KNIFEMAN

Wherein These Pages Being The Serialized Trials And Triumphs Of One John Tattersal, Guilded Member Of The Worshipful Company Of Surgeons And Self-Proclaimed Medical Visionary.

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Inspired by Wendy Moore's book 'The Knife Man: Blood, Body-Snatching and the Birth of Modern Surgery

TEASER

1 EXT. TYBURN'S GALLOWS - HYDE PARK - DAY (1771) 1

Shit weather has turned out a modest but happily hostile crowd. Two fettered criminals, WEAK CHIN and GOITER, ropes cinched around their necks, listen as a CRIER reads aloud the crimes that have brought them to this moment.

CRIER
Burglariously breaking and entering of a dwelling house. Malicious and wilful burning of a dwelling house. Theft of livestock. Malicious and wilful burning of livestock. Molestation of livestock.

A rotten vegetable is thrown, and hits Weak Chin.

WEAK CHIN
He's the one buggering the horse!

GOITER
That's right. I'm the pony rover.

CRIER
For the beating of a little girl.

GOITER
He did that one. Beat the girl's mother too.

CRIER
For the beating of a woman with a block of wood, rendering her still and dumb.

GOITER
Me, I gaves that pony a good going! Expecting a boy next month. Hooves and a two-stone cock!

CRIER
Shut his God-forsaken mouth!

The HANGMAN punches Goiter in the face, stuns him. The crowd loves it. A church bell tolls. CLOSE-UP on JOHN TATTERSAL, 40's. His clothes are fine-tailored but half-filthy. As the crowd shouts and shakes, he stands quite still, staring thoughtfully at the gallows: is this how it'll end for you too, John? He turns intently towards the only soul weeping amongst the bloodthirsty -- an older woman, MUM.

CRIER (CONT'D)
For these crimes, recorded by the Privy Council and under the powers of his Majesty, King George III, we condemn two miserites to death.

The Crier nods to the Hangman. He throws the ropes up to a man atop the gallows, who begins tying them fast. The crowd taunts the two condemned as John sidles up next to Mum.

TATTERSAL
An enormous Christian soul you must be, ma'am, to waste tears for the waste of the world.

MUM
Not Christian near enough. That one's my son.

She points to the Goiter'd dangler.

MUM (CONT'D)
'Tis fault of mine own, must be.

TATTERSAL
Don't take it too hard. Some simply are born that way.

MUM
All's I had -- raised him best I could.

TATTERSAL
As sure as your eyes are blue, madame, I trust you speak truth.

He hands her a handkerchief.

MUM
Bless you, sir.

The Hangman puts white sacks over Weak Chin and Goiter.

TATTERSAL
There is time, however, for your son to do good in this world.

MUM
You a missionary?

TATTERSAL
No, ma'am. Employment with St. Stephen's teaching hospital. Are you familiar with the institution?

MUM
(tears subsiding)
Gave me a good vomiting there once.

TATTERSAL
Yes, they're very good at that. The contents of this coin purse are offered for your son's remains.

He hands her the purse.

MUM
His remains?

TATTERSAL
So that in his dying, he might still contribute to the advancement of man's greater knowledge. Just as our Savior did.

A younger man, WILL, steps out of the crowd.

WILL
Wouldn't be seen talking to him, if I was you, mum...

TATTERSAL
Run off now, chap.

WILL
A barber and a devil, he is. Gonna cut your son into pieces and stick his insides into jars. Medical exploration, he'll say -- butchery, says I.

TATTERSAL
And who is that?

WILL
Even if you tells him to bugger off, he's gonna hire one of those blokes up there.

Will points to a GANG of men loitering near the gallows.

WILL (CONT'D)
Them's the Resurrectionists -- grave robbers, mum. And that man what stands next to you, he'll pay 'em right coin to dig up fresh your son's body and deliver 'em backside his shop.

TATTERSAL
This boy has confused me with another.

WILL
I am not confused, sir.

TATTERSAL
Such men live-- but ‘tis not I.

