

EXT. WHITECHAPEL ALLEY -- NIGHT

SUBTITLE: LONDON - JULY 14, 1888 - 1:52 AM

The bloody crescent moon ripples over a hazy horizon. Under a streetlamp in the smoggy slum slouches whore-painted MONA LOTT. She has the biggest breasts anyone has ever seen anywhere, anytime. They bulge from a once stylish dress, prematurely faded just like her. She turns toward footsteps ...

MONA

'Ello sir. Almost didn' see ya in this fog.

BODICE RIPPER

(O.S.) I ... I saw you. You could spy those uh, bosoms, from atop Big Ben!

MONA

'Ats the idea, luv. Mum said "Ya can't sell it if ya don't put it in the winda." Got some shillin's ta spend, eh? Wanna go back ta muh room? French candles no extra charge ...

BODICE RIPPER

(O.S.) Yes I ...

MONA

Well, good, but I gotta tell ya it'll take more than a few pence ta fondle me knockers. I got the biggest boobs in Whitechapel, I'm no 'alfpenny whore! I took men home who got hold of the goods but didn' pay. Nothin' makes me madder!

BODICE RIPPER

(O.S.) I can see how ...

MONA

Now I brings it all out front. (Pushes chest out) There's three things ya can touch me wif. Yer 'ands, that'll cost a hapence, or yer mouf, that'll cost a copper, or touch me wif yer "trouser snake," (fingers make quote marks) 'ats a bob for starters.

BODICE RIPPER

(O.S. rapidly) I have money and ...

MONA

Now this tit costs thruppence, cuz
it's bigger, but the other's smaller
so it's just tuppence. Ya save a
copper if ya only touch ...

BODICE RIPPER

(O.S.) What's your name?

MONA

Mona, Mona Lott.

BODICE RIPPER

(O.S.) Time for you to start.

They laugh, ducking in an alley. The Bodice Ripper is finally
seen softly backlit by foggy yellow gaslight. Tall, long
black leather coat, dark breeches, face hiding between a
wide brimmed hat and black scarf. Down the filthy back street
Mona's voice echoes against bleak bricks.

MONA

... So if ya wanna kiss me right tit
that's thruppence for the boob and a
copper for the kiss, which comes ta
a groat, ya know? That's four pence.

An OLD COOT leans out a dirty upper window. He looks homeless.

OLD COOT

How many times a night do I have to
hear yer speech, whore?! Find another
alley!

MONA

Now if ya wanna kiss both of 'em,
'at's on special for sixpence an' a
farthing. You save a 'alfpenny. Or,
no wait, I think you save a farthing.
'Ow many 'alf farthings in a copper?
WHOOOAAA!

Black gloves shove her to the wall! Can't move! She reaches
between cavernous cleavage, pulling out a long stiletto!

MONA (CONT'D)

It's a cheap knife but I keeps it
sharp! Now take 'yer 'ands off me or
I pop yer eye!

The knife is close to his eye. The startled RIPPER lets go but keeps his eyes close! He pulls the scarf off his moustached mouth.

BODICE RIPPER

(Filtered) Relax Mona, I can't hurt you if you are relaxed and because you are relaxed I won't hurt you whilst you are drifting, drifting down and ...

MONA

Are you on opium?!

The Bodice Ripper's face hides in his hat's shadow, but his eyes GLOW IN ECU. TWIN TUNNELS OF GHOSTLY PURPLE LIGHT TWIST FROM HIS PUPILS. He stares directly into the camera. The LIGHTS SWIRL. THEY FILL THE FRAME!

MONA (CONT'D)

(Dazed) What are ya sayin' ...

BODICE RIPPER

(Filtered) ... down into the softness of drifting until the knife is too heavy to hold, too heavy to hold whilst drifting into the softness ...

THE BRICK WALL SHE STANDS AGAINST BILLOWS AND PILLOWS! SHE IS LYING IN A BED WITH BRICK-PATTERNED SHEETS! THE SHEETS DRIFT AS IF UNDERWATER. She knows it isn't real but can't move!

MONA

No, no, but I'm so tired ..

The knife drops. He snatches it in midair and points at her.

BODICE RIPPER

(Filtered) ... that is so much softer with the knife floating over and as the floating knife will hover, how much softer and sleepier you feel as it floats over ...

The crisscrossed strings holding her big bodice together cut. Twang, twing, twang! The knife rests in cleavage. Her whore painted face is frozen, focused far away. Dilated doll eyes drip glassy tears.

From her mesmerized POV she is in a voluptuous bed, everything dreamy and soothing.

BODICE RIPPER (CONT'D)
(Filtered) ... that covers your breasts,
so soft they can feel nothing, not
even the smooth softness of the blade
can be felt when I ...

SNAP! He rips her bodice and titanic tits tumble out! He presses his left hand against her motionless breast and trembles at the touch! As his right hand moves to caress her other breast he drops the dagger. It plunges into his foot!

BODICE RIPPER (CONT'D)
YEEARRGH! Bloody hell that hurts!

He looks away. THE MAROON GLOW FADES FROM HIS EYES. The spell is broken! She sinks to the ground dazed! Wincing he pulls the blade from his foot.

BODICE RIPPER (CONT'D)
Oh well, I'll live.

He is giddy at the sight of her breasts as she comes to. Her eyes start to show fear again as he moves in for the kill! Giggling evilly, he again cups both hands on her bosoms!

Just when the dramatic tension is unbearable he lets loose a ridiculously cartoonish "honk honk" noise and squeezes both big boobs! Jumping back he limps an absurd victory dance, reaches into a pocket and ... WHOOF! THICK THEATRICAL SMOKE FROM A CONCEALED BOMB! He's gone!

In tears she slowly pulls herself up the wall. Rain begins.

MONA
'E almost killed me, ruined me only
dress, but worst of all ... 'e touched
me titties fer free! NNNNOoooooooooooo!

INT. MITRE SQUARE POLICE STATION -- DAY

SERGEANT JOHN SINGER is handsome, but not distractingly so. A uniformed, dark moustached twentysomething, he lounges feet atop a cluttered desk and interviews MONA. She still wears her only dress, the bust repaired with rusty wire, paperclips, red yarn and bubble gum. A claptrap fix, it could burst at the merest jiggle!

Subtitle: 1:48 p.m.

This shabby station obviously used to be something else. Bobbies lock PROSTITUTES in grubby cells. PEARCE, a square jawed blonde moustached sergeant enters. He affectionately brings Singer tea.

PEARCE

'Ere's your tea the way ya like,
Singer.

SINGER

Thanks, Pearce. So the "passion
crime?" Or should I say "fashion?"

MONA

This bloke cut open me dress with me
own knife, squeezes me ... me Bristols
wifout payin'! I was in Bucks Row
last night. An, uh, 'e comes up ta
me and wants ta go ta, uh, back ta
me room. An, uh ...

SINGER

What did 'e look like?

MONA

It was foggy an dark. 'Is eyes were
very, uh, I ... I don't remember.

SINGER

You talk to some john for five minutes
but you don't remember 'is face?

MONA

Oh, I distinctly recall not
rememberin'.

SINGER

What does **that** mean? It means you
were drunk!

MONA

Its, well, **no**! I was **not** drunk.

Holding cell prostitutes murmur sympathy.

SINGER

You don't remember because you're a
drunken tart practically living in
the workhouse and got taken advant ...

MONA

I make money any ways I can, I don't
deserve ta be cut wif me own knife.
'ardly a month goes by that some
street girl isn't robbed or killed
an' the coppers do nothin'!

SINGER

You're the one with **nothing**! No
witness, no evidence, no motive ...

The jailed prostitutes noisily support MONA.

PEARCE

Shut up or it's downtown ta Newgate!

From behind the whores a timid voice is heard. A HARLOT
stands, pushing to the front of the crowded cell.

HARLOT

Sergeant Singer I know who she's
talkin' 'bout...

She opens her cheap shawl, exposing ample cleavage. Her bodice
was ripped open and clumsily repaired just like MONA'S!

HARLOT (CONT'D)

Met the bloke last week. 'E did it
ta me, too.

SINGER

Mona, I'm sorry, you're not loony
after all. What did he look like?

HARLOT

I don't remember either.

SINGER

What!? You're both mad as hatters!

HARLOT

All I remember is what I fergot. I'm
talkin' to him and 15 minutes later,
I dunno ...

PEARCE

And ya had no witness either?

MONA

Wait! I remember a witness. 'At Old
Coot in a third storey flat! 'E saw!

Outside GRETA GREEN peers nonchalantly through the dusty window. Her dark hair frames a beautiful pale face but an expensive emerald walking dress accentuates a flat chest.

SINGER

Let's question 'im. But if 'e can't
give positive I.D. there's nothing
more I can do.

The prostitutes cheer and bang the bars.

SINGER AND PEARCE

Shut up!

INT. OLD COOT'S TENEMENT

MONA and SINGER knock on filthy door "13" of this dingy hall.

SINGER

Open up! Sergeant John Singer, Mitre
Square station.

A tremendous ruckus! What are they hiding in there?

OLD COOT

(O.S.) Uh, a minute sir!

The door squeaks open. Out pops the OLD COOT'S grizzled head. His yellow, bloodshot eyes look them over. Under him pop three curious tots: YOUNG, YOUNGER, YOUNGEST. Near the floor a cautious chicken's head peeks out. The crack in the door is a totem pole of stacked heads!

OLD COOT (CONT'D)

What kin I do ya fer sir? Just an
apprentice dustman, sir, not one to
cause a bitta trouble, sir.

MONA

'At's 'im.

SINGER

I must ask you about a crime you may
'ave witnessed.

He pushes into the dismal room. A dozen children scatter over rag "beds" and straw! Chickens scrabble through their own droppings. The gaunt OLD COOT'S WIFE holds a skinned Chihuahua. Typical Whitechapel.

SINGER (CONT'D)
Catholics.

OLD COOT'S WIFE
We weren't expectin' comp'ny.

SINGER
Recognize 'er?

OLD COOT
Do I? It's little Miss Big Tits!

OLD COOT'S WIFE
Language, Papa!

OLD COOT
Right, I don't want you kids to 'ear.
Donny, Jenny, Bobby, Eustace, Frank,
Edna, Oscar, Vicky, Edward, outside.
Now go!

In the hall GRETA GREEN, seen earlier outside the police station, peeks through the keyhole. She bolts as the tots open the door!

OLD COOT (CONT'D)
You too Annie, Freddy, Allie, Russell,
Janice, Billy. Where's Billy?

OLD COOT'S WIFE
Billy's dead, remember?

OLD COOT
Oh, right. 'Ats why I don't pick 'em
up by the ears anymore.

MONA
Remember last night when you woke
the neighbors shoutin' at me in the
alley?

OLD COOT
I wake the neighbors? **she's** out there
every bloody night with her "touch
me titties for twopence" speech and
her "ask about me group rates" bit.
Goes on three, four times a night!

SINGER
Who was she with?

OLD COOT

'E was tall wif a black coat and breeches, an big 'at an scarf on 'is 'ead so's I couldn't see 'is face. I goes back ta bed and hear her screamin'.

SINGER

Well that's that, thank you.

OLD COOT'S WIFE

Were havin' a Mexican feast if yad like ta stay fer supper. Stewed Chihuahua wif cigarette butts ...

EXT. TENEMENT ENTRANCE -- AFTERNOON

SINGER exits the slumhouse chased by MONA clutching her twine wrapped bra. She can't run fast without causing a bodice explosion. Bored GRETA GREEN watches them unnoticed.

MONA

'At's it!? But 'es me witness!

SINGER

"Tall man in black with a hat." That's every chap in London. I'll file a report. We'll be on lookout.

MONA

Wait! Please, I ... I 'aven't got anything ta give ya but me body and I'd gladly do it if ya 'elp me.

She touches his thigh. He jerks back!

SINGER

No thanks. If I catch you working streets after putting me through this it's the stockade! Work the theatre district, it's safer.

MONA

They kicked me outta there too.

SINGER

Try Scotland. Well, got to catch your crook.

He smiles, tips his tall Bobby's cap and saunters off.

MONA

You 'aven't the balls to catch 'im.

SINGER

Oh I've got more than enough of those!

MONA

Now I have ta crawl back ta Madam
Ovary an' beg forgiveness.

She leaves dejected. Greta Green follows her.

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. CIGAR STORE -- EVENING

SUBTITLE: 7:37 P.M.

MONA plods down a tidy street into a tobacconists and approaches MADAM OVARY, a prim but attractive middle aged woman behind the counter. Conservatively well dressed, her graying hair is tied back in an out-of-style bun.

MADAM OVARY

Mona Lott! Good to see you still
drawing air.

MONA

'Ello Madam Ovary. I've come in dire
need. I was attacked by a john!

MADAM OVARY

Attacked!? You look unhurt.

MONA

Yes, mum, just a bit frazzled tis
all. But 'e touched me titties wifout
payin' and ruined me only dress.
Lord knows I can't buy off-the-rack!
No money ta get a new one, an' no
way to make money wifout one. When I
reported 'im to the Peelers they
threatened ta arrest me if they catch
me streetwalkin' again. I need ta
work indoors awhile.

MADAM OVARY

I'd love to have you back. You're a
bigger tourist draw than public
(MORE)

MADAM OVARY (CONT'D)
executions. But you're a tosspot
Mona, you can't lay off gin.

GRETA GREEN enters, pretending to shop. Mona sees her.

MONA
(Whispers) Been full o' gin of late,
but I promise I'll lay off drinkin'
... much. Please, till this blows over
and I get me a new dress. If I came
in late or drunk, 'at's it. I'd be
sacked. But I won't luv, I swear!

MADAM OVARY
All right. But don't go "Playing Old
Gooseberry" on me. It's your last
chance. Go on in ...

MONA
Oh thank ya so much! Ya won't regret
it. Now, I'm willin'' ta work for
'alf a crown a night, 'ceptin for
weekends when I needs a whole crown.
Now, if ya want me ta show me tits,
then that'll cost ...

MADAM OVARY
Don't start Mona Lott!

MONA
(Rapidly) Sorry, Mum, we can talk
later. I really appreciate the work!

Mona curtsies joyously. As she bends, TWANG! A paperclip in
her bosom pops! She hugs her chest to prevent explosion and
runs to the back embarrassed!

MADAM OVARY
Not much upstairs but what a stairway.
May I help you Miss?

GRETA GREEN
(Fake French accent) Uh, non,
mademoiselle, I am not interested in
pipes, *n'est-ce pas?* Uh ...

MADAM OVARY
So you're looking for "work?"

GRETA GREEN

Uh, why, *oui*! Yes. I 'ave 'eard much
about zis fine ... uh ... place. I am ...
uh ... *Mademoiselle Nom de Plume*.

MADAM OVARY

You're quite pretty but a bit on the
flat chested side. Now with Mona
back on payroll she makes up for
both of you! Ha! A pair of socks
tucked just right do wonders. Can't
use you for show but I never have
enough bar backs.

Greta can't hide the shock of hearing her chest criticized
by a stranger! Madam Ovary leads her back through a curtain
to a small office and bookcase. On the bookshelf sits a
Shakespeare bust, a metal cigar in his mouth.

MADAM OVARY (CONT'D)

Ask the serving wench for an
application. She'll show you the
back way out.

She pulls the iron cigar. The bookcase slides. WHOOSH!

INT. STRIP JOINT -- CONTINUOUS

Bawdy striptease music floats through the hidden door. It's
a speakeasy with tables facing a stage!

GRETA GREEN

Good Lord, a breast bazaar! John
will be so grateful to hear of this!
He'll be so happy with me. I'm sure
coming here will reduce his ... urges.

An early show. A mildly attractive woman sloppily strips.
Nevertheless two OGLERS are transfixed.

OGLER #1

I can't believe I'm sitting in
London's only titty bar! But she's
so ugly ...

OGLER #2

She's naked!

(MORE)

OGLER #2 (CONT'D)

When you get to the oasis don't
complain the water tastes like camel
piss ...

SLOW
DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. STRIP JOINT

TIME LAPSE DISSOLVE to the stage far livelier now, the
performers much sexier. Waiters ply the smoky room.

SUBTITLE: 1 WEEK LATER - JULY 21, 1888 - 10:45 P.M.

An upperclass male crowd. Two patrons are fat Lesbians in
drag! One smiles and her false mustache falls off! She
frantically presses it on as MADAM OVARY appears upstage.

MADAM OVARY

We close with London's most
breastacular beauty, Mona Lott! Those
in front are advised to lean back.

A familiar dark haired gent in leather sits down, face hidden
under his black hat, but self-indulgent camera work leaves
no doubt ... it's the BODICE RIPPER! A MIDGET comes over.

MIDGET

Excuse me sir. I must ask you to
remove your hat. Keep it classy 'ere.

The curtain rises on MONA in a comically gigantic Victorian
dress! Her outfit sports sashes, petticoats, a hoop skirt,
bonnet, gloves, parasol, bustle, a train, plus clothes people
today don't even remember the names of. The bawdy band plays.

MONA

'Ello boys, I'm Mona Lott.
And I'm 'ere to show you what I got.

She dances, or tries to, in the top-heavy costume, tossing
her parasol to a half naked CHORINE.

MONA (CONT'D)

First I doff the gloves an' bonnet,
'ere ya go Joe, it's got your name
on it!

Throwing her glove to a delighted man, she turns stage left and bends forward.

MONA (CONT'D)
C'mon girls, take off me bustle,
Or my poor arse will pull a muscle!

The Chorines pull at the bustle, a big cloth ass wad that makes MONA look like a rooster. They pretend it takes several tugs, then gives way. RRRRIIIIIIPPP! Her assistants fall backwards in exaggerated surprise!

MONA (CONT'D)
Whew! Finally, me arse don't 'urt,
Now lets undermine me overskirt!

The girls unwrap Mona's hoop skirt, revealing stiff crinoline cage supports. The lusty Midget is slobbering inside!

MONA (CONT'D)
'Ello Joe, you're feelin' fine,
Now get the 'ell out of me crinoline!

Assistants pull off the crinoline. TWANG! The horny Midget escapes!

CUT TO:

STALKER POV. THE HAND HELD CAMERA MOVES TO A BACKSTAGE OFFICE. Mona is heard performing SO. Madam Ovary Sits at her desk. THE CAMERA CREEPS BEHIND CLOSER, CLOSER ... !

MADAM OVARY
Evading taxes makes bookkeeping so
easy even a woman can do it.

A black gloved hand clutches her neck!

MADAM OVARY (CONT'D)
Oh! You startled me Mr. Westminster!

WESTMINSTER is well dressed and handsome, with debonair graying sideburns. She stands and they kiss Lustily!

CUT TO:

MONA
Next to go, me camisole,
Plus these petticoats, one and all!

The camisole undershirt comes off. Drums roll as the Chorines remove many petticoats. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7! What a pile!

CUT TO:

MADAM OVARY

You're missing Mona's opening!

WESTMINSTER

Mona shows her opening?

He drops her and leaves so fast she falls to the floor!

CUT TO:

MONA

Lose me corset? By your leave!

'Cuz I can't sing if I can't breathe!

She turns her back on the audience, exposing corset laces. Chorus girls nervously undo a single lace of the waist crusher. It flies off under the pressure of her mega-boobs! She inhales deeply, accentuating semi-exposed breasts.

MONA (CONT'D)

I'm done strippin'', if you please?

Cuz I like the feel of me silky
chemise!

She seductively rubs the fabric of her sheer nightie, not wanting it off. The audience boos lightheartedly. She feigns shock at upsetting them, pulling the chemise over her head. Mona dances offstage in an undersized, overstrained bra and panties. Madam Ovary returns to the limelight.

MONA (CONT'D)

Now I'm done, ya know what I mean,
Ya wanna see more? Complain ta the
Queen!

MADAM OVARY

Wonderful, Mona, you "knocker-ed"
'em dead! Well, it's closing time.
Time to go. We have to mop the drool.

Mona slips offstage with her tip jar and sips from a gin flask hidden in her cleavage. Hearing someone she tucks it away. Westminster sidles over for a free grope.

WESTMINSTER

Good show Miss Lott! You're the
breast! Uh, best! Glad you're back.

INT. BACKSTAGE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MADAM OVARY retreats here with much cash. She locks the door behind her, putting the money on a desk. Bending over a chest of drawers she barely forces Mona's huge bra in.

Behind her back the old key in the lock slowly turns itself! It nudges out of the keyhole a little, more ... The key hits the floor! Madam Ovary whirls as the BODICE RIPPER closes the door behind him!

BODICE RIPPER

(O.S.) Quite a show!

MADAM OVARY

Customers aren't allowed backstage.

BODICE RIPPER

I'm not a customer, I'm a fan. I
find successful, beautiful business-
ladies like you much more impressive
than poor whores like Miss Lott.
Watch my finger ...

MADAM OVARY

Thank you sir, but I must ask you ...

His finger points to his eyes. Though his face is hidden in his hat's shadow HIS EYES GLOW. TWIN TUNNELS OF GHOSTLY PURPLE TWIRL FROM HIS PUPILS DIRECTLY INTO THE CAMERA!

BODICE RIPPER

(Filtered) My being seen will seem a
dream within a dream ...

