

THE IMMORTAL JACK THE RIPPER

Written by

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Original Screenplay

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SUPER:

Death does not concern us, because as long as we exist, death is not here.

~Susan Ertz

EXT. THE FIVE POINTS - MIDNIGHT

NEW YORK, 1868

THE FIVE POINTS is urban hell on earth. For anyone but the nefarious denizens of this moral cesspool, it is certain death to walk its nocturnal streets. It's the murder capital of the Western World.

By the center of Paradise Square, Mulberry, Cross and Anthony Streets intersect. Standing nearby, in its wretched glory, is THE OLD BREWERY, a tenement house where we see scores of THIEVES, MURDERERS, WHORES and STREET URCHINS milling about.

EXT. MULBERRY STREET

Under a gas lamp giving off dim light, stands ANGIE (24) a hard looking but attractive prostitute with long, brunette hair. She is loitering, smoking a cigarette and not trying too hard to attract her next client.

An Irish Pimp named RILEY sees her from across the street. He is plump, dirty, wearing a tattered long coat. Irritated, he quickly walks over to his employee.

RILEY

I don't pay you to smoke eh? I pays you to spread your legs.

ANGIE

And I done that for you. Several times this evening.

RILEY

So now you're taking your well-deserved bit o' respite, that it?

ANGIE

You get the lion's share of my wages for protection. So piss off and do that.

In anger, Riley back hands Angie. She is knocked to the pavement. She sits up, wipes the blood from her mouth.

Riley picks Angie up off the ground and slaps her really hard. He rears back his right hand to hit her again. From behind, a well-dressed GENTLEMAN Grabs Riley's hand... bends it backward.

Riley shakes loose and turns around to see a tall man.

RILEY
Sir Galahad himself to the rescue.

GENTLEMAN
I'll ask you not to hit the lady
again friend.

Angie watches in amazement.

RILEY
Will you friend?

Riley pulls a switchblade, clicks it open.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I'll ask you not to bleed on me.

The sizable pimp lunges forward. He tries to cut the interfering man.

Mystery gentleman rapidly raises his knee upward, SNAPPING Riley's wrist.

Riley YELPS.

The gentleman swings his cane forward, hitting Riley across the face. He stumbles backwards onto the cobblestone pavement.

ANGIE
(yells)
Hit him again handsome.

The gentleman steps forward... kicks Riley in the ribs with his boot.

GENTLEMAN
Don't mind if I do.

Riley rolls over on his back into a puddle of water.

The gentleman steps above the pimp... lifts him up by his shirt... smashes him with his right fist.

Riley drops to the street unconscious.

The stranger walks over to face Angie. We see his back only.

GENTLEMAN

Are you alright Madame?

ANGIE

Oh yes, I'm much better thanks to you.

GENTLEMAN

That was no way to treat a lady.

ANGIE

A lady am I? Well, thank you.

The gentleman tips his hat exposing a full head of thick, blonde hair.

Another rough looking whore named SANDY walks up to the couple. She is older and looks used up.

SANDY

I saw the commotion from down the street. Are ya alright Angie?

ANGIE

I'm fine.

(points)

Thanks to this young sir.

The gentleman hangs his head when Sandy looks his way. She looks down at Riley.

SANDY

Well he don't look so good. He's gonna hurt you for this Angie.

ANGIE

I'll be alright sweetie. I have me a protector.

SANDY

Well I'd send fancy pants on his way before any other Dead Rabbits gets here.

The man hides his face.

GENTLEMAN

Then I'll dispatch them as well.

SANDY

Will you? Alright then, I'll leave you two love birds to sort it out.

ANGIE
Thanks Sandy.

The bigger, older woman begins walking away.

SANDY
I'll be right around the corner if
you need me.

Angie presses up against gentleman.

ANGIE
You do look a bit out of place down
here. Where you from?

GENTLEMAN
I live in Manhattan with my father.

ANGIE
What are you doing in the Points?

GENTLEMAN
When I can't sleep at night, I walk
the streets.

ANGIE
I'd say it's a bit dangerous here
for the likes of you.
(shakes head)
But you can sure handle yourself.

GENTLEMAN
I was a Union Cavalryman during the
war. Squared off against better men
than your pimp.

ANGIE
I'd like to show you my
appreciation for what you done.

Angie takes the gentleman by his soft hand.

GENTLEMEN
That won't be necessary.

ANGIE
Come on. I know a nice little spot
between the buildings.

GENTLEMAN
I don't normally do these sort of
things.

The whore smiles sweet at the Stranger.

ANGIE

Let this be a special occasion.

GENTLEMAN

Alright.

Angie walks the man around between a tannery and an old Gothic cathedral. She kneels down on the ground... begins to fumble with the buttons on his trousers. She looks up, smiles again.

The gentleman abruptly yanks Angie by her hair with his left hand and slices her throat with his right. He lets her go and steps back.

In shock and unable to scream, Angie wobbles for a moment, begins bleeding out. She falls sideways in the cold alley.

The gentleman stoops down and cuts off her right ear. He pulls a handkerchief out of his coat... wraps it up and puts it back in his pocket. He lifts up her dress and spreads her legs.

INT. FLANAGAN'S PUB - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Just outside the Points, is an Irish neighborhood tavern. It's crowded with Friday night patrons drinking and having loud conversation.

At the long, narrow bar sipping a drink, sits a short, well-built detective named JACK KELLY (26). He is first generation Irish born.

THREE THUGS work their way down through the crowd towards Kelly. The man in the middle is DYLAN GALLAGHER (22), a lieutenant in a gang called the Plug Uglies.

Dylan pushes aside several people to clear a path between him and Kelly.

DYLAN GALLAGHER

(yells)

Jack Kelly!

The calm officer doesn't look up from his beer.

DYLAN GALLAGHER

Bastard!

JACK KELLY

Why you yelling at me ya daft cunny? I'm a few feet away.

DYLAN GALLAGHER
Just making sure I get your
attention copper.

JACK KELLY
You have it boyo. Now what do you
want with it?

DYLAN GALLAGHER
I'm calling you out for what you
did to my brother?

Some bar patrons move back away from the policeman. Kelly
turns toward Dylan.

JACK KELLY
And who pray tell, was your
brother?

DYLAN GALLAGHER
He was Jimmy Gallagher. Don't you
remember me from the hanging?

JACK KELLY
I don't recall every petty scrub
who crosses my path.

DYLAN GALLAGHER
You got me brother hung you prick.

JACK KELLY
Your brother killed two people
during a robbery. He got himself
hung.

DYLAN GALLAGHER
He had a family to feed.

JACK KELLY
Tell it to someone who gives a
shyte.

Dylan pulls a Bowie knife from his long coat.

DYLAN GALLAGHER
Maybe you'll feel different after
we carve ya up a bit.

Dylan's two friends also pull big knives out.

JACK KELLY
Maybe you'll feel different after I
blow a hole in you old son.

Thug #2 moves a few steps towards Kelly.

THUG #2

You think you can pull that hog leg
before we kill you?

JACK KELLY

I'll give it a whirl.

Thug #1 Runs forward, dives at Kelly

From a shoulder holster, Kelly pulls a Navy Colt revolver...
SHOOTS Thug #1 square in the forehead.

Thug #1 slams backward into one of the tables.

Dylan jumps on Kelly, which knocks the pistol out of his
hands. The two men fall to the floor, wrestling for control
of the knife.

Thug #2 steps forward and raises his knife to stab Kelly in
the back.

A LOUD GUNSHOT Comes from behind Thug #2.

DETECTIVE TERENCE NICHOLS (38), slowly walks forward.

Thug #2 stumbles... hits the bar, falls dead.

Kelly grabs Dylan's knife hand and rolls his attacker on to
the floor. Dylan breaks loose, hops to his feet.

On the floor, Kelly fumbles for his revolver. He hastily
BLASTS Dylan in the neck.

Dylan drops his knife, reaches for his throat, gurgles on
blood, Then teeters over.

Kelly sits motionless for a moment.

Detective Nichols walks over to pick his partner off the
floor.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

I go take a piss, come back and
it's the battle of fucking Bull
Run.

Kelly looks down at the dead man.

JACK KELLY

Detective Nichols, meet Dylan
Gallagher...

Dylan Gallagher meet Detective
Nichols.

Nichols stoops down, grabs the dead man's hand and shakes it.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
Pleased to make your acquaintance
Mister Gallagher.
(beat)
I'll venture to say he's looked
more lively.

Patrons crowd around the strewn out bodies.

TERRENCE NICHOLS (CONT'D)
He wouldn't be Jimmy Gallagher's
brother?

JACK KELLY
He would.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
And the other two?

JACK KELLY
I don't know them.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
Three dead men. That'll be a lot of
paperwork Jack.

JACK KELLY
That's what we get for going to the
pub for dinner.

INT. SOUTH MANHATTAN PRECINCT - NIGHT

Kelly and Nichols walk into the police station and are
greeted by several other coppers.

CONNER DUFFY (45), a big, Irish police Captain steps out of
his office and motions Kelly and Nichols over.

CONNER DUFFY
I need to see you both right away.

JACK KELLY
Is this about the ruckus at
Flanagan's?

CONNER DUFFY
We'll sort that out later. Get in
here.

The two detectives walk inside the cluttered office and sit down.

Conner steps back behind his desk and plops down.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

What is it chief?

CONNER DUFFY

There was a murder in the Points tonight.

JACK KELLY

There's a murder there every night.

CONNER DUFFY

This one's different.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

How so?

CONNER DUFFY

A couple of witnesses say the killer may have been a gentleman.

JACK KELLY

From the points?

CONNER DUFFY

Not from the points; and that's the material point.

JACK KELLY

Who's the victim?

CONNER DUFFY

Some unlucky hoor.

TERRENE NICHOLS

So why should anyone care?

CONNER DUFFY

Apart from the fact she's still a human being?

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Sorry, you're right.

CONNER DUFFY

It's bad for an outsider to kill someone from the Points.

JACK KELLY

Alright, I'll bite. Why?

CONNER DUFFY

Do you remember the draft riots?
The Dead Rabbits riots?

TERRENE NICHOLS

The denizens of the Points own a
particular, shall we say
sensitivity.

CONNER DUFFY

And I don't need someone from the
newspaper getting hold of this
story and riling those sensitive
souls up. Understand?

KELLY AND NICHOLS

(in unison)

Understood.

CONNER DUFFY

Now a few of the lads are watching
the crime scene. Get down there now
and sort this out.

JACK KELLY

Alright.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

We'll take care of it.

The two detectives start to walk out.

CONNER DUFFY

Oh and Kelly.

JACK KELLY

Yes?

CONNER DUFFY

Try not kill anyone else tonight.

JACK KELLY

You heard about that?

CONNER DUFFY

Yeah, I heard about it.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

News travels fast.

CONNER DUFFY

I'll have your reports on my desk
tomorrow lads.

JACK KELLY
Of course Captain.

The partners smile at each other and Kelly motions Nichols out.

JACK KELLY (CONT'D)
Age before beauty.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
Kiss my ass.

JACK KELLY
What part? You're all ass.

EXT. MULBERRY STREET - 4:00 AM.

In the small alley, Angie lies in a pool of her own blood. The area is surrounded by coppers and locals milling about the crime scene.

Kelly and Nichols walk up to the coroner MIKE WELLS '30s.

Another officer named BILL DELANEY '30s also walks up.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
How long's the hoo been dead?

MIKE WELLS
I'd say about three hours.

JACK KELLY
Who is she?

BILL DELANEY
Her name is Angie.

MIKE WELLS
(looks at body)
He cut off her ear. Who does that?

TERRENCE NICHOLS
Some bloody savage.

Kelly stoops down, touches the blood between Angie's legs. He lifts up the hem of her skirt... notices her genital area seems mutilated.

JACK KELLY
Mike, did you see this?

Mike stoops down and examines the body a little closer. He removes his glasses and stands up.

JACK KELLY (CONT'D)

(stands)

Well, what do think?

MIKE WELLS

I'll have to get her on the slab to say for sure. But if I didn't know any better, I'd say the killer removed her uterus.

BILL DELANEY

It's a sick man that did this.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Duffy said someone saw him.

BILL DELANEY

Yeah, there's a pimp who saw him. But he's being patched up.

JACK KELLY

And?

BILL DELANEY

There's a hoer over there who got a look at him.

JACK KELLY

Get her over here.

Delaney walks over to the line of bystanders. He grabs Sandy and brings her over.

SANDY

What can I do for you lads?

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Do you think you saw the man--
(looks at body)
that did this?

SANDY

I didn't get a good look at his face. He looked down when I talked to him.

JACK KELLY

What can you remember about him?

SANDY

I did get a glimpse of his hair.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

What color was it?

SANDY
It was silky blonde.

JACK KELLY
What else do you remember?

SANDY
He reeked of privilege. A real Beau Brummell.

JACK KELLY
So he wasn't from around here?

SANDY
Oh no, he looked far too clean and well dressed.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
Why do you think he was rich?

SANDY
It wasn't just his clothes. It was his manner of speech.

TERRENE NICHOLS
Specifically?

SANDY
After he beat up Riley, I told him he better skedaddle.

JACK KELLY
And what did he say?

SANDY
He said he would "dispatch" anyone who came after him."

JACK KELLY
He said dispatch?

SANDY
Yes, I remember that clear as a bell.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
This is getting more interesting by the minute.

JACK KELLY
A rich, well dressed killer who mutilates his victims.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
Also a nice vocabulary.

JACK KELLY
I can't wait to meet him.

INT. DOMINIQUE'S BISTRO - NIGHT

NEW ORLEANS, TWO MONTHS EARLIER

Inside an elegant French Restaurant, sits a young doctor named Barrington DAVIES (28). Though well built, his face is pretty in a slightly feminine way. His friends HORATIO GREER, HILTON HARRIS and THOMAS HALSEY, are all in their late 20's.

THOMAS HALSEY
I love this town, it's far more decadent than New York.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Yes, it does have its charms doesn't it.

HORATIO GREER
I want to take our birthday boy out marauding the city after dinner.

HILTON HARRIS
I agree, we must stay out all night exploring.

Greer raises his glass of champagne.

HORATIO GREER
Here's to Barry's twenty-eighth. May he get everything his heart desires.

THOMAS HALSEY
Whoever she shall be.

LAUGHTER from the group.

With fork in hand, Hilton elegantly taps his glass.

HILTON HARRIS
Speech, speech!

HORATIO GREER
Hear, hear.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
 Thank you my friends. In addition
 to my father's great wealth--

More LAUGHTER from the men.

BARRINGTON DAVIES (CONT'D)
 I feel blessed to have you all
 here. And I want to thank Horatio
 for coming up with the plan for
 this excursion.

HORATIO GREER
 Quite alright old man.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
 So lets eat, drink and shake this
 burg to it s foundations. Or at
 least until we're in no condition
 to do otherwise.

APPLAUSE at the table.

Horatio Greer leans in towards Barrington.

HORATIO GREER
 So what do you want for your
 birthday old man?

BARRINGTON DAVIES
 Something all the wealth in the
 world cannot buy.

HORATIO GREER
 And what would that be?

A WOMAN SHRIEKS.

WOMAN
 Someone help him.

Across the dining room, a YOUNG BOY (11) sitting with his
 PARENTS is coughing violently.

Barrington dashes across and grabs the boy.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
 He's choking on his meat.

Barrington looks around... carries the boy to the exposed
 brick wall and slams him back first against it.

The breathless boy spits out a piece of pork.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

There you are lad.

