruit of Original Sin

(c)

FADE IN:

OVER BLACK: WHITECHAPEL - LONDON 1888

INT. SURGEON'S BEDROOM - EARLY HOURS

Alarm clock rings out a deafening sound.

The SURGEON 30's lies in bed as he smashes his hairy hand down upon the annoying rattle upon his bedside table.

He opens his big brown mischievous eyes then climbs out of bed in his navy blue silk pyjamas.

He stands for a brief moment and looks down upon his sleepy wife then tiptoes towards the window and looks down upon the black foggy street.

His POV: Beneath a dimly lit street lamp a HANSOM CAB sits at the junction. The DRIVER waits patiently for fare.

Back to scene.

He slips on his dressing gown then quietly exits the room.

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.

EXT. HOUSE - EARLY HOURS

The Surgeon wears a wide brim felt hat and an Astrakhan coat as he carefully guides his BICYCLE out of the house.

He looks up at the foggy skyline then climbs upon the saddle and rides off into the fog.

EXT. SPITALFIELDS MARKET - EARLY HOURS

The Falcon hovers above the CHRIST CHURCH and rest upon the church SPIRE.

Falcon's POV: The to and fro of wheelbarrows shunted from place to place. And the Surgeon who dismounts his bicycle and checks his timepiece.

A BOB TAIL (Whore) stands inconspicuously inside a narrow doorway. She wears a straw bonnet and woollen coat.

She spots the tall Surgeon's awesome SILHOUETTE and waves.

He acknowledges her with a mischievous grin as he leans his bicycle up against the wall and unties his Gladstone bag strapped to the bicycle.

SURGEON

And what niceties do you have on offer this morning?

BOB TAIL

What you after, then?

SURGEON

Oh, I'm not quite sure just yet. Maybe we can start by you telling me your name?

BOB TAIL

Annie, if you must know.

SURGEON

That's a start.

BOB TAIL

You want summin' nice to start your day? It'll only cost you a shilling this morning, and I'm very good you'll be pleased to know.

He stares deviously into her small tired eyes.

SURGEON

Really?

BOB TAIL

It's your lucky day see. Cos I'm feeling generous. You might be my very last customer. And you look like a nice clean gentleman so you do. You don't get many of those 'round 'ere this time of the morning.

SURGEON

You're far too kind.

She opens her coat and lifts her skirt to show him a thigh.

BOB TAIL

Look for y'self, I've got the cleanest thighs you'll see round 'ere.

He looks down at her naked flesh.

SURGEON

So you do.

He grabs a handful of thigh and squeezes hard. She gasps in pain.

BOB TAIL

Ouch! Please be gentle, for gawd sake. I bruise very easily you know.

He releases his grip, then wipes his hands upon a handkerchief he takes from his pocket.

SURGEON

Very well.

BOB TAIL

Follow me, c'mon.

She leads him through a back alley to a wall behind the houses, then kneels down to unbuckle his trouser belt.

SURGEON

Wait.

He moves her hands away from his genitals

BOB TAIL

What's wrong?

SURGEON

There is something I must do first.

BOB TAIL

What's that, then?

He unclips his Gladstone bag and takes out a handful of BLACKBERRIES which he hands to her.

BOB TAIL /

What are these?

SURGEON

Blackberries. I thought you might like to have them. They were hand picked from Dorset.

He encourages her to eat them.

BOB TAIL

Oh, ta. Alright then, as you're offering. I'm bloody starvin'. But don't be finkin' I'm doin' anyfing just for a few blackberries you know.

He watches her as she chews them, and the juice that seeps from her hungry mouth and rolls down her chin towards her breast bone.

SURGEON

Let us start the day with a little gratification, then, shall we?

He forcefully pushes her back up against the wooded fence.

CU: The BREWERY CLOCK strikes the half-hour as the Falcon sits upon the rooftop of an outhouse.

The Surgeon forces the Bob Tail down again to take him as he reaches into his bag and grabs a piece of cloth saturated in chloroform.

He grabs her by the throat and lifts her up against the fence then covers her face with the cloth in hand before he viciously presses his thumbs deep into her scrawny neck.

She loses consciousness and falls to the ground.

The Falcon occupies the space as the Surgeon steps back.

The Falcon tears at her flesh with his long talons then flies off.

The Surgeon steps forward with knife in hand.

He kneels down and cuts her open before he removes her internal organs. He lies them beside her bloodied cadaver in symbolic fashion then climbs back onto his bicycle and pedals towards the receiving room.

The Falcon hovers above his head.

FADE OUT.

THE END