

DRAMA SERIES TITLE

Episode Title And/Or Number

Written by

YOUR NAME

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PALACE OF WONDER

EPISODE ONE

Written by

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1. EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN.DAY -
DAY

WE GO FROM BLACK
SCREEN TO THE CAMERA
SWEEPING ACROSS A
VAST OCEAN.
EVENTUALLY WE COME TO
LAND, A LUSH GREEN
ISLAND WITH A HUGE
PRISON ON IT. THIS IS
A PRISON IN AUSTRALIA
OR TASMANIA. THE
CAMERA TAKES US CLOSER
AND CLOSER IN UNTIL WE
ARE APPROACHING THE
BARS OF A CELL

CUT TO:

2. INT. A SMALL CELL. DAY. -
DAY

A SLOW TRACK FROM CELL WINDOW REVEALS, LYING ON A BUNK **TERRY 'GROWLER' GRIFFIN**, HANDS BEHIND HIS HEAD FULLY AWAKE. WE HEAR FLIES BUZZ AND LOTS OF INSECT NOISE. EVERYTHING IS HOT , STICKY AND CLAMMY. THE CAMERA COMES UP VERY CLOSE TO HIS FACE. SWEAT TRICKLES DOWN UNATTENDED. WE SEE HE IS A THOUSAND MILES AWAY THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED A LONG TIME AGO. WE HEAR OVER THIS SCENE THE AUDIO OF A YOUNG BOY PLEADING AND FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE. IT IS THE AUDIO OF A DISTANT MEMORY. SOMETHING THAT GROWLER IS RECALLING FROM HIS CHILDHOOD.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEMAN STREET POLICE
STATION - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF
LEMAN STREET STATION.
IT IS 1888.

CUT TO:

3. INT. LEMAN STREET POLICE
STATION. DAY-

WE ARE IN A BUSTLING,
NOISY POLICE STATION
WE PICK UP AND FOLLOW
A **YOUNG CONSTABLE** AS
HE WALKS DOWN A
CORRIDOR. HE STOPS AT
THE DOOR OF **INSPECTOR**
SAMUEL TRIMP AND
KNOCKS. RECEIVING NO
REPLY HE CLEARS HIS
THROAT NERVOUSLY AND
ENTERS.

CUT TO:

4. INT. SAMUEL TRIMPS
OFFICE. DAY-

SITTING AT HIS DESK WE
SEE **INSPECTOR SAMUEL
TRIMP**. HE IS LEANT
FORWARD HANDS STEEPLD
IN A PRAYER POSITION
THE TIPS OF HIS LEFT
AND RIGHT INDEX
FINGERS GENTLY RUBBING
HIS NOSTRILS. HE
DOESN'T ACKNOWLEDGE IN
ANY WAY THE
CONSTABLE. HE IS TOO
LOST IN A LONG DISTANT
MEMORY. WE HEAR THE
SAME THING GROWLER WAS
HEARING WHICH IS A
YOUNG BOY DESPERATELY
FIGHTING AND PLEADING
FOR HIS LIFE

YOUNG CONSTABLE

Sir

(he places
the file on
the desk)

TRIMP IS COMPLETELY
UNAWARE OF THE
PRESENCE OF THE
CONSTABLE WHO LEAVES
WITHOUT CEREMONY. THE
CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE
ON TRIMP.

THE MEMORY IS THE SAME
AS GROWLER'S . FADE TO
BLACK.

CUT TO:

5. INT. THE WORKHOUSE
CORRIDOR .DAY- - DAY

IN BLACK OUT WE CAN
STILL HEAR THE AUDIO
OF THE BOY STRUGGLING
AND PLEADING FOR HIS
LIFE.

THE LIGHTS COME UP TO
REVEAL A YOUNG
THIRTEEN YEAR OLD
TRIMP AGITATED,
LISTENING AT THE DOOR.

FROM WITHIN WE HEAR
THE CRIES OF THE YOUNG
BOY. IT WOULD BE NICE
IF THE SOUND TRACK
HEARD BY THE TWO MEN
EARLIER JUST CONTINUES
INTO THIS SCENE.

TRIMP REMOVES A SHARP
KNIFE FROM HIS POCKET
ALMOST AS IF TO CHECK
IT IS STILL ABOUT HIS
PERSON AND TO GIVE
HIMSELF COURAGE. HE
PUTS IT DOWN THE BACK
OF HIS PANTS.

TAKING A DEEP BREATH
HE SLOWLY ENTERS THE
ROOM.

CUT TO:

6. INT. WORKHOUSE BATHROOM
.DAY

JERRY SHELDRAKE, A BIGGER BOY AND VICIOUS BULLY IS HOLDING THE YOUNG GROWLER OVER A BATH. HE HAS PUSHED GROWLER'S HEAD BELOW THE SURFACE.

HIS OTHER HAND IS STRUGGLING TO REMOVE GROWLER'S BREECHES.

HIS INTENTION IS TO RAPE GROWLER. HE SEES TRIMP

SHELDRAKE

HIS FACE A MASK OF LUST AND RAGE

Trimp! Your next. Come here and hold him down.

TRIMP MOVES SLOWLY OVER TO SHELDRAKE.

GROWLER IS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE, AND LOSING, HEAD UNDER THE WATER.

SHELDRAKE HAS MANAGED TO LOOSEN GROWLER'S BREECHES AND IS NOW STRUGGLING WITH HIS OWN

SHELDRAKE

Come on! Come on!

TRIMP, HIS MIND MADE
UP MOVES SWIFTLY OVER
TO SHELDRAKE.

HE REMOVES THE BLADE
AND IN ONE CONTINUOUS
MOVEMENT STEPS UP TO
SHELDRAKE, REACHES UP
FROM BEHIND AND CUTS
HIS THROAT.

SHELDRAKE RELEASES
GROWLER PUTTING HIS
HANDS TO HIS THROAT.

HIS FACE REGISTERS
SURPRISE AND THEN
SHOCK AS BLOOD POURS
THROUGH HIS FINGERS.

GROWLER PULLS HIMSELF
CLEAR AND STARTS
GASPING FOR AIR.

TRIMP GRABS GROWLERS
COLLAR AND YANKS HIM
OUT OF THE WAY IN
ORDER TO PUSH
SHELDRAKE INTO THE
BATH.

THROUGH HIS GASPS
GROWLER WATCHES THE
BATH WATER TURN RED

GROWLER

You've killed him

TRIMP

COOL AND IN COMPLETE
CONTROL

It was him or you. Give me a
hand.

THEY MOVE QUICKLY
REMOVING HIS BOOTS AND
CLOTHES . TRIMP TAKES
THE KNIFE AND PLACES
IT IN SHELDRAKES HAND.

GROWLER

What are you doing?

TRIMP

Suggesting suicide

GROWLER

Cutting his own throat?

TRIMP

Look, I'm not taking the
long drop for Sheldrake. We
heard nothing. We saw
nothing. It's Sheldrake ,
people will be happy enough
to draw their own
conclusions. Would you
rather I'd let him rape and
kill you?

GROWLER

No.....(still not sure) No.

TRIMP

You can thank me later.
You're obviously still in
shock.

CUT TO:

7. INT. A FIELD HOSPITAL
TENT ON A NAMELESS BATTLE
FIELD. DAY.

OUTSIDE A BATTLE
RAGES, SHOUTS,
SCREAMS, CANNONS BOOM
AND THE WHIZZING SOUND
OF AIRBOURNE MUSKET
AND CANNON BALLS.

INSIDE WE SEE MEN ON
STRETCHERS. SOME ARE
DEAD, SOME MOAN IN
PAIN,

MAYBE WE SEE SOME
ACTIVITY OF SOLDIERS
COMING AND GOING WITH
MORE WOUNDED.

WE SEE **FRANCES**
TUMBLETY DRESSED IN
MILITARY TUNIC,
RESPLENDENT WITH FINE
MOUSTACHE WORKING ON
AN **INJURED SOLDIER.**

HE IS UP TO THE ELBOWS
IN BLOOD.

THE INJURED SOLDIER IS
IN GREAT PAIN.

TUMBLETY IS SHUSHING
HIM IN A COMFORTING
WAY AS THOUGH HE WAS A
BABY.

NO ONE KNOWS THAT
TUMBLETY IS NOT A
DOCTOR AT ALL.

JUST A QUACK

TUMBLETY

Shh now, shh you're fine my
lad....you're Gonna be fine.

SOLDIER

Please....The
Pain....Please. Oh mother!

THIS TOUCHES A RAW
NERVE WITH TUMBLETY.

TUMBLETY

Hush now, your momma ain't
here. I'm your momma now.

HE PUTS HIS HAND TO
THE FOREHEAD OF THE
SOLDIER AS THOUGH
FEELING HIS
TEMPERATURE

TENDERLY HE BRUSHES
HIS FINGERTIPS DOWN
THE YOUNG BOYS CHEEKS
AS THOUGH HE WERE A
LOVER.

WITH A SHIFTY GLANCE
ROUND TO CHECK THERE
IS NO ONE WHO CAN SEE
THEM HE STARTS TO
THROTTLE THE BOY.

WHAT LITTLE FIGHT THE
WOUNDED SOLDIER HAD
LEFT SOON DESERTS HIM.

TUMBLETY'S FACE IS ONE
OF PURE BLISS. KILLING
THIS BOY HAS GIVEN HIM
GREAT PLEASURE.

HE LOOKS AT THE DEAD
BOYS HANDSOME FACE,
LEANS IN AND EVER SO
GENTLY GIVES HIM A
KISS ON THE LIPS.

HE SIGHS A SHUDDER OF
DELIGHT.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PALACE OF WONDER.
DAY

WE ARE LOOKING ON
STAGE AT THE PALACE
OF WONDER AS THOUGH WE
ARE IN THE AUDITORIUM.

IT IS LIT BY GAS
LIGHTS AT THE FOOT OF
THE STAGE CREATING A
GREAT ATMOSPHERE.

WE ARE WATCHING **BERT**
THE BOLTON CLOG DANCER
COMING TO THE END OF
HIS ACT.

STAN GARRIDEB ON THE
PIANO, ENDS WITH A
GREAT FLOURISH.

BERT IS OLD AND NOW
WELL KNACKERED.

BERT

BREATHLESS
Any chance of a little
snifter Stan?

STAN

Not til after we've opened
Bert. When we are up an'
running yer can drink yersen
ter death....Gladly.

SOTTO VOCE
Shouldn't take too long

BERT

Are you sure you're ready
Stanley?

STAN

Ready as I'll ever be.

HE LOOKS AT BERT
You're not convinced?

BERT

S'not for me to say Stanley.

STAN

But if it were?

BERT

I'd say you need an headline
act Stan. A show stopper.
Something that has the crowd
buzzing when they leave the
theatre.

STAN

Thanks Bert. I'll bear that
in mind. Now....Once more
from the top with feeling?

STAN STARTS TO PLAY AN
INTRO

BERT

MUTTERING
Me an' my big bleedin' mouth

AMAZING THAT THIS
KNACKERED OLD MAN,
PROFESSIONAL TO THE
LAST SUDDENLY SWITCHES
ON, BURSTS INTO LIFE
AND STARTS HIS COMIC
PATTER/SONG

CUT TO:

INT. A PUB IN THE WEST END
OF LONDON. NIGHT-

IT'S BUSY, IT'S
BUSTLING. THERE'S A
CRACKING ATMOSPHERE.
WE HEAR A PIANO
BANGING OUT A SING
ALONG SONG. IT'S
OBVIOUSLY TOWARDS THE
END OF THE EVENING AS
PEOPLE ARE DRUNK AND
MERRY AND SINGING
ALONG.

AS THE CAMERA PANS
ACROSS WE GET A
GLIMPSE OF A CIRCULAR
PINNED TO A COLUMN
AMONGST OTHER NOTICES.
WE DON'T NEED TO
LINGER ON IT BUT WE
SEE ENOUGH OF IT TO
READ 'ACTS WANTED FOR
A NEW EAST END MUSIC
HALL.'