The Bodice Ripper twirls big black handled scissors. Madam Ovary's face goes blank! Down the hall WESTMINSTER is bored.

MONA

(Monotone) ... or touch me wif your
"trouser snake," a bob for starters.
Now this tit costs thruppence, cuz ...

WESTMINSTER

Sorry, I'm leaving with Madam Ovary.

He walks 'round the corner and opens the office door. Blank faced and tearful, Madam Ovary slumps on the floor. The Ripper looming over her! As Westminster enters he spins! The aging playboy is BLASTED BY TWIN TUNNELS OF PURPLE LIGHTNING. He screams!

Mona, the CHORINES and the MIDGET come running! Madam Ovary pulls herself up, bodice tattered. Only pale, trembling hands cover her ample breasts! Rain trickles through the open back door. Westminster is heaped on the floor, the money gone!

MONA

Mother Mary! 'E did it again! An he stole tonight's money!

The dazed Madam sobs spasmodically. They get her a blanket and smelling salts for Westminster. Tearful Madam Ovary struggles for composure.

MONA (CONT'D)

Who did it? Think sweet lady!

MADAM OVARY

I don't remember.

WESTMINSTER

Oh, my pounding head.

CHORUS GIRL

The backstage door's always locked from inside.

MIDGET

It musta been a customer!

MADAM OVARY

Don't let the customers see this!

MONA

They're long gone. Don't ya remember what time it tis a tall? What has he done ta ya? We need the police!

WESTMINSTER

No, my wife would find out!

MADAM OVARY

They can't come in here! They'd shut us down!

(MORE)

MADAM OVARY (CONT'D)
All right, I want you all to swear
to tell the coppers the truth. Good.
Now listen whilst I tell you what
the truth is

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. CIGAR STORE -- NIGHT

A trench coated, grey moustached INSPECTOR suspiciously eyes
MADAM OVARY and MONA. He scratches his absurd toupee as red
faced WESTMINSTER sweats on a stool. SINGER enters.

MONA
'At's 'im. 'At's the one.

SINGER
Sergeant John Singer, sir.

INSPECTOR
Inspector McMicken, Scotland Yard.
And what do you remember sir?

WESTMINSTER
Nothing. I've such a horrible
headache. I feel about to burst.

SINGER
None of these victims ever remember.
It's looney.

INSPECTOR
A bit late in the evenin' for a **woman**
to be runnin' a cigar store?

MADAM OVARY
Can't a woman own a harmless tobacco
emporium with convenient hours? My
assistant Mona had just left and I
was closing when he came in.

MONA
This is my fault! After 'e attacked
me 'e followed me 'ere! He coulda
killed ya, mum!

SINGER

She's no "assistant," she's Mona
Lott. We nab 'er every other weekend
in Whitechapel whoring.

INSPECTOR

Hmm, I don't pretend to have the
power of your rapist thief, but usin'
my own amazin' braineal abilities I
sense somethin' amiss about the
amnesiac, bosom bustin' attack in
the all night cigar store witnessed
by trollops!

The women gasp as he marches across the floor!

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

Oh look 'ere! A line a muddy
footprints, right up ta the wall.
Why, your bogeyman musta walked
through the woodwork! Incredible! Is
that beer I smell?

He pushes and pulls the bookshelf's knickknacks. He reaches
for the cigar in the bust of Shakespeare. Madam Ovary rushes
over to hold it in place!

MADAM OVARY

All right! It's true I've not been
completely honest.

INSPECTOR

You offering me a bribe?

SINGER

What!?

MADAM OVARY

I said nothing of a bribe!

INSPECTOR

There's that word again!

WESTMINSTER

(Dabbing face) What word? Bribe?

INSPECTOR

(Rubs hands) My God! Now two corrupt
people offerin' money in a biddin'
war!

SINGER

They shouldn't have to pay for
justice, sir!

INSPECTOR

You know what else they ain't paying
for? The safe streets an' police
protection a liquor licence an' taxes
buy. They've been getting that for
free on the backs of the legal
saloons. Oooo! But now they got the
attention of the bad guys and they
want us ta catch 'em. But they don't
want ta give up what they got goin'.

MADAM OVARY

How pithy! How much?

INSPECTOR

To pretend the crimes took place
'ere, not in the speakeasy, 25
shillin's.

MONA

Actually, it's a booby bar.

INSPECTOR

50 shillin's.

MADAM OVARY

Robbed twice in one night!

Reluctantly she surrenders money from the register.

WESTMINSTER

Oh, my headache is worse.

SINGER

You always get 'eadaches?

WESTMINSTER

Never. Is it warm or is it me?

INSPECTOR

Remember anyone putting a foul rag
under your nose?

WESTMINSTER

I remember a man in a dark coat bent
over MADAM OVARY. He turned to me. I
wake up later. That's all.

INSPECTOR

Perhaps 'e 'ad an accomplice who got
you from behind. Perhaps. So little
evidence. 'Ard to believe this really
'appened if you weren't willing to
bribe me to listen to it. Unless
this is some kind of two-timing.
Because if you are trying to trap me
...

SINGER

We've 'ad two similar attacks
reported. I don't ...

He stops mid-sentence. Blood oozes from Westminster's nose!

WESTMINSTER

What ... what are you looking at?

He touches his nose, sees red and panics! The drip becomes a
trickle, then a gush as the screaming begins! BLOOD POURS
FROM HIS NOSE AND GORE SPLASHES TO THE FLOOR IN SLO-MO as
everyone panics! He slips on his own blood and collapses!

EXT. OUTSIDE CIGAR STORE -- NIGHT -- LATER

The shuffling INSPECTOR and SINGER leave the tobacconists
and walk down the wet street.

SINGER

Almost fell on the floor when 'e
started bleeding! Can't believe 'e
didn't want to go to 'ospital. I'll
be sure to check on him tomorrow
early, Sir.

INSPECTOR

Totally unexpected. And the blood
stopped quick as it started. 'At's
when I knew they weren't fakin'. I
'ate things like that. Means there's
lots we don't know. But I'm sure
I'll figure it out. Got a good bribe
though. We bought into their secret,
so don't tell no one or they'll want
a cut o' your 25 shillin's.

SINGER

I don't want the money.

INSPECTOR

Give ta charity. Put it back in legal circulation. Madam keeps 'er business, a charitable cause is 'elped, with the bad guy caught in time fer the 'appy ending.

SINGER

Is the plot that predictable?

INSPECTOR

Corruption is grease oiling the gears of society.

Singer sighs at the money in his hand. THE GOLDEN COIN DISSOLVES INTO THE YELLOW MORNING SUN OVER A WEALTHY HOME.

INT. WESTMINSTER'S FOYER -- MORNING

The foyer is very opulent even full of furniture still under blankets. A sleepy HOUSEKEEPER nervously shows SINGER in.

HOUSEKEEPER

One moment officer, I'll fetch the master.

As she leaves Singer scans the room. Behind his back and off camera she clicks something. The room fills with yellow light. Singer turns, his eyes wide with wonder of first sight. A chorus of operatic voices grow loud as his face brightens.

It is a light bulb. A primitive light bulb.

WESTMINSTER and elegant MRS. WESTMINSTER descend the stairs.

WESTMINSTER

Officer I ...

SINGER

Oh, you startled me Sir! I was just looking at ...

WESTMINSTER

Yes, wiring took forever. Latest thing. Did the whole house special just for it.

SINGER

You still look pale.

WESTMINSTER

Bit of a throb in the back of my head, but nothing like it was. Mrs. Westminster saw blood under my nose. Bled a bit whilst I slept, suppose. Strange dreams.

SINGER

What kind of dreams?

WESTMINSTER

Don't remember.

SINGER

Everyone's favorite answer. Madam, your husband witnessed an attack on a woman at a tobacconists last night. A ... car ... Car... Carnal attack!

MRS. WESTMINSTER

How horrid! And I thought you were fighting! I'm so sorry dear!

SINGER

We think when he tried to 'elp 'e was drugged or knocked unconscious. (Yawns) Sorry, up late.

Atop the stairs the Housekeeper is silently joined by beautiful daughters TESS and ABBEY WESTMINSTER. Abbey is dark haired, flat chested, sloe eyed and Lewinskiesque. Tess is blonde, busty and perky, with Shirley Temple curls.

MRS. WESTMINSTER

I didn't know "tobacconists" were open so late.

WESTMINSTER

Oh, uh, yes. My friends, uh, Benson and Hedges, took the Club's last cigars, so I stopped to procure one at a store open late to accommodate just such situations, which, uh, if you smoked, uh, which of course you don't as you are a virtuous, understanding woman, but if you did you'd know occur even with the breast planning. Best, that is.

They notice the women up the stairs. Pear shaped patriarch GRANDMAMA toddles out drinking a hot toddy.

GRANDMAMA

What's wrong Bea?

WESTMINSTER

We should talk in the ...

SINGER

No need. If you feel chipper talk tomorrow noon at Kingsland Road station. Having some experts come in to question you victims. I hope your constitution has fully improved by then. Good day.

Spinning on his heel he exits. The Westminsters plaster on fake smiles and march into the drawing room, closing ornate, thick double doors. This room is the least unpacked.

MRS. WESTMINSTER

I hope that horrid storey is true and you haven't gone and bribed another policeman to cover up ...

The others hear the fight through the overlush mahogany.

ABBEY

Fighting again ...

TESS

And before breakfast even ...

EXT. IN FRONT OF WESTMINSTER'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

SINGER leaves the gate open for a NEWSIE. The boy drops a paper on the doorstep. Big Headline: "Black Still #1 Colour!" Small Headline: "Police Baffled by Local Assaults - Serial fondler believed at work - Victim's memory missing."

DISSOLVE TO an identical newspaper being held by the COPYCAT. The paper projects his angry silhouette.

COPYCAT

'At fella fondled nice t...t... titty, got away with it 'e did! An' me, I'm even afraid ta say "titty" in me own 'ome! If 'e can grab some, I can try! Then some bloke'll read 'bout me instead!

INT. POLICE STATION MEETING ROOM

SUBTITLE: KINGSLAND ROAD POLICE STATION - NOON, July 23

This station is nicer than Mitre Square, Whitechapel, but it's still a weatherbeaten publick agency. On one side of a long table are the bosomy jail cell HARLOT, MONA LOTT, MADAM OVARY, WESTMINSTER and by him MRS. WESTMINSTER. The INSPECTOR heads the table as SINGER stands behind. Opposite the victims sit three experts: a PHRENOLOGIST, a PSYCHIC and MAGNIFICENT MEZMO.

INSPECTOR

I apologize for such short notice.
With so few leads we must move
quickly. I'm concerned you good people
were attacked with an unknown knockout
weapon. Pill, gas, wet rag. Whatever.
Ten years ago I'd never a heard of
suchlike. **Now** I can barely get ta
the chamberpot ...

MRS. WESTMINSTER

Goodness, such language!

INSPECTOR

'Scuse me ladies ...

MADAM OVARY

Policemen and their potty mouths.

Mrs. Westminster glares at "other woman" Madam Ovary.

INSPECTOR

Fergive me, Ma'am, spend most of my
time with "the boys." So every year
science is inventin' some new way ta
slip folks a "Mickey."

WESTMINSTER

But nothing I recall ...

INSPECTOR

Exactly! Knockout gas is my theory.
The latest thing. But I want other
ideas, so I've invited specialists
in. Introducin' Dr. Reece, expert on
skull and personality.

PHRENOLOGIST

Hello. Glad to be of service.

The bespectacled Phrenologist rubs his bald middle aged head.

INSPECTOR

The Paris Theatre's famed psychic
astrologer, Stupendous Simone La
Fayette.

PSYCHIC

Oh, *excusé moi monsieur*, but I am
now just "Simone," not "Stupendous,"
not "La Fayette," *n'est-ce pas*, just
"Simone." Ah zee burdens of one name
celebrity.

They laugh enviously at the French fat lady wearing a pile
of diaphanous scarves and dyed egret feathers.

INSPECTOR

Magnificent Mezmo, noted magician
and hypnotist to the Czars

MEZMO

Actually I'm a hypnotic researcher
first, magician second.

Severely handsome Mezmo wears a black leather coat, has dark
hair, large, piercing eyes and a whip of a moustache he
nervously twirls. An obvious villain.

INSPECTOR

Madam Ovary recount events the night
of July 21.

MADAM OVARY

Twat rainy, a slow evening. I was
spit polishing spittoons. Use fresh
spit for that, you know sir. Mona ...

MONA

I was ... uh polishin' the cigars.
Then Mr. Westminster came in, uh ...

WESTMINSTER

I was walking the street not looking
for streetwalkers when uh, ... uh

PSYCHIC

I sense lies. All lies!

INSPECTOR

Wif your psychic powers!?

PSYCHIC

No, idiot! You don't need psychic powers to see zhem staring at zee ceiling, stuttering, leaning back sweating. **Here's** psychic power!

The Psychic waves a big stick. Holding its Y shaped handle she points at the victims in turn, primitively humming. The stick moves itself straight at Mona's chest!

PSYCHIC (CONT'D)

Based on zee harmonics from zee dousing stick, I sense Mona is retaining water ... oh and more! Zee Loch Ness monster will be found in a block of ice in zee Thames zis Christmas. From its melted stomach will come a miracle lumbago cure. *N'est-ce pas?* I zense zat someday electric rotary horse brushes will be big, bigger zan big! *Oui!?* I'm sorry, but zat is what I'm getting. I am only a channel through which zee power flows.

PHRENOLOGIST

Ha! Psychics, such pseudoscience!

MEZMO

Yes, hear hear!

PSYCHIC

I assure, *mon ami*, zat my psychic powers are fully documented in ...

PHRENOLOGIST

Then **my** idea of documentation is different from yours. **My** science is based on research!

MEZMO

Empirical research!

PHRENOLOGIST

And study.

MEZMO

Yes, study!

PHRENOLOGIST

The study of how feeling head bumps
reveals a man's innermost secrets.
It's all right here!

He produces a model of a bald head covered with dotted lines
and writing, like a diagram of the tastiest cuts of a cow.

MEZMO

What, Phrenology?! That muck gets
more discounted each day!

PHRENOLOGIST

See me prove it.

With a sudden lunge his hands are on the INSPECTOR'S head,
pinwheeling the cops's toupee! There is much noggin' fondling
and gnashing of teeth during this hairpiece massage.

PHRENOLOGIST (CONT'D)

I sense by these lower occipital
nodules that you prefer extra butter
when eating scones.

INSPECTOR

(Reattaching hair) Why, yes, I think
I probably would. Good lord! How did
you know!?

MEZMO

That's vague! Anyone might claim
that! Skull bumps mean nothing.

PSYCHIC

What do you know! You! **Mesmer's**
follower!

MEZMO

Mesmer is discredited, true. He didn't
know what he had, just as Columbus
discovered Americans but called them
Indians.

PSYCHIC

Then why call yourself Mezmo?

MEZMO

"Magnificent Mezmo" makes a marvelous
marquee. If they are hypnotizable I
can release memories without head
(MORE)

MEZMO (CONT'D)
bumps or sticks. I employ ancient
wisdom with modern techniques. We'll
get best results with Mr. Westminster.
He saw the criminal last.

INSPECTOR
Do it.

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. POLICE STATION MEETING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Blinds drawn, the room dark. WESTMINSTER sits with all others
half hidden against shadowed walls. From nowhere MEZMO's
hands reach down and he pulls a large crystal on a string.
Impossible!? Everyone ooo's at the sleight of hand.

PHRENOLOGIST
What happened? I can't see!

MEZMO
Please lean back and let him breathe?
This takes ten minutes on a **good**
day! Inhale deeply sir. I want you
to watch as I sway the stone this
way and that way the stone ...

WESTMINSTER
The stone ...

MEZMO
(Monotone) ... is going, going to sway
this way as I say it will sway ...
back to the day in question.

The many minutes needed to put him into a hypnotic trance
are condensed into a SUDDEN DREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS MONTAGE
OF SWINGING CRYSTALS AND SLEEPY EYELIDS. Mezmo uses no special
"purple eye" hypnotic tricks.

WESTMINSTER
(Monotone) I was in the hall. Mona
was going on about how her nipples
were big as Spanish doubloons and
cost as much to kiss them! She's so
cheap it just makes me ...

He starts to wake. Mezmo mumbles a calming monotone. MONA fumes. MRS. WESTMINSTER is woozy at the mention of big nipples. The panel of experts are merely shocked!

MEZMO

Mona is not who we see, the evil man, now who is he?

WESTMINSTER

I walk in the office and ... she's lying there ... she's lying in her torn dress ... was pretty once ... not now ... He's over her. He hears me and jumps up. An inch taller than me, in black leather ... he's .. he's ... scary and I don't want to look at him ...

MEZMO

You can look. It's safe. Who is he?

WESTMINSTER

He is ... turning toward me. He is looking at me ... his eyes are looking ... (begins to cry) ... his eyes are ...

MEZMO

What are his eyes looking for?

Suddenly Westminster calms.

WESTMINSTER

I don't remember. Smelling salts wake me. It's 11:23 and raining.

Mezmo twirls his moustache in thought.

MEZMO

Impossible. As if his memory is missing. I'm at a loss. I'm sure all the others will have an identical response.

PHRENOLOGIST

You said you had all the answers Mr. Hypno-Scientist.

MEZMO

At least you now have a description. He wore black leather, an inch taller than Mr. Westminster.

INSPECTOR

Yes, you were the only one to produce information today. But a vague description is useless and we guessed as much ourselves. We need eyewitnesses to find 'im. We can't expect the villain to come in here in black leather twirling his moustache.

Black leather clad Mezmo abruptly stops twirling his moustache! SINGER notices!

WESTMINSTER

I feel a weight lifted by your treatment. I'd like more information on this "hypno-therapy."

MEZMO

I've an evening show at the Littleton Theatre Wednesday and Friday. It so happens I have more than enough tickets for you all and guests. And I promise I won't make people cluck like chickens or saw them in half!

INSPECTOR

Well this is a bloody blind alley. We are nowhere. The publick wants action. Which brings up another issue. (Holds up newspaper) The press.

EXT. OUTSIDE KINGSLAND ROAD STATION -- AFTERNOON

MEZMO exits the station house, followed quickly by SINGER.

SINGER

Oh, Mister, uh, "Mezmo" I suppose?

MEZMO

Real name is "Laughton."

SINGER

"Mezmo" is easier to remember.

MEZMO

Well, can't have too many aliases in show business! Ha ha!

SINGER

Ha! I noticed when the Investigator mentioned villainous moustache twirling you stopped spinning yours.

MEZMO

What are you presuming young man?!

SINGER

Nothing, nothing. Just wondering how many **other** aliases you have.

The HARLOT, MONA, MADAM OVARY, WESTMINSTER and MRS. WESTMINSTER push past and go down the steps. At the bottom are THREE REPORTERS and TWO SKETCH ARTISTS.

REPORTER #1

Tom Collins, *Daily Mail* city desk.
Aren't you a bosom fiend victim?

MONA

Yeah. Don't know what he saw in me,
wink wink!

REPORTER #1

I'd love to print your storey.

A sketch artist draws MONA to her delight.

MONA

What's it worf ta ya?

REPORTER #1

The Daily Mail does **not** pay for stories ... (whispers) within range of a police station. Follow me.

MONA

I 'aven't been in a **profitable** scandal in years! See Madam Ovary, it's good we went to the coppers. It's like, backwards!

The Westminsterers warily descend the steps.

REPORTER #2

London Herald. What can you tell us of the attack?

WESTMINSTER

(Nervous) I ... I remember nothing.

REPORTER #2
Did you smell gas?

WESTMINSTER
My mind is blank. I just remember seeing this monster, back turned, bending over Madam Ovary invading her ... her upper personal regions! These questions make me nervous!

REPORTER #2
Can amply bosomed women walk the streets safely even escorted?

WESTMINSTER
(Nervous) What!? London is the safest of cities. In two days we attend a hypnosis lecture at Littleton Theatre at Eight with my two attractive daughters. Especially Tess. I'll have **no** fear that some horrid creature, perhaps reading my words in your paper right now, would show his face and grab their soft, youthful embosomations and ...

MRS. WESTMINSTER
That's enough! Don't quote that!

REPORTER #2
Course not ma'am.

WESTMINSTER
What? Did I say something? That hypnosis made me dizzy.

INT. MITRE SQUARE POLICE STATION -- MORNING

PEARCE and POLICEMEN in the slum precinct crowd 'round a bloody inked note in SINGER'S trembling hands.

PEARCE
(Reading note) "Though I saw ya on the street, ya and I will never meet. Ya will think I'm gone and then, suddenly I strike again."

DESK OFFICER
Singer! Scotland Yard for you.

Singer shouts into the station's only telephone.

SINGER

Ahoy hoy?

THE SCREEN SPLITS AND BOTH CHARACTERS APPEAR.

INSPECTOR

Ahoy Singer, this is Inspector
McMicken. You won't believe the paper
I'm 'olding in my 'ands.

SINGER

Could say the same 'ere.

INSPECTOR

Then you've read the *London Herald*
storey?

SINGER

The papers? No.