WILL
Works for himself, not attached to any hospital. Name’s John Tattersal. Resides over in--

TATTERSAL
Scamper off! Before you’re gallowed for slander.

The Hangman whips the horses. The carts are pulled away and the two criminals drop -- Weak Chin’s a clean break, but Mum’s son’s doing the “Tyburn Jig,” his feet wriggling desperately around. The crowd cheers. Gruesome.

MUM
God have mercy.

WILL
Your son’s gonna walk the night in purgat’ry, you get involved with this man.

Mum turns to John. Looks back at her choking son. Slams the coin purse back into John’s hands.

MUM
Bugger off.

WILL
That’s right, mum.

John turns to Will. Stares with intent.

TATTERSAL
I know your face, young man. I will not forget it.

He disappears into the now feverish crowd.

MUM
(re: the Resurrectionists)
How can I make sure them’s don’t get at my son?

WILL
'Fraid if they want him, most times they get 'em. Still, there's a safe bit of ground other side of Thames... For a small gift, I can make sure your son gets hidden there, free from the likes of any grave villains or corpse rovers.

MUM
Corpse...?

WILL
I've seen it, mum. Unnatural.

As she ponders this, some of the crowd run under her son and began yanking his feet to speed the killing. Blood pours through the white sack where his eye sockets are. Mum is horrified. She hands Will her last few coins.

MUM
Stop it! Stop it! Here, take it!

WILL
Blessings to you.

Will runs through the crowd.

WILL (CONT'D)
Let go of him! Let go! That's a mother's son you have there!

2 INT. COVENT GARDEN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT 2

Goiter lies, bone-cold with neck stretched, on a table lit by a lantern. Will cleans the body with soap and water.

WILL
Seems a nice woman, your mum. Seems she really cared for you. Didn't say much about your Dad. Maybe she didn't know 'em. I didn't know my Dad -- they said it was Reg the fish man, but Reg had a big nose. And he smelled like fish. They didn't call him Reg the fish man because he sold fish -- it's 'cause he smelled bad. I don't think he was my dad.

He pokes at the goiter.

WILL (CONT'D)
That's some bit you got on your face. Thinking the ladies didn't like that much... Maybe that's why you put your love inside horses. Hm... I liked your mum. And I'm sorry for what I done to you here. And if we ever sees each other in the afterworld--

A VOICE FROM THE SHADOWS
You mean the underworld.

Will looks up. We hear heavy footsteps as a SHADOW comes up from a cellar staircase.

A VOICE FROM THE SHADOWS (CONT'D)
Don't think God didn't see you pilfering that old woman out of coin and a Christian burial for her only son -- then offering it up to a demon incarnate, you miserable wretch. God sees all your sins.

The shadow emerges from the dark holding a lantern and bone saw -- it's John Tattersal.

TATTERSAL
Burn in pitch and hellfire, you will, young Will.

The light of his lantern illuminates the room: a residential kitchen turned into an makeshift operating room. A room surrounded in ghoulish beauty: medical preparations of all kinds -- body parts, animal parts, fetuses, all suspended in jars of fluid. John laughs.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
Now what say you, my darling idiot? Who's got a pinch of goiter for dear old Johnny?!

And John begins sawing off the dead man's neck, as we

SMASH TO:

3 MAIN TITLES. 3

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 INT. ST. STEPHEN'S HOSPITAL - DAY 4

The camera follows past ward beds- wound leeching, cranial airing, and other glories practiced in the 18th century are seen as we settle on JULIAN TATTERSAL, 40's, resident physician, siting across from a PAINED GENTLEMAN. Julian stares into a bowl of piss and shit as the Gentleman struggles to flex his arthritic hands.

PAINED GENTLEMAN
It's as much as I can bend. Pain in the hands. Pain in the kneecaps. Pain here in my gut.

JULIAN
Your stools?

PAINED GENTLEMAN
A bit milky, perhaps.

JULIAN
But timely? Regimented?