EVENTUALLY WE GET TO
THE SOURCE OF THE
MUSIC. IT IS **TERRY**
'GROWLER' GRIFFIN. HE
IS IN HIS ELEMENT
ENCOURAGING ALL THE
SINGERS WHO ARE
CROWDING ROUND THE
PIANO. TO CHEERS AND
RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE HE
BRINGS THE SONG TO AN
END.

THANKING EVERYBODY HE
FIGHTS HIS WAY
THROUGH TO THE BAR IN
SEARCH OF SOME MUCH
NEEDED REFRESHMENT.

BELLE

ALREADY POURED A PINT SHE
PLACES IT ON THE BAR

You know how to work a crowd
Growler, I'll give you that.

GROWLER

I'd rather yer give me
summat else pet.

GULPS THREE QUARTERS OF THE
PINT THIRSTILY. BELLE STARTS
POURING ANOTHER

It's just a bit of fun girl,
is all it is.

BELLE

Don't give me any o' that
bashful modesty. You're good
and you know it.

GROWLER

(WITH A SHRUG AND A SMILE)

If you insist...

HE LEANS IN TO GIVE
HER A LITTLE KISS. SHE
IS SORELY TEMPTED BUT
PUSHES HIM BACK
PLAYFULLY

BELLE

Now now Mr Griffin, that way
lies only trouble.

GROWLER

You can't blame a man for
trying

HE PICKS UP THE SECOND
PINT AND STARTS TO
DRINK

BELLE

Seriously though Terry, you
should try out for the Music
Hall

GROWLER

Sure. I'll start tomorrow.
It's as easy as that.

BELLE

Funny you should say that.
There was a swell in last
week looking for talent. He
left these.

SHE SLAPS A CIRCULAR
ALMOST TRIUMPHANTLY ON
THE BAR. GROWLER READS
NONCHALANTLY, IT'S
THE SAME FLYER WE SAW
EARLIER PINNED TO THE
COLUMN SO WE DON'T
NEED TO READ IT

BELLE (CONT'D)

Well...Whad 'ya think?

GROWLER

Interesting Belle

HE FOLDS AND POCKETS
THE CIRCULAR

Could be a nice little
earner for the
foreseeable...

CUT TO:

EXT. DORSET STREET -EAST END
OF LONDON- DUSK

THE CAMERA STARTS ON HIGH AND SWOOPS DOWN AND THROUGH THE EAST END OF LONDON. IT'S BUSY, BUSTLING...AND CLICHED. LOT'S OF GNARLED FACES, STALLHOLDERS SHOUTING THEIR WARES ETC.

IT'S GLOOMY AND THERE IS GOING TO BE A BIG STORM. WE HEAR THE ODD RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

WE PICK UP FROM TWENTY METRE'S OR SO A SMALL DAPPER FIGURE EMERGE FROM A BUILDING. WE CAN MAKE OUT A SIGN ABOVE THE DOORS THAT SAYS 'THE PALACE OF WONDER'. THIS IS **STANLEY GARRIDEB**. SMALL AND NEAT, HIS ATTIRE SETS HIM APART FROM THOSE AROUND HIM. HE'S A BIT OF A DANDY WITH A TOP HAT AT A RAKISH ANGLE, A SUIT THAT LOOKS DARK AND VELVETY COMPLETE WITH WAIST COAT AND WATCH FOB.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY
SNEAKS UP ON HIM AS HE
GOES ABOUT HIS
BUSINESS LOCKING THE
DOORS. THERE'S ABOUT
THREE LOCKS AND A
CHAIN.

BY THE TIME HE'S DONE
,THE CAMERA IS IN
CLOSE. HE SQUINTS UP
AT THE DARK AND
BROODING SKY AND FEARS
THE WORSE.

STAN

God damn it!

HE HAS JUST REALISED
HE REALLY NEEDS A
PISS.

HE SETS OFF AND DUCKS
INTO AN ALLEY THAT
RUNS DOWN THE SIDE OF
THE PALACE OF WONDER

LIGHTENING FLASHES
DRAMATICALLY FOLLOWED
BY A HUGE BOOM OF
THUNDER.

IT STARTS TO CHUCK IT
DOWN.

STAN

(CURSING HIS LUCK)
I don't believe it!

HE QUICKLY UNDOES HIS
TROUSERS AND STARTS TO
PISS AGAINST THE WALL.

LOST IN RELIEF HE IS
STARTLED WHEN HE HEARS
A COUGH AND TURNS HIS
HEAD. HE JUMPS A MILE
AND CHOKES BACK A CRY
OF TERROR AS FROM THE
DARKNESS OF THE ALLEY
A HUGE FIGURE EMERGES,
HIS APPEARANCE MADE
MORE DRAMATIC BY
ANOTHER FLASH OF
LIGHTENING AND CLAP OF
THUNDER. THE MAN IS
HUGE AND BALD AND VERY
SCARY LOOKING. STAN
THINKS HIS NUMBER IS
UP. THE GIANT IS
CALLED **JONAH**

JONAH

Mister Garrideb?

HIS VOICE IS SOFT AND
GENTLE AND HE IS VERY
WELL SPOKEN

STAN

Maybe..

THE TWO MEN STARE AT
EACH OTHER. TIME
PASSES.

JONAH

I think you've finished now.

STAN REALISING HE WAS
INTERRUPTED IN THE ACT
OF PISSING LOOKS DOWN,
GIVES HIMSELF A SHAKE
(WE DON'T HAVE TO SEE
THIS) AND PUTS HIMSELF
AWAY

JONAH (CONT)

If you are Mister Garrideb,
I'd like a word if I may. I
won't shake your hand though
if it's all the same to you.

JONAH SMILES. IT IS A
MOST PLEASANT SMILE.
THE SMILE OF A
CHILD.....OR AN IDIOT

STAN

Make it quick.

JONAH

I want to be in show
business

WE SEE HE IS CARRYING
ONE OF STANS
CIRCULAR'S

STAN

Good for you. What do you do
son, juggle cakes?

JONAH

No. Do people really do
that?

STAN

Not in my theatre they don't

JONAH

I sing.

STAN, COMPOSURE
REGAINED LEAVES THE
ALLEY AND STARTS
WALKING DOWN THE
STREET, THE RAIN STILL
FALLS. JONAH TRAILS IN
HIS WAKE AS THE
DIALOGUE CONTINUES

STAN

I've got singers coming out
of my arse son. I've got the
Lambeth Lark, the Stepney
Songbird, the Hackney
Hummers and the Poplar
bleedin' Parrot. They've all
got one thing in common too.

JONAH

CATCHING UP
What's that?

STAN

Titties! And I'm not talking
fat man's paps neither. I'm
talking milk jugs. The
public love 'em

JONAH

But can they sing?

STAN

Who cares?

JONAH

I can sing

STAN

Marvellous!

STAN WALKS ON BUT
JONAH STOPS NOT MAKING
ANY ATTEMPT NOW TO
FOLLOW

JONAH

SINGS

"All things bright and
beautiful, All creatures
great and small, All things
wise and wonderful, The lord
God made them all...."

STAN STOPS DEAD IN HIS
TRACKS MESMERIZED.
HE'S NEVER HEARD
ANYTHING LIKE IT. HE
TURNS AND APPROACHES
JONAH

STAN

You sound like a dolly.
You're not a dolly are you?

JONAH

No sir.

STAN

Hymns don't go down well in
the Music Hall. Can yer do
'The boy I love is up in the
Gallery?'

JONAH

I can do anything

STAN

Prove it.

JONAH

SINGS

"The boy I love is up in the
gallery, the boy I love is
looking now at me, there he
is can't you see, waving his
handkerchief, as merry as a
robin that sings in a tree."

STAN

You sound better than Marie
Lloyd.

STAN STARTS TO WALK.
IT HAS STOPPED
RAINING.

JONAH

I know I do.

STAN

How d'yer do it?

JONAH

I just sing

STAN

Yeh, but how d'yer manage
ter sound like a girly?

JONAH

I'm a

A HUGE CLAP OF THUNDER
DROWNS THE REPLY.

STAN COMES TO A STOP
OUTSIDE MRS EVANS' PUB

.

STAN

Eh?

JONAH

I'm a ...

JONAH PAUSES AS A
DOLLYMOP HURRIES PAST
SHE LOOKS AT JONAH AND
SCUTTLES ON NOT CARING
WHETHER THEY WANT A
GOOD TIME OR NOT

STAN

Well....?

JONAH

I'm a eunuch.

STAN

Yer a gelding? You've lost
yer porker?

JONAH

Shhhh! No, it's the
other....the other things

STAN

Golly. A touch careless.
They're not the sort of
things you just leave
somewhere.

INDICATING THE PUB

Fancy a drink?

JONAH

That'd be nice

CUT TO:

INT. INSPECTOR SAMUEL
TRIMPS OFFICE. DAY-

INSIDE THE CALM SERENE
OFFICE OF **SAMUEL**
TRIMP. CANDLE LIT, A
CLOCK TICKS .

THE CAMERA FINDS
SAMUEL TRIMP AT HIS
DESK.

HE TOO IS SMALL AND
VERY NEAT IN ATTIRE.
HE COULD HAVE BEEN
DESCRIBED AS GOOD
LOOKING HAD HE NOT HAD
SUCH A TOUGH
UPBRINGING. NOW HIS
FACE SHOWS A BROKEN
NOSE NOT RESET AND THE
SCARS OF A FEW GOOD
FIGHTS. TRIMP IS
INTELLIGENT AND
CHARMING BUT MAKE NO
MISTAKE HE IS A
SURVIVOR , RUTHLESS,
AND TOUGH AS OLD
BOOTS.

HE IS AT HIS DESK
GENTLY TRYING TO COAX
OUT A FEW NASAL HAIRS
WITH SILVER TWEEZERS.
HE IS ADDICTED TO THE
SNEEZES THIS INDUCES.

THERE IS A KNOCK ON
THE DOOR AND **SERGEANT**
WARNER ENTERS.

TRIMP

Ah, Warner. Anything to report?

SERGEANT FREDDIE

WARNER, BIG TOUGH AND COMPASSIONATE TAKES A SEAT OPPOSITE TRIMP. HE IS VERY COMFORTABLE IN THE PRESENCE OF TRIMP. THEY WORK WELL TOGETHER, LIKE EACH OTHER AND ARE AN EXCELLENT TEAM

WARNER

Not really Sir, Cells full of drunks, whores dippers and shit sacks. However! I did have an interesting chat yesterday with a Doctor Burley over at Guy's

TRIMP

Oh yes?

WARNER

It seems sir, someone has been hanging about the hospital looking to buy body parts

TRIMP

Body parts. What, arms and legs an' that?

WARNER

No sir. Internal body parts. Female. Uteruses an' such.

TRIMP

Blimey... Is that how you say the plural of uterus sergeant?

WARNER

Couldn't say sir, I've not had call to say the plural of uterus recently

TRIMP

Quite... Quite. Would it be worth police time getting someone to check. I'm curious now.

WARNER

Probably not sir, I'm not sure Abberline would take kindly to it.

TRIMP

I suppose you're right, Do you have a description of the fellow?

WARNER

No. It just came up in conversation when I visited the hospital with the Mrs. It struck me as a bit strange

TRIMP

Indeed. Why would anybody want a uterus?

WARNER

Who can say sir? For some it's bottle tops.

(MORE)

WARNER (cont'd)
For others it's
uterus....uteri....women's
parts.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS EVANS' PUBLIC HOUSE
SPITALFIELDS. EARLY EVENING-

MRS EVANS' PUB IS A
DIVE, FULL OF DABENOS
, JUDIES AND THEIR
CASH CARRIERS, STAN
AND JONAH HAVE FOUND A
TABLE AND ARE HAVING A
DRINK

STAN

This'll give yer tonsils a
work out. Cheers

JONAH

Cheers

THEY DRINK, JONAH
WINCES

JONAH (CONT)

Mmm, nice

STAN

Yeah. Nectar. So, How did it
happen?

JONAH

What?