INSPECTOR

Lord! Listen to Westminster, in the
biggest write-up yet. "We attend a
'ypnosis lecture at Littleton Theatre
at Eight with my attractive daughters.
Especially Tess. I'll have **no** fear
that some 'orrid creature, perhaps
reading my words in your paper right
now, would show 'is face and grab
their soft, youthful embosomations."
Embosomations? Is 'at a word?

SINGER

I've even more ...

INSPECTOR

'At monster stands a good chance of
showing up tonight if 'e reads this,
to say nothin' of copycats.

SINGER

Today I ...

INSPECTOR

I think we can trap 'im tonight with
Westminster's daughters as bait!

SINGER

What!? Westminster won't do it! It's
unsafe!

INSPECTOR

Then we threaten to tell 'is wife
about 'im bein' in the titty bar.

SINGER

Listen! I've bigger news. We've a
note from the rapist!

INSPECTOR

What! Incredible! Came in the mail?

SINGER

Found it in my pocket when I got to
work 'ere.

INSPECTOR

In **your** pocket! Liar! I don't
understand. Did you see 'im!?

SINGER

I don't remember. I sound like the
witnesses! I don't even remember
waking up this morning. I just
remember being 'ere. And I felt all
flushed!

INSPECTOR

If you'd a wrote 'at note yerself
you'd a thought up a cleverer way to
get it to the cops.

SINGER

And I'd 'ave written better rhymes.

INSPECTOR

Get that message to me now. And bring
another fellow who's strong. I need
two bodyguards who ain't from that
snoopin' Scotland Yard.

INT. WESTMINSTER DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

The wealthy ladies decorated their new room with modern
furniture and childhood toys. Tubby GRANDMAMA sits, etiquette
book in one hand, wine in the other. She lectures sexy
twentysomethings TESS and ABBEY.

The girls are a captive audience on tall, hard stools. They
wear large wooden boards stuck to their backs with clumsy
chest straps. The straps really define Tess's hooters but
don't do much for flat chested Abbey. The tombstonelike planks

stick two feet overhead and are inscribed "*Lady Gough's Posture Correction Apparatus*."

GRANDMAMA

Why are you still sharing a bedroom when we've half a house empty? I might ask why we are conducting yet another etiquette lesson, or why we must wear Lady Gough's posture correctors. Because you aren't married, as I've said three times this morn.

TESS

What has marriage to do with privacy?

ABBEY

With having my own room?

GRANDMAMA

Marriage means never having your own room, so get used to it. No privacy is what you have together, no privacy is what you have with a husband. When you finally say "yes" to a suitor, you can move out of this room and down the hall to his. Unless he decides to live elsewhere. Then you go with him, unquestioning.

Abbey raises her hand to question.

GRANDMAMA (CONT'D)

What?

ABBEY

I have to go to the bathroom.

GRANDMAMA

Oh, Abbey, I asked you before you put that board on if you had ...

ABBEY

I didn't have to go then. Or would you rather I wear a diaper with this ... this spinsterboard!

TESS

How many years, **years** must this hellish torture ...

Hell ... HELL ... HEEEEEEEELLLLL!!!

THE DEMONIC WORD FLAPS BATLIKE FROM TESS'S MOUTH AND BURSTS INTO FLAMES before Grandmama! Carefully placing her drink on the table, she gasps and passes out melodramatically!

The girls leap from their high stools! But instead of helping they konk the tops of their boards together and fall! Crawling on all fours towards Grandmama they clumsily wake the drunken oldster as MRS. WESTMINSTER rushes in!

MRS. WESTMINSTER
MaMA! What happened! Her liver again!?

GRANDMAMA
Oh dear, my physic, where's my physic?

TESS
I'm sorry I cursed GrandmaMA.

GRANDMAMA
I prayed the holy ghost to take me!
Such words from my own kin! You know
even deviled eggs upset me! Oooh,
I'll need a strong drink to cool my
nerves! So, Tess, it's your fault I
drink too much this morning.

MRS. WESTMINSTER
Finish the girls lesson and you'll
feel yourself again. What's the topic?
Knitting covers for naked piano legs?

GRANDMAMA
No, naked piano legs was yesterday.
Today's lesson from *Gough's Book of
Etiquette* is why a lady never shelves
books by male and female authors
next to each other. Unless they are
married.

The girls sigh, climbing back up on the stools.

GRANDMAMA (CONT'D)
Warm up by reciting the *Lady's Code*
whilst balancing books by lady
authors.

TESS AND ABBEY

(Unison) On the street or in the
hall, Lady walks against the wall,
upstairs a lady second and downstairs
a lady first, don't wear pearls in
the morning, gentlemen will take
warning, ladies talking in the street,
will never a husband meet, a lady
begins to smoke, a lady begins to
choke ...

The girls stack many books on their heads. DING DONG! SINGER
is heard downstairs. All the books fall!

ABBHEY

It's the handsome constable!

GRANDMAMA

Your husband afoul the law again,
Bea?

All exit excitedly! Abbey forgets to duck. Her Lady Gough's
Board smacks the doorway top, nearly knocking her over!

INT. WESTMINSTER'S FOYER -- CONTINUOUS

At the second floor railing they see WESTMINSTER talking
below with SINGER, PEARCE and the INSPECTOR. The HOUSEKEEPER
closes the ornate front door.

TESS

Two handsome policemen! They mustn't
see us in these "old maid" planks!

TESS reenters her bedroom. ABBEY follows but the top of her
Lady Gough's Board collides with the bottom of the chandelier.
It swings wildly! Off balance, Abbey pinwheels her arms but
lands flat on her back! POV of the chandelier plummeting
towards her! An electric ceiling motor shoots sparks down!

She screams! The titanic light slams to a stop inches from
her head! Beads and baubles whip and tinkle! All rush to her
aid. The HOUSEKEEPER pushes a wall button and the humming
chandelier rises. WESTMINSTER unbuckles the big board straps.

MRS. WESTMINSTER

Mother of God! That electric
chandelier, what an overpriced
mistake!

WESTMINSTER

But it's the latest thing! Are you hurt dearest?!

ABBEY

My dignity's bruised.

She shakily stands. Under her lies the Lady Gough's Board cracked in half! GASP! The family is devastated!

WESTMINSTER

The Lady Gough's Board, broken! That heirloom's been in the Westminster family forty years Miss Abbey!

MRS. WESTMINSTER

And we're still making payments on it!

SINGER

I'm sure it can be glued Ma'am.

MRS. WESTMINSTER

Glued!? What will people think!? That our daughter is a wild woman with a glued Lady Gough's Board?!

PEARCE

Can't ya get another?

WESTMINSTER

These wooden boards don't grow on trees, sir.

INSPECTOR

We have bigger problems than this. Ladies I believe your father's statements to the press 'ave put you in danger, but it just may work to our advantage ...

INT. WESTMINSTER DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Black English rain pelts the window. Lightning on two sleeping daughters in a luxurious bed. ABBEY is having a nightmare!

She runs through jet black nothing, her beautiful gown a splash of colour in the void. Her feet touch emptiness but she runs for her life! EVIL CACKLING and she looks back over her shoulder. Whoops! He's right in front here!

ABBEY

AAAAaaahhhhh! Get away, you fiend!

Liquid black hands claw her costumed bosoms! The inky silhouette snatches and RIP! Socks spill out onto the black ground, her tiny chest hidden behind pale, trembling hands!

HAUNTING VOICES

(Filtered) She's so flat! So small!

Yes, not good enough at all!

Asleep in bed Abbey rocks restlessly. Next to her TESS sleeps happily. She dreams she stands on nothing in a field of black, wearing a stunning dress and lacy bodice. SHE STARES DIRECTLY AT THE CAMERA. IT COMES CLOSE IN A KILLER'S POV.

TESS

(Unconvincingly) No! Don't come any closer, you beastly buccaneer!

A muscular DREAM STUD grabs her by the waist. He wears satin fantasy pirate garb. She pushes away his bulging chest.

TESS (CONT'D)

(Getting into it) Stop, curse thee, no means no! Touch not my bosoms, pirate!

The man halfheartedly fondles her.

TESS (CONT'D)

No, not my bodice!

She presses her jiggling bosoms against him. The DREAM STUD'S forearms pop as his powerful hands tear at her boobs.

TESS (CONT'D)

Jesus lord, save me!

DREAM STUD

I'm ... I'm sorry, I just don't feel comfortable doing this.

He sighs and lets go.

TESS

Come on, dominate me!

DREAM STUD

No, I don't want to!

TESS
I said dominate me!

She slaps his romance novel face!

EXT. OUTSIDE LITTLETON THEATRE - SUNSET

The sun boils red through smoggy sky. Black carriages drop stage goers on the steps of a run down theatre. "*Magnificent Mezmo - 2 Weeks Only.*" Dominating the entrance is a breastlike red and white hot air balloon trumpeting "*Mezmo Tonight.*"

SUBTITLE: JULY 25, 1888 - 7:42 P.M.

A black carriage rolls up with WESTMINSTER, MRS. WESTMINSTER, SINGER and TESS. PEARCE, ABBEY, GRANDMAMA and the INSPECTOR exit a second coach. The men are in tails and the women wear fancy trailing dresses.

MRS. WESTMINSTER
They're using our daughters as shills
to lure this vulgarian!

WESTMINSTER
If we were in any danger would I be
here? Or your mother?

GRANDMAMA
I'm at death's door, what have I to
lose! The poor girls have their whole
lives ahead!

TESS
These big strong policemen will watch
us. And you must admit, it is **much**
more exciting than some charity ball!

INT. LITTLETON THEATRE LOBBY -- SUNSET -- CONTINUOUS

They enter the worn playhouse. People of all classes mill 'round. Nobody is as dressed up as the WESTMINSTERS.

MRS. WESTMINSTER
Overdressed! What a shabby theatre!

A moustacheless MEZMO and GRETA GREEN survey the crowd from the auditorium door. Greta is wearing a stylish outfit in her trademark green. In it her flat chest looks even smaller.

GRETA GREEN
Larger crowds each night. Must be
getting good word.

Mezmo stares at cleavage in the crowd.

GRETA GREEN (CONT'D)
John? John? You're not obsessing
over bosoms again, are you?

MEZMO
Not at all. Though I must say that
blonde young Westminster is quite
bosomy! And the lady in blue! If I
could squeeze those bristols in front
of everyone **and** get away with it!
Then I'd finally have it all!

GRETA GREEN
Now!? My God, John, police are
everywhere! If you spent half your
time thinking of **me** instead ...

Mezmo glances from her flat chest to her eyes. SINGER
approaches.

MEZMO
Miss Green, dear, you know I wouldn't
sully what we have with such ...
carnality. Why ruin friendship ... Ah,
Sergeant John Singer, glad you came.

SINGER
Shaved off your moustache.

MEZMO
So I did. Meet my business associate
Miss Greta Green.

An athletic young man in soiled workman's clothes enters.

MEZMO (CONT'D)
Ah, my stage manager Mr. Lance Boyle.

LANCE BOYLE
Sir, almost ready in back.

MEZMO
Ahh, show time! Sergeant, could I
have a word before I go on?

He pulls Singer aside.

MEZMO (CONT'D)

I just wanted to say ... gondola.

Singer becomes robotlike! His eyes focus on nothing. He stares straight ahead!

SINGER

Mezmo is a fine man. 'E would not
'urt a fly.

MEZMO

Good, you may go.

Singer mechanically returns to his place with the Westminsters, PEARCE and the INSPECTOR.

INSPECTOR

Everythin' set, Bobbies in place
outside. Hopefully this fiend'll
fixate again on you or the girls.
'Alf the time they **want** to be caught.
Desperate cry fer 'elp.

He glances at the programme.

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

Intermission Eight Forty-Five, we'll
need to be watchful. Hmm, "An evenin'
of magic an' instant hypnosis ..." You
know, seems ironic, but what if the
rapist is **Mezmo**? 'Is 'ypnotic powers
are just the kind of thing ...

SINGER

(Robotic monotone) Mezmo is a fine
man. 'E would not 'urt a fly.

INT. MEZMO'S DRESSING ROOM -- EVENING

Flies buzz against a window. Quite a dingy hole, with the stress cracks and exposed piping of showbiz. MEZMO holds a test tube of something glowing green to his lips and drinks, shuddering! He coughs luminous emerald smoke! It floats up and poisons a fly! The pest falls to the table. Startled, Mezmo rubs dark circled eyes.

MEZMO

My dosage can't be at insecticide
level already!

The bug is on it's back, legs frozen in air.

MEZMO (CONT'D)

Come on, fly! Wake, don't die!

He gently nudges it. A leg twitches. He rolls it on its feet. It circles drunkenly. He leans in very close. It begins to buzz a bit ... SLAM! GRETA'S rolled up newspaper crushes the fly, just missing Mezmo's head!

GRETA GREEN

This filth infested place! The ladies room is worst, right over the stable! But the rent was all we could afford. John, if you'd publicize your discovery! This fluid and certainly the machine, if it works. Then we'd have plenty of money and publicity. You wouldn't have to attract new patients with magic shows.

MEZMO

That's on my mind more and more, Greta. But I can't come forward yet. When I'm known as a mind reader everything changes. No one will talk to me! They'll be afraid for no good reason, suspicious of keeping secrets from me. Milk this period of anonymity for all it's worth, dear. It will soon be over. Now, show time!

INT. LITTLETON THEATRE STAGE

The theatre's small stage juts into the audience. Torn, faded curtains and chipped paint add a tawdry air. A PIANO PLAYER warms up beneath a placard -- "*MEZMO - Hypnotist to the Czars!*" GRETA removes the sign and enters the limelight.

GRETA GREEN

Ladies and Gentlemen, the Littleton Theatre proudly presents the world's foremost magician and hypnotic scientist, inventor of the "Sleep Yourself Thin" plan ... Magnificent Mezmo!

Taadaah! The faded curtains reveal MEZMO. He wears a hat! Indoors! At first applauding, the startled audience mutters!

WESTMINSTER

My God, I don't believe him!

INSPECTOR

Shocking!

GRANDMAMA

Dearest Lord! He's wearing his hat ...
indoors!

MRS. WESTMINSTER

Mother if I had known indoor hat
wearing was on the programme I would
not have ...

Mezmo seems oblivious, yet removes his magician's top hat.
The audience is relieved! Reaching into the black hat he
pulls out a white rabbit.

ABBEY

Seen that trick a hundred times.

Mezmo holds the sagging rodent by the neck. Reaching under
its puffy tail he pulls a miniature top hat out of the
rabbit's rectum! The tiny magician's hat pops up and he straps
it on the animal's head! It hops on a stool and farts.

ABBEY (CONT'D)

Now there's a new twist ...

GRANDMAMA

I am offended! That rabbit is wearing
a hat ... **indoors!**

Together the white rabbit and Mezmo tip hats to applause.
With a mischievous pink eyed wink it hops offstage.

DISSOLVE
TO:

Later in the show. FOUR AUDIENCE MEMBERS giggle in line
onstage with Mezmo. One is a big breasted FAT GIRL.

MEZMO

So none of you met me before tonight?
And none have been hypnotized before?
Excellent. Let us do the "fall
backwards" test. Assistants!

With a clap Greta, LANCE BOYLE and TWO HENCHMEN appear. Each
moves in place behind an AUDIENCE MEMBER. Tiny GRETA realizes

she is behind the FAT GIRL while muscular LANCE BOYLE is standing behind a thin little man!

GRETA GREEN
Uh, Magnificent Mezmo ...

MEZMO
Please, one moment. First we ...

GRETA GREEN
But Mezmo!

MEZMO
After the experiment! When I clap I want you all to fall backwards into the arms of my capable assistants. Have no fear! They'll catch you. If you can trust then you **can** be hypnotized!

The Audience Members giggle, hesitating. *CLAP!* Three are too inhibited to fall back but the Fat Girl hits the floorboards hard! When Henchmen pry her off the floor Greta is gone! Wait, she's pressed into the fat girl's butt crack! Mezmo and Lance peel her off the tubby lass. *SSSHLLERP!* Greta glares at Mezmo as she slowly unkinks herself!

MEZMO (CONT'D)
I must apologize to you both! Well, on with the show!

DISSOLVE
TO:

Still later. The amply bosomed Fat Girl sits in a comfy chair with Mezmo about to hypnotize her. He waves and magically a sea shell on a string appears. The audience "oohs." Swinging the shell he begins the same act used earlier on Westminster in the police meeting room.

MEZMO (CONT'D)
Slowly, slowly I swing the shell, until you fall under it's spell!

A swirling montage of hypnotic clichés condenses hypnotizing the Fat Girl into seconds. Mezmo is **not** using his bizarre purple-eyed hypno-powers. The girl, eyes closed, is relaxed.

MEZMO (CONT'D)
How do you feel?

The Fat Girl's eyes pop open.

FAT GIRL
I feel wide awake.

MEZMO
Let's try again.

He repeats the incantation and the swirling montage of hypnosis clichés. Her eyes are still wide awake!

FAT GIRL
Now I'm even **more** alert.

Mezmo looks 'round furtively. Blocking the audience's view with his head, he stares her down! GHOSTLY RINGS OF PURPLE LIGHT POUR OUT OF MEZMO'S EYES! She goes limp.

MEZMO
Success!

He allows the audience to see her deep slumber. They applaud.

MEZMO (CONT'D)
Shssshh! Do not disturb the trance!
What is your name child?

FAT GIRL
(Monotone) Miss McFadden.

MEZMO
People come to me for help with problems. What's your problem, Miss McFadden?

FAT GIRL
(Monotone) I want to stop smoking.

The audience spins into a tizzy!

MEZMO
Please, quiet everyone! We are not here to judge!

GRANDMAMA
It's sad seeing a woman turn to drugs!

GRANDMAMA pulls a whisky flask from her ho-hum bosom.

MRS. WESTMINSTER
MaMA! Not here!

She snatches the bottle, looks 'round and swigs, snickering sneakily!

MEZMO

Why did you start smoking?

FAT GIRL

(Monotone) To lose weight, but I **gained** weight ... now I can't sleep.

The audience murmurs sympathetically.

MEZMO

Can't sleep ... hmm ... overstimulated by tobacco ...

FAT GIRL

(Monotone) Don't want to be like papa's cigars.

MEZMO

Your father smoked?

FAT GIRL

(Monotone) Smoked and burned ...

MEZMO

Burned what?

FAT GIRL

(Monotone) Me ... with cigars.

MEZMO

You? Why?

FAT GIRL

(Monotone) I was bad ...

Mezmo glances at her moonlike white hand scars. The audience mutters, shocked at a rare private glimpse! He glares at them, holding his hand for silence! Turning he hides her head from view with his own. HIS EYES GLOW PURPLE!

MEZMO

You're not bad. Open your eyes. When you smoke you will think of your father hurting you.

FAT GIRL

I will think of my father ...

MEZMO

When you put out a cigarette you
will forgive your father for hurting
you.

FAT GIRL

I will forgive my father ...

MEZMO

Every time you light up you will
feel old burns more and more ...

FAT GIRL

And more ... ?

MEZMO

Every time you stop you will forget
his pain more and more.

FAT GIRL

And more ...

MEZMO

Until you stop smoking your cigarettes
and stop remembering his cigars. You
will recall everything that happened
tonight.

HIS EYES STOP GLOWING PURPLE. The wide eyed wench stands
unsteadily. She wraps he arms 'round him and gives a big,
tearful hug! The audience leaps with pent up applause!

A surprised Mezmo returns her hug. He reaches down and gives
both her fat breasts a big squeeze! Fortunately the audience
doesn't notice! GRETA displays an "*Intermission*" card fast.

INT. LITTLETON THEATRE LOBBY

TESS and SINGER look smitten with each other as they talk
near the restrooms. Audience members return to their seats.

SUBTITLE: 8:58 P.M.

TESS

Sergeant whilst I'm in the ladies
room, would you get me a drink?

SINGER

I can't leave you alone. I'm your
bodyguard.

TESS

But you can't come in the lavatory
with me, silly man!

SINGER

Yes, well, I guess, of course. That's
illegal and I must uphold the law.

Bosomy Tess enters the restroom. Like all ladies rooms in movies it has no line. Yellow, fly filled and grubby, it overlooks an even browner stable. She distrustfully eyes a dowdy young LADIES ROOM ATTENDANT with average breasts.

TESS

What a smell! Miss, have you any **clean**
towels?

LADIES ROOM ATTENDANT

I'll fetch 'em posthaste mum.

The wench leaves through the open door as Tess washes her face. Past her view a broomstick pokes from under a stall, nudging the door shut. The inside doorknob ... gone! No escape!

Tess dips blonde locks in the sink. A horrible face reflects in the mirror! The cracked and crusty COPYCAT leers!

TESS

This is the **Ladies** Room sir! No **man**
has **ever** come ...

COPYCAT

If 'e can grab 'eadlines an t-t-t-
titties then I wants a pair a bristols
fer me befer I die!

The wild eyed little COPYCAT lunges clumsily for breasts, his thin arms tearing her bodice! She fights him off!

TESS

EEAAaaaakk! Help police!

Singer rushes to the ladies room door, shaking the locked knob as PEARCE enters. Perplexed MEZMO and GRETA GREEN hear the screams onstage.

SINGER

Pearce, get the inspector!

POLICEMEN out in the stable spy the fight through the lavatory windows and run inside. Tess dodges the clumsy moves of the leering old homeless man again!