Barrington sets the boy down. The relieved lad runs over to hug his mother.

WOMAN

Oh, Nicholas, you're alright.

HUSBAND

Thanks to the gentleman.

(extending his hand)

How can we thank you?

Barrington shakes hands with the grateful father.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

It was nothing sir.

WOMAN

Nicholas, thank the nice man.

Nicholas runs over, wraps his arms around Barrington's waist.

NICHOLAS

Thank you.

Barrington hesitates a moment, then hugs the boy.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

You're most welcome.

Barrington walks back over and sits down at his table.

HILTON HARRIS

That was absolutely amazing.

THOMAS HALSEY

Yes, well done old man.

HORATIO GREER

I'll bet you didn't learn that in medical school.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

An old trick a surgeon taught me during the war.

The restaurant MAITRE D' comes over to the table.

MAITRE D'
 (to Barrington)
 Monsieur, on behalf of Dominique's,
 we would like to thank you for
 helping the boy. And we would like
 to take care of the bill for you
 and your friends this evening.

The table APPLAUDS.

THOMAS HALSEY
 Hear, hear.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
 Thank you Monsieur.

The Maitre D' bows and walks back into the dining room.

HILTON HARRIS
 Well done again old boy.

THOMAS HALSEY
 Yes, good thing you became a
 doctor.

HORATIO GREER
 Instead of a stock broker?

The table breaks out LAUGHING.

EXT. LAFITTE'S BLACKSMITH SHOP - NIGHT

On the corner, is an inviting bar inside a brick building
 with shuttered windows.

INT. LAFITTE'S - MOMENTS LATER

The local tavern is packed with patrons. There is SINGING and
 drunken revelry going on. Barrington and his friends are well
 immersed in celebration.

Barrington is the only one from his quartet not engaged in
 conversation with a woman.

From the entrance of bar, GENEVIEVE VALENTIN (24) a buxom,
 red haired beauty sees Barrington sitting at the bar. She
 purposely moves toward him, catching the eye of several men.
 She squeezes in between Barrington and Hilton.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
 You may be the prettiest man I've
 ever seen.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
So are you.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
(laughs)
I'm a pretty man?

BARRINGTON DAVIES
You know what I mean.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
Thank you.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
What's your name beauty?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
My name is Genevieve. What is
your's Monsieur?

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Barrington Davies.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
Has the ring of an aristocrat. Are
you from money?

BARRINGTON DAVIES
My father owns the biggest foundry
in New York.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
I knew you were well heeled. And
not from around here.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
We're here for my birthday.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
And how do you like New Orleans?

BARRINGTON DAVIES
It's getting better by the moment.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
Are you doing anything special for
your birthday?

BARRINGTON DAVIES
My friends and I just had dinner at
Dominique's.

Hilton, who has been overhearing his friend's conversation,
chimes in.

HILTON HARRIS

My friend neglected to tell you he saved a boy's life at the restaurant.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Really?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

It was nothing.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

You did something wonderful for someone... on your birthday.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

It appears so.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Let me do something special for you.

Barrington smiles and narrows his eyes.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

What did you have in mind?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Not what you have in mind. Maybe later we'll see.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

And what do I have in mind?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

What all men want. To make love.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

You got me.

(beat)

You mentioned later.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

First I want to take you to my friend's house on Canal Street.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

What's on Canal Street?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Jean-Philippe Bambaro is a great voodoo shaman. He is performing a ceremony for a few friends.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

You believe in that mumbo jumbo do you?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

It's not mumbo jumbo. Jean has put many people on a lucky path.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Alright. And what about the later part?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Afterward, I might take you home and ravage your flesh.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

You talked me into it.

Barrington takes Genevieve by the hand. He starts to walk out.

HORATIO GREER

Where you going old man?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Me and this beauty are going to a voodoo Ceremony at--

(to Genevieve)

Where's this place at?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

2-2-4 Canal Street.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Did you get that?

HORATIO GREER

Got it.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

If I'm not back by morning, send a search party.

INT. VICTORIAN HOME - NIGHT

Barrington and Genevieve enter the house. The room is illuminated by dozens of lit candles. The place is clean, well-furnished and decorated by many colorful, exotic paintings.

JEAN-PHILIPPE (41) is an elegant African American male with streaks of gray hair. He is dressed in an tailored dark suit.

He walks into the front room to greet his newly arrived guests.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

Genevieve, so good of you to come.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

A night of fulfillment? I wouldn't miss it.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

Who is your friend?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

This is Barrington Davies from New York. It's his birthday.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

(broad grin)

That's marvelous. So nice to meet you and have you with us tonight.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

A pleasure sir. I look forward to your ceremony.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

Tonight, I am performing a ritual of sacrifice to the Goddess Freda Dahomey. It is a ceremony of wishes attained.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

The hell you say.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

No, Dahomey is not Loa related to the underworld. She is the Goddess of beauty, dancing, love and luxury.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Perhaps you can put in a good word for me with her so I get on well with Genevieve.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

You're doing fine in that department already.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

Besides, what you ask for should be extraordinary.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Have you looked at her?

JEAN-PHILIPPE
Come on, it's your birthday
Monsieur. What do you want most in
life?

BARRINGTON DAVIES
(smiles)
To never grow old.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
Now you're thinking on a grand
scale.

JEAN-PHILIPPE
I love it Monsieur. No one has ever
made such a request. I shall put
your wish on the Loa's list for our
ceremony.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
I'll keep my fingers crossed. You
need anything from me?

JEAN-PHILIPPE
I don't have any set fees. Just a
small donation would be
appreciated.

Barrington removes his wallet... takes out a hundred dollar
bill.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Here's my price of admission for
the evening's entertainment.

JEAN-PHILIPPE
Most generous my friend. But do not
take our Gods lightly.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Immortality for a hundred bucks?
Best investment I ever made.

Jean-Philippe motions his guest into the next room.

PARLOUR

Jean-Philippe's ceremonial chamber is setup like a small
church with a podium and an alter in front. The room is
filled with candles burning. The air is foggy with smoke from
the incense.

Barrington and his attractive date sit down. He looks around the room at the many other guests who await the beginning of the ritual.

BARRINGTON DAVIES (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Your friend does rather well for himself.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

(whispers)

He is the greatest shaman in the city.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

I don't know, if this works out, I may come and hang my own voodoo shingle.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

You're crazy. But I'm glad you came with me.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Come with you? I hardly know you Madame.

Genevieve leans in and kisses Barrington.

Jean-Philippe walks up in front of his guests.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

I am delighted that all of you could join me tonight for this special occasion. We're pleased to see old friends and are happy to welcome new ones. In a moment we shall begin.

Jean-Philippe bows his head and prays silently.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

(whispers)

You never told me what you wished for?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

I wished for love of course.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

You are a romantic.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

I'm feeling lucky tonight.

A man seated up front starts to play an African drum.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

I'm here to call upon the Loa Freda Dahomey. As your shaman, I seek to invoke the Loa Legba. The Loa Legba is the means I must use to journey from the visible mortal world, to the invisible immortal realm.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

(whispers)

Is it too late to get my hundred dollars back?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Sssh! You'll make the Loa Legba angry.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

The Loa Legba grants us vertical access to the universe. As guardian of the secret gateway, he is the conduit to the other Loa.

Jean-Philippe picks up a cup of flower from the table. He walks over in front of the altar. He forms a cross with the white powder.

JEAN-PHILIPPE (CONT'D)

With this flower, I make the sign of the crossroads.

Jean-Philippe grabs a two foot rod from the table. He places in a hole in the alter.

JEAN-PHILIPPE (CONT'D)

With this center post in the crossroads, I create a means for the Loa to enter.

(looks upward)

Papa Legba, open the door for me.
Antibon Legba, open the door, so I may pass through. When I return, I will say praise to the Loa.

The shaman grabs a long machete from the table... kisses the handle... sets it on the altar... stoops down to a small cage to remove a live chicken. He holds the bird on the crossroad.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

(whispers)

There goes momma's chicken dinner.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

(whispers)

You're not taking this seriously.
I'm telling you, you'll anger the
Loa.

Jean-Philippe picks up the machete chants.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

Papa Legba, we offer this sacrifice
as a token of respect and goodwill.
Please convey our admiration and
our fulfillment list to be given to
the Loa Freda Dahomey and other
benevolent Loa nearby.

The shaman chops the head off the chicken. He grabs a bottle
of whiskey and takes a drink without swallowing. He picks up
a torch standing nearby, turns to the audience and blows out
a fireball.

JEAN-PHILIPPE (CONT'D)

Oh mighty Papa Legba, I hope you
have taken this offering in the
spirit given. We pray for the
fulfillment of wishes for all in
attendance this evening.

(bows)

This concludes our ceremony.

INT. GENEVIEVE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Genevieve strokes Barrington's blonde mane. She is looking
down at his face when he opens his eyes.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Good morning beauty.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Good morning Monsieur. Are your
friends going to send out a search
party?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

No, they know I'm pretty durable.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

I'd testify to that. So how do you
feel this morning? Any different?

Barrington pulls Genevieve in, kisses her passionately.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN (CONT'D)

I can see you feel good. And can
feel it.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

I feel like a lion out of his cage.

With the sheet covering half of her buttocks, Genevieve straddles Barrington.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Prove it.

The two begin making love in an intense way. Genevieve begins to moan and increases the speed of her pelvic motion.

Barrington reaches his hands up around his lover's back and scratches it until he draws blood.

INT. UNION PACIFIC TRAIN - NIGHT

SOMEWHERE IN OHIO

En route to New York, Barrington is fast asleep in his luxury Pullman suite. He begins tossing and turning in his bed.

BARRINGTON'S DREAM POV

A WOMAN in a red dress is walking rapidly down a darkened street. From behind, a MAN steps up his pace to keep up with her. The nervous woman quickly glances back... turns down an alley. She breaks and runs down to the end of the narrow passageway... pauses... turns back to check if she's lost her pursuer. When satisfied she has, the woman turns back around. The Man is there and plunges a knife into her skull.

As soon as he's finished murdering the woman, the Man is back in the train fully dressed in a suit and bowler hat. He looks around a luxury car with red velvet swivel chairs. All the passengers sit silently, staring blankly into space. We hear a train horn BLASTING.

SOUND OF SCREECHING BREAKS.

The train derails and the cars begin to pile up on one another. PEOPLE are thrown. Serving carts, dishes, and glasses CRASH against the walls of the Pullman.

The train comes to a halt. All of the injured passengers have been strewn out across the car.

The Man gets up from the floor, unharmed and dusts himself off.

People all around him are crying out in pain or for help. He stands, momentarily surveying the scene. He pulls out a surgical knife, begins to walk through the wreckage. He slices the throat of a INJURED MAN reaching out to him.

Next he walks over to a MOTHER holding her DEAD INFANT. He sets the knife down, wrenches the baby away from the howling woman and flings it out a broken window.

THE MAN

(yells)

She's dead you bloody harpy!

The Man grabs the knife and plunges into her heart repeatedly.

The Man continues walking through the derailed cars and comes to a well-dressed, shapely WOMAN wearing a veil over her face. She is pinned underneath some debris. He rips the lace material away from her to reveal that it's Genevieve.

THE MAN

Oh my God, what are you doing here?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

(weak voice)

I thought I'd surprise you when you got to New York. I think you're the one. You're not angry are you?

The Man gently strokes Genevieve's face.

THE MAN

No, I'm not angry.

The Man looks around and grabs one of the chair cushions and holds it firmly over Genevieve's face. Her feet flail for a few seconds.

INT. PULLMAN LUXURY CAR - MOMENTS LATER

BARRINGTON DAVIES

(screams)

No!

Barrington jumps up from his bed, grabs a towel and wipes his face. He takes a drink of water and gets out of bed. He begins to dress.

INT. PULLMAN LUXURY CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Walking through the passenger section, Barrington sees people mostly sleeping, reading or talking quietly. He sees the mother and daughter from his dream and the other man who was killed. He quickly walks through to the next car to look for Genevieve but she isn't there.

Barrington walks up to the CONDUCTOR.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Do you have a woman on the
passenger list named Genevieve
Valentin?

CONDUCTOR

I'm not really supposed to give out
that information sir.

Barrington reaches into his pocket. He hands the man a twenty dollar gold piece.

The conductor looks around, then starts checking his clipboard.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

What's the last name again?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Valentin.

CONDUCTOR

(read lists)

Tanis, Thompson, Tully, Underwood.
Nope, no Valentin on this list.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

You quite certain?

CONDUCTOR

Yes sir, I'm certain.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Thank you.

Barrington turns around and walks back toward his suite.

INT. PULLMAN LUXURY CAR - MINUTES LATER

Barrington sits in a chair in his room drinking a glass of bourbon. He hears a knock at his door. He gets up, quickly opens it.

Horatio enters.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Horatio, I hope you haven't come to declare your undying love for me.

HORATIO GREER

I heard a scream coming from your room ten minutes ago. Then heard you walk out.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Nosy Parker. That's what I get for booking my suite next to yours.

HORATIO GREER

Very amusing. Are you alright man? What on earth are you doing walking around at this hour?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

It was nothing. Just a garden variety nightmare. Then I went and took the air for a minute.

HORATIO GREER

Nightmare? I'd think you'd be dreaming of that spectacular red haired beauty.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

She was part of my dream.

HORATIO GREER

What about the scream?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

You'd think me mad if I told you. Besides, dreams are a collection of nonsensical thoughts plaguing our sleep state.

HORATIO GREER

Do you still have nightmares about the war?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Occasionally. But that wasn't it.

HORATIO GREER

Well, as long as you're alright.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

I'm alright.

Horatio glances at the bottle of bourbon on the table.

HORATIO GREER

Well then, pour me a drink and
we'll exchange war stories.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Your father paid off a substitute
conscript to take your place didn't
he?.

Barrington grabs another glass... serves his friend a healthy
sized drink.

HORATIO GREER

I wasn't referring to that war. I
want to talk about our liaisons in
New Orleans.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

(smiles)
Oh, well, you first old man.

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

MANHATTAN, NEW YORK

Barrington steps into the enormous front room of his father's
home. He sets his two suitcases on the floor and walks on the
checkered tile, passing under a spectacular chandelier into
the study.

STUDY

The room is filled with shelves of books, magnificent Baroque
Rococo paintings and is illuminated by lanterns and candles.

DANIEL DAVIES (53) Sits in his night clothes reading a book
while sipping brandy. The rich industrialist is tall,
handsome, with a full head of salt and pepper hair.

Barrington enters room.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Father, I just wanted to let you
know I'm home.

DANIEL DAVIES

Ah, the prodigal son returns. How
was New Orleans?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

It was wonderful. So many exotic sights and sounds. And you've never seen a better fling than the French Quarter.

DANIEL DAVIES

You deserved it my boy. Between the war and medical school you've hardly known diversion and pleasure.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Thank you father. It was indeed pleasurable.

DANIEL DAVIES

Will you have a drink with me before you go to bed? We can talk of your adventure.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Perhaps tomorrow. I'm done in from the trip home.

DANIEL DAVIES

Of course, you get some rest my boy. And we'll have breakfast tomorrow morning.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Thank you father. It's good to be back.

DANIEL DAVIES

It's good to have you home.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Barrington sleeps peacefully in his large bed. His rest is permeated by a deep, whispery voice.

MYSTERY VOICE

Wake up to meet my gaze.

Barrington stirs in his bed but remains asleep.

MYSTERY VOICE

Wake up my prince, get up my emissary.

