

TO KILL AGAIN

by
Darren Howell

PILOT EPISODE: 'Downtown'

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FADE IN:

EXT. BUCK'S ROW, WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT

We open on a narrow, deserted street. Gas lamps dance shadows here and there. Small cottages line one side of the street, a Victorian schoolhouse dominating the other.

SCREEN TITLE: BUCK'S ROW, WHITECHAPEL, LONDON, 1888.

A drunken prostitute staggers into view.

Meet MARY ANN NICHOLS, 43. Heavily overweight and about to enter the history books for all the wrong reasons. Dressed in typical working girl garb, she lurches along the cobbles, slaughtering the ditty of the day.

NICHOLS

(sings)

*I'm a young girl... and have just come
over. Over from the country where they
do things --*

She attempts to dance. Trips. Ends up face down in a puddle. Nichols claws the cobbles with two shaky hands and pulls herself up. Catching her reflection, she sighs mournfully.

Desperate features stare back from the water.

NICHOLS

Look at you, poor old cow.

She grabs onto the brickwork of the school. Glancing up at its facade, she slurs spitefully in full-on Cockney:

NICHOLS

I never got any bleedin' education!

She huffs. Clambers up. Leans against a big set of wooden gates.

NICHOLS

Come on, girl.

She straightens her black bonnet. Shuffles forward until something makes her stop. Nichols turns slowly as a non-defined shadow climbs over her.

We do not, nor will we, see who's casting it.

Nichols' face breaks into a welcoming smile.

NICHOLS

'ello, love. You wanna sing with me?

The shadow doesn't reply.

NICHOLS

Come on there, don't be shy. Dance
with me then?

She hoists up her skirt and begins to stomp her feet to
some ad hoc, inebriated dance steps.

NICHOLS

Tra-la-la-la... la.

She soon stops when the shadow doesn't reciprocate,
shuddering as whoever this is slips behind her. A plume
of breath billows against her face and neck.

NICHOLS

My, you're a strange one and --

CLOSE UP: a knife flashes in the dull light -- that's
all we see. The glistening blade that tears out
Nichols' throat. Her neck explodes red, eyes rolling
over in her head, as the blade thrashes again.

Nichols tries to scream, but only blood spurts from her
mouth. She slips down to the cobbles. Her feet jerk in
the throes of death as...

The shadow sweeps over her body.

EXT. BUCK'S ROW, WHITECHAPEL - LATER

A Victorian POLICEMAN stares down at us. Unsympathetic.
Just another --

POLICEMAN

Bloody drunk! Come on, missus. On your
feet, if you please.

He taps his boot against a woman's stockings. No
response. The Policeman moves his gas hand lamp up the
woman's body, illuminating her in a dull glow. Skirt.
Petticoat. Nothing untoward...

CLOSE UP: the lamp brightens on Nichols' face. Purple
tongue protruding between bloody lips, glazed eyes
staring up at the heavens.

The Policeman kneels down next to her, pulls down the
neck of her petticoat. She's drenched in blood.

POLICEMAN

Bugger me!

He tumbles back on his ass. Claws at his police whistle and blows hard. PEEP! PEEEEP!

POLICEMAN

MURDER! MURDER! COME QUICKLY!

And then we pull back and watch as things begin to happen at a super, accelerated rate:

- more horrified policemen arrive.
- curious residents, policemen holding them at bay.
- another policeman. Pulling a handcart.
- policemen pick up Nichols' body. Forensics non-existent in 1888, they just throw it onto the cart and wheel it away.
- policemen leave the scene except for one. He pours a bucket of water over the blood and sweeps it away.
- all is quiet, like the murder never even happened.

We pull back along the road... Farther... It starts to rain... Farther... Gas lamps morph into modern electric lighting... Skyscrapers sprouting like weeds beyond the rooftops... Farther until we enter an --

UNMARKED POLICE CAR

Yes, a modern motor vehicle.

Two detectives survey the empty street through a rain-lashed windshield.

SCREEN TITLE: 130 YEARS LATER... 2018.

At the wheel, Detective Inspector JOHN DYSON, 36. Handsome, roguish rule-breaker, compensating boyish twinkle. He blows the steam off his coffee, motioning at the deserted street ahead.

DYSON

Can you believe they threw a bucket of water over the blood?

Thoroughly bored and equally exhausted, Detective Sergeant SARAH CLARKE, 35, cool-headed, good at her job, but too damn beautiful to be a cop, blinks her despair.

SARAH

Tragic.

She slumps back in her seat. Lets her eyes slip shut.

SARAH

Wake me up if something happens. Ever.

Dyson doesn't take his eyes from the street. Captivated by the imagined activity all those years ago.

DYSON

But just think, this is where it started. The mystery, the folklore.

Sarah paints an invisible banner across the interior of the car.

SARAH

Ta-dah! Jack the Ripper!

As she talks her voice transforms into a deep, parodied American. Trailer Man.

SARAH

A faceless enigma. The uncaught murderer of five Victorian prostitutes. All horribly mutilated. Mary Ann Nichols, followed a week later by Annie Chapman. A month passes. Whitechapel explodes with fear and speculation until dum-dum-duuum... the 'Double Event'. Two hapless, pathetic woman, Elizabeth Stride and Catherine Eddowes, slaughtered like pigs, within an hour of each other. Speculation rises. Is the killer a surgeon, a member of the Royal family? As the police investigation, lead by Detective Inspector Frederick, um...

DYSON

Abberline.

SARAH

Abberline! As the investigation begins to crumble, the Ripper plays his final card. His cruelest trick. Mary Jane Kelly. A murder so foul, so depraved, that even today it --

DYSON

Finished?

SARAH

Yes.

(in her own voice)

Yes. Oh, come on... It's boring, John.
Nobody cares anymore.

DYSON

The tourists care.

SARAH

Yippe-dee! A few Japs and rich Yanks.
Most of Whitechapel don't even know
the name. Christ sake, most of
Whitechapel doesn't even speak
English, and those that do are
gentrified tossers preening their
hipster beards while they eat poncy
cereals in poncy cafes for ten quid a
shot! Nobody cares about Jack the
Ripper anymore. You're London's
leading authority on something nobody
gives a shit about.

Ouch, that hurt. Sarah glances over at Dyson as he
turns away, the remains of something, poorly hidden in
her gaze.

CLOSE UP: Sarah's hand comes to rest on his, squeezing
gently.

SARAH

Okay, I'm a bitch. I'm sorry. I
shouldn't have said that.

Dyson doesn't answer. Pulls his hand away.

SARAH

You can understand my negativity?
Nearly midnight, stuck in a car, in
this pissing weather, probably not
getting paid for it.

She pauses, hoping he'll look at her. He doesn't.

SARAH

With you. Talking about Jack the
Ripper. Again.

DYSON

Go home then.

Sarah shakes away the offer. Picks a newspaper off the
floor. We're instantly drawn to a headline that reads
'US PRESIDENT ARRIVES IN LONDON'.

Sarah scans through it for the umpteenth time. Folds it with a resounding sigh.

SARAH

Oh, this is bullshit. Nobody's coming.

DYSON

They'll be here.

SARAH

So your informant says.

DYSON

He's never wrong.

SARAH

This is a man called Sticky Dave?

Dyson doesn't respond. Sarah changes tact.

SARAH

I take it you informed ADS about our little jaunt?

DYSON

Area Drug Squad are far too busy for this. They only want the sharks. This is small time.

SARAH

But you did phone them?

DYSON

Course I did.

SARAH

And?

Dyson makes an awkward face.

DYSON

They were engaged.

SARAH

Unpaid and unauthorized? Great. If this goes south we're in so much trouble.

DYSON

No we're not! Jesus, stop panicking. You know that's why we never worked. You were always too by the book.

SARAH

I was too by the book? I don't believe it. How dare... No, we never worked cos you were always too wrapped up with your disappearing daddy issues to give me what I needed.

DYSON

What? Don't bring my dad into this.

SARAH

Oh, come on. You weren't the first kid whose dad ran out on --

DYSON

He never ran out!

Leaving them arguing we pull out of the car, into the rain... focusing on their licence plate as we go... Traveling back farther along the street. Farther... farther until we enter another car.

SHITTY JALOPY

You could easily mistake it as just being abandoned. Instead, two fully paid up members of the criminal fraternity sit in near darkness, watching the cop car ahead.

Illuminated only by the glow of a tablet computer, a weasly-looking Cockney GEEZER, types away at the keyboard.

A screen unfolds: 'METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT - VEHICLE IDENTIFICATION DATABASE'.

GEEZER

Boom! We're in. I'm too fucking good.

He hits some more keys.

The screen changes to 'ENTER VEHICLE LICENCE PLATE NUMBER'.