TESS

You mealy mouthed monster! Shall no
one help me? Mother of God!

Long, aristocratic fingernails SLASH red tears down his cheek!

COPYCAT

Yeearrghh!!! That bloody 'urt!

Singer kicks the metal door once, twice! It pops in as PEARCE, the INSPECTOR, the LADIES ROOM ATTENDANT and the WESTMINSTERS arrive. Eyes shielded, Singer, a man, puts his foot inside the women's lavatory. Clearly he intends to go in! They gasp!

INSPECTOR

Wait, boy, don't do it! Your career
will be over!

LADIES ROOM ATTENDANT

No man goes in the ladies room! It's
impossible!

SINGER

It's a man's duty to save 'elpless
women!

In the restroom Tess drops guard fumbling in her purse. The Copycat strikes her face! He grapples for breasts. Grabbing her by the shoulders he presses her to the wall, his hairy face looming close. FFFTTTT! She sprays perfume in his eyes!

Rubbing dirty hands in his eyes he shrieks back! Tess shoves hard enough to turn him 'round and smack his face against a toilet stall! Dazed, the ruffian stumbles back a step. SLAM! She pushes his face to the wall again!

TESS

MaMA where are you! Hhheeeeeelllp!!

MRS. WESTMINSTER

Hold on Tess, dearest, we're working
through this!

INSPECTOR

You ladies can legally enter, why
don't you rescue her?

GRANDMAMA

This is **men's** work! Only **men** can
rescue we damsels!

In the lavatory the exhausted old Copycat clings to the top
of the toilet stall, back turned, buttocks vulnerable! Tess
tears away her skirts and bustle, only a short petticoat
'round her legs. Free to move she stomps her stiletto heel!

TESS

Finally using those ballet lessons!
Hiiiyaaaargggghhh!

Kicking high, she stabs the Copycat's right buttock! Tess
pulls her foot away. Her hypodermic high heel is stuck in
his butt cheek! Blood oozes!

SINGER

What if I put on women's clothing?
Then I could ...

INSPECTOR

Transvestism!? Two years hard labour!
This rapist will only get **one** year!

GRANDMAMA

There's no easy way out of this?
Poor Tess!

The wailing Copycat limps to the window over the stable. He
pulls it up and open. The slanted stable roof is just outside.
A quick slide to freedom!

TESS

He's getting away!

Tess charges the Copycat and impales her left shoe in his
left buttock! He shrieks crawling through the window!

SINGER

'Old tight miss, don't let 'im near
your bodice!

WESTMINSTER

Yes, cross your arms, dearest!

Now the Copycat has a shoe gouging a bleeding hole in each
ass cheek! He clumsily pulls through the window. Tess grabs
his feet!

TESS

Oh no you don't, you vicious vagrant!

COPYCAT

Let go o' me madwoman! I just wanted
a 'andfull o' knockers like 'e got!

He pulls out the window with stubby arms as Tess pull him in by his filthy feet. His buttocks are in the window. It accidentally shuts, slamming down like a guillotine! It lands right on the two shoes, pushing them harder into his ass!

COPYCAT (CONT'D)

Yeowch! Mum! I want me m-mum!

The glass window panes shatter! Startled TESS lets go of his feet. The Copycat slides out the half closed window and toboggans down the slanted roof head first! Glass tumbles past and off the building as gravity drags him to the edge!

COPYCAT (CONT'D)

No, no, stop ... whooa!

He slides to the bottom of the roof, pausing. Below is a huge pile of horse manure to break his fall!

COPYCAT (CONT'D)

Not that! Anythin' but thaaaaaat!

His weight tips him over the roof and he falls eight feet head first into the giant poo pile! Pulling his filthy head out he leaves an exact impression of his face in the turd! His scream is muffled by a mouthful of manure!

Singer and the others debate in the lavatory entrance.

SINGER

No, what I'm saying is, if we got a
police dog to go in there ...

INSPECTOR

It would 'ave to be a bitch!

SINGER

Okay, right, yes, a female police
dog, to go in there and ... bite him ...

Quietly, Tess appears in the door battered and bruised, a trickle of blood under her nose. Everyone is deathly quiet. Her expression changes from anger to fear. She faints in Singer's arms!

The Ladies Room Attendant cautiously enters the restroom. Through the broken window she sees the Copycat in the stable below limping away. He slips in a puddle of slime and falls on the shoes impaling his butt!

LADIES ROOM ATTENDANT
'E's in the stable!

EXT. STABLE -- NIGHT

The stable is a manure caked mess from theatregoer's horses. Against the building a slanted roof leads up to the women's lavatory. Below is a huge mound of poop. The INSPECTOR, SINGER and PEARCE enter searching and stir up flies.

INSPECTOR
A blood trail leads from that broken
window down the roof.

PEARCE
And 'e landed 'ere sir! In the manure!
Ugh!

SINGER
Why that impression must be 'is face!

INSPECTOR
My God, it's the Shroud of Turin in
turds!

The tubby, bookish POLICE RESEARCHER appears. He has a bulky camera and T-shaped flash powder pan.

POLICE RESEARCHER
My God that's luck! We'll pull a
plaster mould off that and get a
perfect image of his face!

INSPECTOR
Get the plaster!

POLICE RESEARCHER
Wait, first let's photograph the
crime scene with this experimental
equipment! It's the latest thing!

INSPECTOR
Record it for posterity, eh?
Fascinatin'!

PEARCE
It's like livin' in the future!

POLICE RESEARCHER
Let's get a shot of the filth first
in case something goes wrong.

The Police Researcher points his camera at the muck. The primitive flash powder goes off. FFF00000FF. A stray spark lands unnoticed in a hay pile.

POLICE RESEARCHER (CONT'D)
Right-o. Now let's get one of all
you chaps next to the evidence.

The policemen awkwardly line up by the nauseating muck. All smile happily.

POLICE RESEARCHER (CONT'D)
All right, remember no moving for
ten seconds. Want a clear picture.
Everyone say "frown."

The smiles vanish. They take on the grim look of old photos!

SINGER AND INSPECTOR AND PEARCE
Frown!

They freeze for a long time while flies land on their faces.

The wayward spark smolders in the hay. F00F! The flash pan ignites again. A second ember arcs into alfalfa stuffed rafters.

INSPECTOR
Enough tomfoolery. Get that plaster
in here.

SINGER
Do you smell smoke?

The first burning hay pile bursts into flames!

CUT TO:

Jump cut! The whole stable is afire, the precious poo pile destroyed! Flames outline running people and panicked horses! The blaze threatens the theatre itself! MEZMO, GRETA, LANCE BOYLE and the HENCHMEN watch from the perimeter amazed.

MEZMO

I've always wanted to bring the house down, but not in flames! Can't you ever get what you want out of life the way you want it? Oh no, where's bunny?

LANCE BOYLE

'Ere he is! Lost 'is top 'at though.

He pulls out the white rabbit for Mezmo who cuddles it. Galloping horses tugging huge fire trucks appear!

DISSOLVE
TO:

The stable is a smoldering pile. Firemen continue hosing down rubble. The scorched theatre is mostly unharmed but the wall outside the women's lavatory is black as the mood. Mezmo and Greta turn from the gawkers to go. They spy the Westminster family boarding a carriage.

MEZMO

Mr. Westminster, your daughter's bruises will heal but if she does not get better inside please, by all means, bring her to me for treatment at my expense.

WESTMINSTER

Thank you sir.

MEZMO

I feel I owe it to her. Security was so lax. However, next time I recommend you do not tempt serial rapists with remarks to the press about your daughter's bosoms.

WESTMINSTER stares at the ground, humiliated. GRANDMAMA rolls her eyes in disgust at her son-in-law.

GRANDMAMA

What I saw you do tonight for that poor smoker, amazing! You are good man sir! A bright future awaits you.

MEZMO

Thank you. I only hope it helps her.

Mezmo and Greta keep walking down the stately boulevard, away from the accident towards museums and night life.

GRETA GREEN

John, I saw you touch that fat girl tonight. You must control yourself. Someone will figure you out!

Mezmo watches the MUSEUM VICTIM pass, a well dressed lady with big breasts and shapely hips her corset can't hide.

MEZMO

I know, but I'm tired of staying in control. I want to reach out and grab whatever I want, when I want! I'm sick of all the rules ...

GRETA GREEN

Thank goodness I think you actually helped the girl. She had no idea what you were doing when ...

She glances his way. He's gone! She fumes ...

GRETA GREEN (CONT'D)

No one disappears like a magician!

INT. ART MUSEUM

The wide steps of the art museum overlook the smoldering theatre. Its Greek columns sport a sign "Art of Nightmares." The MUSEUM VICTIM lifts her dress and climbs the steps. She is pretty, heavily embosomed. Just old enough to be seen out alone without causing scandal.

SUBTITLE: 10:11 P.M.

The museum is empty, but for an elderly man, the MUSEUM GUIDE behind the front desk. Gas lamps flicker eerily down high marble corridors. The wavering light makes the fantastical art even weirder.

MUSEUM GUIDE

Hello M'um. Slow night. We close in twenty minutes.

MUSEUM VICTIM

Where is everyone?

MUSEUM GUIDE

How can art compete with those flaming
special effects down the street?
Usually a fire or sewer explosion is
wonderful for drawing spillover. Not
tonight. 5 pence, M'um.

She enters the exhibit. Footfalls echo off polished stone.
She spies a statue of a voluptuous woman manhandled by a
handsome Roman brute.

MUSEUM VICTIM

Rape of the Sabines. Humph! Violence
against women masquerading as art!

She sees a huge, dark painting of an evil gnome atop a
sleeping woman.

MUSEUM VICTIM (CONT'D)

Goya's "The Nightmare." Oh my!

Turning she notices a very scary black hatted, leather clad
menace. Wait! That's no painting, it's MEZMO framed leaning
against empty wall!

MUSEUM VICTIM (CONT'D)

Good heavens! You moved!

MEZMO stands, staring in her eyes.

MUSEUM VICTIM (CONT'D)

(Laughs) You gave me such a start. I
... I thought you were a ... a painting.
Sir, it is rude to wear a hat indoors
in civil society.

MEZMO

Feel safe in high culture? Nothing
stops me from getting my way!

He takes off his hat, revealing his eyes! PURPLE RAYS SWIRL
FROM MEZMO'S PUPILS AND INTO THE BEAUTIFUL VICTIM'S BRAIN!

MEZMO (CONT'D)

You have come to see the art, but I
have come to stab your heart ...

He whips out large medical scissors!

MUSEUM VICTIM

(Dazed) You ... you're .. the monster
... the papers talk of ... you don't
kill ... you just ... squeeze bosoms.

MEZMO

I assure, with utmost skill, I'm a
creature who can kill!

He raises the shears! Somehow she closes her eyes, cutting
off his hypnotic power! She grabs his raised arm, fending
him off with eyes closed!

MUSEUM VICTIM

I'm not afraid you pathetic monster!

SHE OPENS HER EYES AND MEZMO MORPHS INTO A MONSTER! HIS
SILHOUETTE GROWS INTO AN OILY, BLACK VAMPIRE WITH GLOWING
PURPLE EYES! Overcome with horror she collapses on the marble
floor! Mezmo is taken aback!

MEZMO

Oh dear! I'm sorry, I ... I ...

Halfheartedly he goes through the motions of snipping her
bodice. Reaching into her clothes he grabs her ample boobies.

MEZMO (CONT'D)

(Listlessly) Honk honk ... So there!
High society ... no match for me!

He tips *Rape of the Sabines* off its pedestal. It shatters as
he flees through a side exit!

INT. POLICE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE -- MORNING

The overweight SUPERINTENDENT scowls his jowls behind his
grand desk. A career of plaques and knickknacks glare at the
INSPECTOR, SINGER, PEARCE and the eggheaded POLICE RESEARCHER.

SUPERINTENDENT

You force a father to use his
daughters as bait, let the r-rapist
escape **and** burn down the building?

INSPECTOR

Partly burned, sir. But we flushed
'im out!

SUPERINTENDENT

And he struck again later! Why didn't
you catch him? What idiots can't
stop a simple breast grabbing
pervert?!

SINGER

'E attacked in the women's lavatory!

SUPERINTENDENT

What! Evil genius! You fools will
never catch him. You're all demoted
to the slums!

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE -- SUNRISE

The smoky inner sanctum of the paper has a wide window on
Fleet Street. Exhausted reporters slump 'round a table, while
bored young secretary BARBARA CARTLAND has given up hearing
something worth writing. She reads a cheap novel instead.

NEWSPAPERMAN

He sells papers like mad and that's
all the names for this pervert you
"journalists" can think of? Read
back what we've got.

BARBARA CARTLAND

Bust Buster, Bosom Beater, Bodice
Beater, Brassier Beater, Brassier
Beast, Ghostly Grabber, the Shadowy
Squeezer, the Secret Squeezer, the
Phantom Menace ... that's it.

NEWSPAPERMAN

What about Breast Beater ...

REPORTER #1

We'd never get away with "breast" in
a headline. (Puffs cigar)

BARBARA CARTLAND

Yes, that would be rude as smoking
in front of a lady!

Everyone laughs. The Newspaperman grabs her pulpy, penny
dreadful novel.

NEWSPAPERMAN

"Pirate Pierre's Purple Passion!"
(MORE)

NEWSPAPERMAN (CONT'D)
Good Lord, Barbara Cartland, you'll
never be a writer reading this! Toss
this cheap **bodice ripper** and help
think of a name for our freak!

EXT. STREET CORNER -- DAY

The NEWSIE stands on a sidewalk. People rush to buy the lil' chap's papers.

NEWSIE
Bodice Ripper terrifies London!
Strikes twice last night! Sex becomes
legi'imate news! Every filthy detail
available for your edi-fi-cation as
a publick service!

At the mention of sex the line of customers doubles!

INT. RIPPER'S LAIR -- DAY

The Ripper's Lair, an industrial building, is aflurry with construction of theatrical sets. MEZMO instructs his HENCHMEN, LANCE BOYLE and GRETA.

MEZMO
I know you're all curious about this
formula and the hypnotic skills I'm
developing. I think it's time you
tried it yourself.

They murmur nervously as Mezmo grinds ingredients with mortar and pestle.

LANCE BOYLE
What's in this secret formula?

MEZMO
Lead, radium, mercury, opium, absinthe
and a twist of lime. (Squeezes lime)

GRETA GREEN
Is it addictive? What's the lime do?

MEZMO
Makes it just barely drinkable.

LANCE BOYLE
What's that glowin' green?

Mezmo grabs a luminous little rod, tossing it casually to Lance Boyle who smells and tastes it.

MEZMO

Radium, Mr. Boyle. It's radio-active!
Quite expensive. They're painting it
on watches now so numbers glow in
the dark. Imagine! Soon we'll wear
glowing hats, read glowing papers,
live luminescent lives. One day
everything will be radio-active!

They murmur blind faith in science. Mezmo finishes mixing his luminous lime elixir, pouring it into test tubes. He hands one to each person, taking a very green tube himself.

GRETA GREEN

Mine hardly glows compared to yours.

MEZMO

At this point I need more ... kick.

GRETA GREEN

Is this safe? What of side effects?

MEZMO

Not to worry, drink up! Don't sip!

They nervously gulp the noxious glop.

MEZMO (CONT'D)

Oh, forgot, there **are** side effects.

Everyone is wracked by tremendous coughs, hacking green, glowing smoke!

GRETA GREEN

Side effects? Such as?

MEZMO

Memory loss. Uh, I forget the others.
Oh yes, dizziness and complete loss
of social inhibitions.

They clutch their heads in unison.

GRETA GREEN

I feel lightheaded ..

MEZMO

Please, everyone, remember to control
your urges. We can't learn to read
other's minds if our own minds are ...
Miss Green!

Dazed, Greta absently sticks her finger up her nose. She
pulls it out and looks at it. Mezmo grabs her hand and yanks
it down.

MEZMO (CONT'D)

Stop yourself! Just because you want
to do something does not ... Good Lord!

Two of his henchmen are lip-locked in a dazed but passionate
homoerotic embrace! He pulls them apart!

MEZMO (CONT'D)

My God! Is it possible to work in
show business without being surrounded
by Poofs? I underestimated the power
of this muck! Get your hands out of
your pants, young man!

INT. SCOTLAND YARD PRESS ROOM

A chamber crammed to the ornate woodwork with black suited
men. The SUPERINTENDENT stands behind flags and a podium as
journalists fling questions. From the rear comes a sudden
FLASH and FOOF! A lone photographer has lit flash powder!

SUPERINTENDENT

My God! Put that away! Are you trying
to burn us alive?!

PHOTOGRAPHER

But it's the latest thing!

REPORTER #3

London is losing control. Are the
streets still safe for women?

SUPERINTENDENT

Poppycock! London is safe for ALL
women ... with bustlines below forty
inches. But there are ways to protect
the full bosomed. The Ripper must
have a day job. Attacks occur at
night. So, one, don't go out at night.
Two, don't talk to strangers, three
(MORE)

SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)
never, **ever** be alone. All victims
were alone. Course, flat chested
ladies are free to do whatever ...

REPORTER #4
Were the lavatory and museum attacks
the work of the same person?

SUPERINTENDENT
Yes. Stymied in one attack, the fiend
needed to satisfy his c-carnal
obsessions.

REPORTER #1
No one has seen this r-rapist yet,
could it be a ghost or incubus?

SUPERINTENDENT
Ghost?! Incubus?! There are more
than enough villains in **this** world.
Don't go importing them from the
hearafter!

Everyone laughs at his derision.

REPORTER #2
On a separate note, what about reports
of werewolves in the sewers?

SUPERINTENDENT
(Incredulous) Werewolves in the
sewers!?? Preposterous! What times
are we living in? Everyone knows the
sewers don't fill with werewolves
for six months! Cold weather forces
them underground and, far as I'm
concerned, anyone who goes into sewers
looking for those foul beasts deserves
to be eaten!

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE

JACK THE RIPPER'S silhouette projects on an open newspaper.
The headline howls "*RIPPER RUNS RIOT!*" He shakes angrily.

JACK THE RIPPER
(O.S.) Can't believe e's gettin'
this much ink!
(MORE)

JACK THE RIPPER (CONT'D)

And why is 'e attackin' 'igh class
women instead of the bloody 'ores?
Them diseased 'ores are the problem.
I'd love ta show them what a bloody
rippin' is all about. An' I'd be
famous too!

The camera pans from the open paper to a dingy work room.
The SLAUGHTERHOUSE BOSS enters. He is young, burly, arms
caked with bloody bits.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE BOSS

C'mon luv, break's over, 'nother
load a pigs ta gut!

INT. PEARCE'S FLAT -- NIGHT

PEARCE'S bed fills the frame. He's on one side wrapped in
purple silk sheets. The other side is empty until handsome
SINGER lies down shirtless.

SINGER

Thanks again for letting me stay. If
the Ripper can put letters in my
pocket 'e can put a knife in my 'eart!
I'm afraid 'e'll be back! The
Inspector says "don't be alone."

PEARCE

No need ta thank me. Just glad ta
'elp out. You know how I feel 'bout
ya.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD MAIL ROOM

The SUPERINTENDENT enters, hopscotching huge piles of mail.
Bookish young MAIL CLERK #1 reads a letter.

SUPERINTENDENT

What is this mess? You're supposed
to be looking for more Bodice Ripper
messages!

MAIL CLERK #1

Yes, sir, we are! They're **all** from
the Bodice Ripper.

SUPERINTENDENT

What! God!

(MORE)

SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)
The papers make human scum famous
and every looney in England sends
mail!

MAIL CLERK #1
They're comin' from France too!

A mail pile erupts! Out pops MAIL CLERK #2!

SUPERINTENDENT
God you startled me!

MAIL CLERK #1
Thought you were at lunch.

MAIL CLERK #2
Look sir! Think this one's genuine!
Handwritin' an' paper matches!

He gives the black inked letter to his boss.

SUPERINTENDENT
(Reads aloud) "You can't find me.
You are blind. I can live within
your mind. P.S. Please ask the press
to invent a better name for me as it
is difficult to find words that rhyme
with 'Ripper'."

INT. MITRE SQUARE POLICE STATION -- DAY

The grubby station is busy as always processing hookers and
johns. MONA enters warily, huge breasts rolling 'round in a
new, bodice reinforced dress. The now demoted INSPECTOR
approaches.

INSPECTOR
Miss Mona Lott?

MONA
Ooo are you? Me reputation precedes
me.

INSPECTOR
Actually your chest precedes you.

MONA
'At's what I meant.

INSPECTOR

I'm runnin' Mitre Square Station
now. I called you in. We need your ...
expertise. In my office.

They pass holding cells for men and women. The crowded men's
cell jumps to attention, clamoring to get out!

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

Shut up all o' you! You copycat filth!
All caught harassin' ladies, tryin'
to grab their bosoms. And you women!
We've evidence they all filed false
reports against innocent men. Got
their 'usbands and lovers arrested
claiming the blokes were the Bodice
Ripper. Bunch of man-hatin',
backstabbin' spoonneys! People give
themselves bloody noses, come in
sayin' "the Ripper did it!" I'm sick
of it already!

The red faced Inspector leads Mona back to his office past
SUSPICIOUS OFFICERS #1 and #2.

