

# ***HYDE***

by  
Cole Haddon

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TITLE CARD (red font): 1883

FADE IN ON:

The faces of terrified SCOTLAND YARD CONSTABLES and INSPECTORS, each nervously aiming firearms at--

**EXT. STREET - LONDON HOUSE - NIGHT**

It's a beautiful home, shrouded in darkness. The lanterns being waved by authorities do little to help this.

There must be 50 coppers here, positioned behind paddy wagons, carts, horses, whatever they could find. The period's equivalent of a SWAT ACTION.

Behind this line stands INSPECTOR WILLIAM NEWCOMEN (50; stocky), the man in charge of the operation.

NEWCOMEN

Easy, men. Easy now.

Beside him, uneasy for reasons we don't understand yet, is DR. JOHN GABRIEL UTTERSON (late-30s; tall and lanky).

They, like everybody else, are anxiously watching the SIX RIFLE-ARMED CONSTABLES making their way up the walk to the house's open, dark front door.

**INT. FOYER - LONDON HOUSE -**

The six constables, all trembling, nudge the door open with their weapons. Slowly enter near-total darkness.

CONSTABLE #1

Do you see anything?

CONSTABLE #3

Oh, dear Lord.

CONSTABLE #1

What is it?

Constable #3 turns and vomits through the hand he can't get to his mouth fast enough.

CONSTABLE #1

What is it?!

CONSTABLE #4

It's Parker, sir.

On the ground, we catch a glimpse of an arm lying in blood.

CONSTABLE #4  
Most of 'im, at least.

CONSTABLE #2  
The rest of 'im's over 'ere.  
Duncan, as well.

The front door behind them CREAKS, then SLAMS SUDDENLY--

**EXT. STREET - LONDON HOUSE - CONT'D**

Newcomen, Utterson, and constables watch as GUNFIRE illuminates windows. A strobing effect that reveals frightening glimpses of what's happening inside.

UTTERSON  
I warned you this might happen,  
Inspector. I warned you!

The front door crashes off its hinges, falling outside with Constable #1 who was thrown through it.

NEWCOMEN  
Somebody 'elp the lad!

But nobody moves, petrified by the SCREAMS OF AGONY now coming from the house.

Constable #1 starts to rise when something grabs his ankles. He's dragged back inside, screaming now, too.

Then, SILENCE. Not even the sound of Scotland Yard's finest breathing.

Newcomen looks at Utterson, then at his men. Eleven seconds of this...twelve...thirteen--

Suddenly, something explodes through the house's roof, flying into the night sky. A good 30 feet up, climbing, climbing...

NEWCOMEN  
Is that...?

A moment later, Constable #1 lands with a sickening crunch in the front garden. Body a twisted mess.

Newcomen is dumbstruck. Everybody is looking to him for direction, though, and he knows he has to act.

CUT TO:

A long wooden case with brass trim being opened. Inside, the scariest looking ELEPHANT GUN ever made.

UTTERSON

When I confided in you, Inspector,  
you swore you wouldn't kill him.

Newcomen lifts the gun as CONSTABLE #5 hands him a large drug-filled DART. The elephant gun is a TRANQUILIZER GUN.

CONSTABLE #5

It's powerful enough to take down  
an elephant. I dare say two of 'em.

Utterson looks heartsick over all this.

UTTERSON

You can't use that on him. He's a  
man--

NEWCOMEN

Are you mad?! HE'S A MONSTER!

He shoves Utterson aside.

NEWCOMEN

And I want his head on my mantle.

As Newcomen stalks toward the house, loading the dart--

UTTERSON

We had a deal!  
(sotto)  
He's my friend.

# **INT. FOYER - LONDON HOUSE - CONT'D**

Newcomen slowly enters, stepping over the bodies of dead constables. Shoe slipping in blood.

NEWCOMEN

I know you're in here. I'm not  
afraid of you.

A deep, guttural voice growls out of the darkness as Newcomen tries to track the direction its coming from--

MAN (O.S.)

How many years will they remember  
my name, Inspector? How many years  
will they cry out--

Newcomen ROARS at movement, FIRING THE GUN at a blur of shadows coming at him from above--

FREEZE FRAME, RED LETTERS splattering like paint, or BLOOD, against the static image. Immediately begin dripping.

TITLE CARD: HYDE

CREDITS ROLL over a swirling newspaper montage of the rise and fall of DR. HENRY JEKYLL (whose face never seems to reveal itself). He was an altruistic scientific genius, Utterson proudly at his side; newly engaged to MILLICENT ROSE; then a rash of murders of vagrants and criminals; the citywide manhunt for EDWARD HYDE follows; news of Hyde's climactic death and Newcomen's part in it; and, finally, scientists continue to fail at explaining Jekyll's serum.

TITLE CARD (red font): Five years later...

FADE IN:

**EXT. VARIOUS - WHITECHAPEL, LONDON - NIGHT**

BIRD'S EYE VIEW: Drifting above the maze of streets that comprise Whitechapel, a circus of poverty and depravity.

Only the loudest sounds reach us, many SCREAMS. Eventually, though, these dissipate. Subsumed by the slow build of a HEARTBEAT...a heart beating INCREASINGLY FAST.

When the frantic drumming reaches its crescendo--

**EXT. STREET - WHITECHAPEL - CONT'D**

SILENCE now, except for MUFFLED MURMURING. It's a residential area, and we're looking at a SHADOWY FIGURE hunched and kneeling on the cobblestone sidewalk.

He's dressed all in black. Top hat. Knee-length slicker spread around him like dark wings as he works.

Is that a woman's LEG AND BOOT sticking out from under him?  
Is that a woman's ARM AND HAND slowly waving back and forth?

A SURGEON'S KNIFE draws away from the body of his prostitute-victim, blood dripping from its well-polished surface. We can't see what the figure is doing to her, but it can't be good. Can't be good at all.

CLOSE on one of the prostitute MARY ANNE NICHOLS' teary eyes, the murky head and top hat of her killer -- the WHITECHAPEL MURDERER, as history first called him -- reflected across it. She's in a state of shock, murmuring the best she can manage.

MARY ANNE NICHOLS

Ple...

Blood spurts up, striking the Murderer's "medical collar" -- his slicker's upturned, exaggerated collar buttoned in the front to protect/hide his face.

MARY ANNE NICHOLS

Sir, ple...

The Murderer, standing now. His face still masked, he considers Nichols -- then sweeps away with a snarl like some supernatural beast of the night.

OVERHEAD: Nichols lies on her back, abandoned. Arms out but askew. Blood collecting around her.

MARY ANNE NICHOLS

Pl...ple...ease...

**INT. ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL - DAY**

Morning mass. ESTABLISHING SHOT from behind the CRUCIFIX that hangs above the altar, looking down upon the CONGREGATION (Christ's crucified figure mirrors Nichols' death repose).

PRIEST (O.S.)

In each of us, two natures are at war: the good and the evil.

THOMAS ADYE (28) sits at the end of a pew, listening to the PRIEST's sermon. His back to us, so we can't see his face.

Sunlight from an opening door falls across him as somebody enters OS.

PRIEST

All our lives the fight goes on between them, and one of them must conquer.

A CONSTABLE, call him RED-FACE, approaches Adye from behind.

PRIEST

Will it be the beauty of good, or evil and its trick of making goodness seem ugly and weak?

Red-Face leans down, to whisper into Adye's ear--

CONSTABLE RED-FACE

Thomas Adye?

Adye whispers back, their conversation kept at a hushed, respectful level. We still don't see his face.

ADYE

Cap.

CONSTABLE RED-FACE

Sir?

ADYE  
Your cap, Officer. Remove it in here.

PRIEST  
Goodness, after all, is what separates Man from the beast and demons and Lucifer himself.

Red-Face removes his helmet, looking around as if embarrassed. Leans back to whisper in Adye's ear except--

ADYE  
There's been a murder, yes I know.

CONSTABLE RED-FACE  
(surprised)  
But how, Inspector?

ADYE  
It's how my days always begin.

He doesn't wait for the priest to conclude the sermon before standing to leave. Our attention remains on the priest--

PRIEST  
But remember always, the power to choose is in our own hands. What we want most to be, we are.

**EXT. STREET - WHITECHAPEL - LATER**

CLOSE on Nichols' dead face, a fly buzzing about dry blood spattered around her lips and chin. Eyes empty, sad.

CONSTABLE TAMBERLY (O.S.)  
Looks like the killer slashed her about the neck there. We reckon that's what did her in.

ADYE is crouched beside the corpse. This is our first look at him: almost 30, lanky, intense eyes. Dress, including his bowler, suggests a serious man with serious aspirations.

ADYE  
*Slash? Hardly.*

Behind him, CONSTABLE TAMBERLY listens as other CONSTABLES try to hold back REPORTERS and a CROWD.

A CRIME-SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER prepares a camera over Nichols.

ADYE

These incisions are precise, the large vessels on both sides of the neck severed. Precise...but confident.

Two prostitutes in the crowd watch him examine the corpse, sickened: ginger-haired MARY JANE KELLY (25; girl-next-door beautiful) and her frightened black friend NETTY (17).

ADYE

Even a knife, say, eight inches in length, would take considerable strength to so deftly cut without resorting to crude sawing.

(looks up at Tamberly)

What was her name?

CONSTABLE TAMBERLY

Mary Nichols, perhaps 40, perhaps 45. Her friends can't agree on a figure.

Mary Jane and Netty are those teary friends.

CONSTABLE TAMBERLY

I, ah, I don't mean to interject myself into your investigation, sir, but...has it occurred to you this one is a prostitute. Just like that Martha Tabram three weeks ago.

ADYE

It has indeed, Mr. Tamberly. Middle-aged, murdered in the middle of the night as well.

He lifts the corpse's long skirt and petticoats; underneath, torn stockings. Tamberly reaches out to stop him.

CONSTABLE TAMBERLY

Inspector, be decent!

ADYE

Whatever for? The killer most certainly wasn't.

Netty gasps, hand flying to her mouth. Mary Jane protectively pulls her face into her shoulder, so she doesn't look.

MARY JANE

You've seen enough. Let's go.

She makes the sign of the cross, then leads Netty away.

Adye motions for Tamberly to look at the corpse's OS groin.

ADYE

The incisions across the neck "did her in," you were correct about that. But not until after this perniciousness was carried out.

CONSTABLE WEAK STOMACH catches a glimpse of what's being shown to Tamberly and spins away, retching.

CONSTABLE WEAK STOMACH

Oh Gaw--

Adye counts OS wounds, finger pointing here and there.

ADYE

Eight, nine...11...that's 28 fewer stab wounds than Tabram suffered.

(grimly)

The killer is growing more efficient.

The crime scene photographer's flash pops loudly and we--

CUT TO:

Several feet from Nichols' corpse, Tamberly indicates for Adye two crimson footprint-shaped spots on the sidewalk. Each flagged by lead-weighted reeds and fluttering ribbons.

CONSTABLE TAMBERLY

Here are the two footprints I told you about.

ADYE

How far would you say it is between those, Mr. Tamberly?

CONSTABLE TAMBERLY

Eight feet, perhaps nine. He was probably running, sir.

Adye attempts to duplicate the stride between the distant footprints/ribbons, comically overextending himself without thinking -- and stumbles forward. Tamberly catches him.

CONSTABLE TAMBERLY

Careful, sir.

Constables and PEOPLE IN THE CROWD chuckle at Adye's tumble, including a CONSTABLE WHINGER.

CONSTABLE WHINGER  
 Future a police work? He don't look  
 so smart ta me.

CONSTABLE WEAK STOMACH  
 (wiping vomit from beard)  
 Bloody poof.

Adye, embarrassed, straightens his coat. Turns to consider  
 the stride again.

ADYE  
 When I was a student at  
 Giggleswick, Mr. Tamberly--

CONSTABLE TAMBERLY  
 But that's in Yorkshire, sir. I'd  
 heard you were from right here in  
 Whitechapel.

Adye winces almost imperceptibly at this, but tries not to  
 let Tamberly notice. He smiles politely and continues.

ADYE  
 Yes, well. When I was at  
 Giggleswick, Eddie Lacey was the  
 best long jumper in my year...and  
 couldn't clear eight feet on his  
 best day. This is...most unusual.

He notices something on a wooden fence along the sidewalk, a  
 smeared BLOODY FOOTPRINT four feet up the side of the paling.

ADYE  
 Now what's this?

He crouches to investigate, wondering how it got there. Then  
 looks up...up...up...20 feet up a brick wall, to where  
 SEVERAL BLOODY HUMAN HANDPRINTS are visible on a pipe there.

Adye stands, still looking up. Tamberly joins him.

ADYE  
 What manner of man can double my  
 best stride, Mr. Tamberly...then  
 spring more than 20 feet up a wall  
 to his escape?

#### **INT. INSPECTOR'S POOL - SCOTLAND YARD - DAY**

This is where dozens of inspectors' desks sit, a hectic --  
 but to us today, familiar -- setting. Prominently placed is  
 an office door and a frosted window that reads--

CHIEF INSPECTOR WILLIAM NEWCOMEN

NEWCOMEN (O.S.)  
I've seen the same thing before  
myself. Five years ago now.

**INT. NEWCOMEN'S OFFICE - SCOTLAND YARD - CONT'D**

A framed newspaper article hangs on the wall, declaring  
EDWARD HYDE DEAD and William Newcomen the HERO responsible.

NEWCOMEN (O.S.)  
Twelve men died that day. 27 more  
done in before we stopped 'im--

PULL BACK over the shoulder of NEWCOMEN (now 55) as he turns.  
Hair greyer, he looks 30 pounds heavier than when we saw him.

NEWCOMEN  
--including an MP and a baby.

He's speaking to Adye across the room.

NEWCOMEN  
We would've never got 'im neither,  
if not for 'is best mate.

ADYE  
With Hyde dead, whom might I speak  
with to explore possible  
connections between the cases, sir?

Newcomen begins stuffing his pipe with tobacco.

NEWCOMEN  
Oh, Hyde's *not* dead.

ADYE  
Sir?

NEWCOMEN  
The public needed to believe as  
much -- and I wanted to oblige  
them, trust me -- but the *powers*  
*that be* wondered if perhaps there  
was something we could learn from  
'is "illness." *Learn* from a madman,  
isn't that rich?

ADYE  
Alive, sir? But where?

Newcomen's mouth curls up at one corner, under his mustache.  
With the hand holding his pipe, he points down.

ADYE  
 (surprised)  
*Under Scotland Yard? All this time?*

Newcomen strikes a match, lights his pipe.

NEWCOMEN  
 His doctor claim he's cured. Even goes by the name *Jekyll* again, as if 'e could shed *Hyde* with some mental calisthenics. Don't you bet on it.

ADYE  
 Perhaps if I spoke with him about our case, he could shed some light--

Newcomen yanks his pipe from his lips to suddenly shout--

NEWCOMEN  
 Don't even consider it!

Newcomen calms himself; clearly a man who knows his temper is unprofessional. Pipe back in his mouth, smoking.

NEWCOMEN  
 When I was young, Inspector, my father taught me that, when faced with two evils, the lesser of them must *always* be chosen.  
 (beat)  
 My vocation, 'owever, 'as revealed to me 'ow truly full of shite my father actually was.  
 (pointedly)  
 If you open the door to a lesser evil, other *far, far greater ones* invariably slink in behind it. Do you understand me?

ADYE  
 Yes, sir.

NEWCOMEN  
 Stay away from Hyde, Inspector. 'E's like a poison that keeps working at you. A poison, just ask 'is mate Utterson.

ADYE  
 Yes, sir, of course.

But his eyes make it clear he arrogantly disagrees. He turns for the door. Stops, looks back.

ADYE

Um, sir. There's a rumor going about that I was, uh, born in Whitechapel.

Newcomen sits behind his desk, ready to get back to work.

NEWCOMEN

A rumor, as I understand it, is untrue.

ADYE

I thought personal files were kept confidential.

Newcomen doesn't even look up from the file he's opened.

NEWCOMEN

Get the 'ell out of 'ere, Inspector. Go catch my killer.

**INT. UNDERGROUND STAIRWELL - SCOTLAND YARD - LATER**

Adye, carrying a thick file, and the eccentric DR. BREUER (60s; thin Dr. Freud) descend dark stairs into the stone-walled bowels of Scotland Yard. Into the abyss.

DR. BREUER

However did you convince that mammoth mass of moronism, Newcomen, to grant you access?

ADYE

Perhaps, ah, you should just tell me more about the prisoner, Doctor.

Breuer hides his smirk, knowing he's being lied to. But this man's pride in his work demands that he show it off.

DR. BREUER

Ven the *patient*, Inspector, *not* prisoner, first arrived, the persona of Edvard Hyde had taken over entirely. Henry Jekyll had become a sub-conscious prisoner in his own body as a result of medical experimentation upon himself, and remained this way until a year ago. That was when I achieved my first break-through. I was able to speak directly with Henry.

There's a self-satisfied glee in Breuer's voice.

DR. BREUER

Today, thanks to my care, Henry has once again reasserted his authority over the physical form the two personas shared.

ADYE

And Hyde?

DR. BREUER

Is a bad dream, a bad dream from which Henry might never wake entirely. He remembers everything Hyde did, everything he thought.

Disappointment crosses his face.

DR. BREUER

The man you will meet *is* Henry Jekyll, Inspector, but not the same Henry Jekyll once revered by his friends as the best man they knew. He can be, *vaht's* the word? *Disconcerting* to many, disconcerting. Hyde has given him a perspective on the human condition that troubles, yes, even me.

**INT. DUNGEON - SCOTLAND YARD - CONT'D**

Adye and Breuer reach the "dungeon," a dank hallway dimly lit by lamps. Heavy steel doors hang along one side.

ADYE

Then why not give up on him? His soul is hardly worth such monumental effort.

DR. BREUER

It is not to save his soul that I work so tirelessly. He is simply too fascinating to walk away from. You'll see, you'll see.

He shoos Adye forward as he turns back toward the stairs.

DR. BREUER

He is in #9, Inspector. Without the serum that shattered his psyche in two, Jekyll is just another man, no stronger than you or me. But Hyde, *Hyde* had methods of...*expressing* his discontent.

Adye stops, looks back.

ADYE  
What does that even mean?