STAN

Yer plums. How did yer lose
them....If Yer don't mind me
askin'

JONAH

My father

HUGE CLAP OF THUNDER
RATTLES THE WINDOWS
DRAMATICALLY. STAN
WATCHING THE WEATHER
HAS MOMENTARILY LOST
THE THREAD OF THE
CONVERSATION

STAN

Hm? Oh, sorry, yes yer old
man. Do go on.

JONAH

He's in the nut house now

STAN

Thank God for that

JONAH

Yes, probably the best place
for him. Poor soul

STAN

But....Why?

JONAH

He was a choir master and I
was his star singer. The
Sepulchre's Boy's Choir.
Maybe you've heard of us?

STAN

No sorry, I'm Jewish

JONAH

Oh. No matter. Some of my
best friends are Jewish.

STAN

Are they?

JONAH

No. I don't know any. Apart from you that is. Maybe you'll be my friend?

STAN

Who can say? Stranger things have happened. So you were his star singer?

JONAH

Yes.

STAN SIGHS
EXASPERATED. GETTING
INFORMATION FROM JONAH
WAS LIKE SQUEEZING OUT
A TURD AFTER A WEEK OF
MUTTON STEW. HE
MOTIONS WITH A
CIRCULAR MOVEMENT OF
HIS HAND TO PLEASE
MOVE THE SUBJECT ALONG
QUICKER

STAN

And!?

JONAH

He was scared my voice would break. He chopped them off with a cleaver on my twelfth birthday. Said I wouldn't miss what I never got to use.

STAN

Blimey. Happy Birthday to you! Had the shop run out of penny whistles or something. Did it hurt?

JONAH

I should say so. I wouldn't stop bleeding. He got worried. Thought I'd die. He had to take drastic action

STAN

Sounds like he was pretty good at that. What did he do?

JONAH

Cauterised it with a hot poker

STAN

Ouch!

JONAH

Mmm.

STAN

Fancy another drink?

JONAH

No thanks

STAN

Don't blame you. I've tasted better piss

JONAH

Have you?

STAN

Nah. It's just an expression

JONAH SMILES WARMLY

JONAH

I know. I'm just having you
on.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMUEL TRIMPS OFFICE.
DAY-

TRIMP STILL SAT AT THE
DESK. WARNER STILL AT
THE CHAIR

TRIMP

That it then?

WARNER

Yes. Though we did have a
Dollymop drop by yesterday
to report an assault

TRIMP

What? A prostitute came by
the station voluntarily to
report an assault?

WARNER

Yessir

TRIMP

On her, or by her?

WARNER

On her. It was Sergeant
Houghton on duty at the
time. Said she was really
shaken up

TRIMP

Crikey. Considering being
assaulted by a punter is
pretty much part n' parcel
of the transaction it must
'ave been pretty bad for her
to come and report it.

WARNER

According to Houghton, she asked him if he wanted some business, they went down an alley, but try as she might Percy didn't want to play. Suddnely he's turned her round, smashed her head against the wall.

TRIMP

Par for the course so far Freddie. Go on.

WARNER

Well she's almost out cold, next thing he's got a scalpel to her throat and he's whispering in her ear what he's gonna do

TRIMP

Which is?

WARNER

Purely in the name of science apparently

TRIMP

Come again?

WARNER

The girl said he was whispering in her ear that her death would be a noble one. A benefit to the future of mankind.

TRIMP

How did she know it was a scalpel?

WARNER

He made sure she saw it.
What worried her was that Percy was very interested by this stage and truncheon hard

TRIMP

So...

WARNER

...It seems the more violent he became the more it turned him on

TRIMP

Hmm. I think we need to talk to this girl. Are we familiar with her Warner?

WARNER

Yeh. She's known to us. Martha Tabram. Lives in lodgings in George Yard

TRIMP

Right. First thing tomorrow, we'll give her a knock.

WARNER

Why so keen Sir?

TRIMP

We've got a character
hanging round the hospital
looking for women's parts,
and another character
looking to 'carry out
experiments in the name of
science' on prostitutes.

WARNER

The same man?

TRIMP

Possibly, Warner. Possibly.
You know how much I hate
coincidences

CUT TO:

INT. MRS EVANS' PUBLIC HOUSE
SPITALFIELDS. EARLY EVENING-

WE REJOIN STAN AND
JONAH AT THE TABLE
TALKING IN MRS EVANS'
PUBLIC HOUSE. PUB IS
VERY BUSY NOW. SITTING
AT AN ADJACENT TABLE
IS **NED SHERKIN**, A
LOCAL N'ER DO WELL AND
HIS GANG OF BLUDGERS

STAN

I think I'm gonna like you!

JONAH

Does that mean you are going
to let me sing?

STAN

SHRUGS. NON COMMITTAL
It's short notice. You'll
need an act

JONAH

An act?

STAN

Yeh, d' yer mind dressing up
as a girl?

JONAH

Do I have to?

STAN

It'd help

JONAH

SIGHS

Fine

STAN

Good!

THEY RISE AND SHAKE
HANDS

Meet me at the theatre eight
o'clock tomorrow morning.
We've got our work cut out

JONAH

I won't let you down Mr.
Garrideb

STAN

Call me Stan

JONAH TURNS TO LEAVE
AND KNOCKS THE BACK OF
NED SHERKIN'S HEAD
JUST AS HE WAS RAISING
A PINT TO HIS LIPS.
SHERKIN DOES WELL TO
AVOID SPILLING ANY
PRECIOUS LIQUID BUT IS
NON TOO HAPPY NEVER
THE LESS. HE RISES TO
HIS FEET TURNING TO
FACE JONAH. HE LOOKS
VERY MEAN AND TOUGH.
TYPICAL LONDON FACE.
LIKE JOHN TERRY THE
FOOTBALLER. STAN LOOKS
ON APPREHENSIVE HE
KNOWS SHERKIN AND
KNOWS WHAT'S COMING
NEXT

SHERKIN

Watch it puff guts!

JONAH

Beg pardon sir.

SHERKIN POURS HIS
DRINK ON JONAH'S SHOES
WINKING AT HIS BROTHER
PUNISHER'S .

SHERKIN

You spilled my drink Baldy

JONAH

I think you're mistaken Sir

SHERKIN

You calling me a liar fatty?
You spilled my drink and now
I want to know what you are
gonna do about it...

SHERKIN IS SQUARING UP
TO JONAH AND STAN IS
THINKING MAYBE HE
SHOULD TRY AND STEP IN
WHEN QUICKER THAN ALI
IN HIS PRIME JONAH
SWINGS A MEATY FACE
THAT CONNECTS WITH
SHERKIN'S FACE. HE
DROPS TO THE FLOOR
INSTANTLY OUT COLD

JONAH

Don't be rude to me mister!

HE STAMPS VICIOUSLY A
FEW TIMES ON THE HEAD
OF THE UNCONSCIOUS
SHERKIN BEFORE TURNING
TO STAN AND AFTER A
PAUSE WHERE STAN CAN
SEE THE RED MIST CLEAR
FROM HIS EYES...

JONAH (CONT)

See you tomorrow Stan.

HE LEAVES.

THE PUB, MOMENTARILY
DISTRACTED BY THIS BIT
OF ACTION BUT FAMILIAR
WITH IT ALL THE SAME,
GOES ABOUT THEIR
BUSINESS AGAIN.
SHERKINS CRONIES
SHOCKED AT THE SWIFT
AND BRUTAL ATTACK ON
THEIR LEADER STILL
FIND THEMSELVES
GAWPING AT STAN

STAN

Want me to call him back?

THEY LOOK BACK TO
THEIR PINTS AVOIDING
EYE CONTACT WITH STAN.
THEY'D LOVE TO RIP THE
LITTLE FUCKER'S HEAD
OFF BUT DON'T FANCY
THEIR CHANCES WITH THE
BIG BALD GIANT

STAN DOWNS HIS DRINK
SLAMS DOWN HIS GLASS
AND LEAVES

CUT TO:

INT. TUMBLETY'S LODGINGS -
NIGHT

DR. TUMBLETY COMES INTO THE ROOM. HE IS WEARING A LARGE CLOAK. HE TAKES IT OFF AND SHAKES THE WATER FROM IT. BELOW IT HE IS WEARING A MILITARY TUNIC WITH A CHEST FULL OF MEDALS. HE MOPS RAIN FROM HIS FACE AS HE REACHES IN HIS WAISTCOAT FOR A SET OF KEYS.

HE CROSSES THE ROOM, DRIPPING WATER. HE UNLOCKS A LARGE CABINET AND OPENS IT. HE SMILES.

WE PULL BACK AND SEE INSIDE THE CABINET. IT IS FILLED WITH SPECIMEN JARS OF ORGANS IN LIQUID. WE SEE A FOETUS, UTERUS, LIVER, ETC.

TUMBLETY

Beautiful. Just beautiful.

EXT. SHOP DOORWAY. DAWN

IT IS VERY EARLY THE
NEXT DAY. WE PICK UP
ON **STANLEY GARRIDEB**
LOITERING IN A SHOP
DOORWAY. DESPITE IT
BEING AUGUST THERE IS
A CHILL IN THE AIR AND
STAN HAS HIS COLLAR
UP. HIS DEMEANOR IS
THAT OF SOMEBODY
WAITING.

EVENTUALLY **BESS**
EMERGES FROM AN ALLEY
OPPOSITE.

BESS IS A WHORE. SHE
IS IRISH. PETITE WITH
CROPPED RAVEN BLACK
HAIR, GREEN EYES AND
IRISH COMPLEXION.

ON THE ARM OF A RICH
MAN DRESSED IN THE
FINEST CLOTHES SHE
WOULD BE STUNNING.

SHE HAS KNOWN STAN FOR
A LONG TIME. STAN IS
IN LOVE WITH BESS BUT
WOULD NEVER ADMIT TO
HER HOW HE FEELS

STAN EMERGES FROM THE
DOORWAY AND APPROACHES
HER

BESS
Alright Stan?

STAN

Morning Bess

HE OFFERS HIS ARM AND
SHE THREADS HERS
THROUGH AND THEY BEGIN
TO WALK

BESS

What brings you out so early
then Stanley?

STAN

I was hoping to find you.
D'yer wanna earn some chink?

SHE LEANS AWAY A BIT
IN ORDER TO LOOK UP AT
HIM SURPRISED THAT HE
OF ALL PEOPLE MAY WANT
SOME BUSINESS

BESS

I'm dead on mi feet dear.
You'll have to do all the
work

STAN

EMBARRASSED
Not that sort of work Bess

BESS

Oh. What do I have to do?

STAN

Dance. Tonight. You and a
few others. No funny
business.

BESS

Me. A dancing girl?

STAN

You've got the feet for it

BESS

Yer a charmer Stan. I could go for you so I could

STAN

Thanks. No need. It's business. I've got a sensational new act. I want you to accompany him. You and your friends.

BESS

Friends?

STAN

Yeh. Young 'uns. Pretty 'uns. Not Long Annie though. We don't wanna frighten off the punters

BESS LAUGHS

BESS

She's not that bad

STAN

She's not that good either. I want the best you can find Bess. Bring 'em backstage lunchtime. I'll fix you up some snap and they'll be a thick 'un in it for yer.

BESS

A thick 'un? To share?

STAN

You got yer maths right
Bess.

BESS

And no humping?

STAN

Nope. What you do after the
show's up to you. Do this
right an' you can have yer
pick of the swells in the
audience. We'll make a
toffer out of you yet Bess.

BESS YAWNS

Go on. Get home to yer pit.
Then get the others. No less
than five. Got that?

BESS

Yessir!

STAN

Til lunchtime then. One
sharp. Don't be late.

BESS

Yeh, yeh. I heard you the
first time Stanley. See you
later

SHE LOOKS AT HIM

TRYING TO WORK HIM OUT

Thanks Stan.

STAN

My pleasure.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PALACE - DORSET
STREET - DAY

IT IS RAINING, STAN
HURRIES UP TO THE
ENTRANCE TO THE
PALACE, FUMBLING FOR
HIS KEYS. JONAH IS SAT
ON THE STEPS, SOAKING
WET. HE IS ASLEEP.

STAN NUDGES HIM WITH
HIS FOOT.