Julian dips his fingertips into the bowl, tastes the urine.

PAINED GENTLEMAN
As much as the next man. I have no pains there. It's the hands, the--

Julian sets down the bowl.

JULIAN
The gout is brought forth from excitability. Strong emotion and intemperance stir up the humors, manifesting in aches and poor excretions. You have two options: a month's bed rest, with a diet of vegetables and watery drinks or I can bleed you.

PAINED GENTLEMAN
No meat for a month?

JULIAN
Afraid not.

PAINED GENTLEMAN
No lamb? No Rabbit? I love rabbit.

LEROUX, a student surgeon, taps him on the shoulder.

LEROUX
Pardon, monsieur. Sir Houdyshell wishes a moment with you.

5 INT. ST. STEPHEN'S HOSPITAL - HOUDYSHELL'S PARLOR - SAME 5

THOMAS HOUDYSHELL, St. Stephen's Head Physician, sits across from LORD ANDREW BLAKESLEY and his wife, LADY BLAKESLEY.

HOUDYSHELL
One of my finest physicians, I can assure you. Very agreeable...

Julian enters.

HOUDYSHELL (CONT'D)
Are your ears on fire, Mr. Tattersal?

JULIAN
Ears, Head Physician?

HOUDYSHELL
I have been in small praise of you. Lord and Lady Blakesley, this is Julian Tattersal.

JULIAN
Good day, Sir...Madam.

HOUDYSHELL
Lord Blakesley is having troubles with his coachman.

LORD BLAKESLEY
He refuses work.

LADY BLAKESLEY
He has a great lump behind his leg.

LORD BLAKESLEY
Man's been employed for under two years. Hardly time enough for me to concern myself.

LADY BLAKESLEY
The lump is the size of a grapefruit. He can hardly walk, much less steer a carriage.

LORD BLAKESLEY
The lady insists -- her heart is immeasurable.

HOUDYSHELL
Very kind of her. Julian here will be more than happy to make himself available.

LADY BLAKESLEY
We have a town home in Grosvenor Square, Mr. Tattersal. I do appreciate it.

Houdyshell hands Julian Blakesley's card.

TATTERSAL
'Tis my honor, ma'am.

PRE-LAP a woman's scream and man's grunt, as we...

6 INT. TATTERSAL RESIDENCE - FRONT PARLOR - DAY 6

A prostitute, TODDY, stares at the rotten tooth Tattersal has just yanked out of her mouth with a pair of pliers.

TODDY
Ahhh....

John gives her a shot of rum. It burns her empty socket and as she opens wide to scream again, John stuffs a rag in it.

TODDY (CONT'D)
Ahhh...How long 'fore I can work wit' my mouth again?

He gives her a shot of rum and when she goes to scream he stuffs a rag in her mouth.

TATTERSAL
Come back in a few. We'll fill it in with a false one and your mouth will once more be a silk purse for the discriminating prick.

She gets up, hands him a few coin. It's not enough.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
Toddy, my princess... Does it read "charity" outside my door?

TODDY
Rough times for a girl these days. Pay in trade?

TATTERSAL
Fine, fine.

He lets her out, then heads through the parlor, down the hallway and into:

7 INT. TATTERSAL RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 7

John finds BUGGLES and a few Resurrectionists (one nose-less) standing about with mouths covered. The days-old dissected goiter corpse lies on the table. Flies hover. Will's at his workbench sealing a preparation- a rotten rectum next to him.

BUGGLES
Gent could get a year or five in the dungeon for somethin' like this.

TATTERSAL
Says the grave robber to the barrister.

BUGGLES
You really should salt your cellar, Tatters -- keep 'em with what's down there, at least.

WILL
No room, Mr. Buggles. Mister John's got the animals tit-high in the cellar.

TATTERSAL
What's that, Will?

Will smacks himself in the head.

WILL
Nothing.

TATTERSAL
(re: the corpse)
How much to be rid of him?

BUGGLES
Can't be sacking and burning in the afternoon, John. 'Tis business 'neath the moon, not the sun.