SUSPICIOUS OFFICER #1

What are they doin' in there with
that whore and our obnoxious new
boss?

In his bare office the Inspector quickly closes the door
behind Mona. She doubles over laughing! Moustacheless SINGER
wears sloppy, slutty makeup and a dress with big water balloon
breasts! PEARCE is trying to make him up.

MONA

Ha ha! "Officer Singer?!"

PEARCE

If you were the Bodice Ripper would
you find 'im attractive?

Singer stands, pushing his chest out to accentuate his
"bosoms." One bursts with a POP! Water gushes through his
chest and down his ruffled bodice!

SINGER

We'll never look enough like whores
to lure the Ripper. What to do? We
can't let women be police-men!

INSPECTOR
Women police-men?!!

They double over, laughing and giggling like children! Singer hoots so hard his other breast bursts! Laughter continues for some time. A clock reads 2:15.

DISSOLVE
TO:

The same clock at 2:30. They are still laughing, but it's died down to a happy stutter. Mona isn't laughing anymore. Just when they seem about to stop snickering one starts laughing again and the others join in!

MONA
I wanted ta help stop the Ripper,
but I 'ave ta go now.

INSPECTOR
Wait! We weren't expectin'
transvestism to be so 'ard and we've
no time to learn. Teach us your tarty
tricks, pardon my French. I'll make
it worth your while.

MONA
Me while is now worf quite a bit.
Yer breakin' the law an' ya know it!

The Inspector points to a tall pile of folders on his desk, some dusty and yellowed.

INSPECTOR
Speakin' of lawbreakin', 'ere's your
criminal record. Quite impressive.
Would've thought you'd gone to law
school. 'Elp us and I'll trash some
of it.

MONA
All of it.

INSPECTOR
The worst of it.

MONA
'Alf of it.

INSPECTOR
Deal.

MONA

Done.

The Inspector pushes the top half of the papers in the wastebasket. She stomps it for good measure. Over and over.

SINGER

What are you doing? That's not right, sir, I'm sorry but it's not!

INSPECTOR

Of course. Mona, what can you do to make him ravishin' to rapists? These water breasts are just not workin'!

MONA

I never needed false bosoms meself, so I can't 'elp there. I can give ya some proper tarty makeup. An' yer dress would fit a lot better if ya didn't wear it backward!

Singer stands, puzzled. His dress is on backwards! Everyone laughs! The noise makes the Suspicious Officers outside even more disapproving.

DISSOLVE
TO:

The police office is scattered with makeup jars and wigs. The Inspector and Pearce watch Mona finish making up Singer. Mona throws down her brush in disgust!

MONA (CONT'D)

Gorm! It's not workin'! Me women's face paint is too light fer a man. 'E looks sickly. An 'is beard is growin' so fast I can barely trowel batter on quick enough ta cover it! This thick it'll crack like dry mud right off, it will. I'm at wit's end, 'ere ...

Dejected Mona opens the door and leaves, dragging the garbage can of records with her. Outside the eavesdropping Suspicious Officers act nonchalant.

INSPECTOR

Bloody awful!

(MORE)

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

But lookin' good or lookin' bad, you boys got to trap the Ripper by streetwalkin'. When you get the 'ang of it you'll train the others. It's the only way I can try to solve this case stuck 'ere in the slums wifout resources. An' if we don't solve this case, we'll die 'ere.

He exits his bare office, head bowed in shame.

SINGER

Ugh! No self-respecting pervert would find me attractive!

PEARCE

I ... I know people who can 'elp.

SINGER

Wonderful! Why didn't you say so before we threw away the best parts of Mona's arrest record? Such an entertaining read!

PEARCE

I didn't want to talk in front of the others, but, I warn ya, the people I know ... they're Margeries!

SINGER

Margeries?! Of course! 'Ow did you meet Margeries? Arrest 'em?

PEARCE

No. I'm ... and I wouldn't say this if I didn't trust ya and ya weren't at wit's end, but ... I'm ... I'm a Poof!

SINGER

A P-POOF!

PEARCE

Shhsss!

The eavesdropping Suspicious Officers exchange glances.

SINGER

(Whispers) Come to think, you do fix my tea all day, lend me money I don't
(MORE)

SINGER (CONT'D)
pay back ... watch me change clothes.
But ... I mean ... I never met a Poof I
wasn't arrestin'!

PEARCE
(Whispers) I can't talk at work.
Let's go. There's a bar at Fleet
Street and Chancery wif too much of
everything we need!

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- EVENING

Out of uniform, PEARCE and SINGER follow a nondescript trail
of muddy footprints between the gloomy brick walls.

PEARCE
Ugh, these three Mary Anns get my
skin crawlin', but they can make men
women.

SINGER
I work the slum. I pull dead babies
from drains. There's nothing a mob
of Mary Anns can do to make me lose
my lunch. I'm a police-man.

PEARCE
Don't go sayin' things like that
now! To the police I'm a Poof. To
the Poof's I'm police. They find
out, they'll kill us!

SINGER
Who, the coppers or the queers?

PEARCE
Both! Me publick and private lives
don't meet on the street. Ya could
get two years 'ard labour just bein'
'ere! We are under cover! Remember,
missy.

SINGER
These tracks go right through the
wall. Is there a 'idden ...

A brick in the wall disappears. Eyes stare out the hole!

POOF GUARD
Password?

SINGER

Scared me!

POOF GUARD

Password, mate?

PEARCE

"God save the queens."

POOF GUARD

Pearce! Didn't recognize ya in the dark. C'mon in.

INT. POOF BAR

The brickwork sinks into itself and pivots open. SINGER nervously follows PEARCE in. The tall POOF GUARD swings the bricks shut with a grunt, sweaty muscles bulging through a working class white undershirt.

POOF GUARD

Nice ta see ya 'gain 'andsome!

The Guard grabs a startled Pearce and plants a big, sloppy kiss! It's obvious they've slept together. When Pearce sees Singer's horror he awkwardly tries to stop kissing the stud! Grabbing his belly, tough guy Singer gets nauseous! His cheeks balloon like tennis balls. He covers his mouth with his hand but milky white vomit squirts between his fingers!

Oblivious, the Poof Guard finally frees Pearce from his braided arms. Singer quickly switches from a grimace to a smile so toothy and wide eyed it's obvious he just swallowed his own vomit!

POOF GUARD (CONT'D)

'Ello luv, yer a cute one.

SINGER

H-Hello. You t-too.

POOF GUARD

(Fanning away SINGER'S breath) Phew!
Who you been eatin'?

PEARCE

The "girls" 'ere?

POOF GUARD

In back rehearsin' their silly show.

Pearce leads Singer in the gin hall. Sexy SHIRTLESS WAITERS in unfashionably tight pants ply drinks to POOFS of all ages, classes and races. A table of LESBIANS play poker over cigars. Pearce ducks past them through a gaudy curtain.

Inside are three incredibly dressed drag queens. Prim sissy PRISSY is half transformed in unbuttoned men's clothes but with women's makeup on "her" head. POOFY has a big, puffy bouffant. PANSY wears a gaudy floral dress.

PEARCE

'Ello ladies ...

PRISSY

Hello handsome. I'm Prissy!

POOFY

I'm Poofy!

PANSY

I'm Pansy!

PEARCE

I'm Pearcy ... uh Pearce. My friend and I were thinkin' of becomin' apprentice impersonators and we're wonderin' if ya 'ad any beauty tips.

PRISSY

To get in touch with your feminine side just wear a dress. I'd love to get you out of your clothes ... and into one!

This bothers Pearce and terrifies Singer! Pearce takes his pants off. Singer slowly follows. Pearce hands his trousers to eager Poofy. His billfold falls out of the back pocket, flashing his policeman's badge!

POOFY

Look out girls, he's a copper!

The queens squeal in horror! The Poof Guard lumbers in!

POOF GUARD

Who's a copper!?

PRISSY AND POOFY AND PANSY

(Falsetto) They are!

POOF GUARD

What! I can believe 'im, but not you
Pearce! Traitor!

The Poof Guard draws a single shot pistol on them!

PEARCE

We're not 'ere ta arrest anyone!

SINGER

We're really after the Bodice Ripper!

PRISSY AND POOFY AND PANSY

What?!

SINGER

Tis true! Scotland Yard wants us on
the street in big bristoled drag to
trap the Ripper!

PEARCE

But I couldn't make us look good
enough! So I came ta ya fer 'elp ...

PANSY

I 'ate coppers, but I 'ate that Bo'ice
Ripper more! It just ain't safe!

SINGER

We tried using water balloons for
those. They looked real but ...

PRISSY

Oh, those burst.

POOFY

Yes, you've got to use bladders.

PEARCE

Bladders!?

PANSY

Yeah, sheep's bladder's fulla water.
Look real, don't break! Just remember
ta keep 'em away from the pets. Came
'ome one night, the cat ate me
titties!

They laugh some tension off ...

PRISSY

If it helps capture that breast-
obsessed madman we'll make you over.
But you must promise never to come
here again!

SINGER

(Eagerly) Oh I promise!

Pearce looks down shamefacedly, his social life over.

DISSOLVE
TO:

The drag queens gush and giggle over Singer. He's a stunning,
high cheeked beauty! It's as close as a man can get to a
classic, feminine ideal. He admires his reflection.

SINGER (CONT'D)

You've really outdone yourselves.
I've never felt so glamorous!
(Angrily) Too bad we're supposed to
be cheap street tarts! Now there's a
look I would think you'd mastered!

DISSOLVE
TO:

SINGER and PEARCE are dolled up like Mona. Overdone eye
shadow. Mopped on lipstick. Two realistic busty whores.

PEARCE

I 'ated losing me moustache, it's me
only masculine feature! But it worked!

PANSY

Now 'ats a job well done! Let's get
a drink, eh? Pomade fumes get ta me.

The queens take the cops back through the curtain to the
bar. In line for drinks Singer peers at the Poofs.

SINGER

There's so many of 'em!

PEARCE

All bein' their real selves. What ya
call publick life, it's fantasy.

SINGER

I recognize a waiter. And look who's
over there in that lap!

Singer points to a laughing man in a big bloke's lap.

PRISSY

(Overhears) Know him? Paid me to go
home with him once. That's his
houseboy he's sitting on and he's
got a wife at home! Guess she knows
about the naughty pictures hidden
under his bedpost! Eh! Paid well,
but he wouldn't even tell me what he
did for a living.

PEARCE

(Whispers) My God, it's the Police
Superintendent!

EXT. THEATRE DISTRICT -- NIGHT

The gaslit street is crowded with playgoers and prostitutes.
All stare as PEARCE and SINGER trip over their heels in drag.

SINGER

God, the things I do to get ahead!
This is useless. The Ripper's moved
up the social ladder. 'E 'asn't groped
a whore since Mona Lott weeks ago.

PEARCE

I don't know 'ow ya motivate yerself.

SINGER

Don't you want to leave the slum
beat and work for Scotland Yard?

PEARCE

Too old. Life 'spectancy is what,
forty? Got one foot in the grave.
Besides, Whitechapel's where the
action is! Ya want crime, go ta the
criminals. Hyde Park is all cat
burglaries and embezzlement. Boring!
An' even if ya catch the crook, yer
not allowed ta beat 'em! Don't cry
for me, luv, yer mascara'll run!

Laughing, he puts his arm 'round Singer's sequined shoulder.
His friend recoils homophobically!

SINGER
Please don't touch me!

PEARCE
It's okay! Women do that, they touch.
So when ya put on a dress, it's ... uh
... normal!

SINGER
Let's split up. I'll take this side.

PEARCE
(Hurt) All right.

INT. MITRE SQUARE POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

SINGER and PEARCE enter the station in full drag. The STATION POLICEMEN freeze astonished! PROSTITUTES in the cells laugh hysterically! Oblivious, SINGER heads for the Inspector's office. Pearce sees the SUSPICIOUS OFFICERS eyeing him.

PEARCE
We must look silly, but it's in the
name of publick safety. I 'ope this
won't affect our workin' together.

The Suspicious Officer's give their patented look. Singer plods into the Inspector's office.

INSPECTOR
You look much better now ... from a
distance. I'm tempted to squeeze
your bosoms meself! From a distance.

SINGER
Thank you. But you'd be the only
one. We'd no luck. It's 'opeless.
The Ripper wants upper class victims.

INSPECTOR
Damn, damn it all! I'll be trapped
in this slum forever!

SINGER
The whole evening was a 'orror. And
that bar! You won't believe 'ow many
Poof's I recognized! A waiter and my
minister! I won't look at 'im the
same! Even the Police Superintendent
was there with his "'ouse boy."

(MORE)

SINGER (CONT'D)
Got a wife at 'ome and a pile of
porn stashed under 'is bedpost, I'm
told. Who would 'ave thought such
upstanding blokes would be so sick
in private. You never know. Just
never know.

The Inspector looks enlightened, says nothing.

INT. RIPPER'S LAIR -- DAY

GRETA, LANCE BOYLE, the HENCHMEN and a tired MEZMO sit on stools in this industrial room. They face Mezmo. He's at a table with a row of empty test tubes and a puppy.

MEZMO
Now that we've drunk our less powerful
potions I hope there shan't be a
repeat of last time. Let's keep hands
to selves, shall we? Today we practice
using the "purple eye" by hypnotizing
a dog. They're easy to control. They
spend half their lives in a zombie-
like state anyway. I want you all to
look at me and activate the "purple
eye" as we discussed.

Everyone glares at Mezmo but no magic comes out their eyes.
FINALLY GRETA'S CORNEAS SPUTTER WITH HYPNO-POWER! TENTATIVE
GHOSTS OF ENERGY SLINK FROM HER PURPLE PUPILS. Surprised,
she checks herself in a hand mirror.

MEZMO (CONT'D)
Good! It's starting!

THE EYES OF A FEW HENCHMEN SPUTTER PURPLE. POW! EVERYONE'S
EYES COME ON FULL BLAST! THE ROOM DISAPPEARS! MEZMO IS PLUNGED
INTO A HYPNOTIC TORNADO ROARING FROM A DOZEN PUPILS!
Screaming, he knocks test tubes to the floor as the puppy
yelps!

His puzzled students look 'round. They forget to turn off
their hypnotic rays and bathe each other in psychic streams!
MEZMO slumps, face covered. WHEN HE OPENS HIS EYES HE SEES
TWO HENCHMEN EYE LOCKED IN A HYPNO-LINK. THEIR HEADS BOB IN
UNISON AS THEY SIMULTANEOUSLY MESMERIZE EACH OTHER!

MEZMO (CONT'D)
No, that's dangerous!

HE PULLS THE DAZED HENCHMEN APART. GRETA AUTO-HYPNOTIZES HERSELF STARING IN HER HAND MIRROR. THE PURPLE RAYS COMING OUT HER EYES BOUNCE OFF THE MIRROR BACK INTO HER BOBBING HEAD! He snatches the looking glass, breaking the spell!

MEZMO (CONT'D)

Careful! Always remember the four rules of the purple eye. One, never drink so much elixir you lose your memory. Two, never look into the purple eye of another. Three, avoid mirrors. Four, the purple eye's Achilles heel, it's weak spot that the police could use to render us powerless is ... is

HENCHMEN

What?

MEZMO

I, uh, can't remember. I think perhaps lately I've broken rule number two.

GRETA GREEN

Don't you mean rule one?

MEZMO

Uh, maybe ...

INT. WESTMINSTER'S FOYER -- AFTERNOON

SINGER enters the Westminster's opulent, electrically lit foyer. The HOUSEKEEPER closes the door. ABBEY waits expectantly, twirling her dark curls.

SINGER

Ready for lunch Miss Westminster?

ABBAY

Yes officer. My sister won't go, so it's just going to be me and my "bodyguard" today.

GRANDMAMA waddles in silently behind her.

GRANDMAMA

Not this time it's not!

ABBAY

Oh you gave me such a start!

GRANDMAMA

Gossip is you've been seen in publick with a uniformed policeman, young lady. Not good. We are not about to let you sneak off whenever you want with your "bodyguard." If there is to be a luncheon today it will be with him out of uniform and I as chaperone!

Handsome WESTMINSTER fumbles into the room.

ABBEY

PaPA, I was going out to ...

WESTMINSTER

Excellent! Have fun.

GRANDMAMA

No I forbid it!

WESTMINSTER

Wait, no I forbid it! Because ...

GRANDMAMA

Because I must chaperone!

WESTMINSTER

Because I, uh, I mean GrandmaMA must chaperone. And I'm very firm on this. Hello Sergeant Singer! Like bathroom work? Well then you must see this!

To Abbey's dismay her dizzy father leads them to a nearby door, pointing through it with pride.

WESTMINSTER (CONT'D)

Now **that's** a Crapper!

Indeed, the raised cistern toilet is expensive brass with flawless white enamel. The upper tank says "*Thom. Crapper Waterfall Deluxe.*" A CRAPPER INSTALLER in boots and overalls hunches down adjusting it.

CRAPPER INSTALLER

Yessir, dual action valves, no backflow, all brass, a beaut, sir!

SINGER

Oh to be free of my chamberpot at all, brass or no!

Everyone laughs! They fondle the toilet.

CRAPPER INSTALLER

Me boss Thomas Crapper, 'e's a
plumbin' genius 'e is. Got 5 patents
to 'is name!

WESTMINSTER

The sun will never set on the British
Empire whilst we hold names like
Crapper in high esteem! Be the first
to pull it, boy.

SINGER

Thank you sir! Wonder where it goes?

INT. SEWERS -- CONTINUOUS

THE TOILET FLUSHES. THE CAMERA SPINS DOWN IT! SHOOTING THROUGH
THE SHINY NEW PIPES OF THE HOME IN A SEAMLESS UNDERWATER POV
THE CAMERA TWISTS AND ROLLS. IT ENTERS THE LARGER OLD IRON
PIPES UNDER LONDON. THESE BIG, RUSTY CONDUITS EMPTY BROWN,
SHITTY WATER INTO A MUCKY, BRICK WALLED SEWER.

IN THE SHADOWS A RED-EYED WEREWOLF GROWLS AND JUMPS AT CAMERA!
MURKY FILTH FLOODS THE DISGUSTING TUNNEL, GUSHING AND SLURPING
TO A STILL LARGER PASSAGE BIG ENOUGH TO DRIVE A TRAIN THROUGH.
THE SEWAGE SPILLS INTO THE GREASY BROWN THAMES, A MILE WIDE
TOILET OOZING TO THE SEA.

INT. RESTAURANT

A POOF WAITER pumps three glasses of water. One has filth in
it. Disgusted, he picks the gunk out.

POOF WAITER

(Poof accent) Ugh, least it's green!
Musta got some sun once in its life.

He sashays his drink tray through the expensive restaurant
to a premium rear corner booth. It has closeable privacy
curtains. Here GRANDMAMA sits, blubbery and bottom heavy.
She is a wall between SINGER at left and ABBEY right.

POOF WAITER (CONT'D)

(Poof accent) Here's your bottle of
our best absinthe, fermented wormwood.

GRANDMAMA

Abbey, starting a little heavy?!
(MORE)

GRANDMAMA (CONT'D)
Absinthe makes pink elephants see
things. I don't think we can ... oh
all right let's try some!

The fawning Poof Waiter prances away.

SINGER
'Ow is your sister Tess?

ABBEY
Not herself. Withdrawn. Won't go out
or sleep. Jumps at the least noise.
Rearranges her dolls over and over.

SINGER
Common symptoms of violence. She'll
recover when the Ripper is caught.

ABBEY
No speaking of that filth! I'm sick
of people asking about him. I overhear
so much on the street as well. And
now I'm talking about not talking
about him!

GRANDMAMA
Let's talk about marriage.

ABBEY
Ugh! Your only topic of discussion.
Yet you never talk of **your** marriage.

GRANDMAMA
It would take oceans of absinthe to
loosen my tongue about my husband
dear late Mr. Wellington ...

DISSOLVE
TO:

Later. The absinthe lies sideways, dripping. Singer, Abbey
and even alcoholic Grandmama are wasted! She waggles her jaw
boozily while the youngsters clumsily eat.

GRANDMAMA (CONT'D)
He would bite off his long yellow
toenails and ... and use them as
toothpicks! In front of me! But what
was I to do?

(MORE)

GRANDMAMA (CONT'D)

The person who wants the relationship
less makes the rules ...

ABBEY

Sergeant Singer works in the slums
every day. He's not as shockable as
you. Why I'm sure you see people use
their toenails for all sorts of
horrible things there. Oh, careful,
Sergeant. Don't eat ice cream with
your fruit spoon.

SINGER

Huh? What? Oh this?

ABBEY

"Using spoons from right to left,
You will eat a meal most deft." There
are special spoons for eating soup,
ice cream, fruit cup, stirring tea ...

GRANDMAMA

Wrong spoons. The mark of the
vulgarian, to be frank. And he chews
with his mouth open. I know what you
see in him, Abbey. Handsome, earthy
charm. But with those manners and
his low station, he's not ...

ABBEY

But it's exciting! I like that he's
a policeman. As long as we're being
drunken, uh, open and I mean no
offense, Sergeant, but I'm almost
more interested in your job than I
am you. If we were married I could
be more a part of that.