STAN

Oi! Wakey wakey!

JONAH CRACKS OPEN AN
EYE THEN IS
IMMEDIATELY AWAKE,
STARTS GETTING TO HIS
FEET

You been here all night?

JONAH

Yes sir, Mr Garrideb. Yes.

STAN

Stan

JONAH

Stan. Sorry Stan. Yes I have

STAN

Why. Have you got nowhere
else to stay?

JONAH

No.

STAN

Why didn't you say something last night?

JONAH

You didn't ask.... And it's not the sort of thing you boast about is it?

STAN

'Spose not

STAN HAS UNLOCKED AND
OPENED THE DOORS BY
NOW

Come on in then. Let's get
you a cup of something.
What's yer poison?

THEY HAVE BOTH ENTERED
THE BUILDING NOW BUT
WE HAVE REMAINED
OUTSIDE WATCHING THEM
ENTER THOUGH WE CAN
HEAR THE REST OF THE
CONVERSATION FROM
WHERE WE ARE

JONAH

You got any milk?

STAN

Milk? What d'yer think this
is. a bloody dairy? you can
have coffee.
(MORE)

STAN (cont'd)

I get it from some feller
down the docks direct from
somewhere or other . They
say it's the best...

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGE YARD. MORNING

A SCRUFFY DIRTY
UNKEMPT YARD. RUBBISH
STREWN AND AN OLD
KNACKERED CART, WHEELS
BROKEN LEANS UP
AGAINST A FAR WALL.
WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN
IT'S A PLACE WHERE
BLUDGERS MEET TO
DISTRIBUTE THEIR ILL
GOTTEN LOOT,
PROSTITUTES TAKE
TRICKS FOR QUICKIES
AND PEOPLE COME TO
PISS.

THERE ARE LODGINGS AT
YARD LEVEL

AND THEN RICKETY
WOODEN STEPS LEAD UP
TO A LANDING WITH
FURTHER HOUSES.

IT IS OUTSIDE ONE OF
THESE THAT WE FIND
TRIMP AND WARNER

TRIMP

Knock again Warner, she
might be a heavy sleeper.

WARNER KNOCKS. A
POLICEMAN'S KNOCK.
THEY WAIT FOR A
RESPONSE.

NOTHING

WARNER

Not in Sir.

TRIMP

Or dead.

WARNER

Shall we...?

HE INDICATES WITH A
SMALL MIME OF THE
SHOULDER BREAKING THE
DOOR DOWN TO HAVE A
LOOK INSIDE

TRIMP

Nah. If she is out she won't
take too kindly to the door
hanging off it's hinges when
she gets back

WARNER

She might be inside and not
answering

TRIMP

Possibly, but I don't think
she'd go to the trouble of
seeking us out only to not
let us in.

WARNER

Dead then?

TRIMP

Then it's tough...Too bloody
late. I can't be bothered
with the paperwork.

WARNER

So, what now sir?

TRIMP

Worse case scenario Warner,
we talk to Sergeant Houghton

CUT TO:

**INT. STANS OFFICE. THE
PALACE OF WONDER. MORNING.**

WE ARE IN STANS OFFICE
AND WE CAN HEAR **STAN
AND JONAH** COMING DOWN
THE CORRIDOR CARRYING
ON THE CONVERSATION
FROM THE EARLIER
SCENE.

JONAH

...I'd prefer a glass of
water

STAN

Water?

JONAH

Yes water.

THE DOOR TO THE OFFICE
OPENS AND THEY ENTER
STAN GOES OVER TO HIS
DESK AND POURS JONAH A
GLASS OF WATER FROM A
JUG

STAN

You hungry?

JONAH SAYS NOTHING
Ok we'll eat in a bit. I've
been thinking about you my
friend

JONAH

What about me?

STAN

What to do with you. You're good with your fists. I could use that. Help keep the rampers in line. Stop any trouble before it happens

JONAH

I'd sooner sing

STAN

Oh you'll do that alright. You're gonna be my headline act Jonah

JONAH

I am?

STAN

Yep. Top top top 'o the Bill! So whadd'ya say. I'll give you a Joey a day?

JONAH

What's that?

STAN

Fourpence

JONAH

And meals?

STAN

You sure you're not Jewish?

JONAH

Yes

STAN

I'm jokin' Jonah. Ain't you heard of irony?

JONAH

The lowest form of humour?

STAN

That's sarcasm. Irony's different.

JONAH

Oh

CUT TO:

INT. THE PALACE OF WONDER.
DAY

WE ARE AMONGST A GROUP
OF DOLLYMOPS ON STAGE.
WE SEE **BESS, FAYE** AND
THREE OF THEIR
FRIENDS. STAN IS AT
THE PIANO WORKING ON
THE MUSIC, PLAYING
SOME NOTES THEN MAKING
CORRECTIONS TO HIS
SCORE. THIS HAS AN
IMPRO, DOCUMENTARY
FEEL TO IT, STAN AT
THE PIANO AND THE
GIRLS TALKING IDLY
AMONGST THEMSELVES.
THEY ARE WAITING FOR
JONAH TO COME BACK
FROM THE SHOPS.

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS HE
SHUFFLES ON FROM ONE
OF THE WINGS AND HIS
LOOMING APPEARANCE
RENDERS THE GIRLS
SILENT. THEY REALLY DO
NOT KNOW WHAT TO MAKE
OF HIM

STAN

Ah, Jonah. Excellent. Come
and meet the girls

THE GIRLS ARE IN NO
HURRY TO APPROACH THE
GIANT. EVENTUALLY **BESS**
AND FAYE WITH A SHOW
OF BRAVADO APPROACH

BESS

Pleased to meet you. I'm
Bess

SHE TENTATIVELY OFFERS
A HAND

HE GENTLY TAKES IT

JONAH

I'm Jonah. Pleased to meet
you

FAYE NOW HAS THE
COURAGE TO APPROACH.

FAYE

And I'm Faye

JONAH

How do you do Faye?

FAYE

(Mock posh) Why I'm fine
thanks you

SHE LOOKS JONAH UP AND
DOWN AND TURNING TO
STAN SAYS WITHOUT
SHAME

'Ere Stan, we don't have
to.....?

JONAH

No....Golly, Miss
No....I....er....don't

FAYE

It's alright dear. I won't hold it against you. Are you a Mandrake then?

JONAH

A what?

FAYE

A bum boy

JONAH

No Miss, I'm not anything.

FAYE

Oh. Right. Fancy that.

STAN INTERRUPTS

STAN

Right Ladies. Cozzies. Get changed in the office. Jonah, you can get changed in the shithouse if yer don't mind.

JONAH

What am I wearing?

STAN

Don't worry, it ain't a dress. Here.

(HE HANDS OVER A BAG
OF CLOTHES)

You'll love it

CUT TO:

EXT. DORSET STREET . DAY

WE ARE WATCHING FROM A
SMALL DISTANCE. THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE
STREET PERHAPS.

TRIMP AND WARNER ARE
WALKING DOWN DORSET
STREET.

AS THEY PASS THE
PALACE OF WONDER THEY
BOTH LOOK UP AT THE
SIGN IN A WAY A LOCAL
WOULD WHEN THEY PASS
SOMETHING NEW IN THEIR
FAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS.

THEY WALK ON FOR ABOUT
ANOTHER TEN PACES
PASSING **TERRY GROWLER
GRIFFIN** WALKING IN THE
OPPOSITE DIRECTION
HEADING TOWARDS THE
PALACE

THEY ARE ALL CAUGHT UP
IN THEIR OWN WORLD AND
DON'T RECOGNISE OR
ACKNOWLEDGE EACH
OTHER. WE LEAVE TRIMP
AND WARNER AND NOW
FOLLOW GROWLER HEADING
FOR THE PALACE.

HE PRACTICALLY
SAUNTERS. A CONFIDENT
ALMOST COCKY GAIT. A
MAN VERY COMFORTABLE
WITH HIMSELF.

HE GETS TO THE MAIN
DOORS OF THE PALACE.

WE SEE HIM GIVE THE
DOORS A TRY. THEY ARE
LOCKED. UNDETERRED HE
CHECKS A POCKET WATCH
THEN GOES DOWN THE
ALLEY TO THE SIDE OF
THE BUILDING LOOKING
FOR A SIDE/STAGE DOOR

CUT TO:

INT. THE PALACE OF WONDER.
DAY

STAN IS AT THE PIANO
PLAYING THE MUSIC TO
THE SONG THE GIRLS AND
JONAH WILL PERFORM
ONCE THEY HAVE
CHANGED. ALTHOUGH STAN
IS PLAYING IT SIMPLY
IT ACTUALLY SOUNDS
REALLY GOOD. A SOFT
ALMOST EERIE MELODY
REDOLENT OF THE EAST.
HE IS AWARE OF A
PRESENCE. A SHADOW
FALLS ACROSS HIM AND
HE TURNS QUICKLY TO
FIND **GROWLER** STANDING
THERE.

STAN
How did you get in?

GROWLER
Side door in the alley.

STAN
Oh. Right.

HE LOOKS GROWLER UP
AND DOWN
Well, sorry chum. No
moochers today. We're
rehearsing.

GROWLER
You the main man?

STAN
Yeah. That's me.

HE TURNS TO THE PIANO
AND CARRIES ON GENTLY
WORKING THROUGH THE
MELODY

GROWLER

So. You introduce all the
acts *and* play the piano?

STAN

If I have to. What's it
gotta do with you?

GROWLER

I'm Growler. Growler
Griffin. I play the piano.

STAN

So...?

GROWLER

Well, if you're the main
man. You could leave all
that piano stuff to me and
concentrate on being the
Main Man

STAN

You any good?

GROWLER

I've heard worse

STAN

Is that all you do. Or have
you got an act as well?

GROWLER

I've got an act as well.

GROWLER HAS BECOME
Distracted as one by
one the girls come on
a little self
conscious in their
costumes.

They look very sexy in
almost see through
material

A bastardised version
of what Stan thinks
girls in a middle
eastern harem would
look like

GROWLER (CONT)

Wow! Now I definitely want
to work here. How d'yer do
ladies? Growlers the name.

BESS IS NOT HAPPY.
IGNORING GROWLER SHE
ADDRESSES STAN

BESS

Stan, we look a right state.
You don't expect us....

STAN

You look perfect girls.
Brilliant. They'll love you

GROWLER

He's right girls. You'll
have the undivided attention
of every hot blooded male in
the audience

FAYE

And who the fuck are you?

GROWLER

Griffin's the name,
Freckles. But you can call
me Growler. I'm the new
piano player.

STAN

Hey! hold yer horses chum.
Let's not get ahead of
ourselves here. I wanna
hear you first.

GROWLER GIVES STAN A
LOOK BEFORE BREAKING
INTO A WIDE SMILE.

HE GIVES BESS A
CONFIDENT LITTLE WINK
AND TAKES HIS SEAT AT
THE PIANO. MILKING THE
ANTICIPATION HE ROLLS
UP HIS SLEEVES, CRACKS
HIS KNUCKLES BEFORE
SLOWLY RUNNING UP THE
OCTAVES ENDING WITH A
FLOURISH.

HE HAS HIS SMALL
AUDIENCE IN THE PALM
OF HIS HAND AND STARTS
TO SING A BAWDY SONG
ENTITLED '*JES COS YOUR
THE DAUGHTER OF A
DOUGHTY SERGEANT
MAJOR, IT DON'T MEAN
WE ALWAYS HAVE TER
FIGHT'*.

HE IS A NATURAL AND
STAN AND THE GIRLS ARE
CAUGHT UP IN THE SONG
LAUGHING AND CLAPPING
AT THE OUTRAGEOUS
SAUCY LYRICS.

STAN IS TRYING TO HIDE
HIS FEELINGS BUT
SECRETLY HE CAN'T
BELIEVE HIS LUCK.

THE SONG COMES TO AN
END AND THE GIRLS
BURST INTO
APPRECIATIVE APPLAUSE

GROWLER

I thank you! Right my
lovelies. If I can do it
anyone can. So let's have no
more of this thinking we
look daft...