TATTERSAL
Then what are you standing in front of me for, ya maggot farmer?

BUGGLES
Some Mick bumped his throat 'gainst a Hessian's knifey yesternight. Thought Johnny Tatters might be needful for some fresh meat.

TATTERSAL
One Guinea for disposal of rot, two Guinea for the freshie.

BUGGLES
Three and five.

TATTERSAL
Two and four -- rough times for barbers these days.

John hands over the money he got from Toddy. Buggles nods to his men and then bags the corpse up. Tattersal bags up the preparations near Will.

BUGGLES
Your ma's a ripe cunny.

TATTERSAL
Did ya know her, then? Might you be my long lost bastard father?

BUGGLES
Not likely. Only took your ma in the arse.

TATTERSAL
Then don't be talking about her cunny, Buggles -- it's disrespectful.

Chuckling, Buggles and company exit out the back alley. John heads out the hallway, through the parlor and front door.

8 EXT. LONDON STREETS - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 8

Tattersal whistles down the street, keeping his sack close to his person. We see sedan chairs and carriages, stray animals, child beggars, pickpockets, people pissing in the street, shitbowls being emptied out the window -- coal fire clouds obscuring the sun above the great town of it all!

DOWLING (O.S.)
John Tattersal of two nine King Street!

Tattersal turns around to find his landlord MR. DOWLING and his kindly goon DUNNARD.

DOWLING (CONT'D)
What a delightsome surprise, amidst the bustle of commerce!

TATTERSAL
Good Sir Dowling...

DOWLING
Oh, “sir,” is it? Kindly manners must mean you’re out of pocket again.

TATTERSAL
Hello, Dunnard. How’s the day then?

DUNNARD
Very nice, sir, thanks be to--

DOWLING
It’s not important how Dunnard’s day is, Mr. Tattersal. What’s of import is my rent fee and the delinquency you flaunt in my face. Two months in rears--

TATTERSAL
Two months, is it?

DOWLING
Perhaps you’d like I pay a visit to the constable. Tell him what I know about what bloody deeds goes on in my townhouse. Tell him what wickedness you have in that sack.

TATTERSAL
How, then, would Mr. Dowling get his quid?

DOWLING
He’d get it from proper tenants.

TATTERSAL
And how would proper tenants treat Mr. Dowling’s triannual visit from Mr. Venereal Bobo?

Indiscreet, but effective.

TATTERSAL (CONT’D)
I think Mrs. Dowling appreciates the service I provide her husband -- even if she remains unaware of such service. What say you?

He slips past the two, as Dowling steams.

DOWLING
I want my money! By the morn, or I turn Dunnard here on ya!

Ignoring Dowling’s shouts, Tattersal ducks into a tavern.

9 INT. THE SWAN WITH TWO NECKS - CONTINUOUS 9

A rollicking public house, filled to the gills with all types, low to high -- tradesman, scriveners, lawyers, actors, whores, addicts, gents and what pass for ladies who show their faces under such roofs as these. The camera follows Tattersal through the tavern toward a DANDIFIED MAN in the corner. John drops his sack heavily on a table. The Dandified Man spins to face him -- it's Julian.

TATTERSAL
Treasures -- excellent treasures.

Julian and John huddle around the sack, obscuring it from the bar patrons. Julian pulls down the sack revealing three preparation jars -- a thumb, a spleen, and a goiter specimen.

JULIAN
Where's the rectum?

TATTERSAL
Will botched it -- bloody dimwit.

Julian quickly pulls the sack over the jars, then sets it on the floor. They sit, and Tattersal stares at Julian.

JULIAN
What?

TATTERSAL
Treasures cost coin.

JULIAN
I paid you in advance.

TATTERSAL
Not for the goiter.

The Barmaid drops two pints on the table.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
'S on him.

Julian pays. Tattersal drinks.

JULIAN
How much?

TATTERSAL
Two guinea.

JULIAN
Two guinea!