SINGER

If we were married I wouldn't 'ave
to work. Touché! No, but I like
investigating. I know I'm not in
Scotland Yard yet, but my boss the
Inspector tells me 'e's about to get
us all promoted some'ow..

INT. SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE -- DAY

The fat SUPERINTENDENT rushes to the door of his upscale
home, teacup in hand, to answer a pounding. Six BOBBIES, the

sly, shifty-eyed NEW SUPERINTENDENT and the toupeed INSPECTOR barge in!

Subtitle: August 8, 1888 - Tea Time

NEW SUPERINTENDENT

Sorry sir, but we've a warrant.

He hands his new predecessor paper. The Bobbies head straight up stairs to the bedroom. They push the leg of a heavy bed off loose boards. Under the boards is Poof pornography!

NEW SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)

Just where he said it was. I'm sorry but I'm afraid I'll have to take you into custody "sir."

SUPERINTENDENT

Into custody? Me?! **I'm** the Police!

NEW SUPERINTENDENT

Well, now you're the Poof.

The furious Superintendent is dragged out.

INSPECTOR

You're **sure** 'e **won't** get hard labour?

NEW SUPERINTENDENT

I'm sure, "Chief" Inspector. Congrats on your promotion!

INT. RESTAURANT

The table is trashed. SINGER, ABBEY and GRANDMAMA finish the meal drunker than before! The old lady appears unconscious.

ABBEY

Is she asleep yet? It takes forever.

SINGER

I suppose. God, drank enough absinthe to kill a Shetland pony.

ABBEY

I thought she'd never pass out! Now, close the drapes to hide us and crawl under the table to me.

Singer unties the curtains. They cascade closed. No one in the restaurant sees him crawl under the table. Halfway under

he spies Grandmama's fat crotch and diaper underpants between spread wide thighs!

SINGER
Oooogghhh! Ammonia!

Abbey reaches under the table. She pulls Singer past the horrible sight up to her side of the booth. In the restaurant the POOF WAITER watches the curtains.

POOF WAITER
(Poof accent) Droppin' the curtain
on another one! I dread cleanin' the
upholstery tonight!

Abbey and Singer sit close, giggling. Grandmama dozes.

ABBEY
I hope you don't think I'm a loose
woman holding hands in publick.

SINGER
I arrest whores every day. You're no
whore ... you're a dollymop!

They giggle drunkenly! Abbey acts shocked.

ABBEY
A dollymop!? Me? No! GrandmaMA is
paying for dinner. My sister, now
she's the dollymop. Buy her dinner
and drinks and she's yours! All!

SINGER
But 'er virginity?

ABBEY
She's still a virgin.

SINGER
Still! How? That's not possible.

ABBEY
She doesn't let them in the "front"
way. She let's them go in ... in the
"back alley!"

Singer's jaw drops. Abbey takes the opportunity to kiss his open mouth long and hard! Her soft lips leave lipstick stains.

ABBEY (CONT'D)

Wait, put a teacup in your hand in case the waiter comes.

The clumsily grab teacups and keep making out. Kissing passionately, Singer runs his hand through her long hair. She licks his neck! He goes wild! The soundtrack rises!

Grandmama's eyes flutter. POV OF THE OLD WOMAN WATCHING THEM THROUGH SLITTED EYES! She licks her lips pervertedly. She's been pretending she's unconscious this entire time just so she can watch! The soundtrack reaches an erotic crescendo!

Outside the Poof Waiter clears his throat and opens the curtains. The soundtrack crashes to a halt! SINGER and ABBEY are frazzled, with tousled hair and smeared makeup. But they hold their teacups high to seem innocent.

POOF WAITER

(Poof accent) More water anyone?

Smirking, he fills the glasses and closes the curtain. The erotic soundtrack resumes exactly where it stopped! She reaches down under the table and puts her hand on his crotch. He jerks back startled! Awkwardly he lets go of her.

ABBEY

The waiter's on to us. Let's go!

Outside on the restaurant steps with Grandmama Singer struggles keeping the drunken oldster steady!

ABBEY (CONT'D)

She's bottom heavy! Highly absorbent undergarments let her drink gin all day without attending lavatory. Careful, she's sloshing!

Singer helps Abbey in the coach then the old lady. As Grandmama gets in she purposefully grabs Singer's crotch for support! He grimaces!

INT. PUBLICK COACH -- LATER

Outside the Westminster's posh mansion uniformed SINGER helps ABBEY in a carriage. Stepping aboard he hits his head!

ABBEY

Look out! Why do Bobbies wear such silly tall hats?

SINGER

If you stand on 'em you can peer in
windows and see private lives.
Speaking of clothes, what of yours?
Where we're going dresses like that
get stolen at knife point.

ABBEY

So I shouldn't have brought this
expensive new American camera either?

From her large bag she pulls a big, wooden Kodak.

FADE TO
BLACK:

One of Abbey's sepia tinted pictures drifts across black.
The sound of a shutter clicking accompanies the appearance
of several moving photos: a dirty child, a gaunt woman, Singer
in a filthy alley, a one-eyed homeless man, the lovers
together. Understated music completes this brief, realistic
and touching interlude.

DISSOLVE
TO:

They hold hands in the coach on the ride back from the slum.

ABBEY (CONT'D)

You're right, there's nothing funny
about such poverty!

SINGER

It's a comedy killer I tell you.

ABBEY

The smell, the waste! How do they
raise children?!

SINGER

They don't. We pull bodies of the
little Street Arabs out of everything.

ABBEY

You're so blasé about it.

SINGER

(Sadly) Know why they always boil
water in Whitechapel when a baby is
born?

ABBEY

No, why?

SINGER

(Laughs) So if the baby comes out
dead they can make dead baby soup!

Abbey laughs despite herself at the sick joke!

ABBEY

Nauseating! You've seen too much!

SINGER

True. Wanted to be a Bobby 'cause I
cared. But once you're a policeman
you stop caring, or it tears you up.

ABBEY

That heartlessness ... how touching!

She kisses him long and hard! He rubs big hands down her
small chest. She puts her dainty white hand against his crotch
but he jerks back again as he had at lunch!

ABBEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, you ... you don't like to
be touched there?

SINGER

It's not that. Something I haven't
told you ... or any lady before, but ...
I have three t-testicles!

ABBEY

Really? Three!?

SINGER

I've never been ... intimate ... because
I've been ... I'm ashamed!

His eyes flicker with forbidden tears.

ABBEY

Mr. Singer, it's all right! It makes
you one third more a man, eh?

Singer lurches forward a great tension unsprung! He pulls
her close. They embrace so passionately Singer's broad
shoulders smack the wall of the private coach! The old,
bewhiskered COACHMAN outside hears.

COACHMAN
You two all right in there?

SINGER AND ABBEY
We're fine!

INT. WESTMINSTER'S DRAWING ROOM -- EVENING --

ABBEY enters the posh parlour. WESTMINSTER is asleep in an easy chair, lit cigar in his mouth and brandy in hand. Behind her MRS. WESTMINSTER appears.

MRS. WESTMINSTER
Where have you been young lady?

ABBEY
MaMA! I didn't hear you!

MRS. WESTMINSTER
Shhss!

She points to her husband and pulls her daughter into a big closet, gingerly closing the door.

MRS. WESTMINSTER (CONT'D)
You went off with that policeman
again unchaperoned!

ABBEY
Mother I was in the company of the
law, he was uniformed and we ...

MRS. WESTMINSTER
Abbey Westminster you cannot be seen
amongst working classes, especially
police! Where were you?

ABBEY
An educational outing. We went to
Whitechapel to take some pic ...

MRS. WESTMINSTER
Whitechapel? The East End? Destroy
your reputation before it's made?
How will you attract a proper upper
class gentleman?

ABBEY
Maybe I don't want a "proper
gentleman." Maybe I don't know what
I want!

MRS. WESTMINSTER

It doesn't matter what **you** want. **You** are a woman and even wealthy women have **no** power. If we could vote it would be different. Or own property. Things might change. Until then Men rule us. Whether you love him or not you must find a wealthy man to marry. Good Lord, even a lawyer will do.

ABBEY

Why must marriage always be business? What of love? Of my needs?

MRS. WESTMINSTER

When I married your dizzy father I took charge. Now in his name **I** run the house, the budget, investments, profitable investments. If I ignore his night life we function. It's not perfect but it works. That's the best you can expect.

ABBEY

Maybe for **you** MaMA, but it's 1888. **I** won't make your mistake.

MRS. WESTMINSTER

I said the same once to my mother.

She cracks the closet door open and points outside. Westminster snores. The cigar drops out his mouth into the brandy snifter. It bursts into blue-white flames!

MRS. WESTMINSTER (CONT'D)

Oh Lord no!

She rushes out to help amid much smoke and shouting! Tearfully, Abbey closes the closet door and throws herself on a pile of laundry. She lies fetal, crying as THE CAMERA CRANES HIGH, enhancing the tight walls of her confinement.

INT. PEARCE'S FLAT -- NIGHT

PEARCE'S bed is seen on high filling the frame as it had earlier. CLOSE ON A WORRIED PEARCE, SLOWLY ZOOMING OUT AND OVER TOWARDS SINGER'S SIDE OF THE MATTRESS.

SINGER

(O.S.) I'm going to face this my way
by pretending it didn't happen. I
don't know why you are what you are.
But I want you to know it won't change
us. I promise. Let's just stop talking
about it.

As the camera zooms out a wall of stacked books dividing the bed appears. Across the wall Singer tries to sleep fully dressed in his Bobbie uniform, including pointy hat! Pearce picks up a newspaper, stopping shocked!

PEARCE

My God! "*Superintendent of Police
arrested on sodomy charges!*" We saw
'im in the bar the other night! Ya
didn't tell anyone, did ya?!

INT. RIPPER'S LAIR -- DAY

HENCHMEN busily complete a strange mechanical device of colourful wheels. Paint, gears and scrap are everywhere. GRETA peers through a magnifier at frames of primitive movie film taped to the window glass. MEZMO enters.

MEZMO

Hello all. How goes the machine?

HENCHMEN

'Ello Sir.

LANCE BOYLE

Almost finished wif the Hypnautilus,
Sir! Ready ta film when you are.
Camera 'as to go back tomorra.

MEZMO

Yes expensive! Greta, how are you?

GRETA GREEN

Coming along slowly.

With a tiny brush Greta paints purple watercolours on a puny film frame. Under the magnifier the frames show images of Mezmo's eyes. AS SHE COLOURS THE FRAME IT VIBRATES. IT'S TRYING TO HYPNOTIZE HER EVEN AS A STILL! She rubs her eyes ...

LANCE BOYLE peers through the eyepiece of a primitive movie camera he cranks. Mezmo stands before it staring directly

into the lens with one eye. A TUNNEL OF MAGIC PURPLE ENERGY TWIRLS OUT HIS PUPILS INTO LANCE'S LENS.

MEZMO

The time has come, this is the hour,
you will feel the powers of flowers!

Seeing this energy makes Lance uncomfortable. THE HYPNOTIC POWER IS CONCENTRATED, POURING INTO HIM THROUGH THE CAMERA'S EYEPiece, HARDER, HARDER! He shrieks backwards to the floor! All rush to his aid! Crying Greta cradles his head as he revives. Lance looks at his arms. HE SEES FLOWERS HISSING LIKE SNAKES! THEIR THORNS CLAW HIS FINGERS AND WRAP HIS ARMS TIGHTLY! He's bleeding!

LANCE BOYLE

Aaggh! Get 'em off me!

Lance grabs and scratches red lines into his empty arms! Slowly the hallucination fades. Now he really is bleeding.

LANCE BOYLE (CONT'D)

Wha ... what 'appened? I feel dizzy. I
don't remember nothin'.

Boyle touches his eye tenderly as a drip of blood slinks out his nose. He rubs it and stares at his red finger.

MEZMO

That's not supposed to happen!

INT. WESTMINSTER'S DRAWING ROOM

Before the parlour was full of boxes. Now it's elegantly furnished. MRS. WESTMINSTER, GRANDMAMA and other LADIES sit listening to the VIBRATOR LADY. Grandmama sips wine.

VIBRATOR LADY

We need the comfort of in-home ...
massage, but who wants to pump a
foot pedal for hours?

The Vibrator Lady pantomimes pressing something against her back while labourously pumping her foot. The women agree.

VIBRATOR LADY (CONT'D)

And I hate the expense, the tedium
of visiting physicians monthly as
recommended to relieve ... feminine
anxiety.

MRS. WESTMINSTER
My doctor recommends **twice** monthly.

VIBRATOR LADY
Now, through this modern miracle of electric power, you can meet your stimulation needs at home with the new ElectroRub Deluxe!

She wheels in a large, motorized black box bedecked with gears and pulleys. On one end is an electric cord. A more elaborate cord leads to a cylindrical black shaft.

VIBRATOR LADY (CONT'D)
This is **not** a motorized device, **not** a cream or ointment, **not** an elaborate system of levers and pulleys, but an incredible combination of all **three** technologies!

She plugs the black monstrosity in. A low electric roar vibrates the china! The dildo makes its own high pitched whine, wheels spinning! She demonstrates the pleasure of rubbing it under her chin.

VIBRATOR LADY (CONT'D)
(Shouting) AND IT'S SO QUIET!

GRANDMAMA
(Listening with ear trumpet) WHAT!?

The Vibrator Lady mercifully turns off the auto-erotic machine.

VIBRATOR LADY
Available in everyone's favorite blacks: coal black, soot black and Birmingham Sky. For those without electricity ...

RRRRIING! All turn to a noisy wooden wall box. It has a crank and black doohickeys attached. RRRRIING! THE CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON THE BOX PORTENTOUSLY, marking this simple moment as a major achievement in human history!

VIBRATOR LADY (CONT'D)
What in heavens name ...

The women surround the mystery box. It keeps ringing.

MRS. WESTMINSTER
The money I spend on my husband's
mystery gadgets! It's been hanging
there doing nothing for months! Now
what?

They fiddle, turn the crank, nothing happens. RRING! She
lifts the black receiver. A faint, tinny voice is heard.

INSPECTOR
(V.O. FILTERED) Ahoy hoy?

MRS. WESTMINSTER
What? Why it's like a tiny phonograph!

INSPECTOR
(V.O. FILTERED) What? Ahoy hoy!

MRS. WESTMINSTER
Ahoy hoy?? He must be a seaman.

WESTMINSTER enters and glances at the vibrator.

WESTMINSTER
Semen?! What is that!

MRS. WESTMINSTER
Dear, the police are inside this box
and they want to talk to you!

WESTMINSTER
Ahoy hoy, yes. What! Why gladly, of
course Inspector! Mrs. Westminster,
they've caught the monster at last!
What is that? (Points to vibrator)

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION CHAMBER

Dank, rough stone lines this ancient tunnel. The INSPECTOR
waits for POLICEMAN #1 to unlock a rusty door. TESS hurries
down the passage, her father WESTMINSTER in tow.

INSPECTOR
Mr. Westminster! You shouldn't be
down here.

TESS
For peace of mind I must see him.

INSPECTOR

If you identify 'im then 'e must be
the Bodice Ripper. Caught him off
those pamphlets of your sketch we
posted.

The Inspector creaks open the door. Sickly gaslight falls
over the COPYCAT. He has been beaten in custody.

TESS

Yes, it's him! Even smells like him!
Oooh! It's like I'm reliving it!

To her father's dismay Tess bursts into tears.

INSPECTOR

There, there. I'd like to apologize
for our failure to 'elp you durin'
that attempted rape. So, to make it
up to you, 'ere's a twenty pound
gift certificate to 'arrods
Department Store. I 'ear you girls
just love shoppin'! Now run along!

An insulted Tess and Westminster are escorted out by Policeman
#1. The eggheaded POLICE RESEARCHER wheels a scary machine
into the torture chamber. It has two glass spheres wired to
a generator and a brass crank. The ancient iron door slams
shut as the Copycat is strapped down.

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

My Researcher an' I would like to
introduce you to our little invention,
the truth detectin' engine.

POLICE RESEARCHER

Latest thing. Goes off when you lie.

The Copycat, body and spirit broken, doesn't react. The men
push a glass sphere against each of his hands.

INSPECTOR

Did you enter a forbidden zone with
intent to rape Miss Westminster?

COPYCAT

Yes. Read about 'er in the paper.

INSPECTOR

There, see (pats machine), he's
tellin' the truth. Didn't go off.
Are you the Bodice Ripper?

COPYCAT

No.

INSPECTOR

Uh, oh. Now I think someone is lyin'.

The Police Researcher cranks a handle on the brass engine.
As it revs up BLUE WHITE SPARKS FILL THE LEFT GLASS SPHERE.
ZZAP! THIN ARCS OF ENERGY SLICE UP THE COPYCAT'S LEFT ARM,
THROUGH HIS HEART TO THE RIGHT SPHERE WHERE THEY COLLECT.
The Copycat writhes in pain! His steaming hands get red marks!

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

Are you the Bodice Ripper?

COPYCAT

No sir, I swear! I just wanted ta be
like 'im! Now I wanna die!

The Inspector stuffs a dirty stick in the Copycat's mouth.
He puts one glass sphere behind the Copycat's head, the other
against his left front eye. The Police Researcher cranks the
generator again! COPYCAT'S POV: THE SPHERE IS PLACED DIRECTLY
ON THE CAMERA LENS IN A FISHEYE EFFECT! BLUE ENERGY STARS
BURST DIRECTLY ON THE CAMERA'S "EYE!"

FADE TO
WHITE:

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE

The snake-eyed NEW SUPERINTENDENT, INSPECTOR in tow, marches
down an endless red corridor of golden antiques, lush
paintings and ornate moldings. They are led by the QUEEN'S
ASSISTANT, a somber and black frocked old gent in tails.

QUEEN'S ASSISTANT

Congratulations on your sudden self-
promotion. Very ... calculated. Your
first audience with the Queen?

NEW SUPERINTENDENT

Yes, sir, it is, sir.

QUEEN'S ASSISTANT

Nervous?

INSPECTOR

I'm about to soil me knickers, pardon my French!

NEW SUPERINTENDENT

Oh, Inspector, I'm sure the Queen is a much nicer personage than ...

QUEEN'S ASSISTANT

No, I've run through more than a few pair of knickers my self.

The Inspector's tell-tale heart loudly pounds! Down the long scarlet carpet the many knickknacks and antiques get oppressively opulent. Angry Chinese dragons, scowling statuettes, even the paintings glare down. Do the eyes move?

QUEEN'S ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

There are protocols to be obeyed whilst in the presence. Although it is August windows are kept shut and the heat up. Do not comment on this. Should the warmth become intolerable please do not faint in front of her Highness. Fainting in front of the Queen is no longer considered a sign of respect. Must your heart beat quite so loudly?

CUT TO:

A charcoal sketch. A shaking old hand hovers over the paper making quick, sudden lines between tremors. In the sketch a young couple are lying in bed clearly naked but under sheets. While drawing the tiny fist of the woman in the picture the sketching hand twinges with pain. A second hand massages it.

QUEEN'S GRANDDAUGHTER

(O.S.) Grandma, that's quite beautiful! But the subject matter, so private, so ...

QUEEN VICTORIA

(O.S.) It's not something the other grandchildren will see, certainly. But my rheumatism makes drawing hard, so when I do I only sketch the happiest times.

CUT TO:

The Queen's Assistant, the New Superintendent and the Inspector tiptoe to the hall's end. A stuffed raven menaces from the transom. Waiting is a large, turbaned INDIAN BODYGUARD.

QUEEN'S ASSISTANT

(Whispers) For the Queen allows no knocking and absolutely no talking, while waiting at her chamber door. Only sounds of gentle scratching, taps of fingernail cross-hatching, only this and nothing more.

The Inspector glances at the raven. Has it's head moved? The Queen's Assistant scratches his fingernail against a door worn from years of previous scrapes.

QUEEN VICTORIA

(O.S.) Enter!

The Queen's parlour is full of photos, busts and mementos. At an easel Queen Victoria wears a white hat and black silk dress that barely keeps her huge, sagging bosoms off the floor. They roll like cantaloupes in pantyhose. A fair skinned Granddaughter fans her own large breasts, soaking her elegant dress with sweat. A comely MAID with average bosoms likewise drenched waits as the Indian Bodyguard closes the door.

QUEEN'S ASSISTANT

Your highness, I present the new Superintendent and Chief Inspector McMicken, now in charge of the Bodice Ripper investigation.

QUEEN VICTORIA

I trust you'll have better luck catching this vulgarian than your predecessor had. Unless, as papers suggest, a ghost or spirit is to blame?

NEW SUPERINTENDENT

With all respect, your Highness, ghosts haunt single locations. A house, a cave. This fiend has consistently struck different places higher and higher up the social scale.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Well, you're right about spirits.
Last year I spent thousands of pounds
ridding Balmoral of poltergeists.
Kept waking up with the furniture re-
arranged! We built on an ancient
Roman cemetery. Well, how was Albert
to know when he bought the property?!
But that is neither here nor there.
Stopping the Bodice Ripper is why
you were summoned.

NEW SUPERINTENDENT

We identified a man in custody as
the perpetrator of the infamous
lavatory attack. Hanged him this
morning.

