

Shadow of The Ripper Episode 1  
SAMPLE

By

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Murders in Whitechapel

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**EXT. WHITECHAPEL. STREET. NIGHT.**

Continue on the full moon, which now pans down onto a quiet back street of Whitechapel, at one of its furthest Eastern points. It is a contrast to the high antics of earlier scenes in the area. Misty, not well lit and unnaturally quiet. The sounds of merriment echo in the faint distance as we focus on a smaller pub in this darker part of Whitechapel.

The FRYING PAN PUB which isn't as busy as Ten Bells, suddenly sees it's front door opened and a woman is pushed out.

She staggers onto the pavement and the landlord follows her out and chucks her bonnet hat further. The woman is POLLY NICOLS, whose features are small and delicate.

LANDLORD

Here, take your hat with you too  
and don't come back until you can  
actually pay for your drinks! I am  
not a charity!

POLLY NICHOLS

But I thought I had the money!  
Honest!

LANDLORD

Ah go bollocks! Find some other  
gullible fella to ave' ya!

POLLY NICHOLS

But I must have been robbed!  
Someone must have taken my money!

She checks her belongings, still not finding the missing money. Distraught and helpless.

LANDLORD

Listen to me! Come back with funds  
to pay for your drink or bugger  
off!

Nichols looks at him with nothing and accepts her unlucky fate.

POLLY NICHOLS

Alright, alright, I'm going. But I  
will be back to give you your  
money. I may be poor but I am not  
beyond dignity.

The landlord watches her as she walks off into the night.

**EXT. BUCKS ROW. WHITECHAPEL. NIGHT.**

It is quiet suddenly and very dark, with tiny pockets of light being employed from street gas lamps. Polly rounds the corner and snags her skirt on something ripping it gently.

She looks at it, one of the few pieces of clothing she has in life and sighs, beginning to weep a little. She looks up at the night sky;

POLLY NICHOLS

(to herself)

This wasn't how life was supposed to happen our Polly was it?

(pause)

You should have been married, with a rich husband and with a nice little house in the countryside.

(she sighs)

Well, maybe one day still to come I hope.

She rubs the few tears from her eyes and rearranges herself, checking her presentation in a small cracked piece of mirror she has and begins to walk on.

She goes past a black and dark narrow passage, and we slowly zoom towards it, implying there is someone there hiding in the darkness, but whom we cannot see. But we just KNOW.

Polly walks on, and hums to herself. A little comfort in a barren life. But the silence is also deafening and eerie. She walks along and then sees someone. A man, standing on the opposite side of the street to her. In front of a gateway joined by a long wall.

It is Jack, who silently stands there, watching her back, again his breathing filing the cold air. Mary observes for a moment and then smiles politely. *Maybe she can get her money now.*

She observes for a moment then slowly proceeds across the street, preparing to put on her best show to win the stranger over.

POLLY NICHOLS

Good evening, well I should say morning, as it is that by now I imagine.

She takes a few steps more towards the Ripper. He remains silent.

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POLLY NICHOLS

You're a quiet soul aren't you?

Jack's hand slowly goes up to Mary's cheek and slides down. Polly looks nervous but tries not to be and smiles.

POLLY NICHOLS

I hope I do not disappoint.

As he continues with his hand, we see his knife silently appear from within his coat sleeve like a snake.

Polly gently closes her eyes enjoying the touch of this stranger, but then something is wrong. Jack's grip tightens and becomes firmer around her neck, her head going backwards to expose her throat. Polly begins to struggle, something is not right here, his hand stifling her airway! After a moment, and quite SUDDENLY, a flash of KNIFE and her neck is silently sliced open.

A tiny splatter of blood hits a puddle on the floor as does Polly. She is gargling, as blood trickles out of the wound from the throat, the same as Jack saw on the dead animal, his attack worked! *He's got it right, and he's enjoying this one more than Tabram!*

Polly's eyes look to the stars above her, which is suddenly obscured by her killer who brings the knife towards her throat once more, slashing again, this time almost to the BONE/SPINE. Everything fades to black as Polly lapses in and out of consciousness as Jack goes to work on her lower abdomen.

CUT

WS - The Ripper kneeling over Polly, his hands darting all over her defenseless body, as the camera pans back and further away. The sound of abused cut flesh ever present, but not much. Stealth almost. And in almost complete darkness.

CUT

The knife is wiped each side on her skirt and he gets up. He stands for a moment, gasping almost with his eyes closed. Then he opens them and casually walks away. The TOP HAT FIGURE on the wall, *his hallucination of the man he wants to be seen is* watching for a moment, a ghostly image, then it follows too, leaving the body of Polly Nichols on the pavement in Buck's Row.

A man, CHARLES CROSS suddenly rounds the corner of the street, walking to work, and as he continues on, notices the

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bundle of clothing on the pavement floor opposite, so stops for a moment looking. He cautiously crosses the road and realises it is a body. The body of Nichols. As he approaches, another man, ROBERT PAUL, enters the street and Cross calls him over.

CHARLES CROSS

Here, come and look over here,  
there's a woman.

ROBERT PAUL joins Cross and they examine the body as best they can in the dark, unable to make much out. Nichols is on her back, with arms down her side and with the skirt drawn up to the waist. Cross touches her hands.

ROBERT PAUL

Well?

CHARLES CROSS

Cold and damp

ROBERT PAUL

I believe she's dead.

Paul touches her face (beat), it is still warm. He then notices a faint pulse.

ROBERT PAUL

Wait

(shocking realisation)

I think she's still breathing!

Cross signals the cross.

ROBERT PAUL

But it is very little if she is.

Paul pulls down the skirt to allow her some dignity, while Cross holds her hand as if to comfort her as she goes.

CHARLES CROSS

I'm so sorry.

ROBERT PAUL

We need to alert the next policeman  
we see. Shall we go find one?

Charles takes a moment to watch Nichols' lifeless eyes, and then places her hand back onto the ground and nods to Paul. They walk away to raise the alarm.

We focus on Nichol's eyes as we hear a distant whistle of a policeman on the beat.