The Geezer looks down the street, tapping away. His partner in crime, the driver, a white RASTAFARIAN who's convinced he's Jamaican, sparks up a joint. The Geezer exaggerates a cough.

GEEZER

D'you have to?

RASTAFARIAN

Ya man. For medicinal purposes.

GEEZER

Bollocks.

The tablet screen begins to scroll data.

GEEZER

I knew it. I fucking knew it! It's the pigs. Didn't I tell you? Old Bill! We've been set up.

RASTAFARIAN

Babylon! What we gonna do now?

The Geezer considers their options.

GEEZER

Frankie don't want no screw ups. Fuck it, kill 'em.

The Rastafarian floods the car with cannabis smoke and cheers.

RASTAFARIAN

Ya man! Let's cook us some bacon.

He reaches behind his seat. Pulls out a disposable rocket launcher. He winds down the window, manoeuvring his torso out into the rain.

GEEZER

Try not to miss!

EXT. DURWARD STREET, WHITECHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

The Rastafarian laughs as his finger flips up the safety. Tightens on the trigger.

RASTAFARIAN

Fuck you, man.

The projectile spews out of the barrel and snakes toward the cop car. WHOOO --

INT. POLICE CAR (STATIONARY) - CONTINUOUS

-- OOOOSH! The driver's mirror aglow, Dyson and Sarah exchange terrified glances.

DYSON

OUT!

But they're just too slow. The next moment is their last.

EXT. DURWARD STREET, WHITECHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

KABOOM! The car explodes in a devastating fireball. We hold on the remains of the car, two burning figures clearly visible in the front seats.

There are no survivors.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET, WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT

A convoy of ominous black vehicles race through the rain.

There's an American big rig, a smaller truck and two ex-US school buses. All the vehicles have blacked-out windows and are sandwiched between two threateningly large SUVs.

The convoy slows, turning into a narrow, darkened street. A rusted sign on one wall reads --

COLBART STREET

The convoy stops outside a huge, dilapidated Victorian warehouse daubed with graffiti.

Immediately, a dozen men in unmarked windcheaters and baseball caps eject and a well-orchestrated operation begins.

One of the men smashes the huge double doors of the warehouse open with a police-issue battering ram.

Another fires up some kind of futuristic laser cutter, slicing through the brickwork next to the doors to widen the entrance. Men immediately set to work with sledgehammers to take down the remaining wall.

More men nail gun metal sheeting over every broken window.

48 seconds later one of the men gives a thumbs up. The smaller vehicles all pull into the darkened --

WAREHOUSE

Park up right at the end.

Then the big rig begins to reverse in, easy now the doorway's widened. It stops with a hiss of brakes, men joining prefabricated metal walls between its protruding cab and the warehouse wall.

Whatever these people are doing, they sure as hell don't want anyone seeing it.

As men position portable floodlights all around, which immediately start to snap on, the whole side of the big rig's trailer begins to slide out on hydraulics; doubling its internal size.

One MAN takes off his baseball cap to reveal a grim, gaunt face. It's the kind of face that instantly tells us that this guy's in charge. And that he's a ball breaker.

He yells out to the other men with an American accent:

MAN

Move it, people! You know the drill.
Claws, reactor, power tap, chronology
sync, immediate prep and test fire in
two hours. I want to be ready to rock
at...

(checks watch)

...zero-seven hundred. At the latest.

He watches for a moment as they set to it and then pops the cap from a plastic pill bottle. Shakes a large tablet into his mouth.

And as he does that, the man with the laser cutter begins to slice into the concrete floor below.

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY

A dozen detectives work their latest case. Some sit at computers, some at phones. One wipes clean a white board. Begins to stick up photos of Durward Street.

SCREEN TITLE: WHITECHAPEL POLICE STATION. THE NEXT DAY.

One man steps up at their head. An exhausted, glum Detective Sergeant. JERRY MATTHEWS, 40s, clears his throat.

MATTHEWS

Right, well I guess this falls to me. For now.

The detectives stop and turn to him.

MATTHEWS

Two bodies. You all know who they --

A text message steals his words. He pulls his cell phone.

CLOSE UP: 'BAILIFFS R HERE AGAIN!!!'

Matthews sighs and replies: 'NOT NOW!' He tosses the cell phone on the nearest desk. Gets back into it.

MATTHEWS

Sorry... Two bodies.

INT. CORRIDOR, POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP: pant legs and boots. A man and woman's. In a hurry.

MATTHEWS (O.S.)

They're with the path lab. I'm pushing for a preliminary ASAP, but cause of death seems pretty conclusive so far.

CLOSE UP: a man's hand reaches for a door.

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY

The double doors swing open as Matthews makes a gun with his fingers...

MATTHEWS

Both single tapped in the head from close range.

...and Dyson and Sarah rush in. Both clearly exhausted but... **very much alive!**

DYSON

Morning all!

What the fuck?!

A chorus of salutations greet Dyson and Sarah as they peel themselves out of their soaked jackets. Matthews nods and gladly hands the floor to Dyson.

DYSON

Yeah, so Mickey Dennis and Ronnie Richards. Khan's boys. Didn't have a very good night. This was a professional hit.

He looks at Sarah.

DYSON
Guy dressed all in black?

Sarah concurs with a nod.

DYSON
The shell case he missed is with
ballistics as we speak.

A black detective, GARY KNAPPER, 30's, nods at him.

KNAPPER
So what happened, guv? Walk us through
it.

Dyson flashes Sarah a brief sideways glance.

DYSON
We were in the car. Talking.

Sarah returns his look awkwardly.

SARAH
Just talking.

FLASHBACK - INT. POLICE CAR (STATIONARY) - NIGHT

Dyson and Sarah's argument. Becoming more and more heated.

SARAH
I loved you!

DYSON
Well you never said it. Not once.

SARAH
I never... You could've given more!

DYSON
More! What the hell did you want me to
do?!

SARAH
I wanted commitment. Marriage. Kids. I
wanted you. But you were always too
tied up with work or Alan bloody Dyson
to notice.

DYSON (O.S.)
 We hadn't even noticed their car.
 Until it was too late.

FLASHBACK - INT. SHITTY JALOPY (STATIONARY) - CONT

The Geezer considers their options.

GEEZER
 Frankie don't want no screw ups. Fuck
 it, kill 'em.

The Rastafarian floods the car with cannabis smoke and
 cheers.

RASTAFARIAN
 Ya man! Let's cook us some bacon.

He reaches behind his seat. Pulls out a disposable rocket
 launcher. He winds down the window, manoeuvring his torso
 into the rain.

GEEZER
 Try not to miss!

FLASHBACK - EXT. DURWARD STREET, WHITECHAPEL - CONT

The Rastafarian laughs as his finger flips up the safety.
 Tightens on the trigger.

RASTAFARIAN
 Fuck --

Startled by something, he turns his head.

CLOSE UP: looks straight down the barrel of an
 automatic held by --

DYSON (O.S.)
 A figure dressed in black fatigues. He
 even had a Balaclava on.

RASTAFARIAN
 Who the --

BANG! The man in black shoots the Rastafarian in the
 face, killing him instantly.

The ejected shell case bounces on the wet tarmac. Rolls
 under the car.

FLASHBACK - INT. POLICE CAR (STATIONARY) - CONTINUOUS

SARAH

John Dyson. Scared to commit!

DYSON

Scared to commit? How could I commit when
I never ever got what I needed to hear.
Never. Not once.

A single gunshot cracks on the wet air.

SARAH

And why do you think that was?! You knew!
You knew I --

Dyson throws his hand over Sarah's mouth, snapping his
head round to look through the rear window.

DYSON

Call back up!

He draws an automatic from within his jacket. Throws
open the door.

FLASHBACK - INT. SHITTY JALOPY (STATIONARY) - CONT

GEEZER

Motherfucker!

He tugs an automatic from his pants, but he's too slow.
The figure leans in and fires -- BANG! -- catching the
spent case in his hand as the Geezer's head ruptures.

DYSON (O.S.)

STOP! POLICE!

FLASHBACK - EXT. DURWARD STREET, WHITECHAPEL - CONT

The figure looks at Dyson charging toward him --

DYSON

STOP POLICE!

-- dropping to his knees.

CLOSE UP: outstretched fingers flail around under the
car for the stray shell case.

DYSON (O.S.)

But he couldn't get it.

The figure jumps up, launching into an Olympic-worthy sprint. Too quick for Dyson. He stops at the car. Aims fast -- BANG-BANG-BANG!

The figure jumps and swerves as brickwork explodes all around. Nevertheless, he charges onward and disappears from view.

DYSON

Fuck...

He glances in at the two bodies. Pulls a face at the mess.