JONAH IS IN THE WINGS
SO SELF CONSCIOUS HE
DOESN'T WANT TO COME
OUT

STAN

Come on Jonah. Don't be shy.
Yer public awaits

JONAH SHUFFLES ON TO
A CHORUS OF STIFLED
GIGGLES FROM THE
GIRLS.

HE IS WEARING BAGGY
SILK SHINY PURPLE
PYJAMA BOTTOMS POINTY
SLIPPERS TURNED UP AT
THE TOES. HIS HUGE
BELLY IS EXPOSED AND
ON HIS HEAD IS A LARGE
TURBAN HELD IN PLACE
BY A BIG SHINY BROOCH.

JONAH STANDS THERE
WISHING THE GROUND
WOULD SWALLOW HIM UP

JONAH

What am I supposed to be?

FAYE

A fuckin' idiot!

JONAH SNATCHES THE
TURBAN FROM HIS HEAD
AND THROWS IT TO THE
FLOOR

JONAH

That's it. I'm off! I just
want to sing. This was not
part of the deal

BESS STOPS HIM

BESS

No Jonah. Don't go. We're
jus' messin. We're sorry.
You look a real Don. Does he
not girls?

THE GIRLS ALL COO AND
AHH

STAN

Put the turban back on Jo.
Yer look great. Really. A
real sultan of Dabs

JONAH SMILES A BIT
UNCERTAIN. SO CHILD
LIKE

JONAH

Is that good?

STAN

Yeh the best. Now come on,
let's go through this song.
Girls, we'll just listen to
it for now, but on the night
while Jonah sings I want yer
ter swan about lookin'
lovely. Move yer dairies
about, you're top notch
dollies in a Harem and
Jonah's the big cheese. Got
that?

BESS

You're the Boss

STAN

Shove over then Growler,
let me play it

GROWLER

Nah, yer alright Boss. I'll
do it. I'm the pianist
remember?

TRIMP

You don't know it

GROWLER

Is it the tune you were
playing when I came in?

TRIMP

Yes

GROWLER

Right. Well, I heard enough.

HE GIVES STAN A CHEEKY
WINK. HE'S GOT STAN IN
HIS POCKET.

Come on then Big Boy, come
and stand by me. Don't worry
about the others son, just
sing like we're the only two
here

GROWLER STARTS THE
INTRO. STAN IS AMAZED.
GROWLER IS PLAYING IT
SUPERBLY, AS THOUGH HE
HAS BEEN PLAYING IT
ALL HIS LIFE. JONAH
STARTS TO SING

JONAH (SINGING)

*I want to be the master of
the Harem, I want to be a
randy struttin' buck, But I
lost my Nebuchadnezzar in
the storm last night, and
now I'm just a happy Eunuch*

DURING THE SONG THE
CAMERA PANS ROUND THE
FACES.

THE GIRLS ARE
MESMERISED BY THE
VOICE OF JONAH. NOBODY
IN THAT THEATRE HAS
EVER HEARD ANYTHING
LIKE IT. EVER. THE
SONG COMES TO AN END.
THERE IS A LONG PAUSE
AS NO ONE QUITE KNOWS
WHAT TO SAY

FAYE

Like listening to an angel

SHE LEANS HER HEAD
AGAINST JONAH'S BEEFY
ARM COMPLETELY WON
OVER

JONAH

Angels don't sing about
losing their Nebuchadnezzar

STAN

They do in this gaff! We're
a bloody music hall. People
come in here ferra laugh.
Got That? They're laughing
with you Jonah. Not at you.

JONAH

I'd sooner sing something
serious

STAN

Than go and sing in a church
and see how much they pay
you. Jesus Jonah! You came
to me remember?

JONAH

Fine. Give me the words
then. I'd better learn it.

HE EXITS

STAN

So girls, you do a little
sexy dance with yer veils
while he's singing

BUXOM BRENDA

What, like this Stan?

SHE WHIPS AWAY HER
SKIMPY MATERIAL
REVEALING HER LARGE
BREASTS

STAN

Not that sexy Brenda. We
wanna tease them. Not get
closed down

BUXOM BRENDA

No Titties then?

STAN

No Brenda. No titties. Now
go on girls go get changed

THE GIRLS EXIT
EXCITED, EXCHANGING
GOOD NATURED BANTER.
STAN TURNS TO GROWLER

STAN

I'll give you a Downer a
night

GROWLER

And Booze too?

STAN

After the show

GROWLER

During. I can't do it sober

STAN

A pint of yer favourite
poison and not another drop.
Deal?

GROWLER

Deal.

STAN

This is it then.

GROWLER

You ready?

STAN

I'm ready

GROWLER

Like to leave things to the
last minute don't you?

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF POLICE
STATION. DAY

SGT HOUGHTON IS ON
DUTY BEHIND THE DESK
AS TRIMP AND WARNER
ENTER

TRIMP

Ah, Sergeant Houghton, the
very man.

HOUGHTON

Yes sir?

TRIMP

This tart who came in to see
you yesterday. Er....oh!

TRIMP EXASPERATED
TRYING TO RECALL THE
NAME

WARNER

Tabram Sir, Martha

TRIMP

Yes! Tabram. What was that
all about?

HOUGHTON

Shittin' her pants she was.
Almost got her comeuppance.

TRIMP

Do go on

HOUGHTON

Said she got a weird one.
Wanted to operate on 'er, so
she said. He had a scalpel
apparently

TRIMP

She give a description?

HOUGHTON

Not really. She was dazed
due to a blow on the head,
and the four pints of gin
she probably necked no
doubt. Though she did say he
was smelly.

TRIMP

Smelly?

HOUGHTON

Yessir. Smelly

TRIMP

Well that narrows it down!
(TO ABOUT TEN THOUSAND MEN)
Is that it then?

HOUGHTON

Yes sir, sorry. Though there
musta been something nasty
about him to make Tabram
come to a police station.

TRIMP

Why didn't he carry out the
threat?

HOUGHTON

Got spooked or disturbed by something. She doesn't really know. One minute he was there the next.....

TRIMP

Right. What do you think Houghton?

HOUGHTON

Me?

TRIMP

Yes. You.

HOUGHTON

I think being a prostitute in this area you're asking for it. If someone gets narked and clumps you one then tough bloody titty!

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE OF WONDER STAGE.
DAY

GROWLER SAT AT THE
PIANO IDLY TINKLING A
TUNE STAN IS STANDING
GOING THROUGH SOME
SORT OF RUNNING ORDER.

GROWLER

So the fat lad just turned
up out of nowhere?

STAN

Yes

GROWLER

Blimey. That's lucky.

STAN

Not really. Like you he'd
seen the flyer. I'm lucky I
guess in that you both
turned up before opening
night

GROWLER

And that we're both pretty
good.

STAN

Speak for yersen Chum.

GROWLER LAUGHS

STAN (CONT)

We'd still be opening
tonight regardless. And I'd
still be confident it would
go down well.

(MORE)

STAN (CONT) (cont'd)
There's nothing around here
in the way of entertainment.
Now we got Jonah and the
girls on board and
ok....you, They're not just
gonna be entertained they're
gonna be amazed

CUT TO:

INT INSPECTOR TRIMPS OFFICE
.DAY

THE DOOR OPENS AND
WARNER ENTERS FOLLOWED
BY TRIMP. WITHOUT
WARNING TRIMP GRABS
WARNER FROM BEHIND ONE
ARM AROUND HIS NECK IN
A HEADLOCK AND PUSHES
HIM AGAINST THE WALL

TRIMP

You're stronger than me old
chum so do me a favour and
don't struggle. Act like yer
a dolly.

IN A HIGH PITCH LADY
VOICE

WARNER

Help! Oh help....Murder!

TRIMP

I meant act like you're a
dolly physically Freddie,
you don't have to vocalise

WARNER

Oh...Right you are. Sorry
sir

TRIMP

Right, I'm struggling away
and now Bang! I smack your
head into a wall. We don't
have to do that bit for real
sergeant, but let's just say
I have. Now....Where's My
scalpel?

WARNER

OVER HIS SHOULDER

Already in your hand sir?

TRIMP

Hm, Houghton said she'd tried to tickle his fancy to no avail, did he have it in his hand then?

WARNER

Maybe up his sleeve or something?

TRIMP

Hang on.

HE REMOVES HIS SILVER
TWEEZERS

Right, now I'm showing you the scalpel, can you feel me Warner?

WARNER

Not really sir. Not unless you wanted me too

TRIMP

Good. You'll be pleased to know I'm not hard. No offence, old chum. However if I was then I am certainly in a position to make my point so to speak. Can you smell me?

WARNER

No, I reckon with all this business going on in the alley you'd have to really reek before anybody could smell you

TRIMP

So showing you the scalpel makes our man diamond hard by now and he's whispering in her ear and bent her over in a position beneficial to most mandrakes. But he doesn't kill her.

WARNER

He got disturbed?

HE LET'S WARNER GO

TRIMP

Thanks sergeant.... What if he shot his load?

WARNER

Say again?

TRIMP

The violence. The threat of cutting her open with a scalpel the mandrake position, his hard manhood pushed between her buttocks. What if it's all too much? Once spent the urge diminishes and he's off.

WARNER

It's possible.

TRIMP

Maybe he has no intention of cutting the girl but he just gets off on scaring her to death.

WARNER

Maybe

TRIMP

Yes. One of an number of possibilities. If your theory that he was disturbed is correct, chances are he might want to do it again and see the job through. Either with Tabram or some other girl. Let's have some lunch. All this tom foolery has left me a bit peckish.

CUT TO:

**INT. STANS OFFICE. THE
PALACE OF WONDER. DAY.**

JONAH IS SAT LOOKING
PENSIVE WHEN STAN
ENTERS THE OFFICE

STAN

How are you Jonah?

JONAH

A bit scared Stan to be
honest

STAN

Good. That's good Jonah

JONAH

Is it?

STAN

Sure is. Look, here's what I
want you to do. I want you
to go front of house at the
start. Handle any rampers
and drunks. Throw out anyone
who gets a bit lippy.

JONAH

Do I have to?

STAN

Yes. You do. I'm doing you a
favour Jo. Dishing out a bit
of Biff will work wonders
for your nerves. Plus once
word gets out that we don't
tolerate misbehaviour
people will feel safe about
coming.

JONAH

If you say so.

STAN

I do. I'll give you the nod
when it's time to come
backstage and work your
magic.

JONAH

Do you think they'll like me
Stan?

STAN LOOKS AT JONAH.
HE IS INCREDULOUS THAT
ANYONE COULD BE THIS
INNOCENT

STAN

Jonah. I've never ever heard
anyone sing like you. You
are sensational. You're
gonna be a big star. Now
come on, shift yer big fat
arse. Give me a hand setting
things up

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITCHAPEL. DAY

WE ARE FOLLOWING
MARTHA TABRAM ON THE
WAY HOME.

SHE HAS SEEN BETTER
DAYS. CAREWORN AND
ALCOHOL RIDDEN SHE IS
HURRYING THROUGH THE
STREETS LOOKING
DISTRESSED.

EVERY SO OFTEN SHE
LOOKS OVER HER
SHOULDER CONVINCED SHE
IS BEING FOLLOWED.

EXT. GEORGE YARD. DAY.

WE ARE LOOKING FROM
THE POV OF SOMEONE
HIDING BEHIND THE
DISCARDED UPTURNED
BARROW IN GEORGE YARD.
WE SEE THROUGH A
PEEPHOLE **MARTHA TABRAM**
ENTER THE YARD AND
HURRIEDLY CLIMB THE
STAIRS TO THE LODGING
HOUSES ON THE NEXT
FLOOR. FUMBLING FOR A
KEY SHE EVENTUALLY
OPENS A DOOR AND
HURRIES INSIDE

CUT TO:

INT. THE PALACE OF WONDER.
NIGHT

BLACKOUT. WHILST THE
SCREEN IS DARK WE HERE
THE GENERAL NOISE
ASSOCIATED WITH PEOPLE
MILLING ABOUT A
THEATRE IN
ANTICIPATION OF AN
OPENING NIGHT. LOT'S
OF HUBBUB AND CHATTER,
LAUGHTER, SOMEONE
SHOUTS ETC.