TATTERSAL
Goose quills, spirit of wine, pig's bladder, dimwit apprentices...all cost of a jar, and what's the haggle? St. Stephen's hasn't made you fat in the coffers?

JULIAN
St. Stephen's is not present, and you're not to represent the name in any of your business.

TATTERSAL
Of course -- couldn't have the right honorable St. Stephen's in knickers with the lesser Tattersal.

JULIAN
We're quite happy with the work. It's a genuine gift to our students...

TATTERSAL
When do I get my post?

JULIAN
These matters take time.

TATTERSAL
Perhaps when my white beard meets my testicles on the floor? I do the work, you inherit the reputation.

JULIAN
You overestimate your contribution.

TATTERSAL
But you do claim the jars as your own...

JULIAN
We have an agreement, brother.

TATTERSAL
And a surgeon's posting is part of that agreement, brother. How are the children?

JULIAN
They miss their uncle John.

Julian slides a guinea to John, picks up the sack and stands.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
I have a house call in Hanover Square and a lecture in the morning. You want inside St. Stephen's...

TATTERSAL
House call?

JULIAN
...invest in a coat and wig and show your face at the Royal Society.

Julian begins walking out. John follows.

TATTERSAL
What kind of house call? Paying house call? Well-paying house call?

JULIAN
See you tomorrow, brother.

TATTERSAL
You could use my help.

JULIAN
I can manage.

TATTERSAL
Let me watch.

JULIAN
No.

10 INT. BLAKESLEY TOWNHOUSE - FRONT PARLOR - DUSK 10

Julian sits with the COACHMAN in front of the Blakesleys. A MAID hovers about. John watches from the corner, helping himself to a bowl of fruit. The Coachman has a nasty-looking pulsing growth on the back of his knee.

JULIAN
It's been like this for how long?

COACHMAN
A few months now.

JULIAN
When I touch it?

Julian gently pokes at it with a prod. The Coachman winces.

COACHMAN
Pain shoots up to my head.

LADY BLAKESLEY
Tell the physician everything...

COACHMAN
Yes, ma'am.
(to Julian)
If I was to say when the bother began, I make it around last spring, when Mr. Blakesley bought me those boots there.

As he nods toward a pair of boots, we...

11 EXT. LONDON STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY/NIGHT (FLASHBACK MONTAGE) 11

Pizzicato string MUSIC and the Coachman's VOICE accompany a MONTAGE. Acute attention is paid to the Coachman's fitted boot and the pressure it puts on the back of his knee.

A POP of the Coachman struggling to put on a boot.

COACHMAN (V.O.)
Very nice they were and very kind of Sir, for the purchase. All the same, a snug fit they've been.

POP of the Coachman securing the cab with his leg as the Blakesleys climb inside, closing the door, hopping up to the driver's seat, then shouting "Gee-O!" as the horse takes off.

COACHMAN (V.O.)
Lots of up and down in cabs. More than once I'd find my stockings rubbed raw from the leatherwork.

POP of the Coachman's boot rubbing against his knees as he drives the cab through the cobblestone streets.

COACHMAN (V.O.)
Found myself, here and there, losing what feeling I had in my leg. But that's the job, shake it off...

POP of the Coachman getting down off the cab seat, securing the coach with his booted leg as the Blakesleys climb out.

COACHMAN (V.O.)
Comes a few months ago, I pulled off my boot and... a little bubble no bigger'n a hen's egg.

POP of the Coachman removing his boot, showing a small egg-sized blood clot behind his knee.

BACK TO:

12 INT. BLAKESLEY TOWNHOUSE - FRONT PARLOR - RESUME 12

JULIAN
Popliteal Aneurysm. It's an amputation -- and with haste.

COACHMAN
What's that, then?

MAID
(very upset)
There's nothing you can...

JULIAN
Nothing. I'm sorry.

Lord Blakesley looks at the Maid. The maid looks to Lady Blakesley. She lowers her head.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
(to the Coachman)
The procedure can be quite painful. And I say there's a chance your body will not survive the shock.