END FLASHBACK

And we're back on Dyson.

DYSON

So who did it? Rival gang?

A room full of uncomfortable faces stare back at him.

DYSON

What, nothing?

DETECTIVE

Not a sausage, guv.

From another:

DETECTIVE #2

Who's fucking mad enough to take on Frankie Khan?

DYSON

Good question, add it to the rest. Top of that list: there was half a million on the back seat. Nice little bonus for the shooter. Why didn't he take it?

Thunder rolls, shaking the windows.

SARAH

(joking)

Why didn't we?

DETECTIVE #3

Maybe you scared him off?

DYSON

No, he could've took me down. Gone for the hat-trick. He wasn't a cop killer, and he wasn't in this for the money.

He points at two detectives congregating at the nearest desk.

DYSON

Nick, Tony, I want Khan brought in. See what he knows about his ex-employees.

Trainee Detective Constable TONY ROBSON, 20's, a fresh-faced pup in his first week in CID, holds his hand up.

ROBSON

Khan wouldn't blow his own people away would he, Detective Inspector?

Sarah throws him a 'How little you know' look.

DYSON

Jerry.

Face etched with concern, Matthews is too engrossed in his cell phone problems to hear.

DYSON

Jerry?

MATTHEWS

Guv?

DYSON

Take a couple of lads. I want Khan's offices searched, see what you can turn up.

MATTHEWS

Um, yeah. We're gonna need a warrant.

DYSON

So get one. Barry, bring in my grass. He set this up. He gives you any crap, remind him how well child molesters are regarded inside.

Detective Constable BARRY HENDERSON, 30's, scratches his head.

HENDERSON

Sticky Dave ain't a nonce, guv.

DYSON
Yeah, well we know that...
(beat)
Any questions?

Detective Sergeant JIM MITCHELL, 30's, steps up with a confident swagger.

MITCHELL
Yeah...

He throws a thumb back at Dyson's glass walled office, to where the ball breaker from last night sits rigidly. Waiting.

MITCHELL
Who's the stiff?

INT. DYSON'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens. Dyson enters. Gives his visitor a wary once over.

The ball breaker stands and clears his throat, regarding Dyson with demeaning eyes.

MAN
Detective Inspector Dyson?

Dyson extends a friendly hand.

DYSON
Acting Detective Inspector, it's only temporary. You're American.

The Man doesn't reciprocate the gesture.

MAN
I can see why they promoted you.

Not a good start. Dyson retracts his hand with a scowl.

DYSON
What can I do for you?

The Man takes a moment to look out over the office beyond. Everyone busy and out of earshot, he returns to Dyson. Drops a bombshell.

MAN
Detective Dyson, you're dead.

DYSON

What?

MAN

Or at least you should be.

DYSON

What...

MAN

I assume that I've suitably grabbed your attention. My name is Brad Ratski. I work for the United States government.

DYSON

United States... What? Which department?

MAN/RATSKI

That isn't important. To the men and women outside of this office, I'm Special Agent Michael Ackerman with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. We're liaising. That's all you're permitted to say. Are we clear on that?

DYSON

No. I'm not clear on anything right now. Who the hell are you?

RATSKI

You're to accompany me immediately. You have a very important appointment.

DYSON

Who with?

RATSKI

I'm not at liberty to discuss that at present.

He opens the door. Dyson slams it shut.

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

BANG! Several detectives jump. Look over.

INT. DYSON'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

DYSON

I don't know who the hell you think you are, but this is England. You know, Union Jacks and fish and chips. You guys don't own it. Not yet. So unless you start giving me some answers, I'll have you nicked for obstructing a police investigation, wasting police time. Whatever you like.

Jaw tight, Ratski relents. Gives a curt nod.

RATSKI

Very well, Detective Dyson. Your appointment is with... the President of the United States.

INT. SUV (MOVING) - DAY

Neither Dyson or Ratski utter a single word. Lost in thought, Dyson stares from the window at the rain-lashed London streets.

EXT. DORCHESTER HOTEL, MAYFAIR - DAY

The SUV pulls up in the parking lot. Dyson and Ratski step out into the rain, darting under the cover of the main entrance. A doorman scuttles forward and opens the door for them.

INT. CORRIDOR, DORCHESTER HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The whole floor's lined with Secret Service AGENTS in matching suits. Dyson and Ratski make their way up to an impressive set of wooden doors. Two Agents stand either side. One steps up, holding out his hand to Dyson.

AGENT

I'll need to take your firearm, sir.

Dyson glances at Ratski.

RATSKI

It's the POTUS, what did you expect?

Dyson unholsters his weapon. Hands it to the Agent reluctantly. Ratski knocks. Whispers to Dyson.

RATSKI

You'll shake his hand and sit only when offered. Also you'll address him only as Mr. President, President Garrett or sir.

DYSON

Yeah, how should I address you? Dickhead?

The doors open. Another Secret Service Agent ushers Dyson and Ratski in.

INT. EISENHOWER SUITE, DORCHESTER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The Agent steps out of the room and closes the doors.

An elderly, grey-haired man, easily identifiable as the PRESIDENT of the United States, turns. He offers his best politician's smile.

Ratski scowls at Dyson. 'Don't fuck this up!'

The President rushes forward, welcoming hands outstretched.

PRESIDENT

Hello, John. Do you mind if I call you John?

DYSON

Not at all.

He fires Ratski a sideways glance.

DYSON

As long as I can call you Bob.

Ratski seethes. The President, Bob Garrett, 66, laughs heartily. He slaps Dyson across the back, motioning to the sofa.

PRESIDENT

I like that! Come, come. Sit down.

Dyson does as instructed, looking over quizzically at an oxygen tank and mask in the far corner of the room.

The President slips gingerly into a leather chair opposite. Notices Dyson's interest.

PRESIDENT

I just get a little short of breath sometimes. It's nothing to worry about. Can I get you anything, John?

DYSON

Well an explanation would be good.

PRESIDENT

I understand. And I can only apologize for the cloak and dagger routine. Brad here's a good man, but he does like his dramatics.

Ratski smiles dutifully as the President adopts a more serious stance.

PRESIDENT

Although what I'm about to tell you is strictly above what either of our two countries would deem top secret -- and it's certainly not covered by our nations' special relationship. That would become somewhat strained if your government found out about any of this at the present time. So I'm afraid we won't be able to proceed without your full and guaranteed discretion.

Dyson nods along slowly. Unsure as to where the hell this is all heading.

PRESIDENT

Good. Now none of this is going to be easy to accept, John. But as with all good stories we'll start at the beginning.

(beat)

I'm afraid you died last night.

Dyson can't answer that. How do you answer such a question? From such a person?

PRESIDENT

The details please, Brad.

Ratski steps forward. Opens a leather bound file.

RATSKI

At approximately 23:52, the two men whose deaths you are currently investigating, killed you and a Detective Sergeant Sarah Clarke. Blew you both up in your car.

Dyson chokes. Ejects from his seat.

DYSON
That's not what happened!

PRESIDENT
Sit down, John.

DYSON
No! What is this?

RATSKI
Sit down, Detective.

DYSON
(laughs)
You're not the real President and this
is all one of those... TV hidden
camera shows.

He look around the room for said hidden cameras. Points
at Ratski.

DYSON
What's this guy, the presenter?

A moment. Stoic looks from the President and Ratski. It's
no TV hidden camera show.

RATSKI
Shall I continue?

DYSON
Forget it! I've heard enough of your
bullshit.

Ratski sighs. Fumbles with a remote control. Instantly, a
large flat screen TV set on one wall glows to life.

Not that Dyson notices as he stares at the President.
Unafraid of his status.

DYSON
Nice to meet you. Whoever the fuck you...
really --

Now he sees the image that settles on the screen. Color
CCTV footage of a lone car parked up at the kerb, stamped
in one bottom corner with 'DURWARD STREET'.

Dyson's eyes narrow as he watches the image.

DYSON
That's...

RATSKI

Your car.

ON SCREEN: the image flashes. Something strikes the car silently. Blows it to pieces, whitening out the image until it freezes.

RATSKI

We hacked your station's surveillance system. Before I went back. Not many people get to witness their own deaths, Detective.

DYSON

What do you mean, back? You could've CGI'ed that. What is this?!

PRESIDENT

John! I'll hope you'll believe me when I tell you that as President of the United States I have slightly more pressing matters to attend to than playing practical jokes on British law enforcement officers. Sit down. Please?

Dyson slips back down to the sofa. Ratski lets a clap of thunder roll away before continuing.

RATSKI

Luckily for you, Detective, we've had people watching you for several weeks now, in case an incident like this arose.

DYSON

Why?

Ratski ignores the question and carries on.