But Breuer has already disappeared up the stairs.

DR. BREUER (O.S.)  
Only that there are no guards down  
here, Inspector. If you have any  
problems, *you vill have to scream.*

Adye considers that for a beat, uncomfortable. He compensates by fastidiously neatening himself.

Noticing mud on his shiny black shoes, he crouches to polish them up with a white, lace-edged handkerchief.

CUT TO:

Adye, moving down the hallway, apprehensive despite his usual coolness. He passes two cells, each with heavy metal doors and bars that stretch between 3X6-foot windows. Above the windows, METAL COVERS; beside the windows, LARGE LEVERS.

In Cell #7, a dim light reveals a chattering MADMAN.

In Cell #8, no light at all. Someone SNICKERING inside.

Finally: Cell #9 is sealed up, its window-cover down.

ADYE  
Um, Dr. *Henry* Jekyll?

After a beat, from the other side of the door--

JEKYLL (O.S.)  
You'll have to raise the shutter,  
Inspector. I can barely hear you.

Adye pulls the window's lever, but immediately skips to the far side of the hall. As far from the cell as he can get.

Gears GRIND. The window-cover rises.

Inside, darkness. Adye squints, trying to find Jekyll in it.

ADYE  
My, ah, my name is Thomas Adye. I'm  
an inspector with the Metropolitan  
Police Department.

A hand extends from between bars, offering a handshake.

JEKYLL (O.S.)  
 Pleased to meet you, Tom. I'm  
 Henry.

Adye considers the hand for a long moment.

JEKYLL (O.S.)  
 Toooooom.

He says this the way someone might, "You're killing me here."  
 Adye finally, cautiously, takes the hand and shakes it.

JEKYLL (O.S.)  
 See, that wasn't so hard, was it?  
 Now you can tell others you shook a  
 hand that once wiped Satan's arse.

ADYE  
 You'll pardon me if I don't laugh.

JEKYLL (O.S.)  
 Oh dear, they sent me one with his  
 ass puckered up tighter than the  
 Virgin Mother's happy hole. So what  
 are you after here, Tom? I'm a  
 busy, busy boy.

From the cell, the sound of CHAIR LEGS being dragged across  
 the stone floor.

ADYE  
 There, ah, there have been two  
 murders in Whitechapel--

JEKYLL (O.S.)  
 Of whom?

Adye sets the file he brought on a window tray where food is  
 normally served.

ADYE  
 Prostitutes.

The file vanishes into the cell and its darkness.

JEKYLL (O.S.)  
*Whores.* How uninspired. I once knew  
 a one-legged whore who did this  
 trick--

ADYE  
 Yes, well...the two murders appear  
 to have been committed by a man--

JEKYLL (O.S.)

A *man*? Might the attacker not be a woman, Tom? Perhaps another *whore*, perhaps even my one-legged acquaintance?

Inside the cell, a match ignites, briefly revealing the deeply shadowed face of JEKYLL. This before Jekyll cups his hand over the match, to light a candle.

The glimpse unnerves Adye.

ADYE

A woman would never be able to commit such...heinous violence.

JEKYLL (O.S.)

I do hope you're going to me more fun than this, Tom. It's been so long since I've had any at all, and will be quite disappointed if you can't provide even a modicum of it.

The candle sits on a small table beside Jekyll, whose arm and the file in his lap are illuminated by its dim glow. Jekyll's fingers drum the table rhythmically, keeping Adye uneasy.

ADYE

The murders, ah, appear to have been committed by a...*person* possessed of, I hesitate to say this...*inhuman* strength.

Jekyll leans forward, candlelight catching on longish hair. Revealing a bit of glowering eye.

JEKYLL

Ooh, that *does* sound fun. You may consider my interest piqued, Tom. Tell me more.

As Adye continues, Jekyll flips through the file's contents.

ADYE

He leapt nearly 20 feet. Straight up. And then climbed another 25 feet up the side of a building.

JEKYLL

A regular Spring-Heeled Jack -- oh.

JEKYLL'S POV: A photo of Martha Tabram's bloody corpse in the file. It titillates, almost sexually.

JEKYLL

How do you think this was accomplished, Tom?

ADYE

I am...uncertain. But your history suggests a certain familiarity with preternatural abilities.

JEKYLL

And so you've come to the fragile mental remains of one Dr. Henry Jekyll for guidance.

He holds up another bloody photo, barely identifiable in the darkness. Why can't we get a good glimpse of him?

JEKYLL

May I keep this one?

Adye ignores the disturbing question.

ADYE

I, ah, wouldn't call it guidance that I seek. Guidance is the last thing I'd want from a creature so lacking in basic morality.

Jekyll sits back, shadowed form revealing renewed boredom.

JEKYLL

Tom, Tom, Tom. What you call "morality" is nothing but blind obedience to words of command. In all of history, nothing has been as wholly effective as morality for leading mankind by the nose.

ADYE

I'd be terrified to consider *your* definition of morality.

JEKYLL

Was that a query?

ADYE

Not in the slightest.

Jekyll raises a finger, about to make a point.

JEKYLL

Very well, I'll tell you what you want to know. You want to know, don't you, Tom?

ADYE

No, truly I do not.

Jekyll's hand gesticulates, delicately extending fingers, as if to beckon Adye's curiosity.

JEKYLL

Of course you do. As far as I am concerned, what is *moral* is anything you feel good after the doing of. On the other hand, what is *immoral* is what you feel bad after. I make it a matter of principle to never feel bad about anything I do, and therefore ensure I will always lead a moral life.

ADYE

Your life has been anything but *moral*.

JEKYLL

By your definition, it most certainly was. Before my...*spiritual awakening*, I was very much like you.

Adye turns now; not quite looking away, but making the effort not to face the defiler either.

ADYE

You and I were never alike.

JEKYLL

Your pride is adorable, Tom. But yes, you're probably right. After all, I was born a gentleman. You, on the other hand, most certainly were not. All your education can't mask the, as Darwin would put it, *indelible stamp* of your lowly origins.

ADYE

What, how?

Jekyll taps the side of his nose, still wrapped in shadows.

JEKYLL

Those of *my* class just have a nose for these sorts of things. No reason to deny it. After all, we should be able to be honest with each other if we're to be chums.

ADYE

There is little chance of that.

JEKYLL

What, too many mates already? I'd be surprised at that. You strike me as the sort other men would try to avoid. So...

ADYE

Good? *Decent?*

JEKYLL

Pompous. Uptight. *Bor-ring.*

ADYE

(becoming defensive)

Perfection of moral virtue does not wholly take away the passions, but simply regulates them.

Jekyll slaps the file down on his table and stands.

JEKYLL

Gawd, you're so...English. Only Englishmen think they are moral when they are uncomfortable.

Adye gapes for a moment, astonished. He almost laughs.

JEKYLL

Your move, Tom. Like it or not, this is how the Game is played.

ADYE

I didn't come here to play some game.

JEKYLL

But that's what your killer is doing.

He begins flicking photos at his cell's bars.

JEKYLL

He's almost certainly bought bench seats to the match as well, judging by these photographs. Nobody goes to such lengths when taking a life unless he -- or she -- wants to be appreciated for it.

Adye tosses up a hand. Walks away.

ADYE

Newcomen was right about you.  
You're a monster.

Suddenly, Jekyll thrusts HIS FACE against the bars, hands wrapped around them. He's UNEXPECTEDLY HANDSOME, startlingly so; age, 40s; dark hair, bright blue eyes.

JEKYLL

You'll be back, Tom, take my word on it! If even a fragment of what you've said is true, you're going to need my help! You'll be back!

But Adye is confident he won't be, and keeps walking.

**EXT. BACKYARD - WHITECHAPEL BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT**

A humming CARPENTER (20s) pushes open the back door, guided by a lamp. Steps out onto a stoop, overlooking a small yard.

CUT TO:

The carpenter's lamp has been set next to the rickety five-foot-high wood fence that runs between yards, illuminating the carpenter, still humming, as he pisses into grass.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mm...ah...uhhhrr...

The carpenter looks down at a fraction of broken fence paling -- and the sound he just heard. Stops humming now.

OVERHEAD (the fence splits the frame like a SPLIT-SCREEN)--

On the left, the WHITECHAPEL MURDERER atop a new VICTIM. His slicker hides all of her save for knees that he's wedged between like a lover and a hand holding/grabbing at his back.

On the right, the carpenter now peeping through the fence.

VICTIM

Uh..hehhh...

The carpenter, his face cast in orange light and deep shadows, smiles lasciviously at what he thinks are lovers.

CARPENTER

(whispers)

Good on you, mate. Give 'er what you got.

The carpenter heads back toward the boarding house, humming. Lamp swinging in his hand as if not a care in the world.

**EXT. BACKYARD - WHITECHAPEL BOARDING HOUSE #2 - CONT'D**

The Murderer reaches down toward his victim's abdomen. Pulls on something OS that won't give.

VICTIM  
Uhh...Gahhh...ddd...

Pulls again, and this time whatever it is comes--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - WHITECHAPEL BOARDING HOUSE #2 - DAY**

A SLAB OF RAW PORK lands on a wood chopping board.

A FEMALE TENANT holds a large knife over it, but is distracted by the sight of a DOZEN OR MORE CONSTABLES AND INSPECTORS milling about her boarding house's backyard.

FEMALE TENANT  
Tillie, will you look at this?  
Bloody peelers look like they're  
'aving a party in the yard.

Her knife drops down, cutting deep into the pork.

**EXT. BACKYARD - WHITECHAPEL BOARDING HOUSE #2 - CONT'D**

CLOSE on the fence and a bloody hand print made in the last moments of life, smeared down to the hand that made it.

Adye kneels beside the corpse. The woman's knees are still up in the air; left arm lies awkwardly over her left breast.

ADYE  
Prostitute. Mid-40s. Same as the  
other two, including the blade-  
work.

Behind him stand Newcomen and Constable Tamberly.

ADYE  
The killer's methodology is  
evolving. He's taking greater care,  
confident he'll be allowed to ply  
his trade here in Whitechapel  
without interruption.

NEWCOMEN  
*Christ.* This is going to get worse,  
isn't it?

He holds a handkerchief to his mouth, nauseated. Points down.

NEWCOMEN

*What is that?*

ADYE

Her intestines, sir. And no, they don't belong on the outside.

NEWCOMEN

Must you be so blase? Doesn't any of this...violence sicken you?

Adye looks up, distracted by a WHITECHAPEL MOTHER and her SON (8) standing on the stoop, watching the investigation.

ADYE

(absently)

Unquantifiably so.

**FLASHBACK - EXT. STOOP - WHITECHAPEL BOARDING HOUSE #3 - DAY**

A YOUNG ADYE (8 or so) sits on a stoop similar to the one Adye was looking at in 1888. A BUSINESSMAN exits the house, looks impersonally at him, and leaves via the steps.

ADYE'S MOTHER (30s), clearly a prostitute, steps outside next. She smiles lovingly at Adye.

ADYE'S MOTHER

It's all arranged, Tommy. You'll be going to live with your pa now.

YOUNG ADYE

Me pa?

ADYE'S MOTHER

He'll be giving you a proper education, be making something of you. You'll never have to come back here, never.

Young Adye is confused, maybe even scared at that.

BACK TO:

**EXT. STREET - WHITECHAPEL BOARDING HOUSE #2**

REPORTERS surround a police brougham, into which Newcomen is climbing. Adye stands next to the door, holding the pressing mob back with the help of Constable Red-Face.

REPORTER #1

Mr. Chief Inspector, when can we expect an arrest?

NEWCOMEN  
The Whitechapel Murderer--

REPORTER #2  
Is that how you're calling him now?

Newcomen curses under his breath at the slip.

REPORTER #3  
What do you say to frightened  
Londoners?

Newcomen leans close to Adye, from inside the brougham.

NEWCOMEN  
I 'ired you coz you claimed your  
modern methods could help clean up  
this cesspool. Don't fail me, son.  
The mob can be vicious.

The brougham pulls away, leaving Adye to consider Newcomen's words. The journalists surge past him, still shouting.

REPORTER #4  
Do you think the Whitechapel  
Murderer a pervert?! Was the victim  
mutilated like the others?!

CONSTABLE RED-FACE  
(to Adye)  
What's 'e, think you're Scotland  
Yard's savior?

Adye answers distractedly, eyes on the crowd.

ADYE  
I pray I am, Constable.

From within the crowd, we spot the Murderer's top hat. His raised collar. He's there, observing the fallout of his handiwork -- and Adye has noticed him.

JEKYLL (V.O.)  
He's almost certainly bought bench  
seats to the match as well. Nobody  
goes to such lengths when stealing  
a life unless he -- or she -- wants  
to be appreciated for it.

Adye's eyes narrow. He raises a hand and calls out--

ADYE  
You there, in the top hat. I'd like  
to ask you a few questions.

The Murderer tips his hat as bodies pass before him, partially obscuring him as he ducks into the crowd.

ADYE  
Stop, I say!

OVERHEAD: Adye runs into the crowd, the Murderer well ahead of him. So close, but so far away.

ADYE  
Stop! Stop that man!

Two constables, one being Whinger, notice Adye shouting inexplicably at somebody they can't see themselves.

CONSTABLE WHINGER  
He's an odd duck, don't you think?

**EXT. WHITECHAPEL - CONT'D**

A couple blocks away, Adye has fallen 30 feet behind the Murderer who's descending steps into the LONDON UNDERGROUND.

ADYE  
Stop!

**INT. TRAIN STATION - LONDON UNDERGROUND - CONT'D**

Adye shoves his way through COMMUTERS, trying to reach a STOPPED TRAIN that the Murderer is boarding.

ADYE  
Metropolitan Police, move, damnit!

**INT. FIRST CLASS SMOKING CAR - TRAIN - CONT'D**

Adye stumbles onto the train as the doors close behind him.

ADYE  
Which way did he go?

Well-heeled GENTLEMEN -- cigars, pipes, tumblers of brandy in hand -- gape at the disruption through wafting smoke.

GENTLEMAN #1  
I say, this is quite unusual.

GENTLEMAN #2  
Explain yourself immediately.

Adye draws his revolver as the train begins to move.

ADYE

*I said, which way did he go?! A man  
in black, face masked by a, a sort  
of collar.*

Every gentleman immediately points toward the forward door.

**INT. FIRST CLASS WOMEN'S CAR - TRAIN - CONT'D**

Adye emerges into the women's car that would be a bit less opulent than a smoking car. GENTLEWOMEN gasp.

GENTLEWOMAN #1

Oh my.

GENTLEWOMAN #2

He's got a gun.

GENTLEWOMAN #3

It's quite large, isn't it?

Adye double takes the strange comment.

**INT. THIRD CLASS CAR - TRAIN - CONT'D**

Adye emerges into a third-class car, WORKING CLASS FOLKS packed in like sardines. He scans their indifferent faces.

Suddenly, the Murderer explodes from within the bodies, shoving Adye's upper-body THROUGH A WINDOW.

Commuters fall back, screaming.

Adye's head sticks out the window, held there by two great, hirsute hands trying to choke the life out of him.

A light indicates an ONCOMING TRAIN.

Adye looks up at the Murderer's masked face. YELLOW-FLECKED EYES, filled with rage, glare back at him.

The oncoming train is now visible.

Adye manages to lift his revolver up -- the barrel about to find the Murderer's head.

The oncoming train will momentarily decapitate Adye.

The Murderer falls away from Adye and the revolver, shoving his way back into the crowd.

Adye lifts his head, just as the other train and its lights pass/thunder by outside.

**EXT. BETWEEN CARS - TRAIN - CONT'D**

The Murderer slams a door behind him. Rips off the handle.

**INT. THIRD CLASS CAR #2 - TRAIN - CONT'D**

Pushing through COMMUTERS, Adye, reaches the first of two doors to the conductor's car -- but it's jammed!

Through the doors' windows, he sees the Murderer throw the CONDUCTOR through the front window.

**INT. CONDUCTOR'S CAR - TRAIN - CONT'D**

The dead conductor lies folded over the car's broken window, sparks from the track flying up over him to whip about the Murderer who's REACHING FOR A LEVER.

**INT. THIRD CLASS CAR #2 - TRAIN - CONT'D**

Adye fires THREE TIMES with his revolver, shattering windows.

ADYE  
NOOOOOOO!!

**INT. CONDUCTOR'S CAR - TRAIN - CONT'D**

The Murderer absorbs the impact of at least two of those shots into his back as the lever completely flips.

The train around him SHAKES, the BRAKES LOCKED now.

**EXT. TRAIN TUNNEL - CONT'D**

The conductor's car twists off the track in a CLANGING CACOPHONY, forcing Adye's car to begin derailling. Sparks fly.

**INT. THIRD CLASS CAR #2 - TRAIN - CONT'D**

Adye's head SMASHES INTO THE WALL in front of him, his revolver flying from his hand--

SMASH CUT TO:

**BLACK**

After a long silence--

VOICES (O.S.)  
Help! Somebody help us, please!

SLOWLY FADE IN:

**INT. TRAIN TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER**

Adye comes to. Vague shapes suggest he's upside down.

VOICES (O.S.)  
Oh God, Frank! Frank! My baby!  
Where's my baby?!

Adye, blood running down his face from a head wound, crawls from the wreckage of the train. Devastation all around him. Fires. Some bodies. COMMUTERS stumbling about.

And there, running away along the twisted train -- THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERER. He bounds effortlessly between cars.

INJURED COMMUTER  
Please, sir, help...

Adye watches as the Murderer leaps 20 FEET STRAIGHT UP toward the tunnel's roof...definitely not a mere human.

The Murderer has reached an ACCESS SHAFT, and disappears up it as Adye tries to make sense of all this.

ADYE  
What manner of monster is this?

**INT. BLACK MUSEUM - SCOTLAND YARD - DAY**

An open door's frosted window reads EVIDENCE STORAGE, but what's inside looks a hell of a lot more like a museum -- which is why it was (and still is) called the BLACK MUSEUM.

Artifacts from England's greatest crimes are on display. Common weapons like wrenches, as well as unique ones like an umbrella shotgun and the elephant gun that took down Hyde.

Adye -- bandage on his forehead, lip cut -- studies several DEATH MASKS hung on the wall. Reaches out to touch one when--

CLERK (O.S.)  
Don't do that.