A grim moment for everyone. John takes advantage of it to pick out a pear and put it in his pocket.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
It's the only course of action I see...I'm terribly sorry.

TATTERSAL
(muttering)
It's not the only course.

JULIAN
John.

TATTERSAL
Collateral circulation...

JULIAN
John.

COACHMAN
What's that he said?

TATTERSAL
Collateral... A diseased artery can be tied off and the body will create a new pathway for the blood... Not theoretical! I performed the operation on a stag had the same problem... NOT an beginner, but a Guilded Member of the Worshipful Company of Surgeons!

JULIAN
He said nothing... Theoretical at best... A stag! Forgive my brother -- he's an enthusiastic beginner, a chancer, a quack!... John...John! *

Lord Blakesley slams down his walking stick. Everyone turns to look at him.

LORD BLAKESLEY
(to Tattersal)
Might I speak to the attending *physician.*

JULIAN
You may, sir.

Julian gets up and follows Mr. Blakesley into the hallway. A humbled but unaffected Tattersal stares silently ahead.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 EXT. LONDON STREETS - EVENING 13

Julian and John leave the townhouse. John carries the sack of preparations. Julian is simmering.

JOHN
The Adelphi?

JULIAN
Not hungry.

JOHN
Then the Deer and the Doe.

JULIAN
I said I'm not hungry.

JOHN
It's a brothel. And by all means, do pretend you don't know.

JULIAN
I didn't and I don't.

JOHN
I believe a man mustn't be without for two years' time. Your Mary in heaven, 'twas a proper wife -- but there she is, past the clouds, needlepointing with the archangel Gabriel, looking down on you saying, "Give it a go, Julian!"

Julian turns and grabs John by the lapel.

JULIAN
Never overstep me in front of a patient -- do you understand me?

JOHN
I can save that man's leg.

JULIAN
You killed a man by your method! Failed to mention that fact.

He releases John, who pulls out the pear he filched.

JOHN
I made progress with that attempt. The man lived a full week. If I can get one more grab at it...

JULIAN
And that's the last time you accompany me on a house call.

He knocks the pear away from John, A BEGGAR CHILD eats it.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
And I do appreciate you bringing up the matter of your deceased sister-in-law and your debauched remedy for coping, but it presumes, my dumb brother, that I am without interest.

Julian grabs the sack from John, begins walking away.

JOHN
You've a girl?

JULIAN
I have an interest.

JOHN
Horny bugger...

JULIAN
The heart, John -- not the loins. Were you a physician, you might comprehend.

JOHN
Can I pinch a few quid?

Julian turns a corner. John follows, stops, calls out.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Royal Society tomorrow?

JULIAN
Two in the after. Try not to embarrass yourself.

JOHN
I'll get you that rectum!

14 INT. ARTIST'S STUDIO - DUSK 14

A woman, MIRIAM FALVEY, dressed in fine tailoring, sits for the painter, JOSHUA FOLGER. She is lit by candles and the dying light outside. Bread, cheese, and wine sit on a table and several portraits of Miriam are placed around the studio.

MIRIAM
So I get out of my carriage, make my way through the crowd, and can you guess what was at the center of the filthy mob, Mr. Folger?

FOLGER
Do tell.

MIRIAM
A learned pig. With the hooves and the snout and its owner wearing a high hat and a long mustache. 'Twixt the two, spread out on the ground, are a set of playing cards. With the numbers on them -- two to ten, the jack and the queen.

We hear heavy steps -- someone's on his way up.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
(holding up four fingers)
"How many fingers am I holding up?" he asks the pig.

A knock at the door.

FOLGER
Who is it?

TATTERSAL (O.S.)
It's John.

FOLGER
I don't have any money.

John enters nonetheless.

TATTERSAL
I don't want your money. I want to know if you want to sup at the Swan, Christ...

He stops short, seeing Miriam.