He hands her a sketch of the hanging. The COPYCAT dangles
with a black patch on his tortured eye.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Did he confess to all attacks?

NEW SUPERINTENDENT

No, your highness. We believe him to
be a copycat and not the Bodice
Ripper.

QUEEN VICTORIA

That's not what the papers say.

NEW SUPERINTENDENT

We misled the press into believing
the Copycat is, was, the Bodice
Ripper. Publicity surrounding the
assaults is more damaging than he
is. His mysterious minor attacks
have ballooned out of control.
Lavatory crimes, once rare,
skyrocketed! Brassier hoarding is
driving the price of women's
unmentionables absurdly high. Copycat
attacks against girls are up five
hundred percent since we started
keeping records.

INSPECTOR

When did we start keepin' records?

NEW SUPERINTENDENT

Last week. Therefore, if the publick believes the crime solved then calm returns. This will free us of distraction. Then, he will be found.

QUEEN VICTORIA

But should the Ripper strike again, won't you look foolish claiming he's dead?

NEW SUPERINTENDENT

Uh ... well ... uh ... he's not struck in over a fortnight. I hope we've seen the last of ...

QUEEN VICTORIA

(Coldly) Good evening to you.

The policemen awkwardly leave. The guard closes the door.

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)

As I suspected, an even bigger fool than his predecessor. This would be humourous except that London has become un-glued!

QUEEN'S ASSISTANT

Perhaps a publick appearance would distract and reassure the publick that London is as safe as ...

QUEEN VICTORIA

Stop! Your every conversation becomes an invitation out.

QUEEN'S GRANDDAUGHTER

He's right! GrandmaMA, it's the last month of your Golden Jubilee Year and you've attended so few events! Look! (Waves pamphlet) Hardly any official Jubilee occasions left.

QUEEN'S ASSISTANT

The people grow restless for leadership your highness. This Ripper business just aggravates it. And, forgive me your Grace, *Punch Magazine* accuses you of hiding behind your grief for Albert, of using your

(MORE)

QUEEN'S ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
husband's death as an excuse not to
be seen in public these many years
since his passing.

QUEEN VICTORIA
Twenty-six years, seven months, four
days and ... (looks at watch) three
hours. (Glares at MAID) And THREE
HOURS!

The sweaty Maid, not paying attention, hurries to a footstool
by the roaring summer fire. She is just tall enough to reach
a picture of Albert with a large date-counting sign under
it. The years since his death are marked in permanent letters.
The days and hours are recorded with chalk. The Maid replaces
the "2" under the "Hours" with "3."

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Better! If *Punch* finally discovered
Albert is my excuse for avoiding
public life then so be it!

QUEEN'S GRANDDAUGHTER
But there is one event that ...

QUEEN VICTORIA
Hush child, I'm not done lecturing!
Don't make me sit on you! Public
life is a nuisance best avoided.
Look at the last Police
Superintendent. I don't pretend to
understand why he engaged in h-h-
homosexual acts and I don't want to.
Repercussions were inevitable. I'm
convinced the more a person publicly
represses their private life the
more unlivable life is. I don't have
that problem.

QUEEN'S ASSISTANT
You don't have a public life.

QUEEN VICTORIA
Precisely!

QUEEN'S GRANDDAUGHTER
GrandmaMA there is an exciting show
...

QUEEN VICTORIA
She's not listening

QUEEN'S GRANDDAUGHTER
... at the Albert Memorial Hall.

QUEEN VICTORIA
Oh, the **Albert** Hall?

QUEEN'S GRANDDAUGHTER
"Acrobats, comedians, hypnotist to
the Czars the Amazing Mezmo."

QUEEN VICTORIA
Hmmm ... The Romanovs were telling me
of him last Twelfth Night.

QUEEN'S GRANDDAUGHTER
"See the Hall's new immense stained
glass portrait of Albert, The Prince
Consort. The largest horizontally
suspended glass artwork in the world!"

QUEEN VICTORIA
All right, I'll go see Albert's
picture in glass. But if the show
disagrees we leave. Hypnotist?!
Harrumph, probably fall asleep halfway
through!

INT. RIPPER'S LAIR -- DAY

A sickly MEZMO opens the heavy door to the industrial
building. LANCE BOYLE and HENCHMEN paint parts of their huge
wheeled machine bright blood red. GRETA busily packs boxes.

MEZMO
Won't be long 'till show time! Hope
you all practiced the "purple eye."

LANCE BOYLE
I 'ypnotized a nice wench into
sneakin' back ta me flat!

MEZMO
Lance Boyle you do that every weekend!

All laugh! Rugged HENCHMAN #1 stands.

HENCHMAN #1

I convinced a card player I 'ad a
winnin' 'and over an' over! Took 'is
every pound! Cheatin's not somethin'
I usually do, but I couldn't hold
meself back!

GRETA GREEN

I saw an emerald in the window. I
couldn't resist. The salesman won't
remember I was there! I know I
shouldn't of, but I couldn't stop!

Mezmo gets woozy. He rubs his eyes, nearly collapsing!
Henchmen rush to break his fall!

LANCE BOYLE

You all right sir!?

Mezmo unbuttons his shirt.

GRETA GREEN

Mr. Laughton you've been looking
very much under the weather of late!

Mezmo removes his shirt. A tight white undershirt clings to
his athletic body. His physique was once heroic. Now his
pale skin is sickly.

GRETA GREEN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Despite his weakness Mezmo drops and does pushups.

MEZMO

When I get dizzy I need exercise.

LANCE BOYLE

Exercise? While ya feel bad?

GRETA GREEN

Mr. Laughton don't stress yourself!

MEZMO

No! I **must** stress myself. I have to
keep in top shape to counteract
poisons in the elixir!

LANCE BOYLE

You never said nothin' 'bout poison!

Big, earthy HENCHMAN #2 lumbers in apelike.

HENCHMAN #2
Listen ta this! I overheard Albert
Hall security say there are royals
comin'! It won't be announced 'til
show day 'cause of the Ripper. The
Queen's granddaughter is comin'!

Mezmo's face, pale as a calla lily, blossoms!

INT. SCOTLAND YARD

Many DETECTIVES work this well maintained office. Next to
dumpy Mitre Square Station it's heaven! The INSPECTOR talks
with the POLICE RESEARCHER. SINGER enters.

INSPECTOR
Singer! Good to see you! First day?

SINGER
Yes! So glad to be 'ere! But we must
talk about the Superintendent. Did ...

INSPECTOR
Unfortunate situation, yes indeed.
But 'e won't get 'ard labour.

SINGER
(Angry) What did you do to ...

INSPECTOR
'E won't get 'ard labour! Singer,
don't question, be part of the team.
Welcome to the excitin' world of
Scotland Yard police detecti'n!

With a flourish he beckons to a room of nerdy, fat, chain
smoking donut eaters. Not very glamorous!

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
Let me introduce the staff ...

Bespectacled MAIL CLERK #1 scurries in.

MAIL CLERK #1
Look sir, a third Ripper note! It's
got no postage. Must have been hand
delivered.

SINGER

Or come from inside!

They crowd round the envelope as he opens it, revealing a parchment covered in viscous red paint.

INSPECTOR

What! Bloody impossible! "Under Britain's biggest breast, I will fondle one most blessed." What the 'ell does that mean?

POLICE RESEARCHER

Hmm, same handwriting. Definitely legit. But this one's done in thick paint, not red ink.

INSPECTOR

So we can trace it!

POLICE RESEARCHER

My God, a precious fingerprint, look!

In a splotch at bottom is a perfect red thumb print.

INSPECTOR

Oh, don't start with your newfangled theories again!

POLICE RESEARCHER

Listen! If we compare this print to ones in a file ...

INSPECTOR

We don't 'ave fingerprints on file!

POLICE RESEARCHER

Well, if we fingerprinted all our suspects and checked ...

INSPECTOR

We don't 'ave any suspects! Might I remind the last time you 'elped us the crime scene burned up?! We've no time to lose in investigatin' this lead. 'E just said 'e was goin' to strike again!

He tears the precious evidence into squares, ripping the print in half! The Police Researcher is horrified!

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

I'd love to keep this in one piece,
but we don't have time to drag this
sheet to every 'ardware store in
town. I want you all to take a piece
to every paint 'ouse on your beat.
The Ripper 'as to get 'is supplies
somewhere. Most people don't use
this ... arousin' colour, 'cepting
show people. So Singer I'm givin'
you the theatre district. It's our
best bet. Don't fail me! Or else!

They exchange angry glares!

EXT. ALBERT HALL ROOF -- AFTERNOON

The hall's multi-tiered crystal dome gleams in the smoggy
sun. A dusty hatch pops. Pale MEZMO appears, putting a
magician's lock pick in his vest pocket. Smiling, he peers
'round, gratified. Squinting dark circled eyes, he climbs up
the breast shaped glass and iron dome. He reaches the nipple-
like pinnacle. London is laid before him in all its chimneyed
glory! Shafts of sun burst through roiling clouds of
pollution. A spectacular light show!

MEZMO

Tonight London learns no breast can
be repressed!

INT. PAINT STORE

This shop features a wall of black paint cans behind a
counter. SINGER approaches a dowdy, bespectacled PAINT
SALESMAN at the register and proudly flashes his badge.

SINGER

Sir, **Inspector** John Singer, Scotland
Yard. I'd like to ask about paint.

PAINT SALESMAN

Repaintin' the station house? Well,
you come to the right place Sir. We
'ave all the 'ot new fall blacks.
Just got a new shipment of coal black,
with boot black semi-gloss bein'
unloaded now. Our pricin' is the
most competitive in the theatre
district. The **theatre** district! Now
'at's cheap!

SINGER

All well and ...

PAINT SALESMAN

We got tar black at one sovereign
per 'ogs'ead, blue black at 20
shillins' fer a barrel and a 'alf,
plus bubonic black just forty-two
gallons a quid. Or wait, no. 'Ow
many drams in a 'ogs'ead?

SINGER

(Waves red scrap) Stop talking right
now! I need to know if anyone 'as
been buying this exact red.

PAINT SALESMAN

Red we don't sell a lot of. Too err
... err ... erotic! But when we do it's
mostly to theatre folk. Sent a 'ole
'ogs'ead of it 'round to the
Freemasons workshop of late. Putting
on a show I guess. They're just blocks
from 'ere.

INT. RIPPER'S LAIR -- LATE AFTERNOON

SINGER opens the rusty door of the metal building. MEZMO
gathers papers. The once crowded workshop is bare.

MEZMO

Boyle, I've got everything. We ...

He freezes, noticing Singer is not Boyle.

MEZMO (CONT'D)

Why, uh, Sergeant Singer! Shaved
your moustache, didn't recognize ...
say I don't recall inviting you to ...

SINGER

You didn't!

Singer leaps across the room at Mezmo! The big policeman has
the magician by the throat! Sickly Mezmo is barely strong
enough to defend himself as Singer beats him silly! He
punches him, he throws him against the wall! Picking him off
the ground, Singer shakes him hard, pointing his eyes at
Mezmo's!

SINGER (CONT'D)
What have you done!? Are you mad!?

MEZMO
(Choking) Gondola!

Singer becomes docile as quickly as flipping a switch!

SINGER
(Monotone) Mezmo is a fine man. 'E
would not hurt a fly.

INT. WATER CLOSET

MEZMO leads SINGER into the lavatory. He sits the dazed fellow down child-like on the Crapper. The small room has a thick metal door and a high ceiling hidden by pipes.

MEZMO
Know about magic locks and escape
artists?

SINGER
(Slowly) No.

MEZMO
Good! I won't waste the purple eye.

Mezmo snaps a stagy golden box 'round the inside doorknob. He fiddles with its gaudy rotating timer. Singer's trance begins to lift.

MEZMO (CONT'D)
There! This trick lock won't open
for 12 hours. I'll be in France. Au
revoir!

SINGER
(Dazed) Why? Why bosoms?

Mezmo shuts the door. A pang of conscience plays over him. He re-opens it.

MEZMO
I became a hypnotist to help people
stop repressing themselves. But
patients wanted me to hypnotize them
into repressing even **more**! That's
wrong! Society is **wrong**! It's time
to teach society a lesson!
(MORE)

MEZMO (CONT'D)

I love boobies and the more I squeeze
the faster this uptightness ends, at
least for me.

SLAM! Singer in near darkness sees a bit of light from above the ceiling pipes. As Mezmo leaves his lair Singer reawakens, pounding his strong hands against the iron door. He thumps loudly but when Mezmo locks the thick outside door Singer can barely be heard.

He slams against the door but his broad shoulders barely dent it! He claws at the ornate golden lock on the thick iron doorknob. Even kicking it does nothing! Looking up into the faint glow he climbs on the Crapper's tall water tank. Now he can see light ten feet above, near the roof. He grabs the lowest of several pipes crisscrossing this chimneylike space at the second storey.

OUCH! Hot! Using a wet handkerchief to protect his hand he labourously pulls himself onto the brown pipe. Crouched here he rocks back and forth to avoid burning his shoes and yanks himself up the last few feet onto a second level pipe. This even older, rustier orange pipe groans under his weight. It drips water. He can barely see out a tiny lattice of holes.

He moves to scream out the vent. The rusty pipe snaps and he tumbles straight down onto the tall Crapper cistern! The pipe gushes water, washing him off the toilet to the floor!

SINGER

Oh so cold, so bloody cold!

The frigid fluid drenches the hot pipe below it, sending up much steam. CRAACKK! The hot pipe shatters! Steaming water pours on the poor policeman!

SINGER (CONT'D)

Ouch, 'ot! So bloody 'ot!

The two gushing streams mix as the water line rises over the top of the toilet. Steam rises into shafts of light.

SINGER (CONT'D)

Say, together they're kinda nice ...

The water is getting high! In the lair a stream flows into an industrial drain. The steaming water is higher than his waist and frantically he looks for a way to stop it. He flushes the toilet.

SINGER (CONT'D)
Flush faster! Flush!

The water is over his head and rising! It reaches the hot pipe then the cold one! SINGER is running out of air! Outside the water pressure pops a rivet in the stressed door. Less than a foot of air in the this shaft and nowhere to go when it fills!

SINGER (CONT'D)
'Elp! Sssomebody hhheelp!

The door squeals under the pressure. Another rivet pops! Singer scrambles to breathe as water fills the room, flowing out the latticed air duct and onto the roof! No air!

BOOM! The door bursts! A spectacular cascade plunges into the lair! Singer is sucked past pipes, over the toilet and out the door onto the floor of the workshop in seconds! He coughs and stumbles to his senses.

On the wall are two identical posters for the Albert Hall show. The round building is seen from the air in each poster. Side by side they seem incredibly like two giant boobs!

SINGER (CONT'D)
"Under Britain's biggest breast, I
will fondle one most blessed." Of
course, the boob shaped Albert Hall!

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE -- SUNSET

Outside the huge window Fleet Street is bathed in golden light. In barges the weasily NEW SUPERINTENDENT! He shrieks at the nattily dressed NEWSPAPERMAN seated at a long table.

NEW SUPERINTENDENT
We have civil unrest thanks to what
your papers printed!

NEWSPAPERMAN
Talking of civil unrest does not
cause it, Mr. Police-man.

NEW SUPERINTENDENT
Like heck it doesn't! Have you looked
outside? There's not a big pair of
bosoms on the street!

NEWSPAPERMAN

Unfortunately the Bodice Ripper is a blessing in disguise. He sells papers. I've spent my life ignoring the poor, looking away when stories got crude. Pretending nothing scandalous should be in print. Now unemployed are rioting, the Bodice Ripper at large, police corrupt. So when a storey of sex or scandal comes along, I'm going to publish it now! We can't solve England's problems by ignoring them!

NEW SUPERINTENDENT

Where will you stop? Gossip about the throne? Jeopardize the queen?

NEWSPAPERMAN

The day the British Press kills a royal is one I shan't live to see. Now ... since we're speaking openly, what of these persistent rumours that Scotland Yard has a Ukrainian vampire frozen in a block of ice?

EXT. ALBERT HALL -- EVENING

Bright orange at sunset the round, red bricked Memorial Hall draws a huge crowd. A giant, breastlike hot air balloon stands near the entrance advertising "Mezmo Tonight!" The nearby Albert Memorial Statue is surrounded by police and onlookers. The Queen's ornate Royal Carriages roll up.

SUBTITLE: August 29, 1888 - 7:28 PM

Roars of excitement greet the QUEEN, her GRANDDAUGHTER and their entourage. They make their way up the red carpeted steps of the overdone, tasteless Albert Memorial Statue to meet a man with a sash reading "LORD MAYOR." He signals the band to stop.

LORD MAYOR

Ladies and gentlemen, in a too rare appearance may I present her majesty the Queen! As protocol dictates, may I also present the Prince of Wales, the princes and princesses, the royal grandchildren, nieces and nephews, the ladies in wait...

QUEEN VICTORIA

Yes, Lord Mayor, get on with it. We know who we are. (Aside) This is why I don't go out much!

From his gaudy, rhinestoned throne the statue of Albert seems to glare down at the red faced Lord Mayor.

LORD MAYOR

Your highness, as we stand before this tasteful monument to your late husband, I cannot but admire its marble, gold, pearls, glass, animal heads, tiles, rhinestones and those little bowling ball things on the corners, I don't know what they're called. Why, even the pigeon droppings add something. Would you say a few words your grace?

The crowd roars, creating a long pause as Queen Victoria stands before the huge primitive microphone waiting to be heard. She beams at the sea of faces. The crowd takes so long to stop cheering it feels a momentous speech is at hand!

QUEEN VICTORIA

Thank you. Thank you all. Well ... splendid.

Turning on her heel the Queen leaves, startling everyone who expected more! Her entourage follows, taken aback as music awkwardly resumes.

INT. ALBERT HALL BACKSTAGE

GRETA watches LANCE BOYLE and the HENCHMEN test parts of their elaborate machine. It has huge twin round white movie screens and spinning pinwheels. An obviously ill MEZMO arrives to give GRETA a hug.

MEZMO

Was up all night finally fixing the nosebleed problem.

GRETA GREEN

Have you been in a fight?! Cover those bruises and dark circles with makeup! We're on soon.

MEZMO

You worry like a wife Miss Green.
Has the Queen's Granddaughter arrived?

She parts the thick velvet curtain to reveal, in a front box, QUEEN VICTORIA!

MEZMO (CONT'D)

My God, it's the Queen!

GRETA GREEN

Can you believe? What better audience
for your invention? Tomorrow everyone
will know! We'll be rich, change
history even! The military uses alone!

MEZMO

No! I didn't build this to wage war!
My! Her bosoms in person are as
impressive as in pictures! Amazing,
droopy knockers for a woman her age.
Had nine children! The woman was a
sex machine!

GRETA GREEN

Please stop ...

MEZMO

Read she refused to breast feed. The
milk was trapped!

GRETA GREEN

John you've worked your whole life
for this night! Fight the temptation
to grab the Queen of England's
breasts!

MEZMO

I want what I want and I want it
now! It would be my ultimate triumph
in this repressive society!

GRETA GREEN

(Near tears) John this machine ...
this is your triumph! Can't you see?
The horrid elixir that made this
possible, it's making you daft!

LANCE BOYLE

What's goin' on?
(MORE)

LANCE BOYLE (CONT'D)
What about grabbin' the Queen's
breasts? You ... you're the Bodice
Ripper!

The Henchmen overhear and stop working.

MEZMO
Not me! I ...

LANCE BOYLE
Don't deny! I know 'tis true! Somehow
... I always knew.

MEZMO
I hypnotized you into not suspecting.

LANCE BOYLE
What!? We trusted you! Now you're
going ta throw away everythin' to
tweak the Queen's bloody boobies!?

MEZMO
Shhss! Quiet! Do as I say! I'm the
only one able to make the formula!

LANCE BOYLE
'At's blackmail! We **need** the elixir
now, we're addicted too!

MEZMO
Then obey me and after we escape
I'll give you the formula! Here,
take your green safety glasses and
start the Lumières as we rehearsed,
then run! Greta and I will use this
emergency escape plan and rendezvous
with you in the countryside!

An imperious, mustachioed STAGE MANAGER appears.

STAGE MANAGER
I'm afraid I must ask for quiet. The
show is starting! To the wings please.

EXT. CITY STREET

A rudimentary police emergency phone guards an anonymous
boulevard. POLICEMAN #2 leads SINGER to it and unlocks it.
SINGER cranks the handle, shouting in the primitive faceplate.

SINGER

Ahoy-hoy, this is Inspector Singer.
Tell Chief Inspector McMicken the
Ripper is Mezmo! 'E's at Albert Hall!
Get men over there posthaste!
Whereabouts is Albert Hall?

POLICEMAN #2

Over there all lit up 'cross the
park, Inspector.

Singer leaps a wall of bushes and gallops towards Hyde Park!

INT. ALBERT HALL

The round Albert Hall shimmers under the lush stained glass ceiling, a massive image of Victoria's dear, dead Albert. The QUEEN, QUEEN'S GRANDDAUGHTER and other royals are seated prominently in front. The hall darkens as polite applause greets MEZMO's appearance. He might have been made up by a mortician up close for he seems a painted cadaver.