A CLERK (40s; an impatient, rude scarecrow of a man) enters.

ADYE  
My apologies.

He notices the clerk's hands are empty.

ADYE  
Dr. Jekyll's research, where is it?

CLERK

The file you requested is missing.

ADYE

*Missing?* But that evidence is vital to my case. To saving lives. Who checked it out last?

CLERK

The pertinent log book is...*missing* as well.

ADYE

But isn't it *your job* to keep track of these things?

CLERK

We live in the world's largest metropolis. I can't be expected to account for every knickknack and scrap of paper left here.

He sweeps out, having had enough.

CLERK

Such a task would require German efficiency, and *I am not German!*

Adye is left without options now, and he knows it.

#### **INT. DUNGEON - SCOTLAND YARD - DAY**

Jekyll, in prison greys and slippers, is eating eggs and toast at his cell's table -- lit by a bright lamp this time.

JEKYLL

How does one expect a man to eat eggs without utensils? It's downright inhuman, if you ask me.

Outside the cell: Adye, bowler in hand, watches Jekyll wipe up eggs with a half-slice of toast.

JEKYLL

I take it you've concluded you need me after all, Tom?

ADYE

I...yes, I require your assistance.

Jekyll stands so suddenly that his chair topples backwards. He slaps a hand down on his desk, overturning a cup of water.

JEKYLL

Well, why didn't you say so?! Of course you can count on me, Tom. After all, we're mates now--

ADYE

We're *not* mates. Listen, Doctor, I saw him. The Murderer.

Jekyll steps closer, indicating Adye's forehead bandage with a piece of his yolk-soaked toast.

JEKYLL

You did more than *see him*, judging by that nasty bump.

ADYE

I shot him as well, I'm certain of it, even if the bullets seemed to have no effect on him.

JEKYLL

(chewing on toast)  
Oh, I assure you they did. Myself, I felt every one, even if my serum blunted the pain in the moment. Tell me more.

ADYE

He was possessed of prodigious strength, and threw me about as if I were a child. I was certain I was going to die.

JEKYLL

Are you afraid of death then, Tom?

ADYE

Let's stay focused on the case.

Jekyll considers Adye, chomping on his toast. Then--

JEKYLL

Of course you're not. Heaven and its golden towers are awaiting you, how could they not be?

ADYE

You mock God?

JEKYLL

Religion is regarded by the common people as true, by the wise as false, and by rulers as useful.

ADYE  
Seneca. You're quoting Seneca.

JEKYLL  
Very good, Tom, very good indeed.

Jekyll takes the other half of his toast from his plate.

JEKYLL  
Yours if you want it.

Adye shakes his head. This is all so off-putting for him.

JEKYLL  
It'd be really lovely with some  
nice marmalade, but, ah, that would  
require a utensil to apply, now  
wouldn't it?  
(shouts down the hall)  
YOU INHUMAN BASTARDS!  
(to Adye, calm again)  
Anything else, Tom?

ADYE  
Uh, tissue taken from beneath the  
fingernails of the Murderer's third  
victim, drawn from her attacker as  
she fought for her life no doubt,  
displayed some...*unusual* qualities.

JEKYLL  
So you went to the Black Museum, to  
compare your sample with my serum.  
To evince a link between them.

Adye, confused. How could Jekyll know that?

JEKYLL  
It's only reasonable. Unfortunately  
for you, my case file has  
disappeared along with my research  
and the serum that was seized  
following my arrest.  
(proud)  
My work was considered dangerous to  
many. I always knew it would be  
suppressed.

ADYE  
Whatever you say. Can you offer any  
solutions to my...*dilemma*?

JEKYLL

Such as, say, access to samples of the serum I might have hidden away on the off-chance that, someday, I might be released from this miserable dungeon?

ADYE

(suddenly hopeful)  
You have more it?

JEKYLL

Several vials in fact, of a latter variation that can be imbibed orally rather than intravenously.

ADYE

Where? Tell me!

JEKYLL

You believe my serum can help you find your whore killer?

ADYE

Yes, yes.

JEKYLL

And without it, your whore killer will no doubt continue *killing* whores unthwarted?

Adye blanches at how he walked into Jekyll's trap.

**INT. NEWCOMEN'S OFFICE - SCOTLAND YARD - DAY**

Newcomen rages, shouting at Adye and, behind him, Dr. Breuer.

NEWCOMEN

I told you to stay away from him, goddamnit! You deliberately disobeyed a direct order!

ADYE

It would only for one day, Chief Inspector.

NEWCOMEN

You have no idea what that, that *thing* is capable of.

DR. BREUER

Not very much without his serum, not very much I assure you.

Newcomen blusters. Struggling with his good sense.

NEWCOMEN

This is madness.

ADYE

It's our best chance to find the  
Murderer, sir. How many more must  
die while we sit on our hands?

Newcomen looks over at the framed newspaper on his wall.

NEWCOMEN

Twelve men that day, Adye. *Twelve.*

**INT. HALLWAY - SCOTLAND YARD - DAY**

Jekyll, shuffling, is led by Constables Tamberly and Red-Face toward an open door. Wrists and ankles shackled, a chain between these linked through a loop on a leather vest.

Adye, who carries a satchel-like "briefcase," and a police wagon wait outside.

CONSTABLE RED-FACE

Pick up the pace, Doctor.

ADYE

Is there a problem?

JEKYLL

I don't mean to be a nuisance, Tom,  
but...well...

He tries to lift his shackled wrists to shield his eyes from the light, but the span of chain connected to his ankles won't allow him to without hunching over.

JEKYLL

It's the sun. It's been some time  
since I last saw it.

Adye's eyes reveal a moment of sympathy.

**EXT. ALLEY - SCOTLAND YARD - CONT'D**

Jekyll shuffles into an alley and peers up from under Adye's satchel that's helping to shield his eyes, squinting with teary eyes at the sun shining on him. Half-smiling.

There's nothing scary about him at first glance in the light of day. If anything, he looks a bit tragic.

JEKYLL  
 "The sun, too, shines into  
 cesspools, and is not polluted."

The constables help Jekyll into the cab of the wagon as Adye now looks up at the sun, too, wondering after the beauty Jekyll obviously found there.

JEKYLL  
 Are you coming, Tom?

**EXT. JEKYLL'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY**

OVERHEAD SHOT: Five year's after Hyde's capture, the house is a ghost of its former self. Windows boarded up. Wild cats. The roof collapsing around the hole a constable made there.

JEKYLL (PRE-LAP)  
 I was born here. My fiancée  
 Millicent and I looked forward to  
 raising our own children under its  
 roof. Now look at what it's become.

Through that hole: movement.

**INT. JEKYLL'S HOUSE - CONT'D**

Jekyll gazes about at the moldering ruins of his former life. Adye and the two constables nearby, ready for anything.

ADYE  
 Dr. Breuer said you bashed her head  
 in with a clock.

Jekyll pauses, as if remember. Half-smiles.

JEKYLL  
 Ah, yes. I did indeed.  
 (beat)  
 Things weren't supposed to turn out  
 that way. I was, if you'd believe  
 it, trying to *cure* what you would  
 call *evil*.

Adye snorts.

JEKYLL  
 Suppress it, actually. A chemical  
 inhibitor of certain impulses.

ADYE  
 You played God.

Those words resonate with Jekyll--

**FLASHBACK - INT. SMOKING PARLOR - JEKYLL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Five years ago. Jekyll, his demeanor timid compared to him in the present of our movie, debates with Utterson and other GENTLEMEN. All wear tuxes; hold cigars and brandy snifters.

UTTERSON

These scientific heresies must  
stop, Henry.

BACK TO:

**INT. JEKYLL'S HOUSE**

Jekyll looks back at Adye.

JEKYLL

What did Cicero say the function of  
wisdom is, Tom?

ADYE

To distinguish between that which  
is God's work and that which is  
Satan's. Precisely my point--

JEKYLL

No, you're mistaken. He *said*  
between *good* and *evil*, making no  
reference, no reference at all to  
gods and monsters. That's because a  
supernatural source of evil is not  
necessary. Men alone are quite  
capable of every wickedness, which  
begs the question...

(smirks)

How can it be in our nature, in *my*  
nature, to be evil? Nothing is evil  
which is according to nature, after  
all.

ADYE

*Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*. Is this  
how you did it? How you justified  
the laws of men and nature you  
disregarded, with philosophical  
*equivocations*?

JEKYLL

Try to get through a day without  
two or three juicy equivocations,  
Tom. It's quite impossible.

Tamberly and Red-Face gape at Adye and Jekyll for a beat,  
confused by all the big words and philosophy.

CONSTABLE RED-FACE  
What the hell are you two going on  
about?!

BACK TO:

**FLASHBACK - INT. SMOKING PARLOR - JEKYLL'S HOUSE**

Jekyll continues to debate with Utterson and his colleagues.

UTTERSON  
Have you never noticed that most of  
the evil in this world is the  
direct result of some fool  
mistaking power for wisdom? Noble  
intentions may do as much harm as  
wickedness if they lack  
understanding.

JEKYLL  
But my only wish is to relieve  
sorrow and suffering. Surely you  
must appreciate that, John?

UTTERSON  
Yes, but your *virtue* would not go  
to such lengths if *vanity* did not  
keep it company.

BACK TO:

**INT. JEKYLL'S HOUSE**

Jekyll almost smiles at the memory.

ADYE  
What is it?

JEKYLL  
You just remind me of an old  
friend, that's all.

**INT. CELLAR LABORATORY - MOMENTS LATER**

Tangles of dust and webs hang like moss from and between the  
beakers, tubes, and equipment that covers several long  
tables. Typical not-quite-mad-but-mad-enough scientist stuff.

The sight saddens Jekyll. Adye and the constables watch him.

JEKYLL  
I used to all but live down here,  
desperate to save the world.  
(MORE)

JEKYLL (CONT'D)  
Something, I'm sure, you can  
empathize with, Tom.

He runs his hand over a dissecting table, sweeping a handful  
of dust away. From the past, an AGONIZED HUMAN SCREAM reaches  
his ears.

JEKYLL  
This is where Hyde was born.  
Where...

His voice trails off, before he shakes the memory away.

JEKYLL  
It's really quite remarkable, my  
serum. I'd been working on it for  
years before I finally stumbled  
across the catalyst. Adrenaline.  
*Human* adrenaline. Oh, there's  
nothing quite like it, Tom. The  
rush it gives. But cadavers could  
provide so little of it.

The constables listen as if to a ghost story.

JEKYLL  
After a while, there was no choice  
but to turn to living sources.  
That's how it began, the killing.  
Almost certainly it's how it began  
for your Murderer, as well. Fear  
mass produces it in the body, you  
see. That's why he takes his time,  
to harvest as much as he can.

CONSTABLE TAMBERLY  
That doesn't explain why he has to  
slice those women up like he does.

JEKYLL  
Oh no, Constable. That's for the  
fun of it.

CONSTABLE RED-FACE  
(gulps)  
Fun?

Adye shines a lamp on Jekyll, disgusted.

ADYE  
You knew what Hyde was doing and  
yet you continued to administer the  
serum. That makes you culpable.

JEKYLL

Even without it, he was eventually able to creep into my consciousness. There was no escaping him, I assure you.

ADYE

Cyanide would've done the trick, and saved a number of lives.

JEKYLL

Alas, I am a Christian and do not believe in self-immolation.

He clumsily makes the sign of the cross with shackled hands.

ADYE

You're no Christian.

JEKYLL

And you're no God, yet you judge with the arrogance of one.

Adye is silenced for a moment by that. Squirms.

CONSTABLE RED-FACE

(still disturbed)

For the *fun* of it?

ADYE

(sighs)

Where's the serum, Doctor?

CUT TO:

The constables use crowbars to pry a shelf away from the wall. It topples forward, web-covered books and scientific equipment spilling off.

Adye, with Jekyll at his side, shines a lamp on the newly exposed wall -- and the HIDDEN SAFE there.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE SAFE: Blackness. A combination lock CLICKING.

JEKYLL (O.S.)

Let's see if I remember the combination. Click, click, clickety-click...bingo!

Jekyll opens the door, light slowly revealing papers...and FOUR CAPPED VIALS filled with YELLOW SERUM that glows dimly.

One of these is rolling forward.

Adye's eyes bulge with panic as the vial topples out.

His hand lashes out...and the vial topples, end over end, past his fingertips.

Right into the palm of one of Jekyll's shackled hands.

Jekyll stands upright, calmly watching as the two constables lift their nightsticks, prepared to club him.

Adye reflexively draws his revolver from his jacket.

CONSTABLE TAMBERLY

Hand it over, Doctor!

CLOSE on Jekyll's hands. His thumb slowly, slowly unscrewing the cap. We can even hear the SQUEAK of this.

ADYE

Don't do it, Doctor.

Adye has his revolver halfway up, not quite aiming it. He knows what it would mean if Jekyll took even one sip.

ADYE

Please.

Jekyll...slowly smiles.

And then, anti-climactically given the tension he's just created, spins the vial around in his fingers like a coin and holds it out to Adye.

Adye can't hide his confusion at Jekyll's willingness to cooperate, and cautiously reaches for the vial...before snatching it away.

He reaches into the safe to claim the other three, as well.

JEKYLL

It's more fun this way, trust me.  
You do trust me, don't you?

CONSTABLE RED-FACE

Why's he still going on about having fun? There's nothing fun about this. I ain't having fun.

ADYE

What game are you playing, Doctor?

JEKYLL

The only one that matters, Tom.

**EXT. JEKYLL'S HOUSE - LATER**

Adye walks from the house, sliding the last of the vials into a pocket cigar case that he'll slip into his jacket.

ADYE

Load him up.

At the curb, the constables guide Jekyll toward the police wagon door. Jekyll takes one last longing look at the nearby buildings and, all around, London.

JEKYLL

Tell me, Tom, how many names currently occupy your potential suspects dossier?

ADYE

(sighs)

Fifty-two, why?

JEKYLL

Well, I've had myself a thought.

CONSTABLE TAMBERLY

It'd be best if you didn't think at all, Doctor. It's dangerous.

JEKYLL

Nevertheless--

(to Tom)

--I can help you. I know the minds of the men inside that dossier of yours. More to the point, I know the mind of the man you're after.

ADYE

I know how criminals think.

JEKYLL

Very well, hypothesize what I am presently thinking.

Adye's brow furrows slightly.

ADYE

You're about to offer further assistance in the Whitechapel Murders case...as long as I don't return you to Scotland Yard right away. Am I correct?

Jekyll is not amused. His shackled wrists lift, so his open hands can suggest size.

JEKYLL

No. I was thinking about breasts. Not large ones, mind you. Average breasts, and *freckled*. I have a think for pale women, if you must know.

The two constables try not to laugh. Jekyll climbs into the wagon by himself, grinning.

JEKYLL

But I accept your amended deal. To Whitechapel, driver. The good inspector requires a lesson in how to properly find himself a maniac.

Adye looks frustrated. The constables hesitate.

CONSTABLE TAMBERLY

Shall we be doing as the doctor says, Inspector?

**INT. POLICE WAGON - DAY**

On Adye's lap, an open file. A photo of a criminal on top.

JEKYLL

Not that one. You won't be looking for a kiddie fiddler.

CUT TO:

Another file, another photo. Jekyll points at the photo.

JEKYLL

This bloke's a pofter. Forget him.

CUT TO:

Another file, another photo. Jekyll's hand dismisses it.

JEKYLL

Your whores weren't raped, Tom.

ADYE

But Annie Chapman's sexual organs were removed. Perhaps--

JEKYLL

The Murderer sought to enjoy her post-mortem?

(MORE)

JEKYLL (CONT'D)  
Now you're thinking like a good and proper villain, Tom...but no, not here.

Adye sits back, considering Jekyll.

ADYE  
Do you enjoy the dark places your mind can peer?

JEKYLL  
Why yes, very much.

That frightens Adye most of all. The constables cringe.

**EXT. STREET - WHITECHAPEL - LATER**

A PROSTITUTE waves Adye's question-asking off, walking away.

The police wagon is parked at the curb, Jekyll watching Adye from the window. Amused.

JEKYLL  
I told you, Tom, they won't talk to peelers. Least not peelers like you. And especially not if you keep calling them *prostitutes* and *ma'am*.

ADYE  
I don't want to be disrespectful.

JEKYLL  
They're whores!

**EXT. THE TEN BELLS - LATER**

Adye stands outside a windowed public house (pub), looking up at a sign that hangs over the door: THE TEN BELLS.

ADYE  
Annie Chapman was a regular here.

Behind him, inside the police wagon: Jekyll sets his shackled wrists on the window sill, indifferent to how PASSING PEOPLE can see them.

JEKYLL  
Do you think you could fetch me a nice pie while you're in there? I'm famished.  
(beat)  
Kidney, please.

Adye, incredulous. Red-Face half raises his hand.

CONSTABLE RED-FACE  
I could eat as well, if you don't  
mind, sir.

**INT. THE TEN BELLS - MOMENTS LATER**

A busy, but not packed pub. Adye makes his way through it, searching the faces of PATRONS for what he's after.

At the back, he finds three prostitutes: one with a BLOODY MOUTH she's holding an equally bloody handkerchief against, Netty, and, her back to Adye, Mary Jane.

BLOODY MOUTH  
So there I am, bent over this  
crate, this daft prick going at me  
whilst 'is mates watch, when who  
should stroll up? Father Flattery.

Netty looks squeamish at the story being told, clearly a newcomer to the flesh-peddling trade.

MARY JANE  
He didn't!

BLOODY MOUTH  
'E did! 'E told me I 'ad the devil  
in me, and I said, "I'd'a wagered  
'e'd 'ave been bigger," him being  
the devil and all.

Adye squirms prudishly at the story, still unnoticed.

NETTY  
What, what happened next?

BLOODY MOUTH  
The bloke behind me, 'is mates  
laughed at what I said, so 'e  
bashed me in the mouth. Knocked a  
tooth out, too, the bastard did.

She pulls her hanky away, revealing a gap in her bloody-covered teeth. Laughs hysterically at this.

ADYE  
P-Pardon me. Ah, are you *whores*?

The three prostitutes turn.