EVERYBODY IS EXCITED.
HERE IS SOMETHING NEW

FADING IN WE FOLLOW
THE CAMERA AROUND THE
FOYER OF THE PALACE

JONAH IS ON THE DOOR.
WE SEE STAN AND A GIRL
AT THE BOX OFFICE
DOING BRISK BUSINESS.

ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE
ARE HERE .FROM SCRUFFY
WORKING CLASS TO QUITE
WELL HEELED.

IT SHOULD HAVE A FLY
ON THE WALL
DOCUMENTARY FEEL TO IT

CUT TO:

**EXT. LEMAN STREET POLICE
STATION - EVENING**

SERGEANT WARNER HOLDS
OPEN THE DOOR FOR
TRIMP AS HE STEPS OUT
INTO THE EVENING RAIN.

TRIMP

Thanks Warner.

THEY WALK DOWN THE
STEPS

TRIMP

So, any plans for this
evening?

WARNER

Thought I'd take the Missus
to that new Music Hall in
Dorset Street. She loves a
good laugh does our Doris.

TRIMP

She needs to being married
to you!

WARNER

Thank you kindly sir.

THEY GO IN SEPARATE
DIRECTIONS.

TRIMP

Well, enjoy it, Sergeant.

WARNER

Thank you sir. I'll try my
best.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PALACE - BOX OFFICE
- EVENING

JONAH IS ON THE DOOR,
STAN AND A GIRL
COLLECTING MONEY.

THE QUEUE COMES IN
FROM THE DOOR.

A DRUNK AND HIS TWO
GIRL FRIENDS ARE AT
THEBOX OFFICE.

THE DRUNK FUMBLING IN
HIS POCKETS.

DRUNK

Give us three o' yer best
seats.

STAN

Seats are all the same mate.

THE DRUNK DROPS
PENNIES ALL OVER THE
FLOOR. HE LOOKS DOWN
AND THEN AT JONAH
ANGRILY.

DRUNK

Now look what yer made me
do, fatty.

JONAH

(AMIABLY) What did you call
me?

DRUNK

I called you a fat c...

JONAH'S FIST SLAMS
INTO HIS FACE. THE
GIRLS SCREAM. JONAH
PICKS HIM UP AND HURLS
HIM INTO THE GUTTER.
WE SEE A PILE OF OTHER
SENSELESS 'VICTIMS'
LYING THERE.

JONAH

(TO THE GIRLS) Sorry about
that, ladies. Will it be two
tickets?

GIRL 1

Er... yeh. Please.

SHOWS THEM TO THE BOX
OFFICE

JONAH

If you don't mind please
Stanley

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGE YARD. EVENING

FROM HER LODGING HOUSE
ON THE FIRST FLOOR WE
WATCH **MARTHA TABRAM**
LEAVE . STILL SCARED
SHE HAS NO CHOICE BUT
TO WORK THE STREETS.
WE FOLLOW HER DOWN THE
STAIRS AND THROUGH THE
ALLEY THAT LEADS TO
THE MAIN ROAD

CUT TO:

**INT. BACKSTAGE - THE PALACE -
EVENING**

STAN PEEKS OUT THE
CURTAINS INTO THE
ALREADY FILLING UP
AUDITORIUM. HE TURNS
TO BESS.

STAN

We're packin' 'em in. I told
you I was gonna make you a
star.

BESS

Don't get yer hopes up,
darlin'. They've not heard
me singin' yet.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE PALACE -BOX OFFICE -
EVENING**

LEATHER APRON PUSHES
HIS WAY TO THE FRONT
OF THE QUEUE.

**LEATHER APRON AKA JOHN
PIZER** IS NOT QUITE
'ALL THERE' HE IS
KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE
LOCAL COMMUNITY AS A
NUT CASE AND IS
GENERALLY GIVEN A WIDE
BERTH. HE LOOKS THE
PART. MAD STARING EYES
AND UNKEMPT HAIR

LEATHER APRON

Gerrouta my way.

MAN

Oi!

LEATHER APRON TURNS
AND GLARES AT HIM.THE
MAN'S MATE GRABS HIM
BY THE ARM.

MATE

That's Leather Apron. Leave
it alone, Ted.

THE MAN BACKS OFF.
LEATHER APRON GRUNTS.
HE IS NOW AT THE HEAD
OF THE QUEUE.

B.O GIRL

Evening sir.

LEATHER APRON

Gimme a ticket.

JONAH

(PLEASANTLY) hope you enjoy
the show Sir.

LEATHER APRON

Fuck off!

LEATHER APRON PUSHES
HIS WAY INTO THE
THEATRE. JONAH STARES,
OPEN MOUTHED.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE PALACE AUDITORIUM -
EVENING**

LEATHER APRON ELBOWS
HIS WAY THROUGH THE
CROWD AT THE BAR. HE
CATCHES THE BARMAID'S
EYE.

LEATHER APRON

Pint o' gin. Now.

HE SNATCHES IT UP AND
DOWNS IT IN ONE.

LEATHER APRON

Another.

THERE IS A DRUM ROLL.
LEATHER APRON TURNS TO
SEE STAN IN TOP HAT
AND TAILS TAKE TO THE
STAGE.

STAN

My lords, laydeeeees an'
gentlemen! Welcome one an'
all to the ninth wonder of
the modern age, an
establishment to rival the
hanging gardens of Babylon,
the fleshpots of
Mesopotamia, the majesty of
Rome, an enterprise worthy
of the pharaohs, the burning
light of civilisation. The
one... the only...
Paaaaaaaalace of Wonder!

LUSH (O.S.)

Gerronwivit!

A BOTTLE SAILS THROUGH
THE AIR AND SHATTERS
ON THE STAGE IN FRONT
OF STAN.

CLOSE IN ON JONAH'S
FIST AS IT CRASHES
DOWN ON THE SKULL OF
THE LUSH, KNOCKING HIM
SENSELESS.

THE CROWD APPLAUD AS
JONAH HEFTS HIM UP ON
HIS SHOULDERS.

STAN

Thanking you Jonah! Give the
genullman some air if you
please.

JONAH MARCHES OUT WITH
THE MAN ON HIS
SHOULDERS.

STAN

And now, without further
ado, I present for your
edification and delight, the
indefatigable, incomparable,
Haaaarry Harris the Bolton
Clog Dancer!

STAN EXITS STAGE LEFT
AS GROWLER STARTS
PLAYING THE PIANO

THE CURTAINS OPEN TO
REVEAL OLD HARRY CLOG
DANCING TO THE TUNE.

THUG

Rubbish!

A BOTTLE FLIES THROUGH
THE AIR AND HARRY
DODGES IT AND CARRIES
ON DANCING. MORE
BOTTLES FLY THROUGH
THE AIR AND HE DODGES
THEM ALL.

WARNER AND HIS WIFE
DORIS ARE SETTLED DOWN
IN THEIR SEATS.
BOTTLES FLY OVER THEM.
WARNER LOOKS WORRIED.

WARNER

Are you sure you want to
stay, Doris.

DORIS

Relax , Freddy. Don't be
such an old woman.

WE SEE **TUMBLETY** AT THE
BAR. HE PICKS UP A
GLASS AND HURLS IT AT
THE STAGE AND LAUGHS.
LEATHER APRON GRABS
HIS ARM, GLARING.

LEATHER APRON

That was my fucking drink.

TUMBLETY PLACES HIS
HAND OVER LEATHER
APRON'S WHICH IS STILL
CLUTCHING HIS ARM.

TUMBLETY

Then you must have another.
Barmaid! (SNAPS HIS FINGERS)
Another drink for my
handsome friend.

ON THE STAGE HARRY
LOOKS AS IF HE IS
ABOUT TO DROP DEAD.
STAN IS DESPERATELY
SIGNALLING FOR THE
CURTAINS TO CLOSE.
THEY CLOSE OVER THE
STILL DANCING CLOG
DANCER AND STAN BOUNDS
BACK ONTO THE STAGE

STAN

A fitting beginning to the
age of wonders. Prepare to
be swept heavenward by the
divine rapture of the
Stepney Songbird, Miss
Hettie Maffrett.

THE CURTAIN OPENS ON A
GIRL DRESSED AS A
FRENCH MAID. SHE
BEGINS SINGING.

HETTIE

My Master's got a dainty
little poodle...

NED SHERKIN STANDS UP
AND HOLLERS OUT

NED

Meet us after an' we'll 'ave
a doggy training session!

THERE IS NO DENYING
THAT THE ATMOSPHERE IN
THE PALACE OF WONDER
IS A LITTLE LIVELY

CUT TO:

INT. THE TRIMPS' PARLOUR -
NIGHT

A HEAVILY PREGNANT
CLARA TRIMP SITS
SEWING A BABY'S SHAWL.
SARAH THE NURSE BRINGS
IN A TRAY OF TEA.

TRIMP STANDS IN FRONT
OF THE EMPTY
FIREPLACE.

CLARA

Thank you, Sarah. That will
be all.

SARAH PUTS THE TEA
DOWN ON A LITTLE TABLE
AND LEAVES. TRIMP
WATCHES HER LEAVE.

TRIMP

We shall have to be lighting
the fire one of these
nights.

CLARA

Are you cold, dear?

TRIMP

No. Not really. It's this
bl... this blasted weather.
What happened to the summer?

CLARA

Passed us by, dear.

WE HEAR CHILDREN
ARGUING FROM UPSTAIRS.

TRIMP GLANCES UP AT
THE CEILING

TRIMP

Don't they ever sleep? Don't
worry dear. I'll see to it.

HE LEAVES.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PALACE AUDITORIUM -
NIGHT

STAN CLAPS AS A
MAGICIAN, COUNT
CAGLIOSTRO BOWS AND
THE CURTAINS CLOSE ON
HIM.

STAN

Let's raise the roof for
Count Cagliostro, the
magical mage of Camden Town.
And now, we have saved the
sweetmeats for last. All the
way from the deserts of
Constantinople, the wonder
of Araby, the Sultan of
Sensuality, the Nomad of the
Night, the Bedouin of the
Bedroom and his Harem
Houris!

THE CURTAIN OPENS AND
BESS AND THE GIRLS
FLUTTER ON STAGE IN
THEIR HAREM GIRLS
COSTUMES AS STAN PLAYS
THE PIANO.

THE AUDIENCE WHISTLE
THEIR APPRECIATION.
WARNER IS CLAPPING AND
GRINNING LIKE A SCHOOL
BOY. DORIS SHAKES HER
HEAD AT HIM.

DORIS

Freddie.

JONAH ENTERS. HE IS
SURE OF HIMSELF AND
HAPPY. HE BEGINS TO
SING. AS HE SINGS WE
FOCUS ON MEMBERS OF
THE AUDIENCE. THEY ARE
TRANSFIXED, LOVING IT.

THE SONG CONTINUES AND
THE AUDIENCE CHEER AND
WHISTLE. THEY ARE
CLEARLY LOVING JONAH
AND THE GIRLS.

WE FOCUS ON LEATHER
APRON, HE IS GLARING.
HE MOVES INTO THE
AISLE AND POINTS AT
BESS.

LEATHER APRON

Whore! Dirty Bitch!

THE MUSIC CONTINUES
PLAYING AS JONAH LEAPS
FROM THE STAGE,
SINGING AS HE GOES.
THE AUDIENCE PART TO
LET HIM THROUGH AS HE
STRIDES UP TO LEATHER
APRON AND LIFTS HIM
HIGH OVER HIS HEAD.

LEATHER APRON

Let go! Schvuntz! Shtinker!
Putznasher!

JONAH CARRIES HIM OUT
INTO THE FOYER.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PALACE - DORSET
STREET - NIGHT

JONAH HURLS LEATHER
APRON INTO THE STREET.
HE SPRAWLS IN A PUDDLE
OF VOMIT.

LEATHER APRON

You'll pay for this!
Whoremonger!