Barrington wakes up. He leans against his headboard. He rubs his eyes to see a charcoal cloud suspended in the air, surrounded by a circle of flames.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Who are you? What are you?

MYSTERY VOICE

My name is Bacalou. I am the Loa who answered your prayer for immortality.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

I thought that ceremony was a farce. Besides, the shaman invoked Freda... what's her name's spirit.

BACALOU

Dahomey.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Yes, that was it.

BACALOU

We don't exist in the same plain.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Then why are you here?

BACALOU

Your shaman asked Papa Legba to call upon Freda Dahomey and any other benevolent Loa. I have granted you immortality. Is that not benevolent?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

This is madness, you're not real.

BACALOU

Keep telling yourself that. a thousand times if you wish. But you cannot die, unless you fail to fulfill your tally to me.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

And what is this tally you speak of?

BACALOU

Every generation, you will bring me five brides.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Only five. You're so handsome.
Can't you get your own wives?

A LARGE SKULL emerges from the cloud blowing a FIREBALL.

Barrington reels back and hits his head.

BACALOU

Your impudence does not amuse me.
You will bring me these brides in
sacrifice or you will cease to
exist.

Barrington gets out of bed... walks around the room.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

You can't be serious. You want me
to butcher five women?

BACALOU

It is not butchery to honor your
contract with a Loa. It is an
honor.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

What if I don't want your little
bargain?

BACALOU

You sealed the contract when you
paid the shaman. If I return in
three fortnights and you have not
done what I ask.

(beat)

Well, it will not end well for you.

To see if he's physically changed, Barrington looks into the large mirror.

BACALOU (CONT'D)

You are, as you are now; and will
remain as such, for eternity.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

If I do what you ask, I'll never
grow old?

BACALOU

From this day forward, you will not
age a day. Five for twenty.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

And I can't be killed? Not by a
bullet or a blade?

BACALOU

Nothing in your world can harm you,
unless you fail to pay the tally.

The fiery cloud begins to grow dimmer.

BACALOU (CONT'D)

Remember, five for twenty.

(cackles)

Think well upon it my friend...

Moments later, Barrington sits up from his bed.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Will these nightmares ever cease?

The shaken man looks down at the foot of his bed. His eyes
widen when he sees a large pile of dark ashes.

INT. MANHATTAN LIBRARY - DAY

Barrington sits at a table reading a book about Voodoo
ceremonies and Gods. He gets to the paragraph about Bacalou
and reads:

"Bacalou is such a formidable
spirit that no one dares to invoke
him. His habitat is in the woods
where offerings are taken to him.
He is represented by the skull and
crossbones and is the most feared
Loa of them all."

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DUSK

As it grows dark, Barrington walks through the park while
taking several swigs of whiskey from a silver flask.

About twenty five yards away, two Plug Uglies named BILLY and
MILES mid 20's, approach Barrington.

Barrington's radar goes up. He decides put his mortality to
the test. The thugs stop in front of him and BILLY pulls a
short barreled pistol.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Can I help you fellows? You lost?

MILES

Hey Billy, we got a comedian here.

BILLY

We want your money cupcake.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Cupcake? I'll have you gentlemen know, I was my company boxing champion during the war.

BILLY

Give us your money smart ass.
Before I drill you.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Drill me? Aren't you going to buy me flowers first?

BILLY

I'm giving you ten seconds before I kill you. Now give me your fucking money.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

You sure you can count that high without taking your shoes off?

Billy SHOOTS Barrington in the gut.

Barrington stumbles... and falls on the trail.

The thugs kick Barrington while he's on the ground. Miles reaches down and takes the wounded man's wallet from his back pocket.

Billy SHOOTS Barrington in the back three times.

MILES

He's dead, let's go.

The two robbers quickly begin to walk away.

From behind them, Barrington leaps up and begins walking toward them.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Oh boys, you forgot to finish me off.

In shock and disbelief, Billy and Miles turn around.

MILES

What the fuck? Shoot this son of a bitch.

Billy fires two more shots, then his gun clicks.

Barrington runs forward, leaps at Billy, then slams his head on a tree several times, until it CRACKS.

Billy slides down the tree dead.

In a state of terror, Miles turns and begins to run.

Barrington looks on the ground, picks up a sizable rock and hurls it.

Miles is hit in the back of the head. He falls, rolls over onto his back.

Barrington slowly walks to the injured thug. He looks down smiling.

MILES

(whiny)

Who are you?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

I'm the cupcake who killed you and your friend.

Barrington raises his foot up.

MILES

(screams)

No!

Barrington crushes the robber's neck.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Kelly and Nichols are in a heavily forested part of the giant park. Corporal Delaney and several other uniformed officers are on the scene, in addition to numerous other spectators, who can see two corpses in plain view.

Delaney walks up to the detectives.

BILL DELANEY

Glad you lads got here.
Manhattanites don't like corpses lying around their lovely park.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
Who found these guys?

BILL DELANEY
(points)
The nice fella standing over there
with the white poodle.

Kelly squats down to examine the deceased.

JACK KELLY
Speaking of which. I know these
mutts. This one's Billy Brannigan
and the other one's Miles Hardy of
the Plug Uglies.

BILL DELANEY
Your favorite lads.

JACK KELLY
These two have records longer than
the bread line at Saint Patricks.
They're pretty tough sons.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
You reckon this was gang related?
Dead Rabbits maybe?

JACK KELLY
They're pretty far out of the nest
for that?

BILL DELANEY
The fella with the poodle says he
saw someone walking away from
Hardy's body.

JACK KELLY
Well let's go talk to the man.

The three officers step over to where the bystanders are
milling about.

BILL DELANEY
Mister Billingsly, these are
Detective's Kelly and Nichols from
the Manhattan Precinct.

MISTER BILLINGSLY (40), is a tall, effeminate man wearing a
nice suit. On a gold leash, he has a white poodle.

JACK KELLY
Mister Delaney.

MISTER BILLINGSLY
Detectives, how may I assist?

Billingsly gives both coppers a delicate handshake.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
I understand you possibly got a
glimpse at the man that did this?

MISTER BILLINGSLY
I got more than a glimpse.
(looks around)
I didn't want to say anything
earlier--

TERRENE NICHOLS
You're among friends now.

Mister Billingsly points at Miles.

MISTER BILLINGSLY
I saw what he did to that man. It
was terrifying.

JACK KELLY
Tell us what happened.

MISTER BILLINGSLY
Well, Princess Anne and I were
finding a nice tree for her to do
her business and I heard several
gun shots.

JACK KELLY
What happened then?

MISTER BILLINGSLY
Since the park was nearly deserted,
we gingerly crept up behind some
shrubs over there...

TERRENE NICHOLS
Go on.

MISTER BILLINGSLY
We silently watched what was going
on.

JACK KELLY
Prudent.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
Then what happened?

MISTER BILLINGSLY

The one on the ground was begging
the other man not to kill him.

JACK KELLY

What did the other man look like?

MISTER BILLINGSLY

(sighs)

He was magnificent. A face like
Adonis and dressed in a Charles
Frederick Worth suit.

JACK KELLY

Tall? Short? Facial features.

MISTER BILLINGSLY

Tall, well built, long blonde hair,
high cheekbones... thin aquiline
nose.

JACK KELLY

That's good detail Mister
Billingsly. What happened next?

MISTER BILLINGSLY

Adonis said something to the thug
about a cupcake and then stomped on
his neck. It was shocking that such
a beautiful creature was so...

JACK KELLY

Yes, yes?

MISTER BILLINGSLY

Well, so utterly ferocious.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Kelly and Nichols are walking on the pathway away from the
crime scene.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

So what are we going to tell Duffy
about this?

JACK KELLY

I say we keep him in the dark. I
mean, no point upsetting the old
bugger.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

You think this is our man from the points?

JACK KELLY

How many blonde guys who look like Adonis you think we got going around killing people?

TERRENCE NICHOLS

I know. But killing a hoer two days ago. And now two Plug Uglies?

JACK KELLY

I say today he has discriminating taste.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Speaking of which, why did Delaney call them your favorite lads?

JACK KELLY

I never told you that story? They're the reason I became a copper.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

No. And I can't believe Delaney knows something about you I don't.

JACK KELLY

Well, I'll tell you if you close your cake hole for a minute.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Go ahead.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. BAKERY - DAY

BROOKLYN, SEVEN YEARS EARLIER

DAIREANN KELLY (37) A pretty, dark haired Irish woman stands behind the counter of her small bakery working. She is wearing a crisp white blouse and black dress with a white apron.

JACK KELLY (V.O.)

Just before the war, me mother and I were working the family business.

Daireann is restocking some bread in the glass display case.

JACK KELLY (V.O.)
I was out getting supplies while
mom was minding the store.

Salty looking GANG MEMBERS enter the bakery and Daireann
nervously looks up.

JACK KELLY (V.O.)
Three of them Uglies came in. But
it wasn't baked goods they was
after.

DAIREANN KELLY
How can I help you lads?

PLUG UGLIE #1
We're looking for Muff-ins.

PLUG UGLIE #2
No, I want a hot bun.

PLUG UGLIE #3
Either of them will do.

As they press up against the counter, the trio start
LAUGHING.

DAIREANN KELLY
Come on boys, don't waste my time.

PLUG UGLIE #2
What's a pretty thing like you
doing alone?

PLUG UGLIE #3
Yeah, where's your man sweetie?

DAIREANN KELLY
My husband died. But my very mean
son will be back any minute.

PLUG UGLIE #1
I don't want to screw him.
(looks Daireann over)
But you on the other hand--

Daireann grabs a rolling pin from behind her.

DAIREANN KELLY
Get out of here before I beat the
lot of you.

PLUG UGLIE #2
Ooh, we're shaking lady.

PLUG UGLIE #1

Cliff, get over an watch the front door.

PLUG UGLIE #2

What about me?

PLUG UGLIE #1

You'll get your turn, believe me.

DAIREANN KELLY

Don't you boys do anything you'll regret.

PLUG UGLIE #1

Maybe you will. But we won't.

PLUG UGLIE #3

She'll probably enjoy it.

Two of the men quickly move around the counter. Daireann takes a swing with her rolling pin.

Plug Uglie #1 slaps Daireann, throwing her back against the display case.

The sound of SHATTERING GLASS.

Plug Uglie #2 watches the door for foot traffic.

ACROSS THE STREET

JACK KELLY walks up with a large sack over his shoulders. He spots a suspicious looking guy standing at the window of the bakery. He quickly crosses the street, but goes down the alley behind the two story building.

INSIDE BAKERY

The two thugs have Daireann on the floor behind the counter. Plug Uglie #1 rips the pretty's woman's blouse, exposing part of her breasts.

PLUG UGLIE #1

Lookie here Tommy. She's got some beauties.

PLUG UGLIE #3

Hurry up! Let's see her cunny.

Daireann struggles on the floor.

REAR ENTRANCE

Kelly opens the door and quietly slips in the back entrance. He pulls a blackjack out of his back pocket.

Plug Uglie #1 yanks up Daireann's dress and starts to rip her undergarments.

Daireann SCREAMS.

From behind the two thugs, Kelly steps up and yells.

JACK KELLY
Sons of bitches!

With blackjack in hand, Kelly hits Plug Uglie #1 in the back of his head.

Plug Uglie #1 falls over with a cracked skull.

Plug Uglie #3 stands, grabs Kelly's left hand.

Pivoting his right forearm, Kelly smacks Plug Uglie #3 in the jaw several times.

Plug Uglie #2 runs for the counter to jump over.

As he lands on the floor, Daireann stabs him in the side with a bread knife. Plug Uglie #2 YELPS.

Plug Uglie #3 grabs Kelly's throat and slams him back against the wall.

Kelly knocks his arm away and rapidly brings his open hands together to pop his ears.

Plug Uglie #3 Drops like a ton of bricks.

Kelly turns to see his mother struggling with Plug Uglie #2 for control of the knife.

Kelly yanks Plug Uglie #2 off his mother... grimaces... then punches him hard in his bloody wound.

Plug Uglie #2 doubles over in pain.

Kelly throws a solid uppercut. Plug Ugly #2 falls backward, landing flat on his back.

Not satisfied, Kelly sits on the punk and begins viciously beating his face.

Daireann comes and tugs at his shirt.

DAIREANN KELLY
Enough Jack, enough!

Kelly gets up and hugs Daireann.

JACK KELLY
You alright ma?

DAIREANN KELLY
Yes, thanks to you.

JACK KELLY
It was nothing.

DAIREANN KELLY
You came in good time this day.
Those bastards were about to take
my virtue.

Kelly briefly surveys the carnage.

JACK KELLY
From the look of it, they won't be
doing much taking anymore.

END FLASHBACK

Nichols and Kelly are walking in the streets of Manhattan.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
That was a heartwarming story Jack.
So that's why you became a copper?

JACK KELLY
That's why I hate the Plug Uglies.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
But why'd you become a copper?

JACK KELLY
Because I couldn't play violin very
well.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
(chuckles)
A proper bastard you are.

JACK KELLY
I can live with that.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
So can I Jack. So can I.

INT. HONEY'S HOUSE OF DELIGHT - NIGHT

At midnight, Barrington walks into the entrance of a sizable brothel across from Paradise Square. He is wearing formal black attire with a cape, top hat, and a black mask over his eyes.

Downstairs, is a huge bar area, crowded with patrons talking to girls in lingerie. There is also a wooden slat floor, where couples are dancing, groping each other. The place is so noisy, you can barely hear the musicians playing.

HONEY BINGHAM, a hefty Madame with dyed blonde hair greets Barrington.

HONEY BINGHAM

Who the hell are you supposed to be?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

A man with lots of money to spend. And one that enjoys very sordid pleasures. For this reason, I hide my identity.

HONEY BINGHAM

If it's sordid pleasures you want, you came to the right place.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Then I can count on you being discreet? They'll be two hundred dollars in it for you.

HONEY BINGHAM

Sweetie, for that kind of dough you can pretty much do whatever you want here.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

That's just the sort of proper outlook I'm looking for.

HONEY BINGHAM

Speaking of such, what's your taste? Blondes, brunette's, red heads, slim or womanly like me?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

I would like two women, preferably blonde like you. The more innocent looking, the better.

HONEY BINGHAM

I have twin sisters that are very fresh and young.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Twins, how charming. I'll take them.

HONEY BINGHAM

I'll have that two hundred now if you please.

Barrington pulls the money out of his coat pocket. He hands it to the Madame like it's two quarters.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

They're you are, Honey.

HONEY BINGHAM

There's a good lad. I'll be right down with the twins.

Honey quickly up goes up the wooden staircase to fetch the girls.

While waiting, Barrington intently observes the action going on downstairs. He stares intently at the immodesty of the whole scene, as well as the free wheeling mix of different races.

Honey comes back down the stairs with two very young, blonde twins, TAMMY and TINA (20) who are uncommonly attractive for prostitutes.

HONEY BINGHAM (CONT'D)

Tammy, Tina, this is the mystery man.

TINA

Hello mystery man.

TAMMY

Hello sexy.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Hello ladies, aren't you both delightful.

Terry reaches for Barrington's mask.

TAMMY

Let's see who's behind that disguise.

Barrington gently moves her hand away from his eyes.

HONEY BINGHAM

Girls, you must respect the gentleman's privacy.

TINA

I can see you're good looking even with the mask.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Thank you. Shall we start the festivities upstairs?

TAMMY

Yes, let's!