MARY JANE  
You're a bloody genius, aren't you?

Bloody Mouth spits on the ground, then addresses her friends.

BLOODY MOUTH  
I'm knackered. 'E's all yours.

Netty looks hesitant. Mary Jane smiles sweetly at her.

MARY JANE  
I'll take 'im. Don't worry, supper  
will be me treat.

She turns to Adye. With an exhausted, maybe even bored tone--

MARY JANE  
Name's Mary Jane, mate. Let's get  
this over with, all right?

**EXT. ALLEY - THE TEN BELLS - MOMENTS LATER**

A dank alley, from which Christ Church is visible. Adye places a coin in Mary Jane's extended hand.

ADYE  
Will that do?

She hikes up her dress, drops to her stockinged knees on wet cobblestones. All business. Adye looks embarrassed by this.

ADYE  
Yes, I suppose so.

MARY JANE  
You're going to want to pull the  
beast out, I don't have all day.

ADYE  
I, ah, was actually rather hoping  
to ask you a question or two.

He squirms as she tries to open his trousers, one hand already feeling up his crotch.

MARY JANE  
Long as you don't expect me to be  
answering you. I'm going to be a  
wee busy, you see.

ADYE  
No, no, that's not what I mean.

He lifts her back to her feet, his cheeks flush.

ADYE  
Listen, you're free to keep the  
money in trade for answering a few  
questions.

MARY JANE  
Shite, you're a copper, ain't you?

ADYE  
It's not like that. I'm looking for  
help, finding the Whitechapel  
Murderer.

She wipes her mouth with the back of her hand, thinking.

MARY JANE  
What do you want with me?

ADYE  
I've got a few names, *men of*  
*interest* I suppose you'd call them.  
Men perhaps you'd be familiar with.

She's still hesitant.

ADYE  
Ma'am, women in your profession,  
women like you, are being targeted.  
You could be next.

She smiles girlishly at something he just said.

MARY JANE  
You called me *ma'am*.

ADYE  
I...apologize.

MARY JANE  
No, I rather liked it. Don't 'ear  
it too often, I don't.

CUT TO:

Adye reads from his pocket notebook as Mary Jane scratches at her neck and side as if bothered by lice or a rash. She shakes her head at each name.

ADYE  
Martin Donovan. Maurice Whitaker.  
Oscar Lacey. John Pizer--

MARY JANE  
That's your bloke! Right bent Jew  
'e is. Gave Maggie a good bashing  
in, Gawd, May and, last month,  
slashed Frances up 'n down 'er  
collars with a pen knife, 'e did.

ADYE

Does that sort of thing happen to  
you girls often?

MARY JANE

Let us say, it's not a career  
choice for those of us with any  
other choices to be made.

Adye looks sadly at her, heart disappointed by such reality.

MARY JANE

'Is brother's Christian Bob, 'oo's  
an even scarier bastard.

ADYE

He runs the gutta percha factory  
near the river, doesn't he?

MARY JANE

And whatever else 'e can get 'is  
'ands on. Fancies 'imself a  
gangster, this one does.  
(beat, serious)  
You don't want to go anywhere near  
'im, Inspector.

**EXT. GUTTA PERCHA FACTORY - DUSK**

A gutta percha (RUBBER) factory on the edge of Whitechapel.  
Thick black smoke rises from several chimneys.

The police wagon has stopped at a distance, where Adye is  
double-checking the rounds in his revolver. The constables  
stand next to the door; Jekyll still seated inside.

CONSTABLE TAMBERLY

You shouldn't go in there alone.

JEKYLL

I'd be more than willing to escort  
you, Tom.

Adye points at Jekyll, speaking to the constables--

ADYE

Do not take your eyes off of him,  
do you hear me? I'll be fine.

Jekyll almost smiles, skeptical of that.

**INT. WORK FLOOR - GUTTA PERCHA FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER**

Adye enters through a heavy door, the world around him hazy with smoke and heat.

ADYE

Pardon me, I'm, ah, I'm seeking a  
John Pizer. He also goes by the  
name *Leather Apron*.

Vats of bubbling rubber, fiery vents, and smoking furnaces everywhere. FOUR SCARY EMPLOYEES/THUGS turn away from their work at Adye's intrusion, two with large pipes in hand.

TWO MORE on elevated walkways turn to watch what happens.

ADYE

Your Christian Bob will do.

BALD GIANT

You're not welcome here, son.

ADYE

I don't think you understand. I'm  
*Inspector Thomas Adye* with the  
*Metropolitan Police*--

WRENCH-WIELDING AFRICAN

He said, GET OUT!

**INT. POLICE WAGON - MOMENTS LATER**

Jekyll sits across from the constables, singing a drinking song with Red-Face who's clearly fallen for his charms.

JEKYLL

"Now I once had a gal, her hair was  
red/Twas curly all over except on  
her head."

CONSTABLE RED-FACE

"Wake her, shake her/Wake that gal  
with the blue dress on."

JEKYLL

"Her eyes was blue, her dress the  
same/But she always fell asleep  
before I came."

Red-Face gives Tamberly an elbow, so Tamberly joins in.

CONSTABLES RED-FACE & TAMBERLY

"Wake her, shake her/Wake that gal  
with the blue dress on."

JEKYLL

"Them Hilo girls all dress so fine/But they ain't got Jesus on their minds."

Tamberly joins in more enthusiastically this time.

CONSTABLES RED-FACE & TAMBERLY

"Wake her, shake her/Wake that gal with the blue dress on--"

The constables go white at the sight of something outside.

CONSTABLE RED-FACE

Bloody hell.

Adye stalks up to the police wagon. His shoulder sleeve partially torn. The bowler cap on his head dented in in two places. Eyelid cut from a blow.

JEKYLL

(laughs)

I warned you, Tom. The police have no real power in Whitechapel, least not against the villains who call this beautiful cesspool home.

Adye removes his bowler, pops it back into place. Trying to remain calm despite embarrassment and simmering rage.

ADYE

I am an *inspector* of Scotland Yard. Those men have no...*respect* for authority.

JEKYLL

No doubt children of liberal parents all. I'd wager none of them have ever known a good...*thrashing*.

Adye looks up at Jekyll's subtle suggestion, something clicking in his mind.

# **INT. WORK FLOOR - GUTTA PERCHA FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER**

The Bald Giant looks over his shoulder--

BALD GIANT

Look oo's back, boys. 'E's brought some mates, too.

Several thugs, THREE MORE than we last counted, gather to confront Adye, Jekyll (still shackled, but grinning wickedly), and the two constables who have just entered.

The presence of reinforcements, especially Jekyll, has put some cockiness in Adye's smile and step.

ADYE

I already introduced myself. These two public servants are Constables Tamberly and Allen.

WEASELY THUG

Somebody shoot this prat!

ADYE

And this here, this is Mr. Edward Hyde. Perhaps you've heard of him.

JEKYLL

A pleasure to meet you all. Truly.

He holds out his hand, as far as he can until his shackle chain goes taut, but nobody takes it because--

WRENCH-WIELDING AFRICAN

Hyde?

The thugs have stopped, immediately recognizing that name.

FAT-ASS THUG

Why's he chained up like that?

Adye holds up a tiny key, corner of his lips curled up. Enjoying this just a little too much.

ADYE

The important question, at least as far as you fine gentleman are concerned, is: how long will I leave him chained up *like that*?

*BLAM! BLAM-BLAM!* Tamberly and Red-Face are shot by what sounds like a powerful gun, and fly off their feet.

Adye half-ducks, throwing up an arm reflexively. Jekyll, fearless, establishes some center of gravity with his shackled feet, shackled wrists coming up to meet attackers.

ADYE

NOOOOOOO!

CLOSE on a smoking hand cannon. A revolver, but, goddamn, this thing could probably put a hole in a steel door.

Holding it: CHRISTIAN BOB, a dandy of the underworld, stands at the top of a staircase next to an open office door.

Just behind him, his brother: JOHN "LEATHER APRON" PIZER (a jittery sociopath with bad facial hair).

CHRISTIAN BOB  
You cannot 'ave me brother,  
Inspector. Your pet monster don't  
scare me neither.

Jekyll snarls like a wild animal.

JEKYLL  
I'm going to eat your face!

Adye tries to draw his own revolver as the thugs pounce, but a pipe cracks into his forearm. The revolver flies away.

A boot connects with Adye's jaw next, spinning his head around dramatically. Blood sprays from his mouth.

Jekyll's head comes up in a reverse headbutt, connecting with Weasely Thug's chin. Teeth fly out of the thug's mouth.

He snatches Weasely Thug's wrench and bats it into Fat-Ass Thug's kneecap, dropping him, then into the side of the thug's enormous skull.

Jekyll grabs the dazed Adye then, pulling him toward a staircase down to a sub-level.

JEKYLL  
No dilly dallying, Tom. This isn't  
a Sunday stroll, is it?

CHRISTIAN BOB  
Stop 'em!

He fires a few times, but misses as Jekyll yanks Adye over the staircase railing with him. They land hard on metal steps and roll out of sight.

SCARRED THUG  
But that's Hyde. I ain't going near  
'im!

Bob shoots Scarred Thug.

CHRISTIAN BOB  
Do I need to repeat myself?!

#### **INT. SUB-LEVEL - GUTTA PERCHA FACTORY - CONT'D**

A dark, wet brick tunnel. Jekyll has managed to guide the dazed Adye some 30 feet from the staircase, the only source of light except for what's trickling through grates above.

ADYE

Whu...wha happened?

JEKYLL

We got our arses kicked, Tom, and, to be honest with you, I can't help but feel that smug attitude of yours is the reason why.

Thugs begin descending the distant stairs.

THUG

We're not scared of you, Hyde!

Jekyll helps Adye around a corner, Adye already in the process of sliding to the wet ground.

ADYE

What are, what are we going to do?

JEKYLL

I hate to be a doomsayer, but I think, given the situation here, *dying quickly* is probably the best we can hope for.

ADYE

B-But you, you're *Hyde*.

JEKYLL

Not anymore, and certainly not without my serum. I'm a middle-aged scientist in chains, Tom. You've lost your only weapon and half your wits. Seriously, what do you think our chances are?

THUG

Come out, come out, Hyde!

Jekyll looks like he's just come upon a brilliant idea.

JEKYLL

You *could*, you know, give me some of the serum. Just enough to give me the strength I'd need to show these blokes a thing or two.

Adye looks terrified at that thought, and clamps a hand over his jacket where, underneath, the serum case is kept.

ADYE

Absolutely not. I won't be the one to let Hyde back out of his cage.

JEKYLL

Not Hyde, not Hyde. Just his strength. A drop is all I need, Tom. Think about it. We don't have any other choice, do we?

Adye is still terrified by the thought.

JEKYLL

A dozen men are about to beat our skulls in, Tom! Then they're going throw our bodies into the Thames without thinking twice!

ADYE

And, and you promise you won't kill any of them? You mustn't kill anyone.

JEKYLL

(sighs)

If you insist, Tom.

Adye thinks...what is he doing? This is crazy.

CUT TO:

The serum case being opened.

CUT TO:

A serum vial's cap being removed, revealing an eyedropper connected to it. Glistening with glowing serum.

CUT TO:

A drop of the serum drops and lands on Jekyll's tongue.

Jekyll throws his head back, immediately feeling the serum's power. Body rigid, fingers locked like long claws.

CLOSE on his neck, tendons becoming chorded. Veins bulging.

CLOSE on his bloodshot eyes, filling with YELLOW FLECKS.

CUT TO:

The thugs, approaching. They can hear GROWLING.

BACK TO:

Adye, unlocking shackles. Both sets, along with the chain, clatter to the ground next to him.

We don't see Jekyll's face, only Adye's reaction...his fear at what he's released.

JEKYLL (O.S.)

Wait here.

Jekyll sweeps around the corner, disappearing.

Adye waits, breathing. Waits. Then--

A LENGTHY SCREAM.

THUG (O.S.)

Me armmmm! Someone get me arm back!

Adye slowly climbs to his feet, eyes on a grate above that leads to the factory floor. More SCREAMS from up there.

THUG (O.S.)

Oh God, it burns!

THUG (O.S.)

Shoot him! Shoot him!

GUNSHOTS.

THUG (O.S.)

You missed!

THUG (O.S.)

He's too fast!

Movement around the grate, but we can't identify it.

THUG (O.S.)

Unh, I can't feel my legs.

Then, SILENCE.

Suddenly, a thug, his mouth a mess of broken teeth, lands on the grate. It CLANGS loudly, startling Adye.

THUG

Ug...un...ahhelp...

CLOSE on Adye's face, still peering up. Drops of blood from the thug's mouth land on his cheek, running down it.

**INT. WORK FLOOR - GUTTA PERCHA FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER**

Adye slowly climbs the staircase, back to the work floor where he gapes at the carnage Jekyll has wrought--

--The Weasely Thug, on fire, runs by.

--Three more thugs lie on the ground, two unconscious, one of these the Bald Giant with a leg twisted at an incorrect angle. The third, Fat-Ass Thug, writhes in terrible pain.

--The Wrench-Wielding African hangs half off a walkway.

Groans and moans here and there.

Jekyll approaches, smiling as he steps over Tamberly's body. In the background, Christian Bob shuffles past, dazed, hugging his severed arm to his chest.

ADYE

You swore...you swore you wouldn't kill anyone!

JEKYLL

You forget I was a physician, Tom. They'll live.

Jekyll holds out his wrists. Adye stares at them, dumbstruck.

JEKYLL

You didn't leave my restraints below, did you? I wouldn't want Chief Inspector Newcomen to know you've let me run around like some wild man.

(smiles mischievously)

I hope I didn't lead you to compromise yourself too dearly.

#### **INT. OFFICE - GUTTA PERCHA FACTORY - LATER**

Adye and Jekyll, who's now shackled again, look down at something before them. Somebody's CRYING.

JEKYLL

There is *no chance* in hell *this* is the man you're after. Look at him.

Pizer is crouched in the corner, crying like an infant. Adye is skeptical of him, but--

ADYE

That's for the courts to decide.

#### **EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT**

The police wagon that just delivered Pizer to Scotland Yard pulls away. Adye, along with other CONSTABLES, lead a bleary eyed Pizer up the steps as REPORTERS shout questions.

VARIOUS REPORTERS

Are you guilty, Mr. Pizer? Is it true he's called Leather Apron on account of his trade? Can London's citizens sleep soundly again?

REPORTER #5

What's your name, Inspector?

ADYE

Thomas Adye.

REPORTER #5

How do you spell that?

ADYE

A. D. Y. E.

He takes a few more steps after Pizer, then turns to ask--

ADYE

Will you be mentioning me in your article?

The reporter smiles, familiar with fame-seekers.

REPORTER #5

Of course, Inspector Adye. You just became the most famous law-enforcement agent in London.

**EXT. ALLEY - SCOTLAND YARD - CONT'D**

Several CONSTABLES lead Jekyll from the police wagon, inside. The sound of the REPORTERS' QUESTIONS reaches even here.

JEKYLL

(sotto, smirks)

You're a hero now, Tom. Enjoy it while it lasts.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SCOTLAND YARD - LATER**

Newcomen, jacket off, shirt-sleeves rolled up, slugs Pizer so hard that Pizer spills off the chair he's seated in. Two other INSPECTORS watch the "questioning" from behind him.

NEWCOMEN

We know it was you, it's pointless to deny it.

Blood and snot bubble out of Pizer's nostrils. A document smeared with more blood lands near his face.

NEWCOMEN  
Sign the goddamn confession!

Newcomen looks at the other inspectors.

NEWCOMEN  
Immigrants, I tell you.  
(shouts at Pizer)  
Why can't you stay in your own  
bloody countries?!

**INT. CITY HALL - DAY**

LONDON'S MAYOR, POLICE COMMISSIONER CHARLES WARREN, and several CITY OFFICIALS congratulate Adye as PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS snap his picture.

LONDON'S MAYOR  
Well done, Inspector Adye.

**INT. OPULENT DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Adye dines with SOCIETY'S UPPER-CRUST, including the mayor and Commissioner Warren. A black-tie affair. Everybody seems to love the young inspector, judging by the back-slapping.

COMMISSIONER WARREN  
I don't think there's a more  
promising young man in the whole  
Yard. You'll go far, Tom, very far.

Adye beams with pride. This is everything he's always wanted.

**INT. ROYAL BOX - ROYAL ALBERT HALL - NIGHT**

An OPERA in progress can be heard as an MP quietly ushers Adye into the royal box.

MP  
Wait here.

The MP leans over a chair, whispering to ROYAL GUESTS -- including PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR. Albert, a bored sort of royal, waves Adye forward with opera-glasses.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR  
Ah, London's knight in shining  
armor. Please, Inspector, come sit  
with me.

He swats the ROYAL FRIEND sitting beside him.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR  
You, go somewhere else. I don't  
remember your name. Who are you?

ROYAL FRIEND  
But, Prince Albert--

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR  
No, I don't care.  
(points at Adye)  
You, here.

Adye waits for the royal friend leave, then nervously sits.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR  
Do you like the opera?

ADYE  
My father was a great fa--

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR  
It's ghastly. I prefer dance halls,  
but nana thinks this *more proper*.

Adye decides not to reply and instead sit quietly. Something  
inside him feels uneasy about this world he's landed in.

**INT. HANSOM CAB - LATER THAT NIGHT**

From inside the shadows of the cab, Adye watches Mary Jane  
and two other PROSTITUTES walk along the sidewalk, laughing.

He knocks on the roof, and the cab hurries away.

**INT. OFFICE - HOSPITAL - DAY**

Outside, the hospital garden under a sunny sky; PATIENTS,  
some being pushed in wheelchairs, wandering through them.

A TALL MAN stands at the window, looking out.

TALL MAN  
Henry Jekyll's every thought was  
bent on serving his fellow men. My  
career seems...*self-indulgent* by  
comparison.

He's speaking to Adye behind him. This is a doctor's office.

TALL MAN  
What happened...Hyde, the deaths he  
caused...that was not Jekyll. You  
would understand that had you know  
him, the *old* him.

Now we see the Tall Man's face behind dark-rimmed glasses--

DR. JOHN GABRIEL UTTERSON, five years older than we last saw him. He has some silver at his temples, his brow seems permanently creased by deep worries, and his cheeks are sunken from the loss of several pounds.