RATSKI

The machine's been here in the UK for several days now, after arriving in Portsmouth aboard the USS Obama.

DYSON

Machine?

RATSKI

This morning at...
(checks file)
...06:00 hours, all pre-travel checks were completed. And at 07:16, I went back.

DYSON

What are you talking about, Ratski?

The President leans forward.

PRESIDENT

Okay, this is it...

(deep breath)

I sent Brad back in time to save your life.

Dyson snaps his head round to Ratski, who pulls open his jacket to reveal an automatic concealed within a shoulder holster.

RATSKI

Lucky me.

Open mouthed, Dyson watches the President as he stands and goes to the window, looking down on Park Lane.

PRESIDENT

We've made some remarkable advances in quantum physics. I don't pretend to understand it, I just sign the checks. But, as unbelievable as it sounds, United States scientists have developed a working time machine.

DYSON

You gotta be --

PRESIDENT

Kidding you? No, John, I'm not. 500 years ago man thought it was impossible to walk on the moon, to fly even. You would have been burned at the stake for even suggesting such a notion. But technology moves in monumental strides.

He turns back to Dyson. Pulls an embarrassed face.

PRESIDENT

Turns out this machine's something of a white elephant. Apparently we can't go forward. In time. It's all completely over my head, but they tell me you can't go into the future because it hasn't happened yet. Does that make sense?

(off Dyson's blank stare)

Terrorism, war, crime... mankind doesn't change. It never learns.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

The only thing greater than our need to advance is our desire to destroy. Something has to be done. And if we can't use the future to our advantage, then we must utilise the past.

Dyson looks up and meets his gaze.

DYSON

You're talking about... timecops.

PRESIDENT

Crime is our predominant concern at the moment, but long-term the possibilities are endless. These are glorious days. There's nothing more exciting than watching your child take their first steps. There's an awful lot of ground to cover first. For now what we propose is a test, a dry run if you like. And that's where you come in.

Ratski glares enviously at Dyson as the penny drops. He double takes, struggling to breath. Rises shakily to his feet.

DYSON

It's the Ripper, isn't it? You... you wanna send me back to find out who Jack the Ripper was?

PRESIDENT

We want you to go back and arrest Jack the Ripper. Bring him back for trial.

DYSON

Bring him back?

PRESIDENT

(laughs)

I think maybe you need that drink now.

He goes to a drinks cabinet and pours two generous measures of scotch. Hands one to Dyson.

PRESIDENT

I want people to know we have this technology. I want them to know what we can do. Therefore, Jack goes on trial, with full media coverage. I'm sending a message to the world, John.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

That no act of mass murder, genocide or terrorism will be without repercussion and punishment. We can -- we will -- find you. Wherever you may lurk.

He glances over at Ratski, a nervous glance of something hidden passing between them.

The detective doesn't detect it. He gulps some scotch. Hand trembling.

DYSON

And that's why you saved... But why? Why me? And why the Ripper? There must be hundreds of more important... If you have this power, this machine, why not stop 9/11? JFK from getting blown away? Jesus, you could stop the Second World War from ever happening.

Ratski shoots the President another glimpse and steps up.

RATSKI

By killing Adolf Hitler and sending the world hurtling on a completely unknown path? Think about it, Dyson. Think about it. Stop those 19 individuals from boarding the planes on that September morning, arrest them right there on the spot, and what we know now, what we accept as history, is gone forever.

DYSON

And the Ripper's different?

RATSKI

We believe Jack the Ripper is far enough from our current position on the timeline to cause any unnecessary ripples.

DYSON

You believe? You have no idea what you're doing, do you? Meddling in the past without a thought for the present --

PRESIDENT

I can assure you, John, that is not --

DYSON

No! No, you can count me out.

RATSKI

You would be dead were it not for our meddling, Detective. Let's try to remember that.

Dyson does. He listens to the rain hammer the windows, his body slackening and pouring back onto the sofa.

DYSON

Why me?

PRESIDENT

When you have a crime you call the police. It's that simple. This is a crime. Still unsolved. The Ripper murders of 1888 are your passion. There's no one else more qualified on the subject within a police department anywhere in the world. And I don't say that lightly. It took more than three months to find the right candidate.

He laughs loudly, then coughs hard a couple of times. Hard enough for Ratski to shoot him a concerned look.

PRESIDENT

And here you were, all the while. In Whitechapel, at the very heart of the murders.

(to Ratski)

Brad.

RATSKI

Mr. President.

He opens up the file. Reads from here and there.

RATSKI

John Anthony Dyson, born December 7th, 1982... Single, both parents deceased.

That elicits a mournful scowl from Dyson.

PRESIDENT

I'm sorry, John. Go on, Brad.

RATSKI

Joined the Metropolitan Police Service in 1999... First stationed at Stoke Newington... Shot twice in an armed robbery in 2014...

(smirks)

(MORE)

RATSKI (CONT'D)

Investigated by Internal Affairs for breaking the nose of a convicted pederast during interview.

PRESIDENT

Bravo.

RATSKI

Spent four months undercover with the Area Drugs Squad in Leeds... Eight weeks undercover in Glasgow, Scotland... Moved to Whitechapel detective's department in 2016 when the new station opened... Received a total of twelve commendations.

He snaps shut the file.

PRESIDENT

Quite a career.

RATSKI

(begrudgingly)

Quite.

PRESIDENT

Of course, what the file doesn't mention is that you're running your department at the moment, since your superiors' alleged involvement with certain underworld characters.

Dyson gives him a questioning glance.

PRESIDENT

We did our research.

He downs his scotch. Asks the 64 thousands dollar question:

PRESIDENT

So, will you do it?

DYSON

But what about the guys Ratski here killed? How do I explain that?

PRESIDENT

I don't condone the use of execution squads. Their deaths are regrettable, but given the nature of their profession, an expected hazard you might say. Bury the case, John.

DYSON

Bury... But I can't do that. Your man here screwed up. He left evidence.

Ratski takes a step forward in protest.

RATSKI

I screwed --

PRESIDENT

Leave it, Brad.

(to Dyson)

Evidence can be misplaced. I can't imagine the good people of this city shedding too many tears for them. It's a small price to pay.

(beat)

Will you do it?

DYSON

You're asking me to solve one crime, but leave another unsolved. I'm a cop, I... I don't think...

Ratski glances at the President. Steps in.

RATSKI

Detective Dyson, you're missing the point here. We have a time machine. We can fix the deaths of these men if that's what it takes to appease your conscience.

DYSON

It's not about conscience, Ratski. It's about right and wrong.

PRESIDENT

Your integrity's unquestionable, I like that. But if that's what it takes, then you can go back and stop Brad here from killing this Dennis and Richards. But first...

He flashes his best vote-winning enamel, the passion growing in his spiel.

PRESIDENT

But first, let's get Jack the Ripper. Let's finally put this one to bed, huh? Let's discover if he's prince or pauper, surgeon or patient. Let's end the years of theory and speculation.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
130 years, John. Let's end it.
Tonight. What do you say?

Dyson hesitates for a moment, looking at the President and Ratski in turn. Then he nods, a thin smile breaking across his face.

The President rushes forward and almost hugs him.

PRESIDENT
There's an old warehouse in... Where is it, Brad?

RATSKI
Colbart Street, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT
Colbart Street, that's it. We've assembled the machine there because it's empty and --

DYSON
Was empty in 1888 too.

Impressed, the President grins broadly.

PRESIDENT
Shall we say eight o'clock tonight?

Dyson manages a nod, still somewhat dumbfounded. The President guides him to the doors and ushers him out with a handshake.

DYSON
Who do you think he was, sir?

The President thinks for a moment...

PRESIDENT
I truly don't know. Jack the Ripper has become what we've made him. What we want him to be. A poster boy for the depraved, a zeitgeist for the inhuman suffering of that era, a demon that lurks within our darkest shadows. But as to who he was... I've learnt as a politician never to speculate. But I do know this much.
(deliberate pause)
In a little under twelve hours, you will be the man that apprehends him. Crime detection changes tonight. Goodbye, John.

Dyson likes that. His grin grows even wider as the door gently closes on him.

The President switches off the smile and rushes for the oxygen tank. He begins to gulp down air, turning back to the scornful gaze of Ratski.

RATSKI

You should've let me go, not involve anyone else. Especially the British.

PRESIDENT

No, I wanted a cop. I wanted Dyson. Besides, what you've done already is more than I could ask of any man.

A moment of silence as they share their surreptitious exchange once more.

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY

Dyson bounds in energetically, nearly collides with Sarah coming the other way. He dances round her, still smiling from ear to ear.

SARAH

What's got into you?

DYSON

Rhythm, baby!

Sarah watches him incredulously as he bounds over to his desk.