INT. UPSTAIRS - ROOM

Inside a big room, on a huge bed, Tammy and Tina are naked, sitting on both sides of Barrington. Except for his mask, he is lying naked propped up on a pile of pillows.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Girls, that was lovely. I'll never forget either of you.

TAMMY

You're so sweet and I love your body.

TINA

He is put together nicely. It's so nice when a man isn't a pig.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

You get a lot of scum up here?

TINA

You'd be amazed what we have to do.

TAMMY

Or who we have to do.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

(smiles)

What if I told you your troubles are over? That you'd never have to work again?

TINA

What do you mean?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

First, I want you both to kiss me--
 (motions them over)
 At the same time.

Tammy and Tina get on their hands and knees and lean in to Kiss Barrington.

Barrington abruptly SLAMS their heads together, nearly cracking both their skulls. The two women crumple onto Barrington's torso, unconscious.

Barrington roughly pushes the women off his lap. He quickly gets out of bed. From his long coat, he retrieves a surgical knife, then momentarily hovers over Tina. Grabbing her long hair, he yanks her up and abruptly slices her throat. The young beauty begins bleeding out profusely on the bed.

Tammy opens her eyes just in time to see Barrington finishing off her sister. At high volume, she SCREAMS. Her horrible wail does not permeate the wall of noise downstairs.

Barrington lunges at Tammy with the knife. He plunges the cold steel into her milky white body several times.

Tammy rolls off the bed, dripping with blood. With life leaving her eyes, she sadly looks up at Barrington... and dies.

Barrington calmly gets up... walks over to a table... grasps a pitcher of water... pours some of it over his body and washes off the blood splatter. He picks up a towel and wipes himself off. He walks over to Tammy and takes the knife to her face.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS

Without a mark or trace of blood on him, Barrington comes down the stairs and walks up to Honey.

HONEY BINGHAM

How did you like the twins?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

I loved them. We had a bloody good time.

HONEY BINGHAM

Where are they?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Just cleaning up.

HONEY BINGHAM
You devil dog you.

Barrington reaches into his pocket to retrieve fifty dollar gold piece.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Here's something extra for you. Buy yourself a new dress or something.

HONEY BINGHAM
You're one a of a kind mystery man.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
You don't know the half of it.

He take's Honey's hand, gently kisses it.

BARRINGTON DAVIES (CONT'D)
I'll see you again soon beauty.

HONEY BINGHAM
You come back real soon.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
I shall.

Barrington walks out of the whorehouse into the Points.

EXT. ANTHONY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Barrington briskly walks about a half a block.

An AFRICAN AMERICAN MALE confronts Barrington holding a knife.

MUGGER
I'll have the wallet cracker.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Why is everyone always trying to rob me?

MUGGER
Hurry up asshole.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Alright, alright.

Barrington reaches into his pocket, grabs his wallet and begins to hand it to the mugger.

The mugger reaches for the wallet.

With his other hand, Barrington a knives around, stabs the thief in the neck.

As he twists the blade in, the Mugger SHRIEKS in agony.

Barrington yanks out the knife and pushes the man to pavement.

BARRINGTON DAVIES (CONT'D)

That's two for the tally and one bonus for me.

He quickly walks down the street.

INT. HONEY'S BROTHEL - NIGHT

Detectives Nichols and Kelly are escorted in by the bouncer to see Honey.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

I'm Detective Nichols and this is Detective Kelly.

HONEY BINGHAM

I'm Honey, thanks for getting here so quickly.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

You're welcome. Where are the girls?

HONEY BINGHAM

Upstairs. I've let no one enter the room since we found them.

JACK KELLY

You did the right thing. When do estimate they were murdered?

HONEY BINGHAM

About half past midnight.

TERRENE NICHOLS

And I heard you got a good look at the killer.

HONEY BINGHAM

He had a mask over his eyes... but yes.

JACK KELLY

What else can you tell us?

HONEY BINGHAM

He was dressed to the nines. Fine, expensive suit, cloak and top hat. Probably six months wages for me.

TERRENE NICHOLS

Big, short, handsome, ugly?

HONEY BINGHAM

He's tall and good looking under that mask. Blonde hair, thin, fine cheek bones and small nose. And a air of elegance.

(beat)

I'm so stupid. I should have known something was wrong with him wearing that mask.

JACK KELLY

Did you ask him why he was wearing it?

HONEY BINGHAM

Yes. He said he was a rich man protecting his identity.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Don't reproach yourself ma'am. That sounds plausible I suppose.

JACK KELLY

Can you take us to them?

HONEY BINGHAM

Of course.

The trio walks up the stairs to a room on the right. At the doorway stands another bouncer.

HONEY BINGHAM

It's alright Spike. These men are detectives from the Manhattan precinct.

The bouncer steps aside. Honey and two detectives walk in the room.

TWIN'S ROOM

As they enter, Honey Moans. The two Detectives are aghast at the sight of the grisly slaughter.

The twins are both laid out on the bed next to each other. The sheets are soaked with blood.

Kelly looks down at Tammy, who has multiple stab wounds in her torso. Her nose is completely severed.

JACK KELLY
Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
You can say that again.

Nichols examines Tina for a moment.

TERRENE NICHOLS
Her throat's cut from ear to--
(beat)
This one's left ear is cut off.

Honey turns around, exits the room. We hear her vomiting in the hallway.

Kelly examines Tammy's genitalia.

JACK KELLY
Terry, he's mutilated her private's like the other one. The work seems pretty precise.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
Indicating what you think?

JACK KELLY
Who needs to possess skills with a knife?

TERRENCE NICHOLS
What do you mean?

JACK KELLY
What profession you suppose?

TERRENCE NICHOLS
A meat cutter perhaps. Perhaps a tanner.

JACK KELLY
Or a surgeon? Remember, this lad's a gentleman.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
How do you draw that conclusion?

JACK KELLY
How many meat cutters or tanners wear a tuxedo and top hat.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

That would narrow things I suppose.

Terence walks over to the large mirror above the dressing table. Out loud, he reads a message written in dark, red lipstick.

"No time to dilly dally, I endeavor to pay the tally. The fee of five, will keep me alive, for another twenty."

TERRENCE NICHOLS (CONT'D)

In addition to his other talents, this maniac is a poet.

Jack walks over to read the cryptic verse.

JACK KELLY

What the bloody hell does it mean?
The fee of five?

TERRENCE NICHOLS

I think this lunatic aims to kill two more people.

A police sergeant named NELSON (33) walks in the room.

SERGEANT NELSON

(gasps)
Christ!

JACK KELLY

What is it sergeant?

SERGEANT NELSON

We found a dead Negro a half block down with his head nearly severed.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Maybe it's our boy's work.

JACK KELLY

Three murders on one block is a lot.

SERGEANT NELSON

Even for the Points.

JACK KELLY

Alright Sergeant, get some of the lads over there to cordon off the area.

SERGEANT NELSON

Already done sir.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Good work. Now let us finish up here and we'll be along shortly.

INT. HOME OF DANIEL DAVIES - DAY

In his sumptuous dining room, Daniel is hosting a luncheon with several members of the Ladies Home Missionary Society. Three of their members, MARY MCCULLOUGH, SUSAN PIERCE, and NANCY ELLEN ROGERS all early 40's, sit at the a long table decorated with fresh flowers and a spectacular gold fringed table cloth.

A BUTLER serves the women lunch off a silver tray.

DANIEL DAVIES listens attentively to his guests.

MARY MCCULLOUGH

The unspeakable debauchery at the Old Brewery must be stopped.

SUSAN PIERCE

The rampant rape, incest, inbreeding, homosexuality and disgusting poverty are just a few evils allowed to thrive there.

NANCY ELLEN ROGERS

Not to mention the scores of children who never see the outside world, let alone get any education.

DANIEL DAVIES

That is reprehensible Mrs. Rogers.

MARY MCCULLOUGH

Even more horrific are the nightly murders that occur with no end in sight.

DANIEL DAVIES

Ladies, ladies. I am abundantly aware the brewery is a terrible blight on society. But I'm only a businessman. What can I do about it?

MARY MCCULLOUGH

Mister Barrington, you are one of the ten richest men in the city.

DANIEL DAVIES

Yes, God has been good to me. And I never deny any charity I can grant.

MARY MCCULLOUGH

Then use your money and power to destroy it.

DANIEL DAVIES

Destroy it? How?

SUSAN PIERCE

Buy it and have it ground into the dust.

NANCY ELLEN ROGERS

Mister Davies, if you do this, you will go down in history as one of the city's greatest benefactors.

A slightly disheveled looking Barrington walks into the dining room.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

(surprised)

Oh, I'm sorry father. I wasn't aware you were having company.

DANIEL DAVIES

You all know my son Barrington.

Barrington bows to the female contingent.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Ladies.

MARY MCCULLOUGH

Yes, delighted to see you again.

DANIEL DAVIES

Won't you join us for lunch son?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

No, thank you father. I was at the hospital all night and require rest.

(nods)

If you ladies would excuse me.

Barrington quickly exits the dining hall.

DANIEL DAVIES

My son works so hard all the time.

SUSAN PIERCE

He's so handsome and accomplished.

MARY MCCULLOUGH

It's a wonder no society debutante has swooped him up yet.

DANIEL DAVIES

He seems to make little time for socializing with the fair sex.

NANCY ELLEN ROGERS

Pity, if I were ten years younger, I'd throw a net on him.

Everyone in the room LAUGHS.

DANIEL DAVIES

Now ladies, tell me more about this crazy idea of yours.

INT. VICTORIAN HOME - NIGHT

Jean-Philippe sits at a small round table inside his parlour with Genevieve. He is about to give his friend a reading of the tarot cards. He shuffles the deck several times and cuts the cards.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

You want to discuss this young man Barrington yes?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Yes, I've thought of little else lately.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

He is interesting Cher. But what do you know about him?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

I only spent a day with the man. Yet I've never met anyone like him.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

He didn't seem to take our religion too seriously.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

The morning after the fulfillment ceremony, he seemed different somehow.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

How so?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

You and I have no secrets. But I tell you in the strictest confidence that when we made love, his passion nearly devoured me.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

I'm not sure I understand.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

It was if he had the soul of a wild beast. I sensed he was capable of tearing me to shreds.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

Literally?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Yes.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

How extraordinary. Let's see what the cards say.

Jean-Philippe turns over the first card.

JEAN-PHILIPPE (CONT'D)

Erzulie Dantor, the Loa of love, passion and jealousy. How appropriate.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

What does it mean?

JEAN-PHILIPPE

She is a protector of women. She is watching over you.

Jean-Philippe flips over another card.

JEAN-PHILLIPE

Baron La Croix, the Loa of the dead and sexuality. I don't like it Cher. These Loa could possibly be in opposition to one another.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Go on.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

(flips card)

Ti Jean Quinto, the Policeman. This
Loa also takes the form of a
protector.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

I wonder how these Loa are
connecting to Barrington?

JEAN-PHILIPPE

We shall see.

After he flips the final tarot card, Jean-Philippe grimaces
when he see's the face of a skull.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Bacalou?

JEAN-PHILIPPE

Yes Cher, the most malevolent Loa.
I fear to even speak his name. I'm
certain that nothing good can come
of further involvement with this
man.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

How could this be? What has he
done?

JEAN-PHILIPPE

Perhaps he somehow angered the Loa.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

At the ceremony, he asked to never
grow old.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

Though it smacked of vanity, I
thought it harmless to add his wish
to the list I placed before Freda
Dahomey.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Do you think something went wrong?

JEAN-PHILIPPE

You know I practice the arts to
help people, but--

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

But what?

JEAN-PHILIPPE

I could have unintentionally
invoked an evil Loa.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Then I must go to him at once and
warn him.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

It may be too late Cher. And I fear
for your safety.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

I know his heart is good.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

But you said yourself he seemed
close to harming you.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

That's a risk I'll have to take. I
love him Jean.

JEAN-PHILIPPE

Then lets hope the protectors are
strong enough to guard you and your
lover from Bacalou.

EXT. THE FIVE POINTS - NIGHT

On the outskirts of the action, a barmaid named MOLLY TEAGAN
(21) walks the deserted street. She is tall, thin and has a
wholesome face. A heavy fog makes it difficult to see
anything beyond a short distance.

The young woman sings softly to herself.

MOLLY TEAGAN

"As the blackbird in the spring
neath the willow tree
Sat and piped I heard him sing
praising Aura Lee."

Molly hears footsteps behind her and turns around.

MOLLY TEAGAN (CONT'D)

Who's there? Is that you Marty
Logan? I told you no.

Teagan turns back around and begins to walk faster. She
crosses a street just at the edge of the points.

MOLLY TEAGAN (CONT'D)
 (continues singing)
 "Take my heart and take my ring
 I give my all to thee
 Take me for eternity
 Dearest Aura Lee."

Molly hears footsteps again. She turns around.

From the fog, Barrington emerges.

MOLLY TEAGAN (CONT'D)
 You scared the daylights out of me
 sir.

Barrington tips his hat.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
 I apologize.

MOLLY TEAGAN
 What's a gent like you doing in
 this part of town.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
 What's a young lady like you doing
 walking alone?

MOLLY TEAGAN
 I'm coming home from work sir. I
 live only a few more blocks down.

Barrington extend his arm.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
 Then you must allow me to escort
 you the rest of the way.
 (smiles)
 If you will permit me the
 privilege.

MOLLY TEAGAN
 I suppose that would be alright.

Barrington takes Molly by the arm and begins walking.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
 A chilly night isn't it Molly?

MOLLY TEAGAN
 Yes, and the fog's thicker than
 Molasses.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Where do you live?

MOLLY TEAGAN
Just two more blocks down.
(beat)
So, you never answered my question.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
What's that?

MOLLY TEAGAN
Why are you wandering the streets?

BARRINGTON DAVIES
I'm here to collect a tally.

MOLLY TEAGAN
A tally? For what?

BARRINGTON DAVIES
For immortality of course?

MOLLY TEAGAN
Immortality? But everyone dies.

Molly and Barrington pass an alleyway.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Quite right my lovely.

Barrington grabs Molly, pulls her into a headlock and drags her into alley. He pushes her up against a white brick wall. He places his hand over her mouth.

BARRINGTON DAVIES (CONT'D)
If you scream, I'll kill you. Are you going to scream?

Molly move's her head slightly side to side. Barrington takes his hand off her mouth.

BARRINGTON DAVIES (CONT'D)
What do you do for work?

MOLLY TEAGAN
I'm a barmaid.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
I thought you were a whore. Pity really, but you'll have to do.

MOLLY TEAGAN
 (shaking)
 Do for what?

BARRINGTON DAVIES
 A prostitute has no reason to live.
 But I have a time constraint you
 see.

MOLLY TEAGAN
 Please!

BARRINGTON DAVIES
 (soothing voice)
 Sshh! Look at me, look at me.

Tears fill Molly's eyes as she looks into Barrington's eyes. He jams his blade into the terrified woman's stomach and twists it in.

While dying, Molly slowly slides down wall. With her head tilted upward, the dead woman looks up at her killer.

BARRINGTON DAVIES (CONT'D)
 Why are you looking at me like
 that?
 (beat)
 Why do you stare?

With irritation, Barrington stoops down to gouge out the dead woman's eyes. He removes his glove, dips his finger in her bloody eye socket and writes something on the white brick.

Barrington steps out of the alley, looks both ways, flips his cloak and slowly walks off into the foggy night.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A CROWD OF PEOPLE stands at the murder scene attempting to look around the UNIFORMED OFFICERS blocking the entrance to the alley.