UTTERSON

What is it you came here for,  
Inspector? You've caught your man.  
If you're so afraid of the Jekyll  
you say is locked under Scotland  
Yard, leave him to suffer in peace.

ADYE

It's...not that easy for me.

Utterson looks over his shoulder at Adye. One eyebrow rising slightly, something like sadness in his eyes. This man is terribly haunted.

UTTERSON

Ah, *I see*. Then it is all the more  
necessary that you turn from the  
abyss now, Inspector.

He approaches Adye. Unbuttoning and rolling up his sleeve.

UTTERSON

After all, look at me. Five years  
I've lived with the constant fear  
that any moment, any moment indeed,  
Hyde will crawl through my window  
and exact his revenge for my part  
in his capture. I have no friends  
left. I am not much company anyway.

CLOSE on Utterson's exposed arm: blown veins, needle marks.

ADYE

Dear Lord.

UTTERSON

I spend my evenings trying to  
forget what I have seen. What I  
have learned.

He gives Adye's arm a reassuring squeeze.

UTTERSON

Unfortunately, you can never *unknow*  
horror once you have borne witness  
to it. Walk away now, Inspector.  
Forget Jekyll, forget all of this.

**INT. INSPECTOR POOL - SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT**

Adye enters, dressed in a tux; on his way to an evening out. Immediately, he gets ribbed by other INSPECTORS and CONSTABLES, which he can only laugh at.

INSPECTOR #1

Look oo's 'ere, Mr. Prim and Proper.

INSPECTOR #2

Look at how his hair shines, gents!

CONSTABLE

Where's it tonight, Inspector?  
Dining with a duke or Prince Albert  
'imself?

ADYE

Both!

Adye opens a drawer in his desk, looking for something. Behind him, a YOUNG MAILBOY approaches with an envelope.

YOUNG MAILBOY

Inspector, this came a few 'ours ago. Somebody at the Central News Agency left it for you.

ADYE

Thanks, Tim.

Adye uses a letter opener on the envelope. Draws out a sheet of stationary stamped with the Central News Agency's logo.

It reads: INSPECTOR ADYE, WE THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE THIS BEFORE IT RUNS IN THIS EVENING'S PAPER.

He tips the envelope over, letting a yellowish postcard slide out into his hand. On the postcard, RED CURSIVE HANDWRITING, the first words immediately evident to us--

DEAR BOSS, I KEEP ON HEARING THE POLICE HAVE CAUGHT ME...

Adye's face tries to mask his immediate panic from the others around him as he continues to read.

ADYE (V.O.)

"Dear Boss, I keep on hearing the police have caught me but they wont fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track.

**EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY**

PEOPLE read the headlines: WHITECHAPEL MURDERER STILL ON THE LOOSE. Shocked and frightened.

ADYE (V.O.)

"That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits. I am down on whores and I shant quit ripping them till I do get buckled.

**INT. NEWCOMEN'S OFFICE - SCOTLAND YARD - DAY**

Newcomen, red faced with fury, crumbles up his newspaper. Swats a cup of tea away with it.

ADYE (V.O.)

"Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. I love my work and want to start again.

**INT. DINING ROOM - COMMISSIONER WARREN'S HOUSE - DAY**

Commissioner Warren rises from the table where he was breakfasting, and strides out past his entering BUTLER. Lying across his abandoned meal is the newspaper article, which has reprinting an illustration of the letter Adye is reading.

ADYE (V.O.)

"The next job I do I shall clip the ladys ears off and send to the police officers just for jolly wouldn't you.

**INT. CITY HALL - DAY**

London's mayor makes his way through a crowd of SHOUTING REPORTERS, helped by SECURITY GUARDS.

ADYE (V.O.)

"My knife's so nice and sharp I want to get to work right away if I get a chance. Good Luck."

**INT. DUNGEON - SCOTLAND YARD - DAY**

From his cell, Jekyll watches CONSTABLES unlock the door to the cell next to him.

ADYE (V.O.)

"Yours truly, *Jack the Ripper*. Please don't mind me giving the trade name."

The constables pull John Pizer from the cell, and lead the sniveling man away. To freedom.

JEKYLL  
Sorry about that, mate. I was  
always on your side.

**EXT. STREET - WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT**

A CONSTABLE walks the street, ringing a bell as he shouts--

CONSTABLE SHOUTER  
Keep inside if you can! Keep your  
doors and windows locked! Jack the  
Ripper's still on the loose!

**INT. THE TEN BELLS - NIGHT**

Mary Jane scoops up three tankards of beer from the bar as she flashes the BARKEEP a big smile.

MARY JANE KELLY  
Ta, Frank.

She starts toward the back of the busy, loud pub when something causes her to turn--

Adye is standing there, watching her. Clearly distraught.

ADYE  
Ma'am.

She smiles sweetly at him, a connection here now.

SOMEONE ELSE'S POV: From within the crowd, Adye and Mary Jane are themselves being watched.

**INT. MARY JANE'S FLAT - LATER**

The fireplace crackles in this ramshackle, but homey flat as Adye and Mary Jane rush to peel each others clothes off.

They fall onto the small bed, him on top. Her stocking legs wrapped around him, her hands working at his pants.

MARY ANNE  
Tom? Tom?

Something's wrong. His eyes are filled with tears.

MARY ANNE  
It's alright, it is. 'Appens all  
the time in me work.

But it's not his flaccidity that has devastated him. He rolls off her, sliding to the floor. She waits quietly, unsure what to do next.

MARY JANE

I don't understand why you came,  
Tom. You don't belong 'ere, 'ere in  
Whitechapel.

He laughs, disgusted with himself.

ADYE

I belong here more than you do. At  
least I was born here.

That surprises her. She slides to the floor beside him.

ADYE

I've spent my whole life trying to  
forget that fact, trying to  
transform myself into someone else.  
For a moment there, I thought I'd  
succeeded. I'd proven I was every  
bit as good as any of them. But  
now...now I'm nobody again.

She lifts a strand of hair from his forehead.

MARY JANE

T'was an 'onest mistake, Tom.  
Leather Apron, e's as barmy as they  
come, 'e is. Might not be the  
killer you're looking for, this  
*Ripper*, but I'm sure e's killed  
women before, you can bet a bob on  
it.

ADYE

But that's just it. I knew it  
wasn't him. I knew until men began  
patting me on the back, calling me  
*London's champion*. Three women dead  
now, butchered, and the only man  
with enough integrity to speak the  
truth on the matter is a madman in  
his own right.

She looks at him, unsure what to say. He leans in and kisses her, takes her face as if to make another go at making love.

But she stops him. He's confused.

MARY JANE KELLY  
 You're a good bloke, Tom. Remember  
 that.

He smiles weakly at the sentiment.

**INT. INSPECTOR POOL - SCOTLAND YARD - DAY**

Adye studies a new Ripper letter, one of many on his desk.  
 It's again written in red ink on the back of a postcard.

Words like: YOU'LL HEAR ABOUT SAUCY JACKY'S WORK TOMORROW.

And: JACK THE RIPPER.

ADYE  
 (sotto)  
 You're announcing yourself. Trying  
 to make me feel helpless, weak,  
 aren't you?

He flips the postcard over, revealing more red ink that  
 addresses the postcard to the CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY. But he  
 sees something else, too, something he can't quite make out.

So Adye pulls a large magnifying glass attached to an arm  
 over, so it hovers over the postcard.

CLOSE on the magnified postcard. Beneath the red address,  
 there appears to be gold embossed font.

YOU AND A GUEST ARE INVITED TO A PRIVATE EVENT.

There's more, but we don't get that far yet.

ADYE  
 (sotto)  
 Or are you daring me to try and  
 stop you...tonight?

**INT. DUNGEON - SCOTLAND YARD - LATER**

Adye watches as TWO CONSTABLES prepare to unlock Jekyll's  
 cell door. The window-cover is down.

ADYE  
 If you don't mind, I'm in a bit of  
 a hurry.

CONSTABLE #6  
 Are you sure the Chief Inspector  
 understood you'd be removing the  
 prisoner again, sir?

CONSTABLE #7

He was very specific that you not even be allowed down here.

ADYE

That's his signature, isn't it?

A constable holds some sort of form with a signature that he looks skeptical of, but not enough to actually question it.

CONSTABLE #7

Yes, sir.

ADYE

And time is of the essence. The Chief Inspector has gone home for the evening, so we can either send an officer to confirm his order -- in which case you two will no doubt be scrubbing toilets when he discovers the Ripper slipped through my fingers because of your incompetence -- or you can *follow the order* you're holding in your hand and *open the bloody door*.

The constables consider that...and unlock the door.

CONSTABLE #6

Our apologies, sir.

The constables jump back, reaching for their weapons.

Jekyll is standing on the other side of the door, as if he's been patiently waiting for them. Holding a newspaper with a headline about JACK THE RIPPER.

JEKYLL

Good evening, gentlemen.

(to Adye)

Our boy has taken a new name for his counterpart, just as I once did. I presume he's struck again.

ADYE

Not quite.

*Not quite?* That intrigues Jekyll.

JEKYLL (PRE-LAP)

"You and a guest are invited to a private event at Griffyn House on the 30th of September."

**INT. HANSOM CAB - NIGHT**

Adye is in the process of redressing himself in a tux, pulling the jacket from a suit bag. Jekyll, in shackles and his prison denim, is reading the postcard in the dark.

JEKYLL  
But that's tonight.

ADYE  
Now you understand the opportunity.

He slips on his jacket as Jekyll continues to read--

JEKYLL  
"Please refrain from sharing news  
of this gathering with uninvited  
acquaintances."  
(grins)  
Woops. So what will be my role in  
this party-crashing scheme?

**EXT. GRIFFYN HOUSE - NIGHT**

Adye and Jekyll -- BOTH dressed in tuxes, top hats, and silk scarves -- exit the cab they just arrived in. They look like high society's most dashing bachelors.

Jekyll rubs his unshackled wrists.

JEKYLL  
I thank you for this, Tom. It's  
been too long since I felt good  
about my attire.

Adye and Jekyll, along with other GUESTS, approach the stairs and imposing facade of Griffyn House.

ADYE  
It's not for your satisfaction,  
Doctor. The Ripper wants us here,  
and I need you to help me deduce  
the why.

The DOORMAN inspects the red-ink-covered invite.

DOORMAN  
Wha's this?

ADYE  
I do apologize. My, ah, wife  
mistook it for a postcard.  
(points)  
(MORE)

ADYE (CONT'D)  
You can still read the invite,  
though, see.

The doorman regards him like he's an idiot.

**INT. LOUNGE - GRIFFYN HOUSE**

Jekyll stands at a tablecloth-covered table, watching the PARTY GUESTS around him: lingerie-dressed SERVANT GIRLS in top hats offer drinks and hors d'oeuvres to GENTLEMEN who grope them. Plenty of GENTLEWOMEN enjoying the evening, too.

Adye returns with two glasses of champagne.

ADYE  
I just saw a woman doing the most  
extraordinary, *disturbing* thing  
with a garden vegetable as Lord  
Pemberton and his son observed.

JEKYLL  
Yes, it's a very *Roman* atmosphere  
tonight, isn't it?  
(downs his champagne)  
I'm having a *smashing* time.

ADYE  
This is *not* what I expected. I'm  
very uncomfortable.

Jekyll pointedly ignores Adye's uptightness.

JEKYLL  
Oh, look, there's your Commissioner  
Warren. And that is most definitely  
not his wife on his lap.

On the opposite side of the room, Commissioner Warren is seated on a lounge, laughing wildly as he fondles a servant girl who's doing her best to escape him.

ADYE  
And how would you know what his  
wife looks like?

Jekyll snatches another glass of a champagne from a passing servant girl.

JEKYLL

Because five years ago, I, or rather *Hyde*, fornicated with Mrs. Warren and her sister, an advocate for abused women, whilst the commissioner and his brother-in-law played cards in their parlor.

Adye spits champagne. Jekyll doesn't seem to notice.

JEKYLL

Glorious breasts those two had.

LORD BURTON (70; doddering old man) stops at the table.

LORD BURTON

Pardon me, gentlemen. I'm looking for my wife, the Lady Burton?

JEKYLL

She's polishing the ole knob at the moment, mate. Come back in a few minutes.

LORD BURTON

Well I never!

He storms off. Adye eyes Jekyll.

ADYE

Have you ever wondered how God will regard you when you finally come before him? There is still time to repent, you know.

Jekyll waves his champagne at the room around him as if to say, "Look at these people."

JEKYLL

Like these *good men*? Men you so desperately want to accept you as one of their own?

ADYE

These are London's finest, by birth and training. Beacons by which all others can, if they so desire, be led.

Jekyll points to a GENTLEMAN leading a SECOND GENTLEMAN out of the room BY THE HAND.

JEKYLL  
I see some leading being done, but  
I doubt you would approve.

ADYE  
Dear Lord.

JEKYLL  
Oh, I doubt *He* would approve  
either.

**EXT. ALLEY - WHITECHAPEL - SAME**

A modest TRAVELING SALESMAN sits atop his cart's bench, using a thin, stiff whip to prod his pony to turn into an alley.

TRAVELING SALESMAN  
Almost home, Greta.

The pony makes it only a few feet into the alley when it rears up, whinnying.

TRAVELING SALESMAN  
What is it now?

AT THE FAR END OF THE ALLEY: Prostitute ELIZABETH STRIDE (45) lies on the wet ground, looking toward the backlit pony and cart as the salesman alights. She'd scream, but JACK THE RIPPER's black-gloved hand is over her mouth.

TRAVELING SALESMAN  
Never heard of no pony scared of  
the dark.

CLOSE on Stride's struggling, gagged face. Eyes pleading.

ELIZABETH STRIDE  
Mm...mmm...mnn...

The Ripper's voice has a demonic, but dignified quality as he whispers--

THE RIPPER  
Quiet, my lovely.

The salesman tries to forcibly lead the pony into the alley, but the pony isn't having it.

ELIZABETH STRIDE  
Rrnn...mrr...

The salesman looks over his shoulder with concern, having heard something now.

He starts down the alley without his pony, lamp held out with one hand, the other drawn back with the whip in it like a weapon.

TRAVELING SALESMAN  
Is...somebody there?

The circular sphere of his lamp's light slowly climbs across cobblestones and walls...over Stride's outstretched arm...and then catches on a MODEST FOUNTAIN OF DARK BLOOD rising from her neck that we CUT AWAY from almost instantly.

TRAVELING SALESMAN  
Are you all righ...oh my, oh my  
God. Oh my God!

FROM THE ROOFTOP ABOVE: The Ripper peers down at the salesman, who's now running away from the visible body.

TRAVELING SALESMAN  
He's done it again! The Ripper's  
done it again!!

BACK TO:

**INT. LOUNGE - GRIFFYN HOUSE**

Adye and Jekyll, at the table still.

JEKYLL  
Do you never tire of being proper  
every moment of every day, Tom?  
This incessant need to adhere to a  
norm dictated by liars and  
hypocrites?

Commissioner Warren is kissed by a chesty LATIN WOMAN,  
probably a prostitute, as her hand sinks into his pants.

JEKYLL  
What do you think is going on here?  
Do you think they're addled by the  
constraints they've imposed on the  
peasant-minded class you were born  
into?

TWO WOMEN on a lounge make out as TWO MEN grope them.

JEKYLL  
No, they know no bounds. No limits  
to their desires. They are the true  
dregs of society, parasites all-oh-  
oh, uh, yes.

Jekyll leans his head back slightly, eyes closed.

JEKYLL  
Yes, indeed, that's very nice.  
Saucy wench, you are.

ADYE  
(confused)  
Did you just call me...saucy?

A GENTLEWOMAN climbs out from under the table and tablecloth then, running the back of her hand across her mouth. Jekyll smiles appreciatively.

JEKYLL  
Your husband was looking for you.

GENTLEWOMAN (LADY BURTON)  
Oh damn.

Jekyll pats her on the ass.

JEKYLL  
Now run along, my lamb.

He pays no mind to the way Adye continues to gape at him.

ADYE  
No words. There are no words.

JEKYLL  
Then don't waste any.

A smiling SERVANT GIRL appears, presenting them with a silver tray covered in tiny gold-rimmed shot glasses, each of which contain what looks like a single blue, DIAMOND-SHAPED PILL.

SERVANT GIRL  
Care to indulge?

JEKYLL  
(indicates Adye)  
Always, but never mind him.  
(whispers to her)  
Real prude, this one.

He reaches for one of the shot glasses, but Adye slaps his wrist like he's a child.

ADYE  
What are they?

SERVANT GIRL  
*Liberation.*

JEKYLL

Then you most definitely have to try one, Tom.

He takes two shot glasses, handing one off to Tom. The servant girl wanders away, smiling at Jekyll's wink.

Adye studies the pill without removing it from the glass.

JEKYLL

You won't learn anything like that.

He removes his pill, gives it an exploratory lick. One of his eyebrows immediately rise, as if in surprise.

ADYE

What is it?

JEKYLL

My serum, I'll be damned.

ADYE

Your serum?

JEKYLL

Aspects of it, at least. The adrenaline tastes like...fear.

He smiles, about to eat the pill, but Adye swipes it away. Jekyll groans like he's been robbed of a tasty morsel.

ADYE

Is this what Jack brought us here for? To show us this?

JEKYLL

Oh no, this was all a ruse.

Adye drops the pills into a tiny manila evidence envelope.

ADYE

A ruse?

JEKYLL

Must you repeat everything I say in the form of a question, Tom? Yes, a ruse. Intended to distract us, to make us feel like fools, whilst Jack whiled away his evening on the hunt. In Whitechapel, no doubt.

ADYE

You knew this? When? When did you figure it out?!

JEKYLL  
(nonchalant)  
Oh, when you told me about the invitation. I did the same thing myself, to Utterson and your Chief Inspector. Don't worry, they fell for it, too.

ADYE  
But, but...what are we doing here?!

A mischievous smile tugs at Jekyll's lips.

JEKYLL  
Look at me, Tom. I'm wearing a tuxedo, I've got a glass of champagne in my hand, and some old geezer's wife just became the first person other than doctors to touch my prick in five years. Why do you think we're here?