JONAH STRIDES BACK
INSIDE. BACK THROUGH
THE PARTING CROWD WHO
CHEER WILDLY AND
APPLAUD AS JONAH STILL
SINGS A BIG HAPPY
SMILE ON HIS FACE. HE
HAS 'ARRIVED'

CUT TO:

INT. THE PALACE AUDITORIUM -
NIGHT

JONAH TAKES THE STAGE
AS THE SONG REACHES
ITS END AND THE GIRLS
DRAPE THEMSELVES
AROUND HIM. HE TAKES A
BOW TO TUMULTUOUS
APPLAUSE.

STAN IS STANDING UP
AND CLAPPING TOO. WE
PAN AROUND THE
AUDIENCE ALL OF WHOM
LOOK THRILLED.

STAN

Thank you! Thank you! We
will be back, bigger and
better than ever, tomorrow
night. Same place same time.
Until then, parting is such
sweet sorrow!

THE CURTAIN OPENS AND
THE WHOLE COMPANY TAKE
THEIR BOWS.

CUT TO:

**INT. BACKSTAGE - THE PALACE -
NIGHT**

AS PEOPLE FILE OUT,
STAN CONGRATULATES THE
GIRLS AND **JONAH**. THEY
ARE ALL EXHILERATED

STAN

Well done ladies. There's an
extra tuppence each if you
help us clean up out there
before you go.

BESS

What did I tell yer, girls?
We're going to the top.

STAN

You certainly are my angels.
Same again tomorrow night?

FAYE

Aye-aye sir.

JONAH

They liked us.

BESS

They liked you, darlin'.

GENERAL BACK SLAPPING
CONGRATULATIONS ALL
ROUND AS WE...

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET
- NIGHT

LEATHER APRON STAGGERS
DOWN THE ROAD,
MUTTERING AND PUNCHING
IMAGINARY ASSAILANTS.

HE STOPS TO PISS
AGAINST A WALL. TWO
SOLDIERS WALK PAST
WITH TWO WOMEN. ONE OF
THE WOMEN IS **MARTHA**
TABRAM. THEY ARE ALL A
LITTLE WORSE FOR WEAR

HE GLARES AT THEM AS
THEY STARE AND THEN
GIGGLE AS THEY PASS ON
BY.

AT THE CORNER THE
COUPLES SEPARATE. MARY
AND HER BEAU GO
STRAIGHT DOWN THE
STREET

MARTHA AND HER MAN
TURN DOWN THE ALLEY
LEADING TO GEORGE
YARD. LEATHER APRON
BUTTONS UP HIS
BREECHES AND FOLLOWS,
MUTTERING.

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGE YARD - NIGHT

MARTHA AND THE SOLDIER
STOP IN THE YARD. THE
SOLDIER TAKES OUT A
FLASK AND OFFERS IT TO
MARTHA. SHE HAS A
SWIG.

HE PUTS IT AWAY AND
KISSES HER. BEHIND
THEM WE SEE **LEATHER**
APRON AT THE ENTRANCE
TO THE YARD. HE GLARES
AT THEM. HE IS UNSEEN
BY THEM IN THE
DARKNESS OF THE ALLEY

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET
- NIGHT

WARNER AND DORIS ARE
WALKING ARM IN ARM
DOWN THE STREET.

DORIS

Wasn't he wonderful,
Freddie?

WARNER

Yes Dear. He was
outstanding. Never heard a
voice like it

DORIS

Do you think he really is a
... you know...

WARNER

He will be if I catch him
lookin' at you, my flower.

DORIS

Give over you daft old lump.

OUT OF THE FOG A DARK
FIGURE HOVES INTO VIEW
IT IS **JONES** A POLICE
CONSTABLE ON THE BEAT

JONES

Evening Sarge, evening Ma'
am

WARNER

Evening Jones. Drawn the
short straw then?

JONES

Yessir. My turn tonight. I don't mind though Sir. Quite like the Early hours. Has it's own peace about it.

WARNER

Good Lad. Well....Mind How you go son.

JONES

Thanks Sarge. Night Sir.
Night Ma' am

WARNER/ DORIS

Night.

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGE YARD - NIGHT

THE SOLDIER AND MARTHA
EMERGE FROM THE
DARKNESS OF THE YARD.

SOLDIER

See yer love.

MARTHA

Sweet dreams.

SHE STARTS TO CLIMB
THE STAIRS TO HER
TENEMENT. SHE HEARS
SOMETHING AND TURNS.

MARTHA

Bill?

SHE FROWNS AND TURNS
BACK TO THE DOOR. AS
SHE RUMMAGES HALFWAY
UP THE STAIRS FOR HER
KEYS A SHADOW EMERGES
FROM THE DARKNESS OF
GEORGE YARD AND IS ON
HER BEFORE SHE CAN
RAISE THE ALARM

CUT TO:

**INT. STAN'S OFFICE - THE
PALACE - TWO A.M**

STAN AND JONAH ARE
TIRED AND GRUBBY
HAVING JUST FINISHED
CLEANING UP. EVEN
THOUGH STAN HAS
ALREADY HAD A FEW HE
TAKES DOWN A BOTTLE OF
BRANDY, THREE QUARTERS
FULL FROM A SHELF.

STAN

This was my Dad's. He used
to get it out on special
occasions.

JONAH

It doesn't look like there
were many of them.

STAN LOOKS AT THE
BOTTLE AND SIGHS.

STAN

Yeh. Well. Dad.

HERE POURS TWO LARGE
ONES AND HANDS A GLASS
TO JONAH.

STAN

Bottoms up.

JONAH

Eh?

STAN

Never mind. Drink up.

THEY DRINK

JONAH

It's nice.

STAN DRINKS AND POURS
ANOTHER

STAN

It's the best.

JONAH

I think you're one of those
bad influences my Dad used
to talk about.

STAN

How do you mean?

JONAH

I've never been drunk
before.

STAN SMILES AND POURS
ANOTHER

STAN

Get used to it. All the best
music hall stars are drunks.

JONAH

Am I really a star?

STAN

A supernova. I'd give you a
cigar but I don't smoke.

JONAH

Me neither.

STAN

We could start?

JONAH

Maybe tomorrow. I think it might make me spew.

STAN

So? It's all paid for.

JONAH

I'd sooner go to bed.

STAN

You can sleep here in my office. You'll find some blankets backstage. Shake the bugs out first, mind.

STAN CHECKS HIS WATCH
THEN GETS UP, UNSTEADY
ON HIS FEET. IN FACT
HE IS BLIND DRUNK.

STAN

I'm gonna go check on Bess. You can't be too careful these days.

JONAH

About what?

STAN

There's nasty folks about. Rammers, bludgers. Poor Lizzie Smith got done a few months back. Nasty business.

HE GOES TO THE DOOR.

STAN

I'll be in George Yard if
you need me.

JONAH

Righto. Good luck.

STAN

I'm just checkin' on her.
That's all. I'm not sweet on
her or nothin'.

JONAH

Course.

STAN LOOKS KEENLY AT
JONAH BUT JONAH IS TOO
INNOCENT TO TO READ
ANYTHING INTO IT.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PALACE - DORSET
STREET - NIGHT

IT IS STILL MISTY AND
NOW RAINING AS STAN
STEPS OUT INTO THE
STREET.

STAN
Damn

HE SETS OFF DOWN
DORSET STREET

CUT TO:

INT. STAN'S OFFICE - THE
PALACE -NIGHT

JONAH IS SHAKING OUT
THE BEDDING. HE HAS
PLACED CUSHIONS ON THE
FLOOR. HE EYES THE
BOTTLE OF BRANDY ON
THE DESK.

JONAH

One more.

POURS A DRINK. RAISES
IT.

JONAH

Cheers, Stan.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET
- NIGHT

STAN WALKS DOWN THE
HIGH STREET SWAYING A
BIT. HE PASSES A
BOOTMAKERS SHOP WITH A
LAMP BURNING IN THE
WINDOW. HE LOOKS IN ,
THE CURIOSITY OF A
DRUNK, SURPRISED TO
SEE A LIGHT BURNING AT
THIS TIME BUT HE /WE
CAN'T SEE ANYTHING.

HE TOTTERS ON

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE OF WONDER-
OFFICE. TWO AM.

JONAH IS NOT
COMFORTABLE ON HIS
OWN. IN THE DARK .
EVERY SMALL SOUND AND
CREAK IS SPOOKING HIM.
HE IS SAT UPRIGHT IN
HIS MAKESHIFT BUNK A
MILLION MILES OFF
SLEEP. HE SINGS A
MOURNFUL LITTLE SONG
TO HIMSELF.

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGE YARD - NIGHT

STAN HURRIES TO GEORGE
YARD AND THROUGH THE
SAME ALLEY WE SAW
MARTHA ENTER. JUST AS
A DARK SHADOWY FIGURE
FLIES OUT OF THE ALLEY
AT A RATE OF KNOTS.

THE FIGURE SLAMS INTO
STAN SPINNING HIM
VIOLENTLY AROUND. HE
CRASHES AGAINST THE
WALL, SLIDING DOWN AND
SITTING SLUMPED AS THE
FIGURE MAKES OFF INTO
THE MISTY DARKNESS.
FOOTSTEPS ECHOING ON
THE COBBLES

STAN'S HEAD IS
SPINNING AND HE IS
HAPPY TO SIT THERE FOR
A WHILE UNTIL
EQUILIBRIUM RETURNS
AND HE CAN GATHER HIS
WITS.

IT DAWNS ON HIM JUST
HOW DRUNK HE IS AND
HOW STUPID TO GO ROUND
TO BESS'. HIS ARMS
RESTING ON HIS DRAWN
UP KNEES HE PUTS HIS
HEAD DOWN AND MOANS
DRUNKENLY.

CUT TO:

INT. STAN'S OFFICE - THE
PALACE - NIGHT

JONAH IN THE DARK. WE
HEAR A SHUFFLING AND
CREAKING. JONAH OPENS
HIS EYES.

JONAH
Stan?

NOTHING. THEN WE HEAR
THE SQUEAK AGAIN.
JONAH REACHES FOR THE
TINDERBOX AND STRIKES
A LIGHT. HE PEERS
AROUND.

JONAH
Stan? Stop muckin' about.

HE LIGHTS THE LAMP.
HIS HANDS ARE SHAKING.
WE HEAR MORE CREAKS.

JONAH
Hello?

ANOTHER CREAK. IT IS
TOO MUCH. HE DECIDES
TO MAKE HIS WAY TO
GEORGE YARD AND FIND
STAN.

HE REACHES FOR HIS
COAT AND HEADS FOR THE
OFFICE DOOR.

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGE YARD. EVENING

STAN DECIDES HE CAN'T
SIT SLUMPED ON HIS
ARSE ALL NIGHT DECIDES
TO CARRY ON HIS
MISSION TO SEE BESS.
HE GETS TO HIS FEET
AND WITH A
CONCENTRATED EFFORT TO
STEADY HIMSELF ENTERS
THE ALLEY LEADING TO
GEORGE YARD.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE PALACE - DORSET
STREET - NIGHT**

JONAH COMING OUT OF
THE PALACE, LAMP IN
HAND.

HE STARTS TO WALK OFF
DOWN DORSET STREET

SUDDENLY WE HERE A
SHOUT. IT IS **CONSTABLE
JONES** ON HIS BEAT

JONES

Oi! Tubby!

JONAH TURNS BACK, EYES
WIDE

JONAH

Yes?

THE POLICEMAN NODS AT
THE DOOR.

POLICEMAN

You gonna leave the gaffe
wide open then?

JONAH

Oh. Yes. No. I... I haven't
got a key.

POLICEMAN

What have you been up to in
there?

JONAH

Nothing. I work there. I...
I've just finished a show
and can't sleep. Was going
for a walk.

POLICEMAN

Nice night for it. Just make
sure the bloody door's
closed. Eh, soft lad?

JONAH

Yes sir. Sorry sir.

HE CLOSES THE DOOR
PROPERLY.

HE WALKS AWAY. THE
POLICEMAN STANDS AND
WATCHES HIM GO OFF
INTO THE MIST

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE YARD - STAIRS -
NIGHT

STAN CLIMBS THE DARK
STAIRS. HE TRIPS OVER
SOMETHING HALFWAY UP.
IT IS MARTHA'S BODY.
HE THINKS SHE IS
SLEEPING.