SARAH

I tried running the CCTV images from last night, but the system's down for an update or something. I'll try... again... Are you okay? Where've you been?

Dyson slips out of his jacket. Shakes off the rain.

DYSON

Out?

SARAH

Any luck?

DYSON

With what?

SARAH

Dennis and Richards?

He stops dancing. Pulls an awkward face.

DYSON

Yeah, about that. I don't wanna be wasting too much manpower on them.

SARAH

What?

DYSON

We have a murder, three rapes, an armed robbery, a child abduction, plus two dozen more bullshit cases we've yet to even open. I'm just not prepared to assign the whole department to couple of career criminals who knew what they were getting into when they sold their first eighth.

(beat)

Somebody did us a favor if you ask me.

She places her hands on her hips, eyeing him up suspiciously.

SARAH

Okay, what's going on?

Dyson shrugs innocently.

SARAH

What happened to the Dyson mantra: 'Murder is murder is murder'?

DYSON

Maybe it's time for a new one. 'Live by the sword, die by the sword.'

SARAH

(shakes head)

Incredible. A complete character transplant. What will they think of next. You do know Khan's downstairs. The boys brought him in. You told them to.

DYSON

Let him go. We've got nothing on him.

SARAH

Let him go? No, he's demanding to see you. He wants the organ grinder not the monkeys. His words.

Dyson heads for the exit.

DYSON

Fine. I'd better not keep him waiting then.

SARAH

This... you, Mr. Couldn't-give-a-shit. This has something to do with the guy in your office, doesn't it?

Dyson stops at the doors for a moment, before heading off. Sarah follows, out into the --

CORRIDOR

SARAH

John?

Dyson doesn't stop.

SARAH

John! Have you even called MIT, about Dennis and Richards?

But Dyson's gone, leaving Sarah alone in the corridor.

SARAH

I'll phone them then, shall I?

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The product of a mixed race communion, FRANKIE KHAN, 45, sits at a table. A vicious crime lord, and Dyson's nemesis, his thick body is wrapped in the most expensive of Italian suits.

His lawyer, NAZIR SINGH, 40's, sits at his side. A faithful dog of law.

The door opens and Dyson enters. Khan looks up and scowls, speaking with an abrasive Cockney growl.

KHAN

Well?

DYSON

I'm good thanks. You?

KHAN

No, I mean... I've been sitting here for four hours, picked up over me breakfast. On your orders.

DYSON

Only four? Well I did wanna ask you about
Dennis and Richards, but I'll be frank,
Frank, I've got bigger fish to fry now.

Khan's features cloud innocently. He shakes his head for
effect.

KHAN

Dennis and Richards?

Dyson sits opposite as the lawyer begins to bark.

SINGH

Mr. Khan is distraught at the
treatment he's received here today. We
haven't even been offered a hot
beverage. Rest assured, I will be
filing a complaint.

Khan holds up a pair of shaky hands to halt him, every
finger wrapped in tacky but expensive gold sovereign
rings.

KHAN

S'okay, Nazir. I'm only happy to help
the detective here. We all have to do
our bit. Play our part for the
community, huh?

(to Dyson)

Who are... Dennis and Richards?

Dyson sighs.

DYSON

They worked for you, Frankie.

KHAN

They did.

(to Singh)

They did?

Singh shrugs, wearing his best poker face.

SINGH

I have no knowledge of any such
individuals on your payroll.

DYSON

You must remember them... Eager to
please, low-level scumbags. Probably
prepared to blow up a couple of cops to
climb the ladder.

Nothing. Not a flicker from Khan or Singh.

DYSON

No? Oh well. They were murdered last night.

Khan stiffens up at that. Evidently news to him.

KHAN

And you think I had something to do with it?

DYSON

No. Actually for once I don't.

SINGH

My client's an honest businessman. I would strongly resent any accusation that he's implicated in any nefarious activities.

DYSON

They went there to buy Columbian, Frankie. I've got it on good source.

KHAN

(shakes head)

Dunno what you mean. Nothing to do with me.

DYSON

So I guess that wasn't your money in the car?

SINGH

(to Khan)

You don't have to answer that.

KHAN

Shuddup.

(to Dyson)

What money? No, course it weren't. As me brief says, I'm an honest businessman.

Dyson hunches over the table toward Khan.

DYSON

Anyone ever lived long enough to testify against you, you'd be the most honest businessman in whatever five star excuse for a prison they put you in.

KHAN

That's a dangerous statement, John.

DYSON

These are dangerous times, Frank.

Beat. The cop and the crook eye each other up... It's Khan that breaks first. He sneers madly, his honest businessman veneer slipping away to reveal something altogether more unsettling.

KHAN

(scoffs)

Who d'you think you are? Look at you. Detective Inspector, Detective Sergeant -- whatever you are. You're a two bob fucking pig out of his depth. That's what you are. Oink, oink. You should remember that.

Singh looks at his watch and leans over the table too.

SINGH

Detective, do you intend to charge my client with something, or are you merely using him as a tool to vent bravado and male testosterone?

DYSON

No, not today. He's free to go.

SINGH

Good.

Khan and Singh stand. Make for the door. But Dyson grabs Khan's arm, pulling him back.

SINGH

Assault!

DYSON

(to Khan)

But rest assured, I will take you down. One day. That's a guarantee. Nobody's untouchable.

(to Singh)

And you can stick that in your complaint.

KHAN

New sheriff in town is there?

DYSON

For now.

Khan laughs as he shakes free of his grip. He straightens his suit. Opens the door.

KHAN

Always a pleasure, Johnny boy.

He swaggers from the interview room, Singh hot on his heels. Dyson leans against the door until it snaps shut. A smirk crawls across his face as he repeats the President's earlier line.

DYSON

Crime detection changes tonight.

EXT. COLBART STREET, WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT

Rain pounds down on the deserted side street. A beat up sedan whizzes into view, pulling up outside of the metal-shrouded warehouse.

Dyson hops out into the rain and dashes to a side door. He gives the protruding big rig's nose a quick once over and enters.

INT. WAREHOUSE, COLBART STREET - CONTINUOUS

Two US Secret Service AGENTS pounce, pointing automatics at Dyson.

DYSON

Whoa! Easy. I am expected.

He glances past them at a hastily erected wall that reaches floor to ceiling. Built up and over the trailer of the big rig.

One of the agents turns away, tapping an earpiece and saying something unheard. He motions Dyson over to the wall and punches a code into a keypad. A door slides open the wall.

AGENT

Go on through, sir.

Dyson nods and enters, immediately shielding his eyes from the glare of floodlights.

Ratski hops over a mess of thick cables strewn all over the floor toward him.

RATSKI

This way.

DYSON

Where's Bob?

He follows Ratski along the side of the big rig's trailer until the warehouse opens up.

RATSKI

The President had to return to the United States. He sends his best wishes and has asked me to -- Watch your step! -- brief him regularly. I'm in charge here now.

He stops and turns back to Dyson.

RATSKI

That acceptable with you, Detective?

Dyson doesn't answer. Instead, he stops dead. Open-mouthed at the sight before him.

In the center of the warehouse stand four huge metal claws that curve in toward each other. A tangle of cables and pipes runs from each.

DYSON

What the hell are they?

RATSKI

That's classified.

Dyson looks over at him with a raised brow.

DYSON

Yeah? Then how about I re-classify my commitment to you and go home instead?

RATSKI

You wouldn't do that. You've dreamed your whole life of finding out who Jack the Ripper was. You're not going to walk away now.

DYSON

I'm not? I have a tray full of current cases. More than enough to keep me busy. Besides, maybe we shouldn't know who he was.

They're inches apart now. All glares and raised testosterone until Ratski slackens his stance. Gives a sharp nod.

RATSKI

Very well, Detective. In terms you'd comprehend... you stand between them and we send you back.

Dyson runs a hand over the shimmering surface of the nearest claw.

DYSON

What are they made of?

RATSKI

It's a fragile metal. Highly conductive, able to withstand temperatures higher than the surface of the sun, but more brittle than glass. It shatters like --

(clicks fingers)

-- that. The scientists named it Venezuelium, on account we mine it somewhere where we shouldn't be.

DYSON

You seem to do a lot of things in places you shouldn't be.

He looks up at a large window in the expanded trailer, where half a dozen white-coated TECHNICIANS work away silently.

DYSON

How do you power all this?

RATSKI

There were two localized power outages early this morning?

DYSON

So I heard. I was kinda busy clearing up your mess.

RATSKI

(proudly)

That was us. We've tapped into your National Grid.

He gestures at a deep hole in the floor (made earlier by the man with the laser cutter) to where a thick black cable is spliced onto another one in the ground.

RATSKI

It'll take the authorities an absolute age to trace the cause. No advancement is without its costs, Detective.