**EXT. ALLEY - WHITECHAPEL - LATER**

Numerous SCOTLAND YARD TYPES hold back REPORTERS from the Stride murder scene.

REPORTERS  
Was it the Ripper, Constable? Is she another whore? Who was that man with Inspector Adye?

AT THE FAR END OF THE ALLEY: Jekyll crouches over Stride's body, hand held to his chin. One finger dragging across his lips, as if he might be turned on by what he sees.

JEKYLL  
Oh my. How delicious.

Adye stands over Jekyll, who's pointing now at Stride's neck.

JEKYLL  
Look at this, Tom, at how confident the incision is. How steady his hand must have been. This isn't the clumsy work of some butcher, oh no.

Adye doesn't respond, churlishly silent.

JEKYLL  
Really, Tom? Do you intend to behave like this for the remainder of the evening? It's really not fun at all.

Adye, still silent.

JEKYLL  
Would it help if I apologized?  
Would that help?

Adye, still silent.

JEKYLL  
Very well, I am sorry.

Adye, still silent.

JEKYLL  
*I'm sorry, Tom.*

Adye sighs. Steps closer.

ADYE  
Then I wasn't wrong in my  
conclusions.

Jekyll smiles surreptitiously at Adye's surrender as he turns his attention back to the corpse.

JEKYLL  
I should think not. This here is a  
stroke of luck.

Jekyll stands now, to face Adye.

JEKYLL  
The Ripper was interrupted. His  
work here unfinished, his appetite  
unsated.

ADYE  
What are you saying?

JEKYLL  
He'll strike again tonight, and  
more ferociously than before. He  
won't be able to stop himself.

ADYE  
And how is that a stroke of luck?

JEKYLL  
We'll have a second chance to catch  
him in the act, of course.

Adye considers that for a beat, then resolutely--

ADYE  
What are we to do?

Jekyll looks at Adye. Read my mind, his face says.

Adye shakes his head: oh no, oh no, don't even try it.

ADYE  
No, not again.

The corner of Jekyll's lips slowly curl up.

JEKYLL  
You've seen what he's capable of,  
Tom. How dangerous he is. It took  
all of Scotland Yard to stop  
me...which makes me your best hope  
of stopping the Ripper.

Adye sighs, reaching into his jacket for the serum case.

ADYE  
I know, I know...*what choice do I  
have?*

The case opens, revealing there four glowing vials of serum.

AT THE OPENING OF THE ALLEY: The crowd reacts to GROANS and a  
GUTTURAL YOWL, sounds from Jekyll's partial transformation.

AT THE FAR END OF THE ALLEY: Adye watches Jekyll clamber up  
the alley wall as if it wasn't even a real obstacle. Jekyll's  
jacket comes off as he does so, flapping through the air.

ADYE  
Is there any point in asking you  
not to kill him? Please!

**EXT. ROOFS OF WHITEHCHAPEL - LATER**

Jekyll leaps between roofs, a predator hunting a predator.  
Pauses to examine what might be blood: sniffs.

OVERHEAD: An unsteady SHOT that turns out to be Adye's POV  
from the basket of a--

**INT. HOT-AIR BALLOON - CONT'D**

--flying low over the district. Adye clearly doesn't like  
heights, which the BALLOON OPERATOR behind him finds amusing.

ADYE  
And you say men and women use this  
balloon to view the city...for *fun*?

London spreads every direction around them.

BALLOON OPERATOR

Yes, sir.

The basket passes through a cloud of BLACK SMOKE rising from a chimney. Adye coughs.

ADYE

Whatever for.

The basket jerks, a result of the thick rope tied to its front. The rope leads below to the--

**EXT. STREET - WHITECHAPEL - CONT'D**

--where its anchored to the bench of a large POLICE WAGON. There, two constables -- BEARD and RED-HEAD -- are urging a team of FOUR BLACK HORSES forward. Towing the balloon.

All around them, other CONSTABLES, some led by DOGS following scents, spread out into alleys and down streets. Searching.

CONSTABLE RED-HEAD

'Ow you 'olding up, Inspector?!

**INT. HOT-AIR BALLOON - CONT'D**

Adye gags, trying not to vomit. Pulls his rifle closer.

**EXT. ALLEY - WHITECHAPEL - CONT'D**

Jekyll leaps over the alley above, the balloon passing by above him.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - CHURCH - CONT'D**

Jekyll lands atop the base of a hexagonal steeple, his badass hero-shot. Teeth bared; bow tie undone and flapping in the wind; tuxedo shirt open to reveal his hirsute chest.

He points for Adye and the balloon operator.

JEKYLL

That way! Take High Street toward Mitre Square!

ADYE

Are you certain?!

JEKYLL

Whoever killed the whore came this way. I can smell her blood on him!

**EXT. MITRE SQUARE - SAME**

Located just outside Whitechapel, we're in a more reputable district now. Prostitute CATHERINE EDDOWES (46) walks through fog on her way home.

The Ripper steps out from a recessed doorway and tips his hat toward Eddowes, who's smiling. We only see him from behind, but his hair is neatly parted with pomade and his exaggerated collar is clearly open so Eddowes can see his face.

CATHERINE EDDOWES  
Well, 'ello there, guvner. You look  
strapped for good company.

The Ripper tilts his head slightly.

THE RIPPER  
You'll do.

Eddowes falls back as his arm comes up, a medical blade in it held in a slashing fashion.

She screams as blood splatters across a white stone wall.  
More blood splatters across a window.

Eddowes tries to rise from the ground, something wrong with her face besides just the blood. Shadows obscure.

CATHERINE EDDOWES  
Unh...rrk...

The Ripper's coat opens, his frightening collection of medical tools turned killing devices revealed.

THE RIPPER  
This will likely hurt. A lot.

BACK TO:

**INT. HOT-AIR BALLOON**

Adye studies the foggy streets below, looking for anything.

Then: A PROSTITUTE, tiny from up here, runs around a tall building's corner, arms flailing.

PROSTITUTE  
Police! Police! 'E's killing 'er!

The basket's movement slowly brings it past a tall building's corner, to reveal a perpendicular street.

ADYE

There!

He points at the fog-shrouded Ripper, hunched over something on the sidewalk.

ADYE

There he is!

**EXT. MITRE SQUARE - INTERCUT**

The Ripper -- face masked now as he's hunched over Eddowes, "working" -- throws up an arm to deflect stone bits flung at him when a BULLET strikes the wall next to him.

He looks up, spotting Adye firing his rifle again.

CONSTABLE BEARD snaps the reins to drive the team of horses forward, as Red-Hair fires at the Ripper with a revolver.

ADYE shouts--

ADYE

No, don't!

The police wagon's tow rope yanks taut as the team of horses gallop forward, the force of this causing the balloon basket to tilt violently -- tossing Adye over the side.

He catches the side of the basket, saving himself from certain death.

CONSTABLE RED-HAIR finishes cutting through the tow rope with a pocket knife.

CONSTABLE RED-HAIR

There, we're free!

THE RIPPER steps calmly into the foggy street, sliding his medical knife under his coat.

The team of horses, snorting steam from their nostrils, gallop at him.

CONSTABLE RED-HAIR

Run the bastard down!

THE BALLOON OPERATOR tries to help Adye back into the basket.

BELOW, the distance between the horses and the Ripper has been halved.

The Ripper cracks his neck to the right, then to the left.

The horses are almost upon him when--

He calmly sidesteps, GRABS THE COLLAR of the horse passing closest to him, and YANKS down so hard that--

The horse CRASHES TO THE STREET amidst swirling fog.

Its partner in line follows suit, whinnying in terror.

Behind it, the other two horses buck up and collide with the fallen horses. As the police wagon overturns, Constable Beard and Red-Hair are thrown.

THE BALLOON OPERATOR freezes in his assistance of Adye, unable to believe what he's just seen.

BALLOON OPERATOR  
Merciful God.

Adye gets one leg over the basket's edge, stabilizing himself enough that he can look and see what's happened, too. A tangled pile of horses, wood, and wheels.

JEKYLL (O.S.)  
Tom, hold on!

With the operator's help, Adye tries to quickly pull himself further onboard as--

JEKYLL leaps off a nearby building top, toward the balloon. He seems to hover mid-air for a moment, legs wheeling.

But he's already descending, we realize; no chance he'll make the basket that Adye has just dropped back into. Instead--

He catches the thick tow rope now hanging from the basket.

The basket jerks violently again, slamming Adye into the side of it as--

Jekyll slides down the rope, body swinging around from the initial momentum of his jump.

THE RIPPER looks up as--

Jekyll lands atop the overturned police wagon, wood shattering around his shoes. Splinters fly up around his grinning face, past his murderous yellow-flecked eyes.

THE RIPPER  
I've been waiting for this.

Jekyll leaps at the Ripper, but the Ripper catches and throws him into a brick wall that crumbles inward at the impact.

THE RIPPER

Do you really think you have a  
chance against me? ME?!

Jekyll snarls, lunging and swinging at startling speed with open hands, as if he might claw the Ripper's face open.

The Ripper evades these blows while lashing out with MEDICAL BLADES from his harness -- some of which Jekyll knocks away in the flurry of limbs. Several, however, stab deep into Jekyll's back and side.

Jekyll, slowing, swings wide with his arm, only to be snared and flipped through the air. He lands on his back, a couple blades sticking out of him as if he's a stuck pig.

The Ripper tears one of the police wagon's wheels off and swings it as Jekyll, now on his feet, lunges.

ADYE watches Jekyll fly some 20 feet through the air, swatted like a ballistic tennis ball.

JEKYLL slams into a gas lamp post so hard that the metal post bends. The lamp itself flares, fire-balling briefly.

ADYE watches the Ripper approach Jekyll, who's barely moving.

ADYE

(sotto)

Why didn't I give him more of the  
serum?

THE RIPPER slowly saunters up to Jekyll.

THE RIPPER

Your serum is already antiquated,  
Jekyll. A thing of the past.

Jekyll rolls over, clearly dazed. The Ripper stands over him.

THE RIPPER

I am the future. What you created,  
I perfected.

The Ripper presses his shoe into Jekyll's throat, choking him. Pressing ever harder as he clenches his own fist, emphasizing the power he "holds" in it.

THE RIPPER

Now die already, will you?!

BANG! The Ripper's right shoulder blade splatters with blood, spinning him around as he growls in pain.

Jekyll gasps immediately, sucking in air.

ADYE, fires with his rifle at the Ripper again -- the bullet dinging off the lamp post.

ADYE  
That's right, you sonuvabitch. You  
can bleed as well.

AT THE MOUTH OF MITRE SQUARE, the rest of Scotland Yard has caught up with the balloon and police wagon. CONSTABLES with DOGS in front of them; revolvers and rifles aimed, a few already firing at the Ripper.

CONSTABLE  
There 'e is!

THE RIPPER  
Until we meet again, Hyde.

He kicks Jekyll in the face, then looks up at the balloon.

ADYE watches the Ripper calmly doff his cap at him, and takes another shot with his rifle in response.

THE RIPPER vanishes into a dark alley as bullets ricochet off of walls around him.

ADYE shouts--

ADYE  
Jekyll! Jekyll, are you alive?!

THE CONSTABLES run after the Ripper, but one stops to look up at the balloon. Face seriously concerned.

CONSTABLE  
Did he say *Jekyll*?

He looks at Jekyll, who's using the bent lamp post to crawl to his feet. Jekyll?!

The constable marches up to Jekyll, drawing his nightstick--

ADYE  
No!

--and, as Jekyll turns, cracks him across the face with it.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. NEWCOMEN'S OFFICE - SCOTLAND YARD - DAY**

The framed newspaper article on the wall shatters, struck by an ashtray that Newcomen pitched at it. The Chief Inspector furiously waves a fist-crushed newspaper at Adye.

NEWCOMEN

They're calling it the Double Event! They're naming his murders now thanks to your incompetence!

ADYE

We almost had the Ripper, sir. We *almost* had him.

NEWCOMEN

But you didn't get 'im, now did you? Worse, all of London seems to've 'eard Hyde's back in business. The public's lost all faith in Scotland Yard.

ADYE

I wasn't aware they had any in us to begin with, sir.

Newcomen boils at that retort. Stomps around his desk as if to slug Adye, but stops before he lifts his clenched fist. Adye never budes, but his shoulders sag with relief when the blow doesn't come.

NEWCOMEN

Don't you. Don't you *dare* mock me.

ADYE

Sir, I know how people feel about *Jekyll*...but he almost died trying to help us. That must count for something.

NEWCOMEN

'E's not 'elping us. 'E's playing you, like a goddamn chess piece. You're as inconsequential as a pawn to him, and 'e'll sacrifice you the first chance 'e gets if it helps 'im with whatever sick game 'e's playing.

(curses inaudibly)

Christ, man, are you that thick? You let 'im 'ave at 'is serum! What were you thinking?!

ADYE  
(determined)  
I know I can catch the Ripper, sir.

NEWCOMEN  
You had your chance. Commissioner Warren is pinning this cock-up on you, and I completely agree with 'im. You just better 'ope the press doesn't demand more blood, coz you might not even 'ave a job when all is said and done.

Adye absorbs this demoralizing news.

**EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - WHITECHAPEL - DAY**

The Ten Bells is getting plenty of business this morning, while, nearby, Christ Church looks all but ignored.

PRE-LAP: A children's choir, accompanied by Christ Church's famous organ, sing "AVE MARIA."

**INT. CHRIST CHURCH - CONT'D**

Adye sits alone in an expanse of empty pews, listening to the CHILDREN'S CHOIR, led by a heart-wrenching FALSETTO, sing "Ave Maria." He's teetering at the edge of an emotional precipice, ever closer to the abyss Utterson described.

Someone sits down beside him. She takes his hand, squeezes.

Adye and Mary Jane sit like this for several moments. Then--

MARY JANE KELLY  
I'd hoped I wouldn't see you back  
'ere, Tom.

ADYE  
I'm losing myself.

MARY JANE KELLY  
Do you even know who you truly are?  
Seems to me, you're at war with  
something inside yourself.

The choir finishes "Ave Maria," and the sudden silence of the church proves unsettling.

MARY JANE KELLY  
We can go someplace, if that's what  
you be needing.

He looks at her, smiles weakly. Maybe sadly.

MARY JANE KELLY  
Meself, I'd rather you find me  
mates' killer.  
(with a playful wink)  
Between us, I don't think these  
other peelers 'ave 'alf your wits.

She stands. Kisses his forehead softly. And leaves.

Adye watches the choir disperse, contemplating what Mary Kelly said.

**INT. LABORATORY - SCOTLAND YARD - DAY**

One of the "LIBERATION" pills PLINKS into a small beaker filled with a clear liquid. Begins dissolving immediately.

An eyedropper extracts some of the resultant green fluid.

A drop of this then lands on a slide, and hands fit the slide into a microscope.

Adye leans into the eyepiece, and studies the sample's bizarre characteristics.

He rolls to a second microscope on the table, beside which sits the open serum case. The sample under this microscope's lens is virtually indistinguishable from the previous one.

That worries Adye.

ADYE (PRE-LAP)  
I'm looking for records regarding  
unsolved murders.

CLERK (PRE-LAP)  
We keep those on the stale bread  
shelf. How far back?

ADYE (PRE-LAP)  
Let's start at two years.

**INT. RECORDS ROOM - SCOTLAND YARD - DAY**

A CLERK drops a towering stack of files onto a table where Adye sits.

CLERK  
This is everything we've got,  
Inspector.

Adye is both surprised and disturbed by the stack.

ADYE

So many.

CUT TO:

Adye, reading through these files. Crime scene photos of various murders, many of which seem to be of women of questionable means. Likely prostitutes.

Many of these files include CHIEF INSPECTOR NEWCOMEN's signature somewhere in the paperwork.

The clerk passes through, pulling on his jacket.

CLERK

I'm heading home for the evening,  
Inspector. Find what you're looking  
for?

ADYE

(grimly)  
Unfortunately, yes.

**EXT. GARDEN - HOSPITAL - DUSK**

Adye and Utterson sit on a bench. Utterson delicately eating a cucumber sandwich over wax paper on his lap.

ADYE

I need to know, Doctor. Can I trust  
Jekyll?

Utterson chews, surprised by the question.

UTTERSON

Difficult to say. I must imagine a  
part of the good man that was my  
Jekyll survives in yours. It would  
not surprise me if something deep  
inside him wanted to help you. He  
might not be able to admit it,  
but...well, that is just my  
opinion.

Adye considers that for a moment, then stands.

ADYE

He's a monster, isn't he? Even if  
there is good left in him.

UTTERSON

Is the line between the two so  
obvious?

(MORE)

UTTERSON (CONT'D)

Could you tell me where it lies and  
if you could realize when you had  
crossed it?

Adye considers that silently, then turns to leave.

UTTERSON

Tell me, Inspector...

Adye stops, looks back.

UTTERSON

How are you coping with the  
darkness? You aren't letting it get  
the best of you as I have, are you?

Adye tries to mask how sickened he is with himself.

**INT. DUNGEON - SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT**

GEARS CLANK LOUDLY as the window-cover rises to reveal Jekyll standing expectantly on the other side of the bars. He has a bandage around one forearm and his face bears the bruises of his recent pummelling at the hands of the Ripper.

JEKYLL

Hello again, Tom. You appear to  
have something on your mind.

Adye drops the stack of files on the ground. They spill, many of them splashing their contents across the damp flagstones.

JEKYLL

I see you've developed a flair for  
the dramatic. I worry that perhaps  
I've been a bad influence upon you.

Adye doesn't pay attention to the bait.

ADYE

I've counted 71 unsolved murders in  
Whitechapel over the past two  
years, 52 of which were female  
victims. Of these, 38 were whores.  
Of these, 31 were aged 40 years or  
more.

JEKYLL

You make a wonderful statistician,  
Tom. I wonder, what's your point?

ADYE

If the Ripper has indeed turned your serum -- or rather, some modified version of it -- into a recreational drug, if London's elite are somehow encouraging its distribution, then how many of these women died to provide the necessary quantity of the chemical catalyst? *Human adrenaline.*

JEKYLL

You're suggesting the Ripper previously operated more discreetly. And with great success.

ADYE

As Hyde once did, before reality came unwound for him. Was his final rampage so different than what we're witnessing now?