Detectives Nichols, Kelly and Sergeant Nelson stand before the murdered girl.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
 Anyone know who she was?

SERGEANT NELSON
 Yes, one of the locals said she
 worked at Jake's Tavern as a
 barmaid. Her name's Molly.

JACK KELLY

So this one's not a hoor?

SERGEANT NELSON

No, by all accounts a nice girl.

Kelly squats down to examines between her legs.

JACK KELLY

She doesn't have any parts missing.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Maybe the murderer thought poking
her eyes out sufficed.

Kelly picks up a lantern and shines it on the wall behind Molly. He begins reading aloud.

JACK KELLY

"Fourth for Talley. Catch me when
you can."

Kelly turns to face Nichols. He gathers his thoughts.

TERRENE NICHOLS

What?

JACK KELLY

I suppose that message confirms
your theory about his intentions.

SERGEANT NELSON

What theory?

TERRENCE NICHOLS

That this maniac is going to kill
one more woman.

SERGEANT NELSON

Jesus, what about his other
arrogant message? Catch me when you
can? What are we going to do about
it?

JACK KELLY

Try to catch the son of a bitch.
That's what they pay us for isn't
it?

EXT. SOUTH MANHATTAN PRECINCT - DAY

A large crowd of angry citizens is gathered outside the precinct.

Some of them are holding signs saying "Do something" and "Get Beau the Blade", "No justice for the poor".

Nichols and Kelly walk up the stairs of the station house to begin their evening shift.

JACK KELLY

So, you think the cat's out of the bag?

TERRENCE NICHOLS

My intuition says yes.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Kelly and Nichols walk up to the front desk, where Sergeant Nelson is working.

SERGEANT NELSON

Captain Duffy wants to see you.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

What a surprise.

JACK KELLY

Not a good way to start the shift.

The two detectives slither into the Captain's office. In anger, Duffy holds up a newspaper.

CONNER DUFFY

Have you lads seen this yet?

The headline of the paper reads:

"BEAU THE BLADE KILLS AGAIN".

JACK KELLY

Catchy name.

CONNER DUFFY

This is exactly what I didn't want to happen.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Yes sir, sorry.

CONNER DUFFY

Well what do you propose I do?

JACK KELLY

We can start by posting uniformed coppers on every corner of the Points.

CONNER DUFFY

Molly Teagan wasn't killed in the Points.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

She was one block outta the Points. The killer's not exactly straying from the nest.

CONNER DUFFY

You have a line on any suspects?

JACK KELLY

None yet.

CONNER DUFFY

Do you know anything?

TERRENCE NICHOLS

The man's been described as tall, wealthy, well spoken--

JACK KELLY

(interrupts)

We think the killer must be a surgeon.

CONNER DUFFY

Why? Because he's carving them up? Maybe he's a butcher.

JACK KELLY

How many butchers you know wear expensive clothes and have the bearing of a gentlemen?

TERRENCE NICHOLS

No sir, a surgeon's a rich man's trade.

CONNER DUFFY

That's something at least. Any line on his age?

JACK KELLY

The Madame at the hoor house said he was late twenties to early thirties.

CONNER DUFFY

Alright, lets start by going to every hospital in the Manhattan and interviewing the chief residents about all their young surgeons. Find out if any of them have any been acting strangely.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Jack, I can handle that if you go the hall of records and look at every licensed surgeon in our age range.

JACK KELLY

There's one more thing Chief.

CONNER DUFFY

What?

JACK KELLY

This bastard's going to kill again within the next forty-eight hours.

CONNER DUFFY

He's killed four women in a week, so I say that's a safe bet.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

He's left messages saying he's got a tally of five.

JACK KELLY

Like I said, we need those coppers on the street sir.

CONNER DUFFY

I'll get Tammany to authorize the extra payroll, pull men off vacation and have everyone working extra shifts. Anything else?

KELLY AND NICHOLS

(in unison)

No.

CONNER DUFFY

Then get to it.

EXT. RESTAURANT - MORNING

Detectives Nichols and Kelly have finished their shift and have stopped to have some breakfast at a local street cafe.

JACK KELLY

Any luck at the hospitals?

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Yes, I found out two young surgeons have been caught drinking on the job at the state hospital. And that young Doctor Clark has screwed nearly every nurse at Mount Sinai.

JACK KELLY

I'm in the wrong profession.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

A dashing copper like yourself. You should be cleaning up.

JACK KELLY

(rolls eyes)

The girls are jumping outta the woodwork to court me.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

What about you? Any luck sorting out our candidates?

JACK KELLY

I narrowed it down to a few surgeons by age and where they live.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

How many fit our profile?

JACK KELLY

Eight or so.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Jesus boyo, we're running outta time. We'll need to narrow it down fast.

JACK KELLY

You're preaching to the choir.

A group of angry locals approach the two detectives. At the front of the Ad Hoc Citizen's Committee, is a big Irish loudmouth named DERMOTT DONAGHUE.

DERMOTT DONAGHUE

Look lads, it's our fine public servants enjoying a nice meal while women are being slaughtered in the streets.

CROWD MEMBER #1

Yeah, what are you doing to catch the killer?

TERRENCE NICHOLS

We been working all night and have a right to eat.

DERMOTT DONAGHUE

Not when Beau the Blade is gouging out the eyes of barmaids and writing you love notes in their blood.

JACK KELLY

Don't try to reason with these mutts Terry. Just shoot the son of a bitch.

Nichols takes a sip of coffee and bite of his toast.

Donaghue gets up close to Nichols and yells in his face.

DERMOTT DONAGHUE

Now I want to know what's being done you bastard. You ain't being paid to lounge.

Nichols calmly folds his napkin, stands up.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

You want to know what's being done?

DERMOTT DONAGHUE

That's what I said you dizzy flatfoot.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Here's the full report.

Nichols head butts Donaghue, sending him flying back into his companions.

ANOTHER MAN takes a wild swing at Nichols.

Nichols pivots back and punches the man in the stomach.

The man doubles forward from the blow.

With a powerful punch, Nichols hits the man in the chin.
A THIRD MAN jumps forward and hits Nichols in the jaw.
Nichols stumbles backwards, knocking dishes off the table.
Kelly pulls his Navy Colt and SHOOTs into the air.

JACK KELLY

I'll kill the next man that so much
as twitches.

Donaghue stands up and puts a handkerchief to his bloody
noggin.

DERMOTT DONAGHUE

We can rush you and shove that gun
up your ass.

Nichols pulls his pistol, then stands next to his partner.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Sure, you can do that Dermott. But
I'll blow your god damn head off
first.

For several tense seconds, Donaghue and Nichols stand giving
each other the stink eye.

Donaghue spits on the ground in front of the armed
detectives. He turns to his men.

DERMOTT DONAGHUE

Let's go boys.

The mob dejectedly walks off.

Nichols and Kelly sit back down at their table and begin
eating again.

INT. SOUTH MANHATTAN PRECINCT - DAY

The main lobby and office of the station house is jammed
packed with UNIFORMED OFFICERS. A meeting is being officiated
by Conner Duffy and Sergeant Nelson.

CONNER DUFFY

Lads, in two hours, we will execute
a joint venture with the North
Manhattan Precinct.

At the command of Mayor Hoffman with authorization from Governor Fenton, our departments have been ordered to send in a large force of officers to evict all residents of a tenement house known as the Old Brewery, located in the Five Points.

There is a sudden CHATTER amongst the officers.

OFFICER #1

You'd better call in the army for that one chief.

The precinct breaks out LAUGHING.

CONNER DUFFY

We'll be going in with two hundred officers, one of the largest forces ever assembled for a New York police raid. Captain Jerry Shannon and I will be leading the operation and my second in command

(points)

Will be the able Sergeant Joe Nelson.

Nelson bows to APPLAUSE.

CONNER DUFFY

Alright, alright. that'll be enough. You all know the brewery is the worst shithole in the Points. We'll divide our force into ten teams and will go through every nook and cranny to clear out every soul in the building. When Captain Shannon and I are satisfied the building is cleared. It will be demolished by dynamite. Any questions?

OFFICER #2

Yes, what's our orders for subduing occupants?

CONNER DUFFY

We're going in heavily armed with pistols, rifles and black jacks. If anyone resists, you're authorized to use deadly force. This operation begins at sun up.

EXT. THE OLD BREWERY - NIGHT

COURTHALDS BREWERY sits on Cross Street, just past Paradise Square. It is dilapidated three story building with several chimneys and lots of broken windows.

INT. THE OLD BREWERY - CONTINUOUS

Dressed in dark clothes, a long overcoat and watch cap, Barrington enters the building. The sound of wailing SCREAMS, infants CRYING, YELLING and general mayhem permeates the air. Barrington coughs on the smell, as he cautiously moves down the hallway of the first floor.

African American gang members, wives and their kids occupy the first floor of the building. Even in the middle of the night, people are up cooking, having sex, smoking opium and milling about.

Barrington carries a silver cane in his left hand. He is wearing a knife and sheath on his right leg. He walks past a dozen open rooms unnoticed, heading for the staircase that leads upstairs to "Murderers Row".

At the end of the first floor hallway, Two African American THUGS 20s, holding clubs with nails walk out of the last room and cut off Barrington's advance.

THUG #2

What do we have here?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Evening boys, why don't you step aside and let me be on my way.

THUG #1

You're not with the Dead Rabbits are you?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

No, I'm independent.

THUG #1

Better drop that knife before I cave your skull in.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Gentlemen, we have no quarrel, step aside.

THUG #1

I'll have that knife or I'll pry it outta your dead hand.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
You'll pay hell doing it.

Thug #1 swings his club down toward Barrington's skull.

With his cane, Barrington blocks the club. He thrusts his knife into Thug number one's belly. He steps back and pulls the scabbard off his cane, exposing a long, razor sharp sword.

Thug #1 falls to the floor.

Swinging the nail end of his club, Thug #2 hits Barrington on the shoulder.

Barrington smiles, grabs the club and slashes Thug #2 across the throat.

Bleeding out, Thug #2 stares in disbelief, then collapses.

Barrington quickly grabs Thug #2 and drags him back into his apartment. He comes out and pulls the other dead man inside. He enters the stairway and walks up the rickety steps to Murderers Row.

SECOND FLOOR (MURDERER'S ROW)

Barrington slowly walks out of the stairwell and begins cautiously moving down the hall.

DEAD RABBITS occupy all the rooms on the second floor. They're the meanest Irish gang in the points. Only a crazy man would dare enter their lair. They're doing the same thing their neighbors downstairs are doing. They also have several prostitutes plying their trade at the end of the hall. But mostly with residents of the brewery.

Barrington lowers his head as he passes a couple of Rabbits walking down the hall.

As Barrington approaches the end of the hall, NASTY NELLIE (29) a robust looking whore kicks a client out of her filthy room. She looks over at Barrington.

NASTY NELLIE
Hey cutey, a fuck for a buck. How
about it?

Barrington puts on a phony Irish accent.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
What's your name beauty?

NASTY NELLIE

(cackles)

Beauty is it? Go on with ya. My name's Nellie.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Nellie, would you believe I'm looking for a bride? You could be my fifth.

NASTY NELLIE

Five wives and you look barely thirty.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

I can't keep them at home. They just can't satisfy my lust.

Nellie pulls Barrington inside her apartment.

NASTY NELLIE

Hell, I'll give it a go.

INT. THE OLD BREWERY - FIRST FLOOR

OTIS LA Fleur (30), sits in his rundown apartment with his wife BELLE (28) and Son JESSE (12). He is leader of the African American gang called the Tainted Saints.

OTIS LA FLEUR

JESSE, go down to see Leon and Flopsy and get your daddy a ball of opium.

(tosses coin)

Go on.

HALLWAY

Jesse quickly gets up, runs out the door and down the hall. He knocks at the last apartment by the stairwell. He gets no answer.

LEON'S APARTMENT

He opens the door, walks in and jumps back when he sees the two dead men.

JESSE LA FLEUR

Damn!

The boy looks over on the table, sees a bag of opium and grabs it.

HALLWAY

Jessie runs back down the hall into the open door of his apartment.

LA FLEUR APARTMENT

He hands his father the opium.

OTIS LA FLEUR

Hey boy, you got that whole bag for five dollars.

JESSE LA FLEUR

Leon and Flopsy are dead.

OTIS LA FLEUR

What?

JESSE LA FLEUR

They're all cut up. Dead Rabbits must have got em.

OTIS LA FLEUR

(stands up)

Show me.

HALLWAY

Otis and Jessie walk down to the end of the first floor and go inside the last apartment.

LEON'S APARTMENT

With utter disgust, Otis sees Flopsy and Leon laying neatly on the floor like slaughtered lambs.

OTIS LA FLEUR (CONT'D)

Son, there's gonna more blood spilled tonight.

HALLWAY

OTIS and JESSE walk back down. Otis begins banging on doors and yelling instructions to his crew.

OTIS LA FLEUR (CONT'D)

Get your shit, we're going upstairs.

WILLIAM TECUMSAH, a beast of a man comes out in the hall. He has big, nappy hair, with muscles on top of muscles.

WILLIAM TECUMSAH

What's going on?

FREDERICK LA FLEUR

The Rabbits sliced up Leon and Flopsy.

OTIS LA FLEUR

We're gonna pay em a call. Get a club or a knife.

WILLIAM TECUMSAH

(growls)

Don't need no weapon.

NASTY NELLIE'S APARTMENT

Nellie lies on her bed naked, carved up like a Christmas goose. Her intestines are piled on top of her stomach and her ears are sliced off.

Barrington finishes up writing on her wall in blood. He turns, bows to Nellie's body.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

My dear, that was the most delightful evening I've had in a while. I hate to cut and run but--

Barrington hears a GUNSHOT and commotion down the hallway. He peeks out the door of the apartment and sees two dozen Tainted Saints running into Murderers Row.

MURDERER'S ROW

The DEAD RABBITS are taken by surprise. They begin coming out of their rooms to meet the attackers in various states of dress with pipes, knives, cleavers and clubs. Some of their women also come out with rolling pins, kitchen knives and pans.

BRADEN BURNS (29), leader of the Rabbits, emerges from his apartment with a hatchet in his hands. He is brawny and bare chested with long hair.

BRADEN BURNS

(yells)

Come on lads!

The hallway is a narrow battlefield with gang members SLASHING, KICKING, PUNCHING, HEAD BUTTING, GOUGING, BITING and occasional GUNFIRE.

Barrington continues to watch the fight from Nellie's room.

William Tecumseh comes lumbering down the hall throwing Dead Rabbits around like rag dolls.

Barrington slips out of Nellie's apartment. He quickly heads for the stairwell. He dodges men fighting and slips through to the end second floor.

From behind, William Tecumseh grabs Barrington's collar. The brawny giant yanks him back into the fight zone.

WILLIAM TECUMSAH

(roars)

Come back here coward!

Barrington slips out of his coat and pulls his sword cane out. He steps forward, attempting to lance the giant.

William hits Barrington in the jaw with a tremendous right that knocks him on his ass.

Barrington shakes it off. He gets up running at William.

William lifts Barrington off the ground and throws him over his head. He picks up Barrington's sword and tries to stab him.

Rolling behind him, Barrington pulls his knife from it's sheath and sweeps the blade across William's Popliteal artery.

William SCREAMS with blood gushing from his wound, then drops to his knees.

In a rage, Barrington rears back with both hands and sinks his blade into William's forehead.

INT. THE OLD BREWERY - FIRST FLOOR

Teams of coppers enter the building like a plague of locusts. They begin going in rooms, yanking out SCREAMING women and WAILING children.