(MORE)

RATSKI (CONT'D)

The reactor's only powerful enough to handle the computers and preliminary systems, so we need a boost.

DYSON

This thing has a reactor?

RATSKI

Well of course it does. Now what we plan to do is send you back for the duration of the murders, giving you the time to build your case.

DYSON

Wait a minute... That's two months. I can't be gone for two months.

Ratski scoffs at Dyson's innocence.

RATSKI

You'll only actually be missing for approximately an hour from 2018. They have to shut the machine down, run checks on the system. It's all very thorough. Takes about an hour here, but you'll be 1888 for two months. Time is a beautiful thing, Detective.

He motions to a small portable building in one corner.

RATSKI

Follow me.

DYSON

Where to?

Ratski looks Dyson's clothes up and down.

RATSKI

Wardrobe. You honestly think we're going to let you loose on Victorian London dressed like that?

INT. WAREHOUSE, COLBART STREET - LATER

Ratski stifles the urge to laugh as Dyson shuffles before him, dressed like an extra from 'Oliver', complete with cloth cap and worn carpet bag.

RATSKI

You look very, um... Victorian.

DYSON

Funny, huh?

RATSKI

And you can assure me you haven't taken anything now with you? Last thing we need is you screwing up the timeline, leaving a damn cell phone there or something.

DYSON

I won't screw up, Ratski.

RATSKI

Make sure you don't. You're there for the Ripper. Nothing else.

DYSON

I know what the job is.

RATSKI

Good. Everything you need is in the bag: additional clothing, basic toiletries, money, etcetera. All lovingly recreated or borrowed from the Smithsonian.

He holds out a piece of chalk for Dyson.

RATSKI

Mark an X or something on the floor. You'll suffer some disorientation when you get there, the chalk is just for you to remember where exactly you arrived. And you are clear on the return time?

Dyson takes the chalk and slips it into his pocket.

DYSON

Midday, November 9th. I think even a stupid cop can remember that.

RATSKI

Let's hope so.

He turns toward the big rig's trailer. Dyson remains rooted to the spot, a sudden thought chilling him.

DYSON

What if... what if something did go wrong? I mean, let's just say I was late?

Ratski turns back. Smile ready in place.

RATSKI

Do we leave you there to die?

Dyson resists the urge to nod.

RATSKI

Not even the United States Government is quite that callous. You'd create a lot of problems back here, but there's a small tracking device in the heel of one of your boots. No one would ever find it because no one in 1888 would ever know to look for it. Obviously we can't track you from here, but we can send someone to find you. In short, no, we wouldn't abandon you.

(beat)

Are you ready?

DYSON

(nods)

Yeah, I'm ready. Let's do it.

He moves toward the claws. Ratski grabs his arm, leaning in and lowering his voice.

RATSKI

One more thing. Don't kill him, Detective. He's no use to us dead.

DYSON

Don't kill him? I don't kill people, Ratski. I leave that to you.

He yanks his arm free and heads into the claws.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Watching Dyson standing between the claws, Ratski turns to the Technicians and nods.

RATSKI

You have the go, gentlemen.

The Technicians set to work, tapping away at high-tech keyboards, each topped by several screens displaying a variety of information: data scrolls, claw integrity, current and travel times and dates, etc.

TECHNICIAN
Claw integrity, 100 percent and
holding.

TECHNICIAN #2
Core temperature is stable.

TECHNICIAN #3
Online in five... four...
three... two... one.

TECHNICIAN #4
Syncing power grab. Three..
two... one.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF EAST LONDON - CONTINUOUS

We see lights suddenly blink and extinguish on every
building in the Whitechapel area.

CLOSER:

- Whitechapel Police Station. Plunged into darkness.
- the Royal London Hospital. Silhouetted against the
night sky.
- Whitechapel Underground Station. Trains come to a
grinding halt.
- a major road junction. A sudden absence of traffic
lights causes vehicles to screech and collide.

INT. WAREHOUSE, COLBART STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dyson's whole body begins to shake as a hum of pure
electricity begins to grow. All four claws start to
glow. An automated COUNTDOWN rings out from a speaker
somewhere.

COUNTDOWN
Ten... nine... eight...

INT. CONTROL ROOM, WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Arms folded, Ratski watches the scene intently.

TECHNICIAN
Claw temperatures within parameters.

COUNTDOWN
...six... five...

TECHNICIAN #4
Powerflow at 100 percent.

TECHNICIAN #5
All systems holding.

TECHNICIAN #6
No return reached. All systems are good.

Ratski shoots Dyson a tight nod.

RATSKI
(under breath)
Good luck.

COUNTDOWN
...three... two... one.

INT. WAREHOUSE, COLBART STREET - CONTINUOUS

The whole building shakes. The claws glow bright white as Dyson convulses at their center.

Suddenly, one claw arcs a bolt of white lightning to the next... that shoots one round to the next... which arcs back to the first again.

The circle complete, the claws blast their energy into the center, fully enveloping Dyson.

DYSON (O.S.)
SSSSH --

Everything stops abruptly. The cacophony of pure energy whines away. The claws cool down, hissing as steam rises from them.

Dyson is gone!

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF EAST LONDON - CONTINUOUS

The lights come back on. We begin to spin, heading downward. As we do, the East End goes back in time...

Skyscrapers are deconstructed, modern housing replaced by the pre-war buildings that originally stood, and roads narrow; cobbles replacing tarmac. All at an accelerated rate.

We swoop past Tower Bridge as it's dismantled until only its towers stand in the Thames.

Farther and farther down we go until we see the warehouse, entering through a small hole in the roof.

INT. WAREHOUSE, COLBART STREET - NIGHT

Empty, illuminated only by moonlight. A few rats dart here and there, searching for food. Suddenly, they stop and sniff the air, scuttling away as fast as they can.

A blinding light blooms in the center of the warehouse, depositing Dyson unceremoniously in a heap.

DYSON

-- IIIITTT!

Wide eyes afraid, gulping down huge chunks of air, he lays there for a moment. Ratski's voice reminds him:

RATSKI (O.S.)

Mark an X or something on the floor.
You'll suffer some disorientation when
you get there, the chalk is just for you
to remember where exactly you arrived.

Dyson pulls himself up onto his knees, dragging the chalk from his pocket and marking a shaky X on the floor.

He climbs to his feet. Stumbles toward the door, dragging the bag after him. But --

DYSON

It's locked!

He struggles over to the big double doors. Finds them locked too.

DYSON

All this way and I'm locked in.

He wobbles over to the nearest window, unlatches it and heaves. The window rattles up.

Poking his head tentatively through, Dyson takes a deep breath, instantly gagging at the stench of Victorian London and banging his head on the window.

DYSON

Jesus Christ!

He pushes away the nausea. Climbs through the opening.

EXT. COLBART STREET, WHITECHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP: as monumental as Armstrong's moon landing, Dyson's booted feet touch down on Victorian cobbles.

Dyson slides down the window gently. Takes his first steps in a new world. He stops, listening to the distant sound of drunken laughter and barking dogs, as a cautious smile blooms.

DYSON

Bloody thing worked. I'm here!

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET, WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT

Through throngs of destitute, desperate people, Dyson wanders the streets. Sickened by what he sees.

- children play in the gutter.

- their parents sleeping on the sidewalk.

- an old woman picks over the remains of a dead cat, laughing hysterically.

- a naked MAN rocks on his haunches, asking anyone that will listen:

MAN

Have you seen my mother?

Dyson watches him pitifully. He looks up at the rundown facade of 'The Ten Bells' public house, just as a drunk comes flying out of the doors. Crashes into a heap.

Dyson shakes his head and pulls out a cheap pocket watch. Checks the time.

Across the street, a heavily-set UNDESIRABLE kicks a shoeless OLD MAN asleep on the sidewalk. Gestures to Dyson.

UNDESIRABLE

On your plates, Bert. Dinner.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET (FARTHER), WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT

Dodging a line of Hansom cabs, Dyson dashes across the cobbles. He looks up at a shabby three storey building. A sign in one dirty window reads 'LODGING'.

Dyson reaches out to knock, but a voice disturbs him from behind.

OLD MAN

Might I be so bold as to enquire the time?

Dyson turns to the Old Man. He cracks a toothless smile, toying humbly with the cap between his hands.

DYSON

Yeah...

He pulls the watch from his jacket pocket.

DYSON

It's nearly nine.

OLD MAN

Nice watch you have there, sir.

Dyson eyes him suspiciously.

DYSON

Is it? Look, I'll save you the trouble, Grandad. I know how this works. There's no way you're taking this watch from me.

UNDESIRABLE (O.S.)

That go for me too, guv'nor?