JEKYLL

Am I to assume you've also found yourself a suspect to accompany your theory?

ADYE

(smiles)

Oh yes. Oh yes, indeed.

**FLASHBACK - INT. OFFICE - SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT**

Adye knocks on the jamb of the open door, smiling broadly at the WATCH COMMANDER working at his desk inside.

ADYE

Has he gone home for the evening?

WATCH COMMANDER

He's taken his family to the new waxworks exhibit at Tussaud's. Not to be disturbed, he said, except in the case of an emergency.

ADYE

Does the state-sanctioned murder of more than 40 women constitute an emergency?

WATCH COMMANDER

Pardon me, sir?

BACK TO:

**INT. DUNGEON - SCOTLAND YARD**

Adye explains to Jekyll--

ADYE

He's the only man who had access to your research, who could've had the evidence logs marking its removal burned, and who had the authority to close any case the Ripper was previously involved with.

Jekyll slowly smiles.

JEKYLL

Well done, Tom. Now...get me out of here.

**INT. HALLWAY - SCOTLAND YARD - LATER**

A GUARD stands outside a metal door with a barred window in it. TWO KNOCKS from the other side of it summon him. He unlocks it, and lets Adye out of the dungeon.

GUARD

I really shouldn't'a let you down there, Inspector.

ADYE

I appreciate it, truly.

The guard swings the door shut and prepares to lock it again when Jekyll's face appears on the other side of the window.

JEKYLL

Boo!

The guard yelps, reaching for his gun -- when Adye slaps a handkerchief over his face.

The guard is unconscious almost immediately. Adye helps him to the ground as Jekyll steps out of the dungeon.

ADYE

Was that really necessary?

JEKYLL

How much of life is?

He sniffs.

JEKYLL

Chloroform? How civilized.

ADYE

One of the two of us has to be.

He pulls the serum case from his jacket, opens it.

ADYE

Now let's get you into fighting shape.

As Jekyll reaches for the dropper--

JEKYLL

What, no conditions this time, Tom?

Adye hesitates, wondering about his sudden willingness to dole out a serum, so linked to evil, as means to an end.

**EXT. MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX MUSEUM - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT**

It's been around for decades at this point, including a copper dome covered in a patina of green corrosion.

**INT. MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX MUSEUM - CONT'D**

NEWCOMEN'S WIFE (40ish) tries to pull her TWO SONS (8 and 9) apart as, behind them, Newcomen watches with an utterly dispassionate expression. He couldn't dislike his family more, and is doing his best to tune them out right now.

NEWCOMEN'S SON (9)

I hate you!

NEWCOMEN'S SON (8)

Papa, tell Willy I hate him more!

NEWCOMEN'S WIFE

That's enough out of you two. If you don't behave, I'll put you to the guillotine myself!

Around them, the museum's Chamber of Horrors and Screams: wax recreations of violent moments in European history like Marie Antoinette's beheading and the torture of William Wallace.

JEKYLL (O.S.)

Hello, Bill.

Newcomen eyes bulge with panic, but he doesn't turn. Behind him stand Adye and Jekyll (eyes flecked with yellow).

ADYE

You might want to have your family leave, Chief Inspector. Or shall I call you...*Jack*?

NEWCOMEN

Beryl, take the boys outside.

His frazzled wife has her two sons by their jackets.

NEWCOMEN'S WIFE

BOTH SONS

Willie, we just got here--

But, Daddy--

NEWCOMEN

NOW !

Newcomen watches his family hurry out, past Adye and Jekyll.

NEWCOMEN'S SON (8)

I hate Papa.

Adye keeps his eyes on Newcomen during this transit (though we might notice the night stick held close to his thigh now), while Jekyll tussles the youngest son's hair -- a gesture that causes Newcomen's whole body to seize with fear.

JEKYLL

Adorable lads, Bill. I just want to eat them up, if you know what I mean.

NEWCOMEN

Please, leave them out of--

**KRACKT!** Adye clubs Newcomen across the side of the head with his nightstick, knocking Newcomen to the ground.

ADYE

You swore to protect lives! NOT  
TAKE THEM!

Newcomen quickly tries to climb back to his feet, using a platform exhibit for support. Blood running from his mouth.

NEWCOMEN

It wasn't me, I tell you. You have to believe me.

ADYE

Actually, I don't.

Jekyll looks up at a WAXWORK RECREATION OF HYDE. This Waxwork Hyde is lifting a baby over his head with one hand, having just snatched it from the pram/carriage in front of him.

JEKYLL

Oh dear, they didn't get it quite right.

(MORE)

JEKYLL (CONT'D)  
 (beat, glibly)  
 There was no pram.

ADYE  
 Please, stay focused.

JEKYLL  
 You brought me here to keep him  
 from escaping. The rest, including  
 the thrashing, is your  
 responsibility, Tom.

Adye cracks his nightstick across Newcomen's forearm, the one  
 Newcomen is trying to rise with the aid of. Newcomen cries  
 out in pain, dropping back to his knees.

ADYE  
 I can live with that.  
 (at Newcomen)  
 Now, tell me EVERYTHING!

Suddenly, Newcomen drives his fist into Adye's crotch.

NEWCOMEN  
 You've got the wrong man!

Newcomen grabs Adye by an arm and pants, and heaves him like  
 a sack of grain over a railing, into exhibits. Waxworks spill  
 and break apart.

NEWCOMEN  
 I only 'elped cover it up after I  
 introduced 'em!

Adye slowly rises from the wreckage of broken waxworks,  
 tossing broken wax limbs at Newcomen.

ADYE  
 The men who use the drug?

Newcomen ducks around the limbs as he answers--

NEWCOMEN  
 The men who *distribute* it. You saw  
 some of them at the party. These  
 are powerful people, Adye. MPs,  
 nobility, more on the continent.  
 The agreement was that the doctor  
 would supply them with diluted  
 quantities of the serum, but their  
 demands kept him busy.

Adye begins moving forward, stepping over wax bodies.

## NEWCOMEN

None of them cared about a few dead  
whores, not if that was the only  
price they had to pay.

(beat)

'Ell, they thought they were  
performing a public service by  
cleaning up Whitechapel.

Jekyll has climbed up onto the exhibit level to more closely  
examine his wax doppelganger. He's thoroughly impressed by  
it, almost giddily proud.

## JEKYLL

But they've lost control of him,  
this *doctor*, haven't they? He's  
become something they never  
anticipated.

## NEWCOMEN

(guiltily)

Yes, 'e's murdering wantonly now.  
Enjoying it, *feeding* on it. The  
more the papers print about him,  
the stronger he gets.

Adye snatches the wax baby from Waxwork Hyde's hands, and  
swings it like a mace by its leg into Newcomen's head.

## ADYE

This is all your fault!

Adye falls upon Newcomen, pounding with the wax baby until  
the baby flies apart. Newcomen tries to crawl away, but Adye  
seizes him by his jacket and drags him up onto the exhibit  
floor. Toward the guillotine.

## ADYE

I want the Ripper's name.

He kicks a headless waxwork from the device's saddle, freeing  
it so he can throw Newcomen down onto it.

## ADYE

I want his accomplices' names.

The shining, blood-stained guillotine blade now hangs  
terrifyingly over Newcomen head as Adye holds him down.

## ADYE

I want to know where I can find  
EVERYBODY!

"Everybody" drags out in some over-the-top Gary Oldman drawl.

NEWCOMEN

I won't tell you more than who the Ripper is. You have to stop him...for all of our sakes.

ADYE

THE NAME!

NEWCOMEN

But you already know his name. You both do.

Jekyll watches, anxious to see Adye throw the guillotine lever. Newcomen looks over at him.

NEWCOMEN

He's been bound to our lives for five years now, Jekyll.

JEKYLL

Do it, Tom. Do it!

Adye kicks the lever.

The guillotine drops, racing toward Newcomen's throat -- which it collides with, cracking from the impact. It might have been wood, but Newcomen still gasps desperately, limbs splaying, from the blow to his windpipe.

ADYE

TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND UTTERSON!

Adye leans into the fake guillotine blade, pressing it harder against Newcomen's throat. Newcomen's bloodshot eyes bulge as he feebly claws at the blade.

NEWCOMEN

'E said 'e was going to Whitechapel to...to fetch you a ginger treat...to thank you...for all the *fun* you've...you've given him.

Adye stumbles back, stunned. Terrified by what Newcomen has just told him.

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT**

From behind. The Ripper, face still hidden from us, walks with Mary Jane. His black-gloved hand touches her chin as she laughs like a professional at something he's said.

JEKYLL (V.O.)  
Is he speaking of your whore, Tom?

**INT. MARY JANE'S FLAT - LATER**

The door explodes open, kicked by Adye from the outside. He stomps in, revolver in hand...and freezes at what he's standing in.

BLOOD, the crackling fireplace's light dancing across its crimson surface.

Mary Jane's pale arm dangles off her bed. A single line of blood has run down it before splitting into tributaries about the wrist, one of which pools in the cup of the palm.

FLASH of blood splattering across the wall in a dramatic arc.

Adye's gasp catches in his throat.

FLASH of more blood splattering across the wall.

Curls of red hair spill over the edge of the bed.

FLASH of the night table covered in a doily, upon which the Ripper is setting a bloody surgical saw. There are already medical tools here, all bloody so the doily is smeared red.

Firelight catches on nascent tears in Adye's eyes.

FLASH of a wall, across which the shadow of the Ripper is cast -- a shadow of him pulling something sausage-link-like out of what we presume is Mary Jane's abdomen.

ADYE  
I'm too late.

FLASH of the Ripper as he washes his unseen face in a water basin that sits on the dresser. His top hat and a blood-stained towel beside the basin.

Adye looks down at the bloody water in the basin, sickened.

ADYE  
(mutters)  
It's my fault. I should have been  
able to stop him before this,  
before...

JEKYLL  
I really do feel like an arse,  
having not seen this coming.

Jekyll enters, pushing past Adye. This jars Adye out of his self-recrimination.

JEKYLL

After all, I did something similar myself when I realized how our friend Dr. Utterson looked at my Millicent. Though nothing quite this...elaborate.

(gazes about)

Christ, this makes me look like an amateur.

ADYE

(still dazed)

When did you know it was Utterson?

JEKYLL

When you told me the reasons you believed Newcomen was the Ripper. I saw then how all the pieces assembled.

Adye sneers at that, and stomps out.

**EXT. STREET - WHITECHAPEL - CONT'D**

Adye stalks away, checking that the cylinders of his revolver are each loaded with bullets; whatever good choice Mary Jane temporarily inspired him to make replaced with murderous fury. Jekyll hurries after him.

JEKYLL

Tom, wait!

ADYE

I'm going after him, Doctor. Don't try and stop me.

Jekyll grabs Adye by the shoulder, spins him around.

JEKYLL

Are you cracked? He's stronger than you've ever seen me, and you're almost certainly still addled by some naive delusion that you can arrest him.

ADYE

Why do you care?!

JEKYLL

(mock-hurt)

Because we're mates.

ADYE

We! Are not! Mates!

JEKYLL

You wound me, Tom, deeply. I am deeply wounded. *But*, I know how distressed you are at the moment. You're not in your *right mind*. Thinking clearly, so to say.

ADYE

No, no, I'm thinking quite clearly.

JEKYLL

You forget I'm the physician, Tom, which means I'm infinitely more qualified to make these sorts of assessments. So let's just agree to disagree for the moment, since, besides, I'm willing to help you this one last time.

ADYE

Why would I want your help?! You've done nothing but lie to me.

JEKYLL

Because I'm your best chance of stopping him, Tom. *Trust* me.

Adye thinks. Jekyll is right, damnit, he's always right.

JEKYLL

But I do need to be certain you understand what must be done. There will be no headlines with your name in them for this. No glory. Utterson -- or should I say, *Jack*? -- must be put down like a dog. A wild, *rabid* dog.

Adye looks at the revolver in his hands.

JEKYLL

*There is no reasoning with him. There is no saving him.* Do you understand me?

Adye looks up, murderous determination in his eyes.

ADYE

Yes. Which means...

He hands the revolver to Jekyll, who holds it almost as if it's revolting to him, an impersonal method of killing. Adye reaches into his jacket, producing the serum case.

ADYE

...you'll need more of this.

Adye draws a serum vial out, already screwing the top off. The serum dropper glows with the yellow fluid inside.

JEKYLL

I'll need more a lot more than a drop or two more, Tom. I'll need *all* of it if you want me to even approach Jack's strength.

Adye backs away, turning so his body is between Jekyll and the vial's contents.

ADYE

But *Hyde*, you'll lose yourself to him again. You'll forget who you are. I won't do that to you.

JEKYLL

I can control him, Tom, I know I can. Besides, it's *my* choice. You always found a way to justify my help before. Do it again...for your Mary Jane.

Adye considers this for a moment. Turns to face Jekyll.

ADYE

Utterson was right about you. I wish I had known you before, Doctor, before your ambition to do good became the window through which Hyde crawled into your soul.

He finally holds out the serum vial itself. Jekyll gently takes it from him, his fingers grazing Adye's in an almost sexual exchange.

JEKYLL

I don't. I killed just about everyone I used to know.

He downs the whole serum like a shot.

Adye panics when Jekyll's eyes bulge and his body seizes.

Jekyll shakes violently, serum-yellow foam around his mouth. His eyes turn entirely yellow, not just flecked. Veins and tendons pop. Hair grows across the back of his hands.

ADYE

Jekyll. Jekyll!

Jekyll throws his head back, foam still around his mouth as he tears his shirt open.

And then the agonized groans emanating from him begin to twist...into something like LAUGHTER.

ADYE

Jekyll?

Jekyll places a hand on Adye's shoulder in that way that people do when they're laughing too hard. When they're laughing hysterically.

JEKYLL

Oh Gawd, it hurts, it hurts. Why aren't you laughing, Tom?

ADYE

(confused)

Perhaps because I don't understand the joke, Jekyll.

JEKYLL

Please don't call me that anymore, Tom. *Jekyll* was weak, pathetic, and, let's be honest now, didn't have the stones necessary to be half the twisted fiend he really was inside.

HYDE, not Jekyll, leans back against a brick wall to catch his breath after his laughing fit. He's still smiling.

HYDE

He murdered far more than I ever did, just so he could slip me on like a coat whenever he needed an excuse. Who do you think harvested all that adrenaline? Luckily, I've been rid of him for years. No more masks now.

(beat)

Just. Hyde.

Adye steps back, disgusted but not necessarily feeling betrayed. Unsure is more like it.

ADYE

If you've been Hyde this whole time, what could you have possibly hoped to gain that you couldn't have taken at any of a dozen other opportunities? Is it Utterson? Some twisted plot for vengeance?

HYDE

I'm disappointed in you, Tom, truly. Vengeance? How petty. I'm after Jacky Boy's super-serum. I couldn't bear it if I was only remembered as the second-worst villain London has ever faced.

He throws up a theatrical hand.

HYDE

Call it a point of professional pride, Tom, but I want it to be *my name* that sends shivers down their spines and keeps their little ones up at night.

HOLD on Adye, deeply disturbed by such a thought.

CUT TO:

Hyde lifts a heavy manhole cover from the street and easily casts it aside. Adye watches, his revolver ready.

HYDE

This way, his stench is unmistakable.

**INT. SEWERS - CONT'D**

Hyde drops into the tunnel, landing ankle-deep in water and who knows what else. He's immediately splashing forward, after his prey.

Adye lands behind him, less gracefully.

ADYE

Doctor, wait for me.

He reaches into his jacket and produces a box of matches, but, with his revolver in his hand, fumbles to light one. They fall from his fingers, disappearing in the water below.

ADYE

Wait!

He starts forward, the SLOSHING WATER below him reverberating through the tunnel so it's difficult to keep track of sounds.

ADYE

I cannot see my nose in front of my face, Dr. Jekyll.

Suddenly, Hyde emerges from the darkness. Barely visible, but enough so to scare the hell out of Adye

HYDE

*Hyde*, Tom. Call me Mr. Hyde.

ADYE

I could call you Eloise, but that wouldn't change my blindness, you homicidal lunatic.

Hyde considers that for a moment, then smiles.

HYDE

You know, Tom, you're a good mate.

He pats Adye on the arm, then vanishes back into the darkness.

HYDE (O.S.)

Stay close to me. I won't let anything happen to you.

Adye doesn't move.

ADYE

I still can't see anything, *Hyde*.

With a sigh, he moves into the darkness that reveals, only occasional, hints of him or Hyde. He must shout over the ECHOING SLOSHING.

ADYE

Mr. Hyde?!

No reply.

ADYE

Blast it, where did you go?!

Still no reply. Adye stops.

ADYE

You've left, haven't you? You took the serum and ran away, and I helped you do it.

His SLOSHING has dissipated to almost-silence.

ADYE

HYDE!

THE RIPPER (O.S.)

Hello, Inspector Adye. It's so good to see you again.

Adye looks about, swiveling his revolver this way and that. Barely visible in the darkness that swallows up everything.

ADYE

Dr. Utterson?

THE RIPPER (O.S.)

Has gone to lunch at the moment. A very, very long lunch.

ADYE

What are you going to do with me?

THE RIPPER (O.S.)

Mourn your loss. I don't know how else I could have kept myself so entertained these past few months.

Listen carefully and you'll get the sense that the Ripper is getting closer. A few PLINKS in the water. SQUEALING rats. Adye notices this, turning his head at each almost-sound.

ADYE

You could just let me go.

THE RIPPER (O.S.)

I considered it, to let the Game continue a bit longer, but, alas, I think I require a holiday. Perhaps to New York City. Have you ever been?

Yellow eyes, glowing slightly, open in the darkness behind Adye who, sensing the presence, spins around.

Suddenly, he's lit up by flashes from his firing revolver -- BANG! BANG! The outline of the Ripper's jacket and top hat faintly visible, passing quickly in front of him.

A third gunshot lights up the Ripper's murderous face. This is our first time seeing Utterson as the Ripper -- and he's got a large scalpel in his hand, ready to attack with.

Adye gets off one more shot, but it's in the wrong direction. The Ripper has swooped around him, left arm around Adye's neck as his right hand stabs the scalpel into Adye's side.