MIRIAM
I am not He and I don't presume to speak for him, but I rather think Christ would prefer to be left out of your dining plans.

John's taken aback -- a looker with wit.

FOLGER
This is John. He's here for money.

TATTERSAL
I am not.

FOLGER
Miss Miriam Falvey of Canvendish Square, John, and you've rudely interrupted her story about a pig.

TATTERSAL
My apologies, madame. Do continue.

John helps himself to some cheese.

MIRIAM
(holding up four fingers)
"How many fingers am I holding up, pig?" The pig looks at his fingers, puts its head down -- clop, clop, clop, picks up the four of hearts, and carries it over to his master.

FOLGER
Astonishing.

MIRIAM
"How much is three and five, pig?" Pig looks at the man -- clop, clop, clop, picks up the eight spades.

TATTERSAL
"Pig has, it seems, not been wanting to man, but man to pig..."

MIRIAM
"...we do not allow time for his education -- we kill him at a year old."

TATTERSAL
Mrs. Falvey knows her Samuel Johnson.

MIRIAM
What's a respectable woman to do in this world, save fill her head with man's knowledge and waste it away sitting for portraits?

TATTERSAL
Uh... yes.

FOLGER
Your fill of cheese, John? Anything else I can do for you?

TATTERSAL
Can I borrow some money?

FOLGER
No.

John heads for the door.

JOHN
Madame.

He sees a painting lying behind a chair, tilts it to get a better look - a portrait of Miriam in a very low neckline...a hint of a nipple. He raises an eyebrow at Folger.

FOLGER
Goodbye, John.

John exits, closing the door behind him.

15 INT. JULIAN'S RESIDENCE - STUDY - EVENING 15

Julian, at his desk, pores over an anatomy book open to a rendering of a human leg. A portrait of his deceased wife hangs behind him. The GOVERNESS brings him his tea.

GOVERNESS
Children are sound, linens are put away. Would you be needing me anymore, sir? *

He looks up.

JULIAN
Huh? Oh. I don't believe so. No. Thank you -- in the morning then.

She nods her head and leaves. He sips his tea bowl, reads.

16 INT. THE DEER AND THE DOE - EVENING 16

John singing a bawdy tune, finishing one bottle of wine and uncorking another. We hear a woman's voice.

TODDY (O.S.)
Hey now, I said one bottle.

Pull back to REVEAL John is in a brothel, with Toddy's hand (in some TV-14 tasteful framing) giving its all on his knob.

JOHN
If’n you use your mouth, I’d stop at one.

She takes a hunk of bloody gauze out of her mouth.

TODDY
And if’n you didn’t curve toward my hacked-about tooth, I’d be willing.

JOHN
Pay in trade. Pay in trade.

He goes back to singing and swilling, and she to jerking.

CUT TO BLACK:

17 WE HEAR THE SOUND OF GOATS, DUCKS, A MONKEY, WILL’S VOICE. 17

WILL (V.O.)
Mr. John? Mr. John?
(sings)
Mr. John has a great big dong. It curves to the left when it stands up strong...

FADE UP ON:

18 INT. TATTERSAL RESIDENCE - CELLAR - LATE MORNING 18

A severely hung-over Tattersal is shook by Will. There are animal bones scattered about. Goats, ducks, a monkey in cages.

WILL
Had a night, did ya?

TATTERSAL
Bugger off...

WILL
Came in all singing and cursing, wanting to feed the animals.

Tattersal sits up with difficulty.

TATTERSAL
What’s that smell?

WILL
The ducks. You fed ’em what the goats was eating. Made ‘em disagreeable.

Tattersal throws a bottle at Will, misses.

WILL (CONT'D)
Good toss, sir.

Tattersal kicks the duck's cage, lugs his ass upstairs to...

19 INT. TATTERSAL RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 19

Will and the camera follow him.

WILL
Know while's you was out, Mr. Buggles comes by sayin' tell that right bastard Tattersal meet us with monies at the Spotted Whale come six or thereabouts.

TATTERSAL
Why are