Dyson spins. The Undesirable towers above him. He grabs Dyson's shoulder and thrusts a blade right into his gut before he can react. Dyson drops to his knees.

The Undesirable cackles like a madman. Grabs the watch. He pushes Dyson down into a heap. Then they really set to work on him.

The Old Man tugs the carpet bag from Dyson's pathetic grasp as the Undesirable swipes his cap and rifles through his pockets.

UNDESIRABLE

C'mon! Scarper before the law shows up!

They tear off, but the Old Man stops. Glances down at his filthy bare feet. He looks back, eyes twinkling.

The Old Man rushes back. Unties the laces of Dyson's boots. Dyson looks at him with begging eyes, muttering silently. But the words come from Ratski.

RATSKI (O.S.)

...there's a small tracking device in the heel of one of your boots.

DYSON
(weakly)
Please...

The Old Man pushes Dyson's head back to the sidewalk...

OLD MAN
See you in hell, chum.

...and scuttles off.

Dyson pleads for help with trembling, outstretched arms. But people just pass the everyday criminal occurrence without even a second glance.

INT. EISENHOWER SUITE, DORCHESTER HOTEL - NIGHT

Ratski lied. The President is still in the UK.

And he looks considerably frailer than when we last saw him. He sits huddled on the sofa, as alone and lost as Dyson is 130 years away, the oxygen mask permanently affixed to his face.

Suddenly, he explodes in a convulsive coughing fit and slips off the sofa onto the floor. Struggling to breathe, his eyes flutter shut...

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The eyes that open are Sarah's.

She sits hunched over her desk. Exhausted, alone in the darkened office. Lightning flashes at the windows. She stares at a computer monitor, not quite believing what she sees.

SARAH
This is serious shit.

She jumps out of her skin as Detective Constable DEBBIE SHAW, 20's, grabs her from behind.

DEBBIE
What is?

She's a joker. Pretty, a little overweight, but with balls bigger than any male counterpart.

SARAH
Jesus Christ! You trying to give me a heart attack?

DEBBIE
I have the stealth of a panther, the
cunning of a fox --

SARAH
And the brain of a donkey.

Debbie grins. Drops into the seat opposite Sarah.

DEBBIE
What's up?

SARAH
(unsure)
Nothing.

Debbie turns Sarah's desk lamp into her face.

DEBBIE
Ve hav vays of making you talk!

Sarah smiles lethargically. Looks puzzled.

SARAH
Okay. Something's going on here.

She waves several sheets of paper at her.

SARAH
This is the ballistics report on the
shell case from the Dennis and
Richards' shooting last night.

DEBBIE
Yeah.

SARAH
So all bullet cases can be traced by
their head stamp, right?

DEBBIE
I did read 'Ballistics for Dummies'.

SARAH
Sorry...

She leans across the desk to Debbie, speaking in hushed tones.

SARAH
So, John gets that suit turn up today,
the rumor being the guy was a Yank.
(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

They disappear off together for a couple of hours, then he develops a sudden reluctance to investigate the shooting.

DEBBIE

He did?

SARAH

Yeah. I mean, that's strange enough. That's not John. Soooo, I did some digging.

DEBBIE

Like the nosy cow you are.

SARAH

I'm a woman, it's our God-given right to be nosy. Anyway, the Yank signed in as a Special Agent Michael Ackerman. FBI. Based at the embassy here in London.

She clicks at a mouse on the desk.

SARAH

This is him entering the station.

Debbie looks over at the screen to where several black and white stills show Ratski approaching the station's front desk.

DEBBIE

Yeah, I saw him.

SARAH

But...

She types away at the computer keyboard.

The screen pops up with an internet browser, which quickly changes to the FBI website.

Sarah makes several clicks with the mouse and the screen changes to reveal 'WELCOME TO THE FBI LONDON FIELD OFFICE'.

SARAH

When you do this...

A couple more clicks and the screen changes again. A banner reads 'MEET OUR AGENTS'. Sarah clicks one last time and the screen changes...

SARAH

You get this.

...to reveal a smiling, middle-aged black man. The name below says --

DEBBIE

Special Agent Michael Ackerman?

SARAH

(nods)

Michael Ackerman. Born and raised in Houston, Texas. Joined the FBI in '95, blah, blah, blah... Somebody didn't research their bullshit too carefully because --

DEBBIE

(sings)

The real Ackerman is a lot blacker, man.

She chuckles at her quip. Adopts a more serious look.

SARAH

Oh, it gets weirder.

She waves the ballistics report again.

SARAH

According to the head stamp of the case we picked up, that shell was part of a massive consignment shipped a couple of years ago. And who d'you think bought them?

Debbie shakes her head and leans closer still.

DEBBIE

Go on.

SARAH

The United States Defense Department.

DEBBIE

Jesus. That's heavy shit. So what you gonna do?

Sarah stares at Michael Ackerman for a beat.

SARAH

I really don't know.

INT. SMALL ROOM, WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT

Blurred focus shifts slowly to clarity...

Laying on a single bed, a bearded Dyson, his hair much longer, rubs his eyes and looks about the room.

Peeling paint and paper. A fire crackles in a grate at the foot of the bed, giving the room its only light. Dirty muslin hangs in two windows. Between them, a small table holds his neatly folded clothes.

Dyson's brows furrow; the obvious look of recognition battling with intense confusion.

DYSON

(weakly)

What is... I've seen this...

He tries to sit up for a better perspective, but yelps with pain. He pulls back a single blanket to find he's naked, except for a neatly applied bandage around his gut.

He looks back, at a cheap print above the bed of a knight resplendent in armor.

DYSON

I know this room! But that's --

The door creaks opens. The fire weakly illuminates a woman. As she enters the flames redden on a beautiful face. She smiles down at Dyson, speaking in a soft Irish tone.

WOMAN

And how's my patient today?

She sits on the edge of the bed. Removes her bonnet. Deep auburn hair cascades down her shoulders.

DYSON

Where am --

WOMAN

Your dressing needs --

Beat. They laugh awkwardly. Exchange nervous glances.

DYSON

Ladies first.

WOMAN

Thank you. I'll have to check your dressing again soon, Mr...

DYSON

Dyson. John Dyson.

He holds out a weak hand. The woman takes it with a smile.

WOMAN

Then I'm very pleased to finally meet you, Mr. Dyson. My name's Mary. Mary Jane Kelly.

Dyson snatches back his hand. His instantly horrified face floods with sweat.

Jesus fucking Christ!

Prostitute MARY JANE KELLY, the vivacious, 24 year-old final victim of Jack the Ripper, stares bewildered at him.

WOMAN/MARY

Whatever is the matter, Mr. Dyson?

Dyson doesn't answer. He can't even bring himself to look at her. She stands, tossing her bonnet down on top of his clothes.

MARY

I would have thought you'd be a little more grateful. I did save your life after all.

She looks down at him. Dyson doesn't reciprocate.

MARY

You'd been rolled. They took everything. Went through you like a dose I'd imagine. I could've left you to die.

DYSON

Then you should've. You should've done that. Or taken me to the -- why didn't you just take me to the hospital?

Scratching the irritating beard, he risks a peek at her.

She is absolutely beautiful. Too beautiful to lead the desperate life that she does, in such a wretched place.

MARY

And let those drunken butchers loose
on you? I think not. My father taught
me some nursing when I was a wee girl.

And then the beard registers. Dyson sits bolt upright,
ignoring the pain.

DYSON

How long have... What's the date?

MARY

Pardon me?

DYSON

The date? How long have I been here?
What's the date?

MARY

Why, it's the 30th.

DYSON

Of September?!

MARY

The fever had you. You've been in and out
of consciousness for nearly a month. Your
wound became infected, I had --

Dyson jumps out of bed. His legs instantly buckle and he
collapses to the floor.

MARY

What on earth! Get back in --

DYSON

I've missed two!

MARY

Two what?

DYSON

And the next two are...
(under breath)
...tonight. The Double Event.
(to Mary)
I have to go.

He pulls himself back up, grabbing his clothes. Begins to
dress.

DYSON

What's the time?

MARY

Get back in bed. You're too weak --

DYSON

What is the time?!

Mary scowls at him. Stamps a foot.

MARY

Why, you're very rude, Mr. --

DYSON

Please? Please can you just tell me
the --

MARY

Midnight! I passed by the Bells at
midnight. It must be just after.

Dyson pulls on his shirt. It's still stained with his
faded blood.

MARY

I tried to wash that off, but it --

DYSON

Doesn't matter. I've gotta go.

MARY

You know you'll probably die?

Dyson ignores her concerns. Buttons up his jacket to
conceal the bloodstains. He begins to search the room
for --

DYSON

My boots? Where are my boots?