Adye's trailing scream ECHOES through the dark tunnels before being lost amidst the vast network. All that's left is the eerie sound of still water and CHITTERING rats.

# **BLACK**

Somewhere, the sound of chugging INDUSTRIAL PUMPS.

Through Adye's BLEARY CONSCIOUSNESS, we get POV glimpses of--  
Adye being dragged past large red pipes.

ADYE (O.S.)  
Whu...whu is that smell?

His own handcuffs being pulled from his jacket and locked around a wrist.

ADYE (O.S.)  
Where am I?

A hooked needle being looped through his abdominal skin, iodine stains where the wound has been cleaned.

THE RIPPER (O.S.)  
Shh, you've lost a lot of blood.

ADYE (O.S.)  
Wha are you doing?

Hands carefully tying the sutures off.

THE RIPPER (O.S.)  
Saving your life, I thought that  
would be obvious.

SLOWLY FADE IN:

# **INT. ABBEY MILLS PUMPING STATION - LATER**

ADYE'S POV: All around us, steam. Pumps, machinery, and bridgeways painted red in this multi-level warehouse-sized subterranean world that, for some bizarre historical reason, was designed for elegance despite its purpose.

Adye has just woke, his face dirtied by sweat and grime. Hair tacked to his forehead.

THE RIPPER (O.S.)  
 Welcome back to the land of the  
 living, Inspector. For now.

Adye dangles from a pipe that his wrists are handcuffed  
 around. His coat and jacket have been removed, his shirt torn  
 open so his blood-smeared stomach is visible.

THE RIPPER (O.S.)  
 I do hope the sutures don't sting  
 too much.

Adye looks around for the voice...and finds the Ripper  
 standing at a railing some five feet away. His top hat gone,  
 collar open. Removing one of his black gloves.

ADYE  
 What is this place?

Utterson/The Ripper's face looks more full of vigor than when  
 we last saw him, the serum's influence. Eyes yellow.

THE RIPPER  
 The Abbey Mills Pumping Station,  
 have you heard of it?

ADYE  
 (slowly nods)  
 I think so.

The Ripper sets the one glove down, begins peeling off the  
 other.

THE RIPPER  
 The modern metropolis, I've heard  
 it said, now shares more in common  
 with biological organisms than  
 cities of the past, this given the  
 complexity of their  
 infrastructures.

He sets his gloves atop a metal tray that's been welded to  
 one of the railings. The gloves rest atop Adye's revolver,  
 which Adye sees now.

THE RIPPER  
 But if this is true, and London's  
 streets and sewers are its  
 circulatory system, then the blood  
 coursing through its veins, driving  
 its existence, is--  
 (sniffs)  
 --shit.

He indicates the chugging pumps that work above huge holding tanks of RAW SEWAGE.

THE RIPPER

Tens of thousands of gallons of excrement passes through London every day, threatening to drown us in our own waste. We breathe it, we consume food fertilized by it. It is, I think, what we are.

He opens his coat so that his knife rig is visible.

THE RIPPER

The things I have done, Inspector, what difference could they make?

He draws a large scalpel from his rig. Smiling mischievously.

THE RIPPER

When I am gone, everything will still be shit, and nothing you ever do will change that.

He begins approaching Adye.

ADYE

Uh-huh, sure. Civilization has turned to rubbish--

THE RIPPER

*Shit.*

ADYE

Whatever. It doesn't deserve to go on. Man neither, I've heard it all before. But I don't buy it. I won't. I've seen things, horrors as you called them. Things I'll never be able to *unknow*, but I've seen other things as well. Beauty where it shouldn't exist.

FLASH of MARY JANE smiling sweetly at him in the alley where they had their first conversation.

ADYE

I'll choose that world over yours, if it's all the same to you. So go on, get it over with already.

The Ripper draws the scalpel down Adye's chest, out of frustration, but definitely not the death blow Adye expected.

## THE RIPPER

Oh not yet, Inspector, not yet. It wouldn't do not to have you bear witness to my ultimate victory over our friend Jekyll, especially after all the good time the three of us have shared. But don't worry yourself now. He'll be along momentarily.

Adye notices the shadow emerging through the steam behind the Ripper, as if something has leapt from a bridgeway above. With an almost-smile on his face--

## ADYE

Oh, sooner than that, I'd say.

Hyde drops from above, an arm drawn back, ready to slash.

## HYDE

JAAAAACCCCKKKKKK!

The Ripper looks up, teeth bared, one arm already throwing back to attack with the scalpel its hand holds.

Hyde and the Ripper crash to the ground, rolling as...

Hyde bites into the Ripper's neck like a wild beast...

And the Ripper repeatedly stabs his scalpel into Hyde's side.

The Ripper uses the kinetic energy of the roll to throw/kick Hyde (scalpel still stuck in Hyde) into a brick column that partially crumbles from the impact.

Hyde stands just in time to lean his body out of the way of a right hook from the Ripper that tears through more of the column. Brick and mortar explodes.

## HYDE

I've been looking forward to this for five years.

The Ripper spins around, arm out, a second medical knife in his hand that, despite Hyde's attempt to fall away from it, slashes through Hyde's shirt and chest. Blood splatters.

## THE RIPPER

I shan't make it easy for you.

## HYDE

I should hope not -- arrgh!

The Ripper stabs the knife down into Hyde's collarbone even as Hyde slugs him in ribs that CRUNCH.

A kick to the Ripper's chest sends him crashing through several pipes that, once torn apart, spew tremendous steam. He rises, face and hands blistering from the heat.

THE RIPPER

Do you still remember what it was like the first time you injected yourself with the serum, Jekyll? I do.

He moves slowly through the spreading cloud, searching for Jekyll in it.

THE RIPPER

As soon as the initially agony subsided, I woke as if from a dream. I immediately and without confusion knew myself to be more wicked, tenfold more wicked, a thought I delighted in like wine. Jack was born then, but that wasn't enough.

Adye struggles with his handcuffs and the pipe he hangs from, trying to find some way to free himself as he listens to the Ripper try to bait Hyde out.

THE RIPPER

I grew to loathe Utterson, his weaknesses, his misguided sense of propriety. I wanted to be rid of him, once and for all, and so I began work on your serum. I pushed it as far as it could go, until Utterson simply...disappeared. Only Jack remained, and the ecstasy of the serum. The power it gave me. You know what I'm speaking of, don't you, Jekyll?

FROM INSIDE THE CLOUD, JEKYLL'S POV: He slowly stalks the Ripper, moving silently.

THE RIPPER

But it's worse for me. My body seems not enough to contain the raging energies of life it bestows upon me.

The Ripper trembles, as if those raging energies are threatening to erupt even now.

THE RIPPER

I burn all the time. My thoughts  
are like fire. Can you hear me,  
Jekyll? CAN YOU HEAR ME, JEKYL?!

Hyde lunges out of the cloud--

HYDE

They call me HYYYYDDDE!

--and pummels the Ripper with blow after massive blow.  
Blinded by his berserker rage, though, he finally swings  
wide. The Ripper ducks and spins around so that he's got Hyde  
by his belt and arm before Hyde knows what's happening.

Hyde is now thrown through 40 feet through the air, body  
spinning ungracefully, right over top of the sewage vats.  
Heading right for a wall and large pump.

The Ripper is already bounding across pipes that pass above  
the sewage vats when Hyde crashes into the large pump,  
mangling it and its pipes.

THE RIPPER

If you be Hyde, then I shall be  
Seek!

He leaps for the kill as Hyde rises from the wreckage, and  
swings a huge pipe like a bat.

The Ripper is swatted like a ball, right back across the  
sewage vats so that he crashes through pipes and into  
machinery around Adye.

Adye's pipe BREAKS LOOSE, but not completely free.

Adye's revolver topples to the grated floor not far from  
where Adye is now trying to get free.

The Ripper, blistered and bloody, struggles to rise amidst  
steam and metal wreckage. He looks up, fear in his eyes--

--as well as the REFLECTION of Hyde bending down over him.

THE RIPPER

No, not like this.

Hyde falls atop the Ripper, one hand around the Ripper's  
throat, the other slugging him over and over.

HYDE

Where is it, Jack? Where is it?!

Adye has managed to work his handcuffs to where the pipe has broken away from its pump. Is almost free now.

Hyde kicks another pipe loose, so that steam hisses out across the Ripper's face. Hyde keeps the Ripper pinned there, choking him as the Ripper's face slowly burns.

HYDE

I want the formula. WHERE IS IT?!

The Ripper shakes, his yellow eyes bulging almost impossibly.

THE RIPPER

In my of...fice...behind the...the  
BoschAAAAHHHHHHH!

ADYE (O.S.)

Hyde.

Hyde looks up at Adye, who's standing ten feet away -- still handcuffed, but holding his revolver now. Covered in grime and blood splatter, he's the vision of a man pushed to the edge.

At the sight of this, Hyde stands suddenly, dragging the Ripper with him.

ADYE

Hyde!

The Ripper -- face and hair melted -- is thrown over the railing, where he swings. Dangling from Hyde's one hand.

HYDE

All you have to do is say, "Don't."

Adye considers the two knives still sticking out of Hyde. The rest of Hyde's injuries.

HYDE

Come on, Tom, say it with me:  
"Don't do it, Hyde."

CLOSE on Hyde, smirking. He's pushing Adye to make one final choice now. It's always been about choice, in fact.

HYDE

If you don't try to stop me, you  
become an accomplice. You become as  
much his murderer as me.

*BLAM! BLAM!*

Adye stares down his smoking revolver at Hyde's surprised face, two splotches of blood already appearing on Hyde's chest.

The Ripper drops from Hyde's weakened grasp. Screaming as he falls.

His body splashes into the shit below, quickly vanished in the disgusting goop.

Hyde leans against the rail behind him, perhaps to hold himself up.

HYDE

I'm proud as...punch...of you, Tom.  
Not bad at all.

Adye still staring down the barrel of his revolver.

ADYE

There was no reasoning with him, no  
saving him.

He's repeating the words Hyde used to describe going after the Ripper. Hyde realizes this and smiles with placid resignation.

HYDE

No...no, there wasn't.

*BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!*

Hyde is shot three more times, knocked backwards by the force of the bullets. He spills over the railing.

Adye still staring down the barrel of his revolver, unreactive. Almost robotic.

A spray of shit rises into his POV, from Hyde's off-screen splash-down.

And now the revolver in Adye's hand begins to shake, the hand holding it trembling.

All of a sudden, everything Adye's been through catches up with him, and he slumps to the floor. Exhausted.

**EXT. THAMES RIVER - DAWN**

The river Thames, Victorian London along its banks. The sun is currently rising on a new day for the city as sewage discharged by the pumping station is carried toward the sea.

A muck-covered body floats facedown in the shit.

**INT. OFFICE - HOSPITAL - DAY**

The door, closed. But we can hear a key in the lock, and now it opens so a dim-witted CUSTODIAN and Adye can enter.

CUSTODIAN  
This in't normally allowed,  
Inspector -- Christ, i's freezing  
in here.

He goes right to the window, which is open, while Adye, grime half-smear'd away from his face and wearing a fresh jacket over his soiled, shredded clothes, heads straight for the BOSCH PAINTING that hangs behind the desk.

CUSTODIAN  
Dr. Utterson knows better than to  
leave windows open this time'a  
year.

He closes the window, only to realize his fingers have slid through some sort of brown goop smear'd along the frame.

CUSTODIAN  
What the...?

Adye, pale and bleary eyed, looks over. He's just removed the painting from the wall, revealing a safe.

ADYE  
What is it?

The custodian sniffs at his fingers, reels back from them.

CUSTODIAN  
I's shite, sir.

Adye's eyes go wide, and he spins to check the safe -- that he now sees isn't closed all the way. Almost, but not quite.

ADYE  
No.

Inside the safe: almost black, except for a crack of light illuminating a bit of paper.

The safe's door opens now, revealing SHIT SMUDGES on its inside. Adye's eyes look anguished by what he's found here, TEARS threatening to run.

ADYE  
I must have just missed him.

CUSTODIAN  
Pardon, sir?

Inside the safe is a single piece of folded paper, Adye's name scrawled across the outside. Waiting for him to find it.

Adye draws it out, opening it. Fecal fingerprints here and there.

CUSTODIAN  
What is it, sir?

The note reads:

T.

"When the character of a man is not clear, look at his friends."

H.

Adye's head falls forward.

ADYE  
He wants me to know he's not going  
to hold a grudge.

CUSTODIAN  
Sir?

But Adye is laughing now. Laughing with relief.

The custodian shakes his head, deciding this inspector is off his rocker, and walks out.

As Adye continues to laugh--

ADYE (V.O.)  
In the weeks that followed,  
numerous prominent Londoners  
unexpectedly met their ends.

#### **INT. DINING ROOM - LONDON HOUSE - NIGHT**

A gentleman's well-polished dinner table, the GENTLEMAN (still in his robes) slumped face-first in a bowl of soup that's splattered everywhere.

#### **EXT. STREET - LONDON - DAY**

An overturned phaeton, the LEGS OF A GENTLEMAN visible behind it.

ADYE (V.O.)  
I recognized all as guests at  
Griffyn House that night Elizabeth  
Stride and Catherine Eddowes were  
murdered.

**INT. FOYER - LONDON HOUSE - NIGHT**

A GENTLEMAN lies in a tangled mess at the bottom of  
magnificent marble stairs.

ADYE (V.O.)  
Hyde was sending a message to them.

**EXT. STREET - LONDON - NIGHT**

FIREMEN shoot water at a blazing building facade.

ADYE (V.O.)  
This message wasn't defined, but  
perhaps it had something to do with  
never again meddling with his  
serum.

**EXT. STREET - LONDON - DAY**

A GENTLEMAN and WIFE out for a sidewalk stroll -- when a  
GRAND PIANO lands on top of them.

ADYE (V.O.)  
I like to think the good man that  
was Jekyll, trapped somewhere  
inside Hyde, had had enough of  
their abuses in Whitechapel.

**INT. BATHROOM - LONDON HOUSE - DAY**

Lord Burton floats dead in a brass tub, his face (and empty  
blue eyes) framed by soapy water.

ADYE (V.O.)  
That perhaps Whitechapel had  
suffered enough.  
(beat)  
And then one day it was over.

**EXT. HYDE PARK - DAY**

Just another quiet day, LONDONERS of all ranks strolling  
casually along. Birds SINGING.

ADYE (V.O.)  
 London's gentry, the true villains  
 in this whole charade, went back to  
 sleeping well in their silk  
 pajamas. Hyde...had gone.

**EXT. RURAL SCOTLAND PUB - NIGHT**

A sign with a lamb on it hangs over the door.

ADYE (V.O.)  
 Though, as I learned later, there  
 was one more loose end he had to  
 tie up.

**INT. RURAL SCOTLAND PUB - CONT'D**

The gruff BARTENDER and a couple PATRONS turn, glaring, when Newcomen -- his throat bandaged up from where it was injured at Tussaud's -- enters. Dripping wet.

NEWCOMEN  
 Please tell me you've a kitchen.  
 I'm famished.

BARTENDER  
 I've got a kitchen, aye, if you've  
 got something to pay with.

Newcomen drops into a high-backed wood booth. Wrings water from his hat as he waits.

The bartender drops a pint mug onto the table, passing away immediately.

BARTENDER  
 You'll get your stew when it's  
 ready.

Newcomen shrugs off the rudeness, more interested in that pint that he pulls closer to himself. Begins to lift it when--

HYDE (O.S.)  
 Good evening, Bill.

Newcomen goes white and the ale that should have made it into his mouth pours into his lap before he can set the mug down.

NEWCOMEN  
 You.

Hyde, face hidden from us, sits across from Newcomen. Tosses a cloth napkin his way as he does this.

HYDE  
I believe we have unconcluded  
business.

SMASH CUT TO:

**BLACK**

FADE IN:

**EXT. RURAL VILLAGE - DAY**

A carriage door opens, and two feet in shiny black shoes step out -- right into mud that splatters over them.

Adye sighs at the mess, but, unlike earlier in the movie, doesn't feel the need to wipe them clean.

The DRIVER begins unloading Adye's luggage as Adye looks around at the dirty, gray community filled with RUSTIC SORTS who eye him skeptically.

DRIVER  
All the way from London, eh, sir?

ADYE  
*Whitechapel*, actually.

**INT. CHIEF CONSTABLE'S OFFICE - CONSTABULARY - LATER**

Adye, shoes still mucked, stands stiffly before the desk of the county's chain-smoking CHIEF CONSTABLE (late-40s).

CHIEF CONSTABLE  
I know all about you, Inspector.  
The Ripper cock-up. Allowing your  
Mr. Hyde to escape. You're an  
embarrassment to your profession.

ADYE  
Quite so, yes, sir.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
This transfer wasn't of your  
choosing.

ADYE  
No, but the events that  
precipitated it *very much* were.

The Chief Constable studies Adye for a minute, smoking.

CHIEF CONSTABLE  
 Well, I'm stuck with you now,  
 aren't I?  
 (blows smoke)  
 Might as well find a use for your  
 particular...*talents*.

Adye considers that for a beat. An eyebrow rises.

ADYE  
 Sir?

CHIEF CONSTABLE  
 There have been some strange goings-  
 on of late in these parts I admit  
 I'm at a loss to explain.

He tosses a file across his desk, at Adye.

CHIEF CONSTABLE (CONT'D)  
 Take this one.

Adye looks down at the papers that have slid out of the file.  
 Several photos of broken, bloody bodies stare back him.

CHIEF CONSTABLE (CONT'D)  
 Witnesses claim the assailant was  
 an *invisible* man, if you can  
 believe such nonsense.

Adye's eyes open noticeably at the word "invisible."

#### **EXT. RURAL VILLAGE - LATER**

Adye exits the constabulary, looking around at this village  
 and its modern peasant class.

ADYE (V.O.)  
 Britain's menagerie of freaks and  
 oddities is about to get bigger, I  
 fear.

He tightens his scarf. Looks both ways as the wind whips at  
 him.

ADYE (V.O.)  
 Hopefully Hyde doesn't mind the  
 competition, but if he does...

Now he looks up -- speaking directly at US.

ADYE  
...I'll be waiting.

SMASH CUT TO:

**BLACK**

CREDITS ROLL

THE END.