Barrington comes out of the stairwell and walks through chaos. As he heads for the front door, a BIG COP tries to grab him.

BIG COP

Where you think you're going?

Barrington pivots around and slashes the cop's face with his sword.

The Big Cop sinks to the floor.

With the continuing melee around him, Barrington calmly walks out of the Old Brewery.

INT. OLD BREWERY SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT.

COPPERS are clearing out the rest of the Dead Rabbits, Tainted Saints and their families. They go room to room pulling out anyone still left inside.

Sergeant Nelson and Two coppers enter Nasty Nellie's Room. They collectively GASP upon looking at her badly mutilated corpse.

Nelson reads the writing on the wall out loud.

SERGEANT NELSON

"What a feat, the tally's complete."

(pauses)

Jesus, Mary and the saints, Beau the Blade's been here.

COPPER ONE

Is that blood on the wall?

SERGEANT NELSON

It sure is boyo.

Copper Two sees something on the floor and picks it up.

COPPER TWO

Hey look at this.

SERGEANT NELSON

What is it lad?

COPPER TWO

It's a wallet.

INT. SOUTH MANHATTAN PRECINCT - DAY.

The police station and jail is overflowing with residents of the Old Brewery that have been displaced after the demolition of the decaying hell hole.

Fussing women in tattered clothes and half starved, ghostly pale children, some of whom haven't seen the light of day for years, are being fed by some uniformed coppers.

Sergeant Nelson and several other coppers are processing people as quickly as possible. And, kicking them out into the streets. Some of the worst criminals are being held in the overflowing cells.

Detectives Kelly and Nichols walk into the station after an evening of interviewing surgeons for possible suspects.

From his office, Connor sees them come in and waves them inside.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Nichols and Kelly enter the Captain's office.

CONNER DUFFY
(jovial)
Come on in lads.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
It's a bloody madhouse out there.

CONNER DUFFY
Yes, it's a divine chaos.

JACK KELLY
Congratulations on the raid. We heard it was quite a circus.

CONNER DUFFY
Thank you Jack.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
(looks around)
What are you going to with them all?

CONNER DUFFY
Some of them are going to prison, some of the kids are going to orphanages and the worst cases to Bellevue.
(beat)
I have something that will interest you lads.

JACK KELLY
What is it?

Duffy pulls a wallet out of his desk drawer and hands it to Kelly.

CONNER DUFFY

While they were clearing out the brewery, we found that in one of the whore's dens.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Was it stolen?

CONNER DUFFY

I don't think so. The women was butchered in the most vile fashion I've ever seen. And there was writing on the wall of the room.

JACK KELLY

What did it say?

CONNER DUFFY

"What a feat, the tally's complete."

Kelly opens the wallet and pulls out a business card.

JACK KELLY

(reads aloud)

Barrington Davies? Holy mother of Mary, this guy's a surgeon.

CONNER DUFFY

He belongs to Daniel Davies of American Steel.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

The guy who bought the brewery?

Kelly pulls a paper list out of his pocket and reads the names.

JACK KELLY

This guy's on my list of suspects. He works at Presbyterian Hospital.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Well, what are waiting for? Let's go get the mad bastard.

CONNER DUFFY

I want this handled discreetly. His father's the hero of the city right now.

JACK KELLY

Discreetly? His son's bloody Beau the Blade.

CONNER DUFFY

I know. But let's bring the lad in with the least embarrassment to his father. The man's got friends in the highest places.

JACK KELLY

What does that mean?

CONNER DUFFY

It means the Mayor Hoffman came by this morning to congratulate me on the brewery raid. And then asked me about the progress on Beau the Blade.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

And what did you tell him?

CONNER DUFFY

Exactly what I told you. Now he wants this maniac taken and brought in to Bellevue quietly.

JACK KELLY

If this Barrington is the killer, we should hang him from the public square.

CONNER DUFFY

(raises voice)

Now hear me good on this you stubborn Mick. There's something you haven't considered.

JACK KELLY

What's that?

CONNER DUFFY

If the folks in the Points find out Beau's the son of the man who destroyed the brewery, what do think will happen?

TERRENCE NICHOLS

A full blown riot.

CONNER DUFFY

Listen to the voice of wisdom over there. Now, do what I ask. Let's get this guy off the streets quietly.

Kelly hangs his head and nods dejectedly.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Let's go.

CONNER DUFFY

Don't look so disappointed. The good Lord's handing us this asshole on a silver platter.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Barrington stands whistling in the bathroom shaving with a straight razor.

In the reflection of the large mirror, he can see a smoky, charcoal mist surrounded by flames. Barrington calmly continues to shave.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

I've been expecting you.

BACALOU

So you no longer believe I only dwelled in your dreams.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Not since the day I fought in Central Park.

BACALOU

Yes, in addition to my wives, you've destroyed anyone who obstructed you.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Without a shred of regret.

BACALOU

You've done well. And what of the women who were sacrificed?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

They were nothing. Whores that won't be missed.

BACALOU

They are fine wives for Bacalou.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

There's only one thing.

BACALOU

Yes?

BARRINGTON DAVIES
I rather enjoyed it.

BACALOU
Enjoyed what?

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Collecting the tally.

BACALOU
That's why I answered Papa Legba.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
What do you mean?

BACALOU
I knew your heart was black. It's
well you enjoy your new vocation.

Barrington wipes his face after shaving.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
(smiles)
Well then, I'll see you in twenty
years.

BACALOU
Live well my prince.

The misty image fades in the mirror. And Barrington hears a
loud knock at his bedroom door. He walks over and opens it.

A man servant stands there waiting.

MAN SERVANT
Sir, there's a woman here to see
you?

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Who?

MAN SERVANT
A Miss Valentin.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Really? Show the lady into the
parlour and tell her I'll be right
down.

MAN SERVANT
Very good sir.

INT. PARLOUR - DAY

In a gorgeous white dress with a bustle, Genevieve sits drinking tea. It's a pretty room with plush drapes, magnificent paintings and gold trimmed, Louis XVI furniture.

Barrington enters the room wearing a black suit.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

What a wonderful surprise.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Yes it is. Sorry to just show up like this.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Nonsense. I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. But I had a late night.

Barrington hugs the attractive woman. He looks at her, kisses her softly.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

What are you doing in New York?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

I came here to see you.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

How flattering you thought of me.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

You're a little hard to forget. And, honestly, I was worried about you.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Worried about me? I fought in the war. I'm quite durable my dear.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

(serious)

I went back to see Jean-Philippe and we consulted the Tarot.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Really? And what did they say?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Have you ever heard the name Bacalou?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

I've heard of Baccarat. But never
Bacalou? What is it?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

He is the most evil of the Loa.
Jean-Philippe thought it might be
possible he invoked his presence on
the night of the fulfillment
ceremony.

Barrington puts his hands on Genevieve's shoulders.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

That night in New Orleans was
delightful fun. But you don't
really believe in the mystic arts
of voodoo?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

(indignant)

Monsieur, where I come from we have
great respect for it and know well
it's nothing to be trifled with.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Darling, look at me. I'm the same
old Barry. Now, it's a beautiful
spring day. Let me show you the
sights of New York.

Barrington gently touches Genevieve's face.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

I'm fine. Let me take you to
Delmonico's for lunch.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Alright.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

The servant answers the door to find Detective's Nichols,
Kelly and several UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

MAN SERVANT

May I help you gentlemen?

JACK KELLY

Is Barrington Davies at home?

MAN SERVANT

May I inquire what this is about?

JACK KELLY

I have a warrant for his arrest.

Daniel Davies walks out to the door.

DANIEL DAVIES

I'm Daniel Davies. What is the meaning of this?

TERRENCE NICHOLS

We have a warrant for the arrest of your son.

DANIEL DAVIES

On what charge?

JACK KELLY

Murder.

DANIEL DAVIES

That's ridiculous. My son's a respected surgeon.

Kelly holds up Barrington's wallet, waves it around,

JACK KELLY

We found this at a murder scene last night. Where is he?

DANIEL DAVIES

Barrington is not home right now.

TERRENCE NICHOLS

Where is he Mister Davies?

DANIEL DAVIES

He's out to lunch with a female companion.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

In a two-seat horse and buggy, Barrington and Genevieve are returning from Delmonico's. A half block from his father's home, Barrington sees the officers standing on his doorstep. He stops the carriage abruptly.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

What's wrong?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Darling, this is where you and I must part company.

Barrington jumps out of the buggy and opens the door for Genevieve.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Please, go.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
Something's wrong my darling.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Just a little change in my plans.

Barrington pull Genevieve in and gently kisses here.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Don't worry my beauty. All will be well.

Barrington quickly steps back into the carriage, whips the horse and drives off at a brisk pace.

Having left her bags in the Davies Home, Genevieve walks down to the Brownstone. There, she finds the authorities speaking with Daniel and his butler.

MAN SERVANT
(points)
That's the woman Barrington left with earlier.

Kelly walks down the steps to greet Genevieve.

JACK KELLY
I'm detective Jack Kelly of the New York Police.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
I'm Genevieve Valentin.

JACK KELLY
Nice to meet you. I'm glad you're alright ma'am.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
Why, what's going on?

Kelly pulls Genevieve aside from the others.

JACK KELLY
We think Davies might have hurt some people.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
I was afraid something might
happen.

JACK KELLY
What do you mean?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
If I told you, you wouldn't believe
me.

JACK KELLY
Try me.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
Barrington and I met in New Orleans
and went to a ceremony together--

JACK KELLY
And?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
I think he maybe under the spell of
some Voodoo Loa. a bad Loa.

JACK KELLY
What's a Loa?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
A voodoo God. And in this case, a
very evil one.

JACK KELLY
Where is he?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
He dropped me off down the block
and said he had to leave.

Kelly walks back up the steps to Nichols.

JACK KELLY
She says our bird has flown the
coop. Let gets some men over to
Port Chester. And you and I can
take the wagon to Hoboken Station.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
What about the woman?

JACK KELLY
(looks at Genevieve)
For now, we'll take her into
protective custody.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
 Alright, but you can be her
 nursemaid.

JACK KELLY
 I'd love to.

Kelly walks back down to Genevieve.

JACK KELLY (CONT'D)
 Miss Valentin, we're going to take
 you with us. Just to keep you safe
 for today.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
 Can I get my bags first?

JACK KELLY
 Of course.

Kelly barks up to a copper.

JACK KELLY
 Jerry, can you get the woman's bags
 please?

COPPER ONE
 No problem.

Kelly walks Genevieve over to a waiting paddy wagon. He opens
 the back door and motions her inn. He looks over at Nichols.

JACK KELLY
 I'm going to ride with Miss
 Valentine.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
 (smiles)
 I'll bet you are.

Jerry brings Genevieve's bags and loads them in the wagon.

Kelly climbs into the back and closes the door.

DANIEL DAVIES
 (to Nichols)
 Please try not to harm my son.

TERRENCE NICHOLS
 Alright.

Nichols walks down the stairs of the Brownstone and gets in
 the front of the wagon with Jerry.

TERRENCE NICHOLS (CONT'D)
Hoboken Station Boyo.

The young officers shakes the reins of the horse.

JERRY
Heeyaw!

INT. PADDY WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

Kelly sits next to Genevieve.

JACK KELLY
So how do you like New York so far?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
Haven't seen much of yet. But it's
big.

JACK KELLY
It is at that.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
I just had lunch at Delmonico's and
that was nice.

JACK KELLY
Out of my price range.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
How badly did Barry hurt these
people?

JACK KELLY
He may have killed five women.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
That's horrible.

JACK KELLY
Yes it is.

Genevieve stares at Kelly for a few seconds.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
You're Ti Jean Quinto.

JACK KELLY
Who's that?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
He's my protector.

JACK KELLY
(smiles)
I guess I am.

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Kelly and Genevieve enter a small row house.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kelly and his guest enter the kitchen where his MOTHER sits reading and having some tea. She's a pretty older woman wearing nightclothes.

DAIREANN KELLY
Oh heavens Jack, I didn't know you were bringing company home. I must look a sight.

JACK KELLY
You look fine Ma. This is Genevieve. She's going to be staying with us for a few days.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
It's nice to meet you. I hope I'm not imposing?

DAIREANN KELLY
No, any friend of my son... where do you know each other from?

JACK KELLY
Ma, she's involved in the case.

DAIREANN KELLY
She's mixed up in the Beau the Blade mess?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
I'm afraid I am.

DAIREANN KELLY
Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

JACK KELLY
Alright Ma. I'm giving her my room and I'll sleep on the sofa.

DAIREANN KELLY
That thing's hard as a rock.

JACK KELLY
I'll be alright for a few nights.

Daireann heads out of the kitchen.

DAIREANN KELLY
Well I'm going to bed. I'll have
breakfast for you both in the
morning.

JACK KELLY
Thanks Ma.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
(smiles)
Your mother's sweet. I can tell.

JACK KELLY
She's a keeper. So I'll get some
fresh linens for you.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
Thanks for putting me up. I could
have found a hotel or something.

JACK KELLY
Nonsense. It'll be nice having a
guest for a few days.

Kelly points to the table and chairs.

JACK KELLY (CONT'D)
Sit down please, I'll pour you some
tea before you go to bed.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
I wouldn't mind something stronger
if you have it.

JACK KELLY
We're Irish, we have it. How about
some bourbon?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
Perfect. So what's your story Jack.
How come you're not married?

JACK KELLY
Well, I had a girl before I went
away to the war. But she didn't
wait for me.

Kelly grabs two shot glasses from the cabinet and pours the
whiskey.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Well no offense, but she was a damn fool.

JACK KELLY

How do know, you just met me today?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

I make up my mind pretty fast.

JACK KELLY

Like you did with Davies?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Well, we can't always be right.

Kelly takes a shot and pours another.

JACK KELLY

Oh well, you're here now. So your judgment's clearly improving.

Genevieve raises her glass in the air.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Cheers Jack.

JACK KELLY

(toasts)
Down the hatch.

Genevieve takes a few sips, then downs the entire drink.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

Now that is a perfect end to a strange day.

JACK KELLY

So who do you belong to back in New Orleans?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

I belong to the Governor of Louisiana.

JACK KELLY

Do you work for him?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

No, he's my father. Henry J. Valentin.

JACK KELLY

I heard of a general by that name
who was a hero at Vicksburg.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

That's my father.

JACK KELLY

So the Kelly's are hosting the
governor's daughter. What else do
you do?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

I went to college during the war
and got my liberal arts degree.

JACK KELLY

An educated woman. Now I really
feel like a bumpkin.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

You're no bumpkin Jack. You're Ti
Jean Quinto.

Kelly pours two more drinks.

JACK KELLY

Tell me more about this fellow.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

He's the Loa that takes the form of
police officers. Before I left New
Orleans, Jean-Philippe, my shaman,
told me you would be looking out
for me.

JACK KELLY

Well, I'm a non practicing
catholic. But it sounds like Jean-
Philippe knows what he's doing.

Genevieve leans in and kisses Jack on the cheek.

JACK KELLY

What was that for?

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN

I came to New York to warn someone.
But the Loa put you in my path
instead.

JACK KELLY

(raises glass)
Here's to the Loa then.

GENEVIEVE VALENTIN
 (raises glass)
 To the Loa!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. DUTFIELD'S YARD - NIGHT

WHITECHAPEL, LONDON, TWENTY YEARS LATER

ELIZABETH STRIDE (44) stands on the corner of Berner Street in front of a large gate looking for a client. She is a haggard prostitute wearing a black dress and black feathered hat.