SUBTITLE: 8:15 PM

MEZMO

Usually a hypnotist plucks a subject
from the crowd. The audience watches
and wonders "What is it like?"
Everyone participates tonight in the
first demonstration of safe,
reproducible mass hypnosis! Mesmerism
a hoax? Can't be hypnotized?
Experience the truth! Experience
Hypnutilus!

The curtains part, revealing a theatrical, even gaudy collection of seashell pinwheels orbiting twin two storey round white screens. Hardly the pinnacle of even Victorian technology. A giant prop nautilus shell hangs in front by a thin rope. He pushes it and starts it swinging.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Doesn't look like much, does it?

MEZMO

Keep your hands and arms inside the
seat and your eyes on the swinging
shell. See the shell. See the shell
swing, swinging and swaying, swaying
and swinging ... Draw your eyes to the
twin orbs.

QUEEN'S GRANDDAUGHTER
Does watching the shell make you
feel different?

QUEEN VICTORIA
Yes, seasick.

The pinwheels whirl 'round the two white screens. HENCHMEN in green glasses start twin Lumière projectors. They throw a colourized film loop of Mezmo's eye on each screen. A phonograph plays his amplified hypno-voice.

MEZMO
(On phonograph) You will feel the
power of flowers ...

THE MILDLY HYPNOTIC PINWHEELS AND SWINGING SHELL ARE OVERPOWERED BY SWIRLS OF PURPLE ENERGY FROM THE MOVIE SCREENS! THE AMAZED AUDIENCE SEES IMAGINARY PURPLE FLOWERS BLOOM EVERYWHERE! MEZMO STALKS THE QUEEN AS THE HARMLESS POPPIES TWINE THEMSELVES 'ROUND ARMS AND LEGS, PARALYZING ALL!

HYPNOTIC ENERGY SNAKES FROM MEZMO'S EYES, MESMERIZING THE QUEEN! SHE HALLUCINATES THAT MEZMO HAS TURNED INTO ALBERT! He pulls out shiny black scissors. The expressionless Queen stares into his pupils.

QUEEN VICTORIA
Albert my love! Just as I remember!
Oh you look so young!

The POLICE and QUEEN'S GUARDS are rooted in place, eyes staring unblinking at the Hypnutilus! Mezmo raises his scissors to rip the Queen's bodice and speaks only to her. The phonograph slows and the recorded voice distorts. It hits a bad spot and skips ... skips ... skips! With each skip the audience twitches and bobs heads in unison!

MEZMO
Oh darn it all!

The movie's scary soundtrack abruptly stops. Mezmo is forced, at the height of drama, to lower his scissors, hurry to the phonograph, crank it up and move the needle. His recorded hypno-voice resumes. He rushes back to the Queen raising his menacing shears. The tense movie music resumes! SINGER rushes in, almost hypnotized by the machine, but turns away in time!

SINGER
Queen Victoria! Too late!

Shielding his eyes Singer sees the projectors and draws his gun. He shoots both and they erupt in sparks as Mezmo snips the Queen's bodice to reach her ancient, ample bosoms! The film burns off and the hypnotic images vanish! Everyone "comes to" dazed! Stymied, Mezmo runs out a back stair!

Chasing him into the stairway Singer looks up. Nobody there. Hidden behind the open door Mezmo flies out punching, knocking Singer to the floor! The magician runs up the stairs, ignoring exits. He reaches the top door "ROOF ACCESS - NO EXIT - KEEP LOCKED." It opens! Singer staggers after. Guards below lead the Queen to safety onstage as the crowd panics. They clutch their heads and rub their eyes.

EXT. ALBERT HALL ROOF -- NIGHT

Brisk wind blows over the breastlike roof. MEZMO warily climbs the metal struts on the glass dome. Whoops, his foot goes through crystal! Debris tumbles onto the stained glass below!

QUEEN VICTORIA
(Clutching torn bodice) I'm violated!
My husband's memory mocked! A 50
thousand pound bounty on Mezmo!

There is a crash of crystal. Everyone looks up at the huge stained glass Prince Albert ceiling. Coloured shards tumble, stabbing empty seats and impaling the stage.

INSPECTOR
'E's on the roof!

QUEEN VICTORIA
Make that a hundred-fifty! Dead!

Panicked Mezmo reaches the dome's "nipple!" SINGER appears at the dome's base and draws his gun on Mezmo's head!

SINGER
Even magicians can't fly Mezmo!

MEZMO
Oh really?!

A sudden orange background glow and dragon's roar! Rising behind Singer is the huge, breast-like promotional balloon seen briefly in establishing shots! GRETA in the gondola frantically works the flamethrower and unloads a rope ladder.

The airship rises unsteadily in gusty wind. The ladder drops. It drags up the dome behind the drifting balloon. Mezmo slides down the dome and catches it.

Singer empties his gun shooting useless holes in the balloon so he chases the ladder! The ropes drag him up the dome, breaking glass all the way! Mezmo is almost in the gondola when the trailing rope rungs snag the "nipple," yanking the balloon back down hard against the dome, shattering that part! Debris tumbles on stained glass below, smashing it too!

Seizing opportunity, Singer pulls himself up the ladder and grabs Mezmo in the gondola. They struggle as Greta tries to unsnag the ladder! Singer forces himself in the gondola but Mezmo gets in a hard punch, knocking the policeman dizzy! Mezmo uses Singer as a shield as PEARCE, the Inspector and POLICEMEN reach the roof. They shoot, ripping the wicker gondola!

PEARCE

Don't shoot! You'll 'it Singer!

Mezmo whips out scissors and cuts the ladder, but with three people in the balloon it stays put. Still more glass breaks as Greta drops sandbags through the ornate dome and the balloon lifts. Its burner pulsing bright the glowing balloon quickly rises, drifting into the smoky night. The guards shoot but nothing stops the airship!

EXT. GONDOLA -- NIGHT CONTINUOUS

SINGER and MEZMO continue fighting in the flimsy gondola bottom as the balloon disappears in polluted yellow fog.

GRETA GREEN

Stop it! We're under a flamethrower
in a straw purse full of explosives!

The men freeze viewing the fuel canister with new respect. Their eyes meet and Mezmo instantly hypnotizes SINGER! TUNNELS OF PURPLE LIGHT enter Singer's dilated pupils!

MEZMO

Calm down Singer, no one can hurt
you. Don't move!

GRETA GREEN

That's better! We've got to pay
attention to where ... eeekkggh!

SMASH! She pops her head up as they collide with a cathedral! The wicker basket drags across the slate roof and over the top of the gothic church, smashing stained glass as it goes! Finally the balloon reaches the front of the cathedral and smacks against the side the main stone crucifix. It spins in place like a top instead of breaking off and ends up right back where it was, but almost unscrewed!

MEZMO

Thank goodness, don't want to be
sacrilegious!

The stone cross tumbles from its socket. Spiraling to the steps below it bursts into gravel fireworks! As the balloon passes the church bells chime 10 PM. Other clock towers alight and blink, each steeple chiming ten times throughout London.

MEZMO (CONT'D)

I've squeezed whores and queens,
fooled police, mocked society and
now even the Church! Is there nothing
in England to challenge me?!

Behind his back the smog separates, revealing the dark, hulking shaft of Big Ben. The huge but distant clock face lights as the tower bells peal 10 times. Inside are scary gears, massive bells and powerful motors to ring them, plus roaring flame jets that light the clock face!

INT. QUEEN'S CARRIAGE -- NIGHT

QUEEN VICTORIA, the QUEEN'S GRANDDAUGHTER and entourage chase the balloon in opulent carriages escorted by mounted police!

QUEEN'S COACHMAN

He's heading for Buckingham Palace
your highness! It's on our way!

QUEEN VICTORIA

Don't lose him! The police will!
I'll not rest until Mezmo hangs!

Queen Victoria pulls her head in the window and spies a trickle of blood under her red faced Granddaughter's nose.

QUEEN'S GRANDDAUGHTER

What is it?

More blood drips out of her other nostril and touches her lip. She tastes blood, terrified! Red spurts!

QUEEN'S GRANDDAUGHTER (CONT'D)
What's happening! What's happening!

EXT. LONDON STREET -- NIGHT

Pedestrians rush from this stately street as the battalion of MOUNTED OFFICERS gallops by on horseback! PEARCE and the INSPECTOR frantically scan the sullen, smoggy sky.

PEARCE
Where is it? It ain't glowin'! We
lost it!

FOOOFFF! The flamethrower erupts! The balloon glows practically overhead! The police fire, jolting the horses!

PEARCE (CONT'D)
(Not shooting) God help ya Singer!

INT. GONDOLA -- NIGHT

MEZMO and GRETA duck into the wicker basket. SINGER is hypnotized on the floor. A bullet just misses his head!

MEZMO
The flames give us away!

GRETA GREEN
But we need heat to float!

MEZMO
Stay down in the gondola.

At the mention of "gondola" Singer activates.

SINGER
(Monotone) Mezmo is a fine man. He ...

MEZMO
Shut up!

GRETA GREEN
I was a fool to love you John! Blind
to the elixir poisoning your mind!
Now your strength is your weakness.
When we land I'm leaving **forever**
this time! Not like in Moscow. I
don't want to die unloved!

MEZMO
But Greta I ...

She interrupts him with an angry yank on the roaring flamethrower! The balloon rotates lazily, heading towards Parliament through thick orange lit fog banks.

MEZMO (CONT'D)

We're headed straight for Big Ben!

He yanks the flamethrower's string furiously!

GRETA GREEN

We can't clear it with three people!

Sickly Mezmo struggles with Singer's big, limp body, trying to get him to his feet and push him out! The balloon drifts away from the looming clock tower. Greta and Mezmo sigh with relief! He puts down sleepy Singer.

MEZMO

I am not a murderer. I am not a murderer! I am so sorry for the pain I've caused. You're the only woman who believed in me and this silliness. When we land I know a little town in Scotland where we can get a quick wedding, Greta Green! If you'll ...

GRETA GREEN

You can't fool me with your act the way you fool audiences. Oh God!

The balloon has drifted right back towards Big Ben while they were talking! Now it will collide with the upper clock tower! Mezmo yanks the burner string and the balloon flares brightly from the inferno inside.

GRETA GREEN (CONT'D)

No, short controlled bursts or you'll burn the canvas!

MEZMO

No time! It's all or nothing!

The balloon rises slowly, looking to clear the tower. High flames lick the top of the balloon, making it smoke. The occupants sigh with relief, not noticing. They float over Big Ben but flames catch the balloon's top on fire! Rupturing geysers of sparks it burns a hole in itself and hovers over Big Ben, then plummets!

EXT. BIG BEN'S ROOF -- CONTINUOUS

The gondola toboggans down the slanted upper roof! MEZMO and GRETA spill out as it slams onto the lower roof above the clock face. Mezmo nearly tumbles off the edge but Greta is hanging by a decorative spike over Parliament fifteen stories below!

The deflated balloon and gondola continue sliding off the roof, taking SINGER too! Just when ready to free fall the smoking, tattered airship snags on Gothic roof spikes. Its fall violently stopped the gondola slams into the glass clock face, shattering its upper half. Huge icy chunks shatter on the street as POLICE arrive!

Greta's screams bring Mezmo running along the treacherous roof edge! Superheated sparks from the balloon's rupture rain down! He grabs her thin, pale arm. She's about to lose her grip.

MEZMO

I've got you dearest! Hang on!

He starts pulling her to safety but a fluttering piece of flaming balloon cloth lands on his hand! He reflexively lets go! Screaming, Greta tumbles hundreds of feet! She's sickeningly impaled on a stone roof spike!

MEZMO (CONT'D)

Nnnnoooo! My God NO!

From inside the tower comes a massive BOONNG! The bell strikes 10:15. Singer wakes from his trance. He's hanging by torn ropes in front of the cracked clock! Terrified, he swings the basket enough to reach the hole in the clock. The swaying shifts the broken balloon! The cloth hooked against the Gothic spikes rips, attracting Mezmo's attention. He runs across the ledge to the balloon but he's too late! It tears in half and falls!

Dropping ten feet the tattered balloon fragment snags on the huge minute hand, exactly at 15 past 10. The basket ropes fray as they tangle the clock hand! Antlike police rush forward far below with a puny round net. Useless! They take axes to the huge locked tower doors.

The ten foot long minute hand ticks to 16. This movement lurches the entire gondola. The ropes fray even faster!

Mezmo finds a roof hatch and rushes down rickety ladders into the square clock room!

Running to the side with the broken upper face he smashes the lower face and climbs out! The clock moves to 17. The hour hand tips enough that the tattered balloon could slip off literally the next minute!

MEZMO (CONT'D)

Climb up the cloth! I can't reach!

SINGER

I'm afraid of heights! I can't!

MEZMO

Look at me!

SINGER MAKES EYE CONTACT AND MYSTICAL MAROON ENERGY FLOWS FROM MEZMO TO SINGER'S MIND! THE POLICEMAN HALLUCINATES A PURPLE LADDER LEADS TO THE MAGICIAN. He finds the courage to believe the illusion, pulling up the frayed ropes onto tattered muslin. His climbing rips the last of the ropes and the gondola plunges!

Police scatter as the basket hits the ground and the onboard fuel tank ignites! It rockets out the destroyed basket, setting the tower doors aflame and spinning crazily into bushes. They ignite!

The balloon cloth begins to slide off the minute hand a little. Singer climbs the torn strips towards the clock face as Mezmo continues to hypnotize him. Just below the ledge Singer reaches out and touches the magician's fingertips!

CLICK, the minute hand moves mechanically and Singer drops just inches from Mezmo's reach! The canvas hooked to the minute hand slides off! Mezmo grabs Singer just in time as the tattered cloth flutters away! He pulls Singer onto the ledge at the base of the clock face. Whew! The hypnotized policeman collapses!

INT. BIG BEN

The magician slips through the smashed clock face into the tower. Inside is a huge bell and mechanism overhead with thick metal shafts and gears. Only a short rail prevents a deadly fall through the round hole in the middle of the floor.

The POLICE extinguish the fire and break open the smoldering tower doors. Soldiers pour in the ground floor past a souvenir stand, jump turnstiles and run up the tower stairs. MEZMO reaches the railing and sees the police through the large hole in the floor. SINGER appears in the clock face as the police reach the top of the stairs!

SINGER

It's over Bodice Ripper. Give up!

Mezmo climbs over the railing far above the ground floor. Singer dives after him as he jumps off the rail, catching the hypnotist by his coat! A single shoe falls off and tumbles hundreds of feet. The railing cracks and gives way as the police grab onto Singer! Mezmo screams! They try to pull him up by the arm.

EXT. CITY SQUARE -- DAY

MATCH CUT! MEZMO is pulled up by the arm onto a wooden platform. A gallows looms over the tubby LORD MAYOR and thousands of others with nothing in common but bloodlust!

SUBTITLE: AUGUST 30, 1888 - 12:00 Noon

In the crowd are the INSPECTOR, PEARCE, MONA, MADAM OVARY and SINGER with all the WESTMINSTERS. QUEEN VICTORIA glares from a huge portico in the Tower of London as Mezmo is led to the noose by the muscled EXECUTIONER, a huge, hooded man in black. Distant Big Ben, face still broken, peals noon.

EXECUTIONER

Ya hear? They're givin' yer outfit
ta Madam Tussaud's Wax Museum.

MEZMO

At least my clothes can stay in show
business.

EXECUTIONER

An the British Museum wants ta pick
yer bones clean wif beetles and mount
yer skeleton next ta the elephant
man's.

The stout Lord Mayor of London signals attention.

LORD MAYOR

As dictated by royal protocol, I
welcome the Queen, also the Prince
of Wales, the princes and princesses,
the royal grandchildren, nieces and
nephews, aunts and uncles. The
Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord
Chancellor, the President of Council,
who expressed his deepest regret at
being unable to attend. Welcome,

(MORE)

LORD MAYOR (CONT'D)
also, to the Bishops, the Lord Great
Chamberlain, the Earl Marshall, the
Lord Steward...

DISSOLVE
TO:

Ten minutes later. Everyone is bored but the breathless Mayor.

LORD MAYOR (CONT'D)
... the Privy Councilmen, the Chancellor
of the Garter, the Chancellor of the
Exchequer, the Master of the Rolls,
The Chief Justice of Common Pleas ...

HENCHMEN, led by LANCE BOYLE, appear dressed as monks at the
front of the crowd. Lance takes his hood off long enough for
Mezmo to see. The magician taps the executioner's shoulder.

MEZMO
Now ... (yawns) About that bribe we
discussed ...

DISSOLVE
TO:

Even later. Everyone is tired and disheveled. The Lord Mayor
sweats. Mezmo leans against the dozing Executioner.

LORD MAYOR
... the younger sons of the younger
sons of peers, the general and flag
officers, the gentlemen entitled to
bear arms and all ladies, gents,
lads and lasses.

He gasps for air. Everyone stands.

LORD MAYOR (CONT'D)
Today we rid London of a menace which
has terrified our capitol so many
weeks. As befits the gravity of this
execution I present, for the first
time in twenty years, the Royal
Urinalia!

An ancient, pompous BISHOP enters holding an even more ancient
box in shaky hands. Decorated in gold, brown and red bodily
fluids, the surface sports twining gold nooses and faded
medieval execution scenes. A noose is put on Mezmo.

LORD MAYOR (CONT'D)

As it has for the past seven hundred thirteen years, it will protect this hallowed execution ground from the filthy drops and excretions which can arise during a good lynching.

The CROWD "Ooohs!" The Bishop holds the box up for the Executioner to open. He lifts the jewel encrusted lid and delicately removes the Urinalia. It's a filthy, yellow stained piece of tattered dark age embroidery. The crowd goes wild at the sight (and smell) of the sickening rag!

EXECUTIONER

Phew! This really needs washin'!

LORD MAYOR

Unfortunately tradition is tradition.

The Executioner unfolds the large Urinalia and airs it out. The flimsy cloth tears!

LORD MAYOR (CONT'D)

Be careful! That antique's held together by its own filth! (To Mezmo)
Any last words?

MEZMO

I regret hurting those I love and the people of London with my lack of ... of self control. I see now how blinded I was by my work and my addiction. But if we were all a little less uptight wouldn't life ...

SLAM! Floorboards fall! He drops two feet, violently yanked! The hood gurgles and spits horribly! The body slowly writhes! Everyone is motionless. Queen Victoria watches his wormy wriggling through opera glasses. As Mezmo goes dramatically limp a wave of happily-ever-aftering crests through the crowd!

CLOSE ON MEZMO'S CROTCH AS A FAT URINE STAIN FORMS. THE CAMERA DOLLIES BACK AND DOWN AS SINGER AND ABBEY ENTER FRAME FROM BOTH SIDES. They kiss ecstatically in front of the crotch as if it were a romantic sunset! The Westminsterers watch with unabashed happiness!

LORD MAYOR

In the name of full-figured ladies everywhere I hereby declare London safe from this menace forevermore!

The crowd roars! A satisfied Queen Victoria stands and walks off the porch. Where she was seated the INDIAN BODYGUARD rises, turban and all. She was sitting on a human footstool the entire time! He rubs his knees and staggers inside.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. WHITECHAPEL ALLEY -- NIGHT

SUBTITLE: BUCKS ROW - AUGUST 31, 1888 - 3:32 AM

A blue full moon glares down on skid row. Under a streetlamp in the foggy slum slouches whore-painted POLLY NICHOLS. THIS SHOT BOOKENDS THE OPENING SHOT AND IS ALMOST IDENTICAL. THE MOVIE HAS COME FULL CIRCLE.

She peers round drunkenly. Her high cheekbones would make her seem pretty if she wasn't missing teeth. She wears an old black straw bonnet fringed in frayed velvet and an even older brown frock. Hearing footsteps she turns to look.

POLLY NICHOLS

'Ello luv. What brings you out late?

JACK THE RIPPER

(O.S.) Don't have ta get up fer work
at the slaughterhouse fer once.
Lookin' fer a bitta fun, dearie.

POLLY NICHOLS

(Not jolly) Fun? Don't call me "Jolly
Polly" for nuthin'!

JACK THE RIPPER

(O.S.) I'm, uh, Jack.

POLLY NICHOLS

Jack? 'Oh! Thought you were me **John**
now? Eh? (Laughs) 'Ats not yer real
name?

JACK THE RIPPER

(O.S.) Well, (Laughs) Polly's not
your real name either! (Both chuckle)
Call me Doc.

POLLY NICHOLS

What's up Doc? (Touches his groin)
Feels like you are!

(MORE)

POLLY NICHOLS (CONT'D)

Wanna quick one in the alley? I needs
three pence fer a bed ta' night an'
it's late.

They pass into the same alley Mona and Mezmo did. TWO SHOT
of Polly ahead of Jack. Fully visible, he's harshly backlit
by distant yellow gaslight. He wears a respectable suit but
his face is half hidden in the shadow of a deerstalker hat.

From his right pocket he pulls a large shiny scalpel! As
Polly turns to speak he punches hard right!

CUT TO
BLACK:

END CREDITS

SCRIPT ANALYSIS

69 speaking Characters

19 spoke over 10 times

14 spoke 5-10 times

36 spoke 1-4 times

Scenes: 72

Unique Locations: 51

Speeches: 986

The longest speech was 13 lines on page 24 by PSYCHIC