STAN

Oh! Jesus. Sorry Mrs

HE NOTICES HIS HANDS
ARE WET FROM WHERE HE
PUT THEM ON THE STEPS
TO STEADY HIS FALL.

HE GRIMACES.

THINKING IT IS URINE

STAN

Ugh! There's better places
to piss you know Mrs

HE REACHES BESS'S
DOOR. LAST CHANCE TO
CHANGE HIS MIND?
FORGET IT. HE KNOCKS

STAN

Bess! It's me! Stan!

HE KNOCKS AGAIN. THE
DOOR OPENS AND HE
BLINKS AS LIGHT COMES
THROUGH THE CRACK IN
THE DOOR. FAYE IS
THERE DRESSED IN NIGHT
SHIFT.

FAYE
Stan?

STAN
That's me.

FAYE
What d'yer want?

STAN
Wanted to make sure you got
home ok.

FAYE
Yeah fine.

AWKWARD PAUSE

STAN
Is Bess about?

FAYE PUTTING TWO AND
TWO TOGETHER IS NOT IN
THE MOOD TO LET HIM
DOWN GENTLY

FAYE
She's busy.

STAN
Busy. How d'yer mean?

FAYE
With a feller.

STAN
Oh.

FAYE

Do you want to come in?

STAN

Might as well.

SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND
HE PASSES INSIDE.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET
- NIGHT

JONAH PASSES LEATHER
APRON'S BOOTMAKERS
SHOP. THE LIGHT IS
STILL ON. LIKE STAN HE
IS CURIOUS TO SEE WHO
COULD BE WORKING AT
THIS TIME. HE TOO CUPS
HIS HANDS AT THE
WINDOW TO HAVE A NOSEY
PEEK WHEN THE MAD
STARING EYES OF
LEATHER APRON SUDDENLY
APPEAR ON THE OTHER
SIDE. JONAH JUMPS BACK
A MILE IN SHOCK AND
SCUTTLES AWAY QUICKLY

CUT TO:

INT. BESS & FAYE'S PARLOUR -
NIGHT

STAN FOLLOWS FAYE INTO
THE PARLOUR. IT IS
TIDY BUT SQUALID. HE
MOVES A PAIR OF MEN'S
TROUSERS FROM A WOBBLY
STOOL AND SITS DOWN.

STAN IS MAUDLIN

STAN

She don't have to do this no
more. None of you do.

REFERRING TO STAN'S
HANDS

FAYE

Jesus Stan, what happened to
you?

HE LOOKS AT HIS HANDS
AND SEES BLOOD ON
THEM.

HE SHRUGS, GENUINELY
PERPLEXED

STAN

No idea... I fell earlier.
Must have cut myself
somewhere. Can I wash 'em?

FAYE POINTS AT A BOWL
OF GRUBBY WATER ON THE
TABLE. STAN SOAKS HIS
HANDS AND WIPES THEM
ON HIS TROUSERS.

FAYE

You're soft on her aren't you?

STAN

Eh?

FAYE

Little Bess.

STAN

No. I just...wanted to check on her. On all of you. My dancin' angels.

FAYE SITS AND TAKES
HIS HAND.

FAYE

Poor Stan.

STAN

I'm all right. Honest.

FAYE

We can do it if you want.

STAN STARES AT HER.

STAN

It wouldn't be right. I'm your boss.

FAYE

I was right. You are soft on her.

STAN

Am not. I.. I ..

GIVES UP THE GHOST AND
ADMITS DEFEAT

Yes Faye , I'm soft on her.
Have been for ages.

FAYE

She's a lucky girl. Trouble
is if lucky girls don't know
they're lucky then they
ain't so different from the
unlucky ones are they?

STAN

God knows. Yer've lost me
Faye. Bloody brandy.

HE CLOSES HIS EYES.
FAYE STROKES HIS HAIR.

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE YARD - STAIRS

JONAH REACHES THE ALLEY AND GOES THROUGH INTO GEORGE YARD. HE STILL HAS THE LANTERN SO ON CLIMBING THE STEPS HE SEES **MARTHA TABRAM** . BLOOD IS ON THE STEPS ALL AROUND HER, SOME OF IT DRIPS OVER THE SIDES. HE STOPS AND BENDS DOWN.

JONAH

Miss? You all right?

HE TOUCHES HER AND SEES NOT ONLY THAT SHE IS DEAD BUT HAS TERRIBLE WOUNDS TO HER THROAT HE TURNS AND SCREAMS

JONAH

Murder! Help! Murder!

A DOOR OPENS ON THE LANDING AND AN **OLD LADY** LOOKS OUT. SHE SEES THE BODY AND **JONAH** AND SCREAMS BEFORE STEPPING BACK INSIDE AND SLAMMING THE DOOR AND LOCKING IT.

WE HEAR ANOTHER DOOR
OPEN FURTHER ALONG AND
STAN, FAYE AND A HALF
DRESSED **BESS** AND A **MAN**
IN HIS UNDERWEAR COME
DOWN THE STAIRS
PEERING AT JONAH AND
THE BODY.

STAN TRIES TO BLOCK
THE SIGHT FROM BESS
AND FAYE

THE MAN IN HIS
UNDERWEAR PUSHES STAN
ASIDE

MAN

Get out the way.

THE MAN STARES AT THE
BODY AND THEN AT
JONAH.

MAN

You're covered in blood.
Murderer!

JONAH

No! No! I didn't! It wasn't!
Mister, please, I never...

THE MAN HEADS BACK
UPSTAIRS. HE CALLS
BACK TO STAN

MAN

Call the crushers. Don't let
the fatty get away.

STAN APPROACHES JONAH

STAN

Go find a p'liceman, Jonah.
Don't worry about him

JONAH

He thinks I done it.

STAN

I told you not to worry
'bout him. Go on. Move it.

JONAH

On my own?

BESS

Oh God! It's Martha!

SHE TRIES TO GET PAST
STAN BUT HE STOPS HER
AND SHEPHERDS THE
GIRLS BACK UPSTAIRS.

STAN

Come on girls. Get back
inside. You'll be givin'
yourselves nightmares.

JONAH STARES AFTER
THEM FOR A MOMENT
BEFORE BOUNDING BACK
DOWN THE STAIRS.

CUT TO:

INT. BESS & FAYE'S PARLOUR -
NIGHT

AS FAYE, BESS AND STAN
ENTER THE ROOM, THE
MAN IS BUTTONING UP
HIS TROUSERS. HE
FLINGS SOME COINS ON
THE TABLE.

MAN

I ain't stickin' around. Oi,
where's the fat 'un?

STAN

He got away. Couldn't stop
him.

MAN

Bloody useless.

HE SLAMS OUT OF THE
ROOM.

STAN

What a night eh?

THE GIRLS SAY NOTHING.
THEY ARE IN SHOCK.

STAN

Maybe we should think of a
new song for the next show
while we wait for the
crushers?

BESS

Give it a rest, Stan. We're
not goin' on tonight.

STAN

What are you on about?

FAYE

She's right. Martha's dead.
It wouldn't be right.

STAN

What d'yer mean 'wouldn't be
right?' What's it gotta do
with her? Since when should
the murder of a tart stop a
music Hall show?

BESS FLARES UP AND
GOES FOR STAN, ARM
REACHING TO SLAP HIM
BUT HE TRIPS OVER THE
STOOL AND FALLS OVER.

BESS LOOMS OVER HIM

BESS

Someone we know really well
has been hacked to death
outside our door and your
thinking of bleedin' songs!
For God's sake Stan.

STAN

Alright alright! I'm sorry.
I din't know she meant so
much to yer.

FAYE

She lived next door, Stan.
It could've been one of us
lyin' there.

STAN

Yes it could. I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking. But look. This prostitution thing. You don't have to do it no more . Do you?

THE GIRLS LOOK
UNCOMFORTABLE

STAN

Do you?

BESS

What if all this Palace o' Dreams thing don't work out?

STAN

Palace of Wonder.

BESS

Same thing. What if it goes arse over tit? Where'll we be then?

STAN

It won't. Look, you saw for yourself, we went down a storm.

BESS

Yes, but that was tonight. Opening night. Everything was new and exciting. How long will it last?

STAN

As long as we want it to. We'll make it work

THE GIRLS ARE NOT
CONVINCED

It'll work girls, I promise
you. There's nothing like it
round here. It's new, it's
different. There's a market
for it.

STILL NOT CONVINCED

BESS

I need a drink.

STAN

No you don't.

NOT ENJOYING BEING
TOLD WHAT SHE DOES AND
DOESN'T WANT

BESS

Yes I do.

STAN

We open tonight as usual.

FAYE

No, Stan.

STAN

What about if we do it for
Martha then?

BESS

How d'yer work that out?

STAN

We do it as a benefit for
her.
(MORE)

STAN (cont'd)

I'll donate some o' the profits to her funeral costs. she won't have put anything aside for that would she? We'll have a good ol' knees up an' a few drinks. See her out in style. Don't tell me she wouldn't've loved that.

BESS

An' we still get paid.

STAN

Course.

THE GIRLS LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND NOD.

BESS

Fine.

THEY HEAR A NOISE OUTSIDE. FAYE LOOKS OUT THE DOOR.

FAYE

The bluebottles're here.

STAN

I'll deal with 'em. You stay here.

HE GOES OUT.

CUT TO:

**INT. GEORGE YARD - STAIRS -
NIGHT**

STAN COMES DOWN THE
STAIRS. THERE IS
CONSTABLE JONES AND
THREE OTHER POLICEMEN
WITH **JONAH** WHO IS
BEING HANDCUFFED. ONE
OF THE POLICEMEN IS
BEING SICK.

STAN

Oi! Take the derbies off
him. He ain't done nothin'.

THE SERGEANT WHO IS
KNEELING OVER THE BODY
LOOKS UP

SERGEANT HOUGHTON

Call this nothin', do yer,
Jew boy?

STAN

Do you think he'd come an'
fetch you lot if he'd done
it?

SERGEANT HOUGHTON

He's got blood on his hands.

THE POLICEMEN LIFT
JONAH'S BLOODY HANDS
UP.

STAN

So have you. He got it same
way you did. Checkin' to see
if she was alive.

(MORE)

STAN (cont'd)
You've got it on yer shoes
too. And 'im

STAN POINTS AT THE
POLICEMAN WHO WAS
BEING SICK.

SERGEANT HOUGHTON

How do I know it wasn't you?

STAN

Cos I was with the ladies
all night an' so was he.
Ain't that right girls?

HE CALLS UP THE
STAIRS. FAYE AND BESS
PEER OVER THE
BANNISTERS.

FAYE

That's right, Stan.

SERGEANT HOUGHTON

Not according to the
constable here. He saw fatty
coming outta that new music
hall twenty minutes ago

JONAH

He's right Stan, I didn't
want to be on my own.
Thought it best if I
followed....

HE STOPS TALKING AS HE
REALISES HE'S JUST
DROPPED THEM ALL IN
IT.

STAN

Strike me down, God. Please.

SERGEANT HOUGHTON

I'm gonna ask you gentlemen
to accompany us to the
station. You too, girls.

THE POLICEMEN CUFF
THEM

STAN

Why couldn't yer old man
have chopped off yer tongue
while he was hackin' off yer
knackers?

JONAH

Sorry boss. My Dad always
told me to tell the truth.

STAN

Yeah, well we all know how
sane he was.....

SERGEANT HOUGHTON

Shut up an' shift yer arses.

THE POLICE SHOVE THEM
OUT INTO THE YARD.

CUT TO:

INT. TUMBLETY'S LODGINGS -
BATHROOM-NIGHT

TUMBLETY IS SOAKING IN
A BATH. A HAPPY SMILE
ON HIS FACE. HIS EYES
CLOSED. THE WATER IS
BLOOD RED. OR DOES IT
JUST LOOK THAT WAY IN
THE GLOW OF THE CANDLE
LIGHT?

FADE TO BLACK