Only twenty-five yards away, there is a NOISY BAR,

A well dressed GENTLEMAN in top hat and long coat slowly walks up to the hooker and smiles.

ELIZABETH STRIDE
 Hello handsome. What's a nice lad
 like you doing out here?

GENTLEMAN
 I couldn't sleep and decided to
 take a walk.

ELIZABETH STRIDE
 Why don't you let Long Liz fix you
 up, to help you relax, eh?

GENTLEMAN
 How much?

STRIDE
 Eight pence ought to do it.

GENTLEMAN
 Well Liz, I'm feeling generous
 tonight. What would you say to a
 two quid note?

ELIZABETH STRIDE
 Will you marry me?

The man CHUCKLES for a moment.

GENTLEMAN
 I like you Liz. Let me just get my
 money.

The Man reaches into his pocket for something.

Long Liz sees something reflect in the moonlight.

ELIZABETH STRIDE

Hey, what you got there sweetie?

With a ferocious and swift strike, the Gentleman slashes Stride's throat.

Stride feels the blood gushing out of her wound. She stumbles backward onto the hard cobblestone pavement.

Seconds later, the bar manager, LOUIS DIEMSCHUTZ (25) rides up in a pony cart.

The Gentleman killer steps behind the big gate.

Diemschutz sees something lying on the pavement but cannot make it out in the dark. He reaches his whip down to probe the object. He jumps out of his cart and lights a match to see better.

LOUIS DIEMSCHUTZ

My God, My God!

Diemschutz runs back into the bar screaming.

LOUIS DIEMSCHUTZ

Murder, there's been a murder.

The Gentleman steps out from behind the gate and quickly walks off.

EXT. WORKINGMAN'S SOCIAL CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Several men with lanterns in hand run outside.

BAR PATRON ONE

Who's been killed.

LOUIS DIEMSCHUTZ

(points)

Over by the gate.

The men walk over and hold lanterns over the body.

BAR PATRON TWO

That's Long Liz. Her throat's been cut. Go find the police.

EXT. ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH - NIGHT

CATHERINE EDDOWES (46) stands in front of old cathedral from the Middle Ages. She is wearing a black jacket and dark green flouncy skirt. On her feet, are men's lace up boots and a black straw bonnet atop her head.

The same Gentleman from the yard approaches Catherine.

GENTLEMAN

Hello love, how are you this evening?

CATHERINE EDDOWES

Hello young cock, I'm a bit drunk. But that's alright. How are you?

GENTLEMAN

My bloods up. I need a woman. What's your name luv?

CATHERINE EDDOWES

My friends call me Kate. So you need a woman. Well, what can I do to help?

GENTLEMAN

Why don't we fuck until neither of us can stand up anymore?

CATHERINE EDDOWES

Oh, I like that idea. Just a little exchange of remuneration first.

The Man reaches into his coat, pulls out a bill and hands it to the prostitute.

MAN

How does that suit you old girl?

CATHERINE EDDOWES

(cackles)
That's a two pound note.

GENTLEMAN

I like you Kate.

CATHERINE EDDOWES

I'm going to do you six ways from Sunday.

The Man extends his arm.

GENTLEMAN

Shall we retire to someplace a little more private and less religious.

Eddowes take's the stranger's arm.

CATHERINE EDDOWES

I'm with you luv.

EXT. MITRE SQUARE - MINUTES LATER

Catherine and the Gentleman walk up to a deserted area in front of an old warehouse.

CATHERINE EDDOWES

How about right here luv?

GENTLEMAN

This will be fine.

CATHERINE EDDOWES

I'm going to make you so hard luv.

The stranger walks up close to Catherine and rubs up against her. He holds her hands above her head against the wall.

GENTLEMAN

I'm harder than hell already.

CATHERINE EDDOWES

Thank's for the two pounder. Why so generous?

GENTLEMAN

I was supposed to give it to a new friend. But she didn't need it. You won't need it either.

CATHERINE EDDOWES

(eyes widen)

What?

The stranger jams a knife into Catherine's kidney.

A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM goes unheard, as Catherine slides to the ground.

The Gentleman uses his knees to pin Catherine's arms and begins carving on her cheeks while she SCREAMS in a high pitched wail.

The Gentleman coldly looks into Catherine's terrified eyes.

GENTLEMAN

Hardest two quid you ever earned
eh?

The Man raises his long knife in the air.

Catherine SCREAMS.

The man slashes her throat.

EXT. MITRE SQUARE - 1:45 A.M.

A uniformed officer, PC EDWARD WATKINS, walks the area with his baton and lantern in hand. Under the dim gas lamp, he sees something lying on the ground. He walks over and holds up his lamp.

Catherine lies mutilated in giant pool of blood.

PC WATKINS

Good god!

Watkins grabs the whistle around his neck and starts blowing frantically.

INT. LONDON LOFT - NIGHT

DOCTOR MORTIMER FORTESCUE (28) is having a party at his home. He's a good looking, successful surgeon with a cross section of society friends. The apartment is large but with Spartan furnishings. On the main wall of the spacious front room, there is a collection of African tribal and Caribbean voodoo masks.

Mortimer stands speaking with one his colleagues Doctor PAUL HENRY (32).

PAUL HENRY

Have you read Conan Doyle's latest?

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

No, I haven't had the pleasure.
What's it called?

PAUL HENRY

Hound of the Baskervilles old boy.
The intrepid Sherlock Holmes and
his trusty colleague Dr. Watson.

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

What's it about?

PAUL HENRY

Oh, there's a large hellhound that murders people including the great lord of a mansion on the moors. It's brilliant.

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

I'll have to borrow it when you're finished.

PAUL HENRY

The reason I mentioned it, is that one of the characters is named Mortimer.

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

Well Mister Doyle must have received my payment. I told him he simply must name a character after me.

Dr. Henry looks at Mortimer seriously for a moment.

PAUL HENRY

You're joking.

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

Of course I am you silly man. Well, at least we know which one of us would be Sherlock Holmes in the play.

Both men begin LAUGHING.

Two men, Commissioner ROBERT ANDERSON (47) and Inspector FRED ABBERLINE (45) of the Metropolitan Police walk over to speak with the host.

MORTIMER FETESCUE

Our fine public servants. How are you enjoying the party Robert?

ROBERT ANDERSON

The kippers were quite tasty. But then you always have good food Mortimer.

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

I thought you came because you enjoyed my wit.

ROBERT ANDERSON

(Scotch brogue)
That too laddie!

LAUGHTER.

ROBERT ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Mortimer, I don't think you've met
my friend Fred Abberline.

MORTIMER FETESCUE
No, I haven't.
(extends hand)
A pleasure to meet you.

Abberline firmly grasps Mortimer's hand.

FRED ABBERLINE
A pleasure to make your
acquaintance.

MORTIMER FORTESCUE
This is my dear friend and
colleague Dr. Paul Henry.

Paul Henry and Abberline also shake hands.

ROBERT ANDERSON
So, I couldn't help overhearing you
talk about the new Sherlock Holmes.

PAUL HENRY
Great book. But probably not half
as fascinating as your work with
the Met.

ROBERT ANDERSON
If we were only as smart as Holmes,
we'd cleanup London.

MORTIMER FORTESCUE
Speaking of which, how goes it with
old Leather Apron.

PAUL HENRY
You mean Jack the Ripper don't you?

MORTIMER FORTESCUE
Whatever you call him, he's quite
maniacal.

ROBERT ANDERSON
(shakes head)
In all my years with the Met, I've
never seen anything like it.

FRED ABBERLINE

Sir, do you think we should discuss this in public?

ROBERT ANDERSON

It's alright Fred, Mortimer is a most trusted friend.

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

Does Scotland Yard still think Jack is an immigrant butcher?

PAUL HENRY

I heard he was a Whitechapel Jew.

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

Now, now Paul, go easy on the poor Hebrews.

ROBERT ANDERSON

To answer your question Mortimer. No, I don't think the man's a butcher. Fred's recently been transferred to work on the Whitechapel murders. Why don't you get his opinion?

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

Yes Detective Abberline. We amateur criminologists would welcome your thoughts.

FRED ABBERLINE

I'll answer a question with question Dr. Mortimer.

PAUL HENRY

Oh, how cryptic.

FRED ABBERLINE

Last week, our killer removed the kidney and uterus of Catherine Eddowes.

PAUL HENRY

The prostitute killed in Mitre Square?

FRED ABBERLINE

Yes Dr. Henry. He also neatly stacked her intestines on her shoulder.

PAUL HENRY

Bloody bastard.

FRED ABBERLINE

Now, what would you think is his profession? A man who can remove human organs with such precision.

MORTIMER FETESCUE

I would say the man is a surgeon.

FRED ABBERLINE

Precisely.

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

Do you disagree Robert?

ROBERT ANDERSON

I won't shut the door on any theory at this point. But our own Metropolitan surgeon George Phillips doesn't agree. He says the man has no such knowledge.

FRED ABBERLINE

Then I say Phillips is a fool.

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

Detective Abberline, I would be delighted to offer my assistance if you would like.

FRED ABBERLINE

If I showed you some photographs of the Eddowes body, could you render a medical opinion?

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

I'd certainly give it a whirl.

ROBERT ANDERSON

It's settled then. You can go by Mortimer's office at St. Bartholomew's next week and let him have a look.

FRED ABBERLINE

Thank you Doctor Fortescue. I'm sure your assistance will prove invaluable.

MORTIMER FETESCUE

(smiles)

Call me Mortimer.

ROBERT ANDERSON

Well, my glass is empty, if you'll excuse me gentlemen.

PAUL HENRY

Sounds like a capital idea. I'll join you.

Robert and Paul walk towards the kitchen to get fresh drinks.

FRED ABBERLINE

So Mortimer, that's quite a collection of masks you have.

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

Yes, I spent several years gathering them from Africa and the Caribbean.

FRED ABBERLINE

That bloke in the middle... the skull with tufts of hair, who is he?

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

Ah, that's my favorite mask. I picked him up when I was in Haiti a few years back. His name is Bacalou.

FRED ABBERLINE

Who's Bacalou.

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

He's a voodoo Loa.

FRED ABBERLINE

I know nothing about voodoo sir. What's a Loa?

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

They're gods.

FRED ABBERLINE

Oh, like in Greek mythology. Zeus and the like.

MORTIMER FORTESCUE

Exactly.

FRED ABBERLINE

What's he god of?

MORTIMER FORTESCUE
He's the god of evil.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Captain Jack Kelly (46) is having breakfast with his wife Genevieve (44), who after coming to visit New York twenty years earlier, never left.

Genevieve hands her husband the newspaper and pours him more coffee.

JACK KELLY
Thank you my darling.

GENEVIEVE KELLY
You're welcome. So what have you to do today?

JACK KELLY
A stack of station reports; and during lunch, maybe I'll walk an old lady across the street.

GENEVIEVE KELLY
Do you miss being out there with all the thieves and killers?

JACK KELLY
Oh heavens no. I get to supervise the lads who are out there with all the thieves and killers.
(beat)
I miss Junior though.

GENEVIEVE KELLY
I know, I wonder how our dear boy is doing at Princeton?

Kelly unfolds the newspaper and starts reading while chatting.

JACK KELLY
He'll be fine. He got his father's looks and his mother's brains.

GENEVIEVE KELLY
I know your reading your precious New York Globe but didn't you mean that the other way around.

JACK KELLY

No I did not. I'm the beauty in
this house. I netted you didn't I?

GENEVIEVE KELLY

You sure did.

Genevieve walks into the kitchen.

Kelly's eyes widen when he reads the headline.

"NIGHT OF TERROR IN WHITECHAPEL
Jack the Ripper Murders Two Women

INT. KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Genevieve is in the kitchen cleaning when Jack walks in
looking grim.

GENEVIEVE KELLY

What's wrong?

JACK KELLY

I'm going to try to see Mayor
Hewitt today.

GENEVIEVE KELLY

What on earth for?

JACK KELLY

I need to leave for London on the
first available steamer.

GENEVIEVE KELLY

You're frightening me Jack. What
are you talking about?

JACK KELLY

I think Barrington Davies is in
London.

GENEVIEVE KELLY

Come on Jack, I thought you were
never supposed to talk about that.

JACK KELLY

It was one thing for the man to
slink off somewhere and never kill
again. But after reading the paper
I'm convinced Jack the Ripper is
Davies.

GENEVIEVE KELLY

How is it possible? We've heard nothing of him for years. All of sudden he's killing women in London?

JACK KELLY

I tell you in earnest it's so.

GENEVIEVE KELLY

What proof do you have?

JACK KELLY

This man in Whitechapel is mutilating women.

GENEVIEVE KELLY

You think we hold the patent on crazy Jack? It's just another mad man.

JACK KELLY

Jack the Ripper cuts off their ears... just like Davies. He removes their the uterus... just like Davies. I've never heard of anybody else doing that, ever!

GENEVIEVE KELLY

Yes, that may be more than coincidence.

JACK KELLY

There's one more thing.

GENEVIEVE KELLY

What is it?

JACK KELLY

Davies wrote goading messages at the murder scenes.

GENEVIEVE KELLY

Does the Ripper do that?

JACK KELLY

No, but he sent a man named Lusk a letter along with part of a kidney. The last line of his message sent a chill up my spine.

GENEVIEVE KELLY

What was it?

JACK KELLY
 "Catch me when you can."

GENEVIEVE KELLY
 You going to tell me why?

JACK KELLY
 I'll never forget the night when
 Terry, Joe and I investigated
 Barrington's fourth victim. Her
 name was Molly Teagan. She was a
 pretty young barmaid.

GENEVIEVE KELLY
 Did he cut out her uterus? Cut off
 her ear?

JACK KELLY
 No, he gouged out her eyes and
 wrote something on the wall in her
 blood.

GENEVIEVE KELLY
 What did it say?

JACK KELLY
 "Fourth for the tally. Catch me
 when you can."

GENEVIEVE KELLY
 Jack, promise we one thing.

JACK KELLY
 Yes my love, anything.

GENEVIEVE KELLY
 Please be careful in London.

Kelly hugs Genevieve tightly.

JACK KELLY
 I'm going to kill the son of a
 bitch.

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION - DAY

The Whitechapel Station is bussing with activity. JACK THE
 RIPPER has just murdered poor Mary Kelly only days earlier.
 She is the fifth victim of this murderous rampage.

FRED ABBERLINE, is now the lead detective working the case.
 Though the police have several suspects, there is no concrete
 evidence linking any of them to a single murder.

INT. OFFICE

Abberline is in his office reading a report. There are some bloody photos of the grisly murder scene strewn out on his desk.

The station sergeant, HAROLD MABEY (30) comes into Abberline's office.

FRED ABBERLINE

Yes, what is it Sergeant?

HAROLD MABEY

A man from America here to see you sir.

FRED ABBERLINE

Another bloody reporter?

HAROLD MABEY

No, this man says he's a copper sir. A New York police captain.

FRED ABBERLINE

Then send him in sergeant. If the man's come across the pond, it must be bloody important.

HAROLD MABEY

Yes sir.

Abberline continues to read for a moment until KELLY walks in.

Kelly extends his hand to Abberline.

JACK KELLY

Jack Kelly, New York Police.

Abberline offers Kelly a firm handshake.

FRED ABBERLINE

Fred Abberline, Metropolitan Police.

(points)

Sit down Kelly.

JACK KELLY

Thank you.

FRED ABBERLINE

Would you like some tea?