MARY

You didn't have any boots. They must
have taken them.

DYSON

What?!

He looks down at his woollen socks.

DYSON

Oh, this just keeps getting better.

He shuffles to the door. Doesn't dare look back at
Mary.

DYSON

Thank you.

MARY

Wait! Here...

Dyson turns to find her holding out a pair of scuffed black boots.

MARY

They belonged to a... gentleman friend. Probably a bit tight for you, but... well, they're all I've got.

Their eyes finally meet. She smiles at him, he at her, until Dyson snatches the boots. He forces them on and leaves the room without another word.

EXT. BERNER STREET, WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT

Through thickening fog, we look down from the road sign on a wall. Dyson staggers into view. He looks around and secretes himself in a shadowy alcove.

Minutes drag. Dyson shakes with intense pain. He swipes another wave of sweat from his face, his breath coming in ragged spurts. He freezes. Listens...

A woman's uneven footsteps begin to echo. Growing louder with each step.

Dyson holds his breath. This is it. History in the making.

Prostitute ELIZABETH STRIDE, 44, Jack the Ripper's third victim, staggers from the fog. Obviously very drunk, the haggard, stick-thin woman clings to a wall for support.

Dyson winces. Feels his wound. His fingers covered with thick blood. He pushes back the pain.

Stride launches herself onward until she stops outside a set of open double gates. A sign on the wall reads 'DUTFIELD'S YARD'. A black cat begins to prowl toward her.

STRIDE

'ere, puss. 'ere, puss.

The cat stops. Looks up at her. It begins to weave itself between her legs.

STRIDE

My, what a lovely little thing you
are.

The cat stops and hisses. Not at her, but in the direction of fresh footsteps. The heavy fall of a man this time.

Dyson watches from his vantage point as the cat dashes away in the opposite direction.

A large, muscular shape emerges from the fog.

Dressed similarly shabby to Dyson, and sporting a thick moustache, he makes his way toward Stride, never taking his hawk-like eyes from her.

She welcomes him with a smile as a clock somewhere strikes one o'clock: the time of her death. Stride says something unheard. The man doesn't reply, coming to a stand inches from her.

DYSON

(whispers)

Who are you, Jack?

The man, THE RIPPER, moves behind Stride and begins to massage her bony shoulders. She smiles, whispering to him. He says something muffled in replay.

DYSON

What are you saying?

Stride's expression suddenly changes. She shakes her head.

STRIDE

No!

She stumbles away, the Ripper catching her before she hits the ground. He begins to spit rapid, whispered words at her. Stride shakes her head again.

Then two things happen simultaneously:

- the Ripper's face clouds with intense anger. His eyes seem to glow with rage. He throws Stride down on the cobbles.

- and out of the fog another man enters the scene. A Hungarian immigrant and probably the best witness the police ever had in 1888.

DYSON

Israel Schwartz.

Timid as the proverbial mouse, ISRAEL SCHWARTZ crosses the street on seeing the developing row. He gives the Ripper a long, horrified look and hurries on.

A cop his whole life, Dyson knows the look instantly.

DYSON

You know him!

Schwartz sees Dyson and crosses back to the center of the street. Scuttles away.

And now the Ripper notices Schwartz. He watches him until the fog swallows him, then turns back to Stride. Cries out to her in what sounds to be heavy eastern European.

THE RIPPER

Lizzie!

Dyson returns to the Ripper and Stride... but slowly turns to where Schwartz vanished. His brows furrow as he tries to fathom out what the hell's happening, babbling quietly to himself.

DYSON

Schwartz tells the police he doesn't know Jack... but he does. He does. He knows him. I know that. So why... why lie to the police?

(beat)

If you tell them you know him... and they arrest him... then there is no mystery. There is no Jack the Ripper!

He drags blistering sweat from tortured features.

DYSON

But you don't tell the... Why don't you tell the police? If you did tell them... what happens to me? What happens to me here?

He turns even paler at consequences he can't even begin to comprehend. He gives the Ripper and Stride one last look before slipping away unnoticed after Schwartz.

On her knees, facing into the street, Stride screams. The Ripper positions himself behind her and pulls a long, sharp knife from within his jacket.

Dyson hears another weak scream as he charges drunkenly after Schwartz.

Elizabeth Stride is dead.

EXT. ELLEN STREET, WHITECHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

Schwartz stops to catch his breath.

Suddenly, Dyson charges into him, knocking him flying into the wall of a tiny cottage and grabbing his collars. He's drenched in blood, delirious and fighting hard to stay conscious.

DYSON

Listen-listen to me!

The little man cowers away. Plainly terrified.

SCHWARTZ

I know nothing! Please no kill me!

DYSON

You know him, don't you? I know that look! You know him. Who-who is he?

Feeling his legs buckling, Dyson tightens his grip on Schwartz, more for support than to threaten.

SCHWARTZ

I no know his name, but I know where he lives. I see him.

DYSON

Where?

SCHWARTZ

Cannon Place, number nine. A lodging house. I stay there until several weeks past.

Holding back the pain, Dyson leans against the wall, taking one hand off Schwartz's collars.

SCHWARTZ

Are you a policeman, sir?

Dyson manages a painful nod.

SCHWARTZ

You are ill. You are dying.

Exploding in a coughing fit of laughter, Dyson releases Schwartz. Slips down the wall.

Schwartz watches him nervously, in two minds whether to stay or flee.

DYSON

Listen to... listen to me. A detective will... come-come and speak to you. Detective Inspector Frederick Abberline. Remember his name! He's in charge of the... the investigation. Never tell him you met me.

SCHWARTZ

But why?

DYSON

Tell him you saw the man and woman arguing... and then you... you saw me... and-and... I followed you... but I lost you. You understand?

Schwartz clearly doesn't. He shakes his head.

SCHWARTZ

Why I lie to another policeman?

DYSON

I don't... I don't know. Because I think I might be trapped here if you don't.

SCHWARTZ

Here? You do not make sense --

Dyson lashes out. Grabs his jacket and pulls him down. Inches from his face.

DYSON

You do what I say! Because if you don't, Israel Schwartz, I'll... I will find you and... I will kill you!

Schwartz gasps and staggers back.

SCHWARTZ

How do you know my name?!

DYSON

I know more than that. I know where you live, where you work. I know everything about you. So, you tell... you tell Abberline...

(MORE)

DYSON (CONT'D)

I followed you... but... but lost you.
Do you understand?

SCHWARTZ

You follow me, but you lose me. Yes, I understand. Please don't --

DYSON

Good! Now... get out of here!

Schwartz watches him for a beat as he begins to mumble incoherently to himself.

DYSON

I can't... I don't need to go to...
the... the next murder. Catherine
Eddowes. I know where... where you
are, Jack.

Schwartz has seen enough. He takes off, running for his life.

Dyson clenches the reopened knife wound, his hands awash with blood. He begins to laugh, perspiration pouring from his bleached face.

He rolls onto his back. Looks up at the stars; bright and unpolluted by modern city lighting.

Breath struggling, Dyson begins to slur weakly to an imaginary Ripper.

DYSON

I... I made you what you are, Jack. I did. If-if Schwartz had told Abberline everything... they would've got you.
You... would've... hung. I made you a legend... by... by stopping Schwartz.
(beat)

But now... now I know where you are.
I'll get you, you piece of shit. Take you home.

A wave of remorse washes over his pained features.

DYSON

After... after you've killed Mary.

INT. EISENHOWER SUITE, DORCHESTER HOTEL - NIGHT

The President sits on the edge of the sofa, oxygen mask held in place.

He watches the clock on the wall with impatient eyes, turning the cell phone over and over in his hand until he can't take it any longer.

The President livens up the cell phone and dials.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Under Ratski's watchful gaze, Technicians perform a variety of equipment checks.

Ratski's cell phone begins to ring, playing the instantly recognizable chorus from Petula Clark's 'Downtown'. It's a strange choice of ringtone for such a ball breaker.

Ratski looks at the display. Almost rolls his eyes.

RATSKI

(into phone)

Mr. President.

(beat)

No, nothing yet. He's been gone less than 30 minutes.

(beat)

Sir... sir, you need to try and remain calm.

He glances over the quizzical faces of the Technicians. Exits down the steps of the Control Room into the --

WAREHOUSE

Alone, Ratski returns to the call.

RATSKI

(into phone)

Do I think Dyson can pull it off?

His jaw tightens as he elicits a slight gulp. It's a look that tells us there's far more at stake here than just a simple test of their time machine.

RATSKI

(into phone)

Let's hope so, Mr. President.

He pulls the medication bottle from his pocket. Shakes out a pill. Examines it with a shiver of dread before swallowing it down.

RATSKI
Let's hope so.

FADE OUT.