JACK KELLY

No thank you. I just had some rather terrible coffee before I got here.

FRED ABBERLINE

We Brits are more keen on tea leaves than coffee beans. So what brings you to Whitechapel?

JACK KELLY

Jack the Ripper brings me here.

FRED ABBERLINE

You have my full attention.

JACK KELLY

Twenty years ago, I investigated a similar case in New York. A man there killed five women. Four of them prostitutes. And then left the country.

FRED ABBERLINE

That's interesting. Our man's been described by witnesses as being in his early thirties. That would mean he was twelve when he was over there.

JACK KELLY

It's dark in the middle of the night. Has anyone really gotten a good look at Jack?

FRED ABBERLINE

No, not really. Please continue Kelly.

JACK KELLY

Our man mutilated the victims. In several instances, he cut off their ears.

FRED ABBERLINE

Go on.

JACK KELLY

Our man removed a kidney. He removed the uterus on three of the victims.

FRED ABBERLINE
Your story's becoming more
interesting by the minute.

JACK KELLY
Our killer left taunting messages,
your killer has sent taunting
messages.

FRED ABBERLINE
Did your man use similar verbiage?

JACK KELLY
I'd say more than that.

Kelly pulls out an old photograph and hands it to Abberline.

JACK KELLY (CONT'D)
That picture was taken in 1868 at
the crime scene of a woman named
Molly Teagan.

Abberline takes an eye loop and examines the photo.

FRED ABBERLINE
Good God, that says "catch me when
you can." He said the same thing--

JACK KELLY
In your "From Hell" letter to
George Lusk.

FRED ABBERLINE
Precisely. Kelly, I've known you
five minutes and I'm ready to put
you on the payroll.

JACK KELLY
(smiles)
Thanks.

FRED ABBERLINE
What was your suspect's name?

JACK KELLY
Barrington Davies.

FRED ABBERLINE
And you say he killed five women?

JACK KELLY
Yes, and several men too.

FRED ABBERLINE

Such a prolific killer. Why is it
I've never heard of this case?

JACK KELLY

Davies is the son of one of the
richest men in New York. When he
skipped town, the mayor and the
governor stonewalled the case.

FRED ABBERLINE

To not embarrass the family?

JACK KELLY

There it is.

FRED ABBERLINE

What did this man look like?

Kelly reaches in his pocket for something.

JACK KELLY

I have a picture of him.

Kelly hands the photo to Abberline.

JACK KELLY (CONT'D)

That's Davies.

FRED ABBERLINE

(surprised)

I know this man. His name is
Mortimer Fortescue. It looks like
he has blonde hair in this
photograph.

JACK KELLY

Is his hair a different color now?

MORTIMER FETESCUE

He has dark hair now. He's been
helping me with the ripper case.

JACK KELLY

So the fox is in the hen house.
What does this Fortescue do?

FRED ABBERLINE

He's one of our most eminent young
surgeons. What did Davies do?

JACK KELLY

He was a surgeon.

Abberline shakes his head in utter dismay and disbelief. He turns the photo of Davies around to look at the date stamp.

FRED ABBERLINE

How can this be? This man has not aged a day in twenty years.

JACK KELLY

Maybe he's a clean living teetotaler. But it's the same man. What do you aim to do about it?

Abberline goes over to a locker behind his desk and retrieves two revolvers and batons. He attaches a set of them to his belt. He hands the other weapons to Kelly.

FRED ABBERLINE

I assume you know how to use those things?

JACK KELLY

You assume correctly.

FRED ABBERLINE

You're a bit out of your jurisdiction. But perhaps you and I should pay a call on the good doctor.

JACK KELLY

That sounds like a hell of an idea.

INT. LOFT - ONE HOUR LATER.

Abberline and Kelly knock at the door. Paul Henry answers.

PAUL HENRY

Inspector Abberline, what a surprise.

FRED ABBERLINE

Is Mortimer here?

PAUL HENRY

No, that's why I'm here.

FRED ABBERLINE

Really, why is that?

PAUL HENRY

Oh, where are my manners? Please come in.

The two officers walk in Mortimer's loft.

INT. FRONT ROOM

FRED ABBERLINE

Mr. Henry, this is Jack Kelly of
the New York Police.

PAUL HENRY

Nice to meet you Mr. Kelly.

JACK KELLY

You as well Mr. Henry.

The men all sit down.

PAUL HENRY

Can I offer you gentlemen a drink?

FRED ABBERLINE

No I'm afraid this isn't a social
call.

PAUL HENRY

Well, how can I help?

FRED ABBERLINE

We need to speak with Mortimer.

PAUL HENRY

Didn't he tell you? I know you were
working together on the case.

FRED ABBERLINE

Tell me what?

PAUL HENRY

Mortimer's gone on a sabbatical.

FRED ABBERLINE

Gone. Gone where?

PAUL HENRY

He said he was leaving for South
America. Rio De Janeiro I think.

JACK KELLY

Can you tell us when he left?

PAUL HENRY

Why only a few hours ago.

FRED ABBERLINE

Did he happen to give you the name
of the ship?

PAUL HENRY

Yes, the White Star Oceanic.

FRED ABBERLINE

Thank you Mr. Henry.

PAUL HENRY

What's this about?

FRED ABBERLINE

I'll let you know when I can.

Abberline and Kelly get up and walk out.

EXT. PORT OF LONDON - DAY

Kelly and Abberline quickly exit the coach. They quickly walk over to where the liner Oceanic is docked. The horn for departure BLOWS, signalling that the ship will be leaving port in fifteen minutes.

WHITE STAR OCEANIC - CONTINUOUS

Smoke is emitting from the two stacks of the seven hundred foot long ship. People are still moving up the gangway and are being checked off by a SECOND OFFICER holding a passenger manifest.

Kelly and Abberline walk up to the deck.

Abberline pulls out his badge and presents it to the Second Officer.

FRED ABBERLINE

Inspector Abberline with the
Metropolitan Police.

SECOND OFFICER

Yes Inspector.

FRED ABBERLINE

Do you have man named Mortimer
Fortescue on board.

The Second Officer scans the list.

SECOND OFFICER

He hasn't checked in yet sir.

JACK KELLY
When's this bucket departing?

SECOND OFFICER
In just under about fifteen
minutes.

FRED ABBERLINE
When are you lifting the gangway?

SECOND OFFICER
In about fourteen minutes sir.

FRED ABBERLINE
Can you hold the ship in port?

SECOND OFFICER
Not for a queen's ransom.

FRED ABBERLINE
Even for a murderer?

SECOND OFFICER
I don't care if it's the Prime
Minister sir, now if you'll excuse
me.

(to Kelly)
This bucket is leaving exactly at
noon.

The ship's horn BLOWS LOUDLY again.

JACK KELLY
(to Abberline)
Let's go back down to the docks.

The disappointed duo start down gangway.

JACK KELLY
(mutters)
Asshole.

Kelly and Abberline walk through the port looking into
souvenir shops and cafes.

SAILORS, FISHERMAN and TOURISTS are walking in all
directions. The docks are crowded with people boarding
several ships.

JACK KELLY (CONT'D)
This is like looking for the
proverbial needle.

FRED ABBERLINE
We'll find him.

The two coppers get to the entrance of the port, just past a tavern called the Normandy Inn. They stand at the gates watching people walking in.

Kelly turns just in time to see Barrington exiting the pub.

JACK KELLY
(shouts)
Abberline!

With cane in hand, Barrington sees the Inspector and takes off running.

Kelly and Abberline give pursuit.

Along the way, Barrington knocks over food carts, souvenir stands and cafe tables. Towards the end of main dock, he runs into a large cargo storage facility.

INT. PORT WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Inside the building, are rows of shelving units stacked up three stories high, with goods coming in from all over the world.

Barrington runs toward the rear of the warehouse and comes upon some huge drums. He opens the spigots on several of them, letting huge amounts of oil spill out on the floor.

A WATCHMAN comes over.

WATCHMAN
What the bloody hell do you think
you're doing?

BARRINGTON DAVIES
I'm pooling my resources.

Barrington slams his cane into the watchman's face and knocks him out. He pulls the unconscious man behind some crates. Seeing a ladder, he climbs up onto the riser above.

Abberline and Kelly cautiously enter the warehouse. Kelly motions for his companion to go left while he moves right.

Kelly carries his baton in his right hand and makes ready for a fight. He moves past several aisles, scanning each one, then going to the next. He walks around to the back of the building.

Barrington pushes a crate from the shelf.

CRATE CRASHES ON THE FLOOR.

Kelly comes running around the corner. When he reaches the spilling oil, his feet go out from underneath him. He falls on his back.

Barrington comes running past Kelly, who is still on his ass.

JACK KELLY
Son of a bitch!

Kelly keeps slipping as he attempts to get up.

JACK KELLY
(yells)
Abberline! He's getting away.

The Oceanic SOUNDS HORN signaling five minutes left to board.

Abberline turns and runs for the front of the building in time to see Barrington dart out the entrance.

Barrington moves down an empty dock. He turns, looks back to see Abberline coming with baton in hand.

FRED ABBERLINE
It's over Mortimer.

BARRINGTON DAVIES
Is it inspector?

THE TWO MEN CHARGE AT EACH OTHER.

Barrington pulls his sword out from the cane sheath and moves in with a downward strike. Abberline blocks with his baton.

Barrington steps back swings his sword horizontally at Abberline.

Abberline side steps and strikes Barrington knocking the sword out his hands. The two men wrestle, struggling for control over one another.

Barrington hits Abberline in the face with his wooden sheath.

Abberline falls against the railing of the pier.

Barrington kicks Abberline in the ribs. He steps over, lifts him by his collar and punches him in the face several times.

Kelly runs down the landing towards the two men.

Barrington starts lifting up a moaning Abberline, to throw him off the dock.

JACK KELLY

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Barrington stops and smiles.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Well, you're not me are you Jack.

Barrington resumes trying to toss Abberline off the pier.

Kelly draws his revolver and SHOOTs shoots Barrington in the back. Barrington drops Abberline on the dock, staggers and falls.

Kelly walks toward Barrington holding the pistol in front of him.

Barrington leaps up, twists the gun out of Kelly's right hand and pushes him backward. He levels the revolver at him.

JACK KELLY

Go ahead, kill me you crazy bastard.

BARRINGTON DAVIES

Out of fondness for your wife, I'm not going to oblige you Jack.

The Oceanic horn BLASTS, signalling the ship is about to leave.

JACK KELLY

I just shot you in the back, yet you live. You haven't aged a day in twenty years. How is that possible?

BARRINGTON DAVIES

You've been a most worthy adversary Jack. And perhaps we can discuss this over a drink one day.

(smiles)

But as you see, I have a boat to catch.

Barrington backs away holding the gun for a few steps, then tosses it off the pier and runs for the Oceanic.

Kelly watches, as Barrington is the last man to climb the gangway. He hesitates, then suddenly bolts for the ship. He gets over to the passageway, just as some men begin to move it off the ship. Kelly runs up to entrance of the Oceanic.

SEVERAL MEN resume moving the gangway and the sizable ocean liner begins to exit the dock.

Kelly steps onto the main deck in time to see Barrington leisurely walking past several people and stopping to speak to an attractive woman. He hastily moves down the aisle, within a few feet of his man.

Barrington sees Kelly, frowns.

BARRINGTON DAVIES (CONT'D)
You're beginning to irritate me.

JACK KELLY
I'm resolved to give you the fight
of your life.

Barrington turns and runs towards the stern of ship.

Like a raging lion, Kelly runs and jumps on Barrington's back. He grabs him in a headlock, then swings him around. The two men roll onto the wooden deck.

Barrington gets up; but Kelly grabs his ankle and yanks him back down. He slides on top of him, then punches him in the face several times.

Reaching his hand up, Barrington grabs Kelly's throat... begins choking him.

Kelly chokes for a few moments. He pivots his elbow and breaks Barrington's grip. He punches him in the side of his head.

Barrington rolls his body over, gets up and kicks Kelly in the face. He attempts to kick him again.

Kelly grabs Barrington's leg and bites him like a rabid dog.

Barrington SCREAMS and gets up.

Kelly gets up, moves forward and SMASHES Barrington in the face with a tremendous right. He follows up with a blow to his stomach. Barrington doubles over. With both his hands, Kelly bats him in the face.

Barrington falls to his knees, then face down on the deck.

Panting heavily, Kelly momentarily looks at his beaten opponent. From behind he hears a man SHOUTING.

SECOND OFFICER
Arrest that man!

Kelly turns just in time to have several deck hands in white uniforms attempt to grab him. He breaks free... runs to the edge of the stern... climbs the rail and does a spectacular dive off of the ship.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

A soaking wet Kelly walks over to attend to Abberline. Who is sitting with his back against the wall. He pulls out his handkerchief and wipes dried blood away from the injured man's mouth and nose.

JACK KELLY

What's the maritime law regarding going after criminals?

FRED ABBERLINE

Once the vessel is twelve miles off shore, she cannot be stopped.

Kelly sits next to Abberline.

JACK KELLY

(sighs)

Oh well. You want to go have a drink Fred?

FRED ABBERLINE

Capitol idea Jack.

INT. TAVERN - DAY

Inside a rustic, port bar, Abberline and Kelly sit at a table having beers and whiskey shots.

JACK KELLY

I had him Fred... I had him. I'd beaten him to a pulp and would have dragged him off that ship.

FRED ABBERLINE

I'd have given six month's wages to see you dive off that highfalutin bucket.

JACK KELLY

Not bad for a forty-six year old bloke eh?

The two men begin LAUGHING.

FRED ABBERLINE

Thanks for saving my life Jack.

JACK KELLY

You're welcome Fred. It's been a pleasure working with you.

FRED ABBERLINE

Did I see you shoot Mortimer in the back?

JACK KELLY

Yeah, I shot the son of a bitch.

FRED ABBERLINE

You show me a picture of the man from twenty years ago. Yet he hasn't aged. You put a bullet in him that would kill any normal man and nothing happened. What in hell is going on?

JACK KELLY

I met my wife because of him you know.

FRED ABBERLINE

Really?

JACK KELLY

She knew him before me. She told me they attended some voodoo ceremony in New Orleans.

Kelly drinks his shot of bourbon.

FRED ABBERLINE

And?

JACK KELLY

This is going to sound crazy.

FRED ABBERLINE

After today, who's to say what's insane.

JACK KELLY

At the ceremony, Davies asked for immortality. Well, Genevieve told me that the shaman may have summoned the spirit of an evil God named Bacalou.

FRED ABBERLINE
Bacalou? Are you sure?

JACK KELLY
Yeah, why?

FRED ABBERLINE
When I was at Mortimer's home, I
asked him about one of his souvenir
masks and he told me it was
Bacalou.

JACK KELLY
Well, I didn't give the story much
weight until today.

FRED ABBERLINE
It doesn't really matter because no
one's ever going to believe us.

JACK KELLY
At least you got him off your
shores.

FRED ABBERLINE
We solved the Jack the Ripper case.
And no one will ever know.

JACK KELLY
(smiles)
We'll know.

Fred lifts his glass up.

FRED ABBERLINE
Cheers Jack.

JACK KELLY
(raises glass)
Cheers Fred.

FRED ABBERLINE
So what will you do now?

JACK KELLY
I'll go home, pet the dog, make
love to my beautiful wife. And then
I think I'm going to take a trip to
New Orleans.

FRED ABBERLINE
Whatever for?

JACK KELLY

To see if I can find a way I can
kill the immortal Jack the Ripper.

FADE TO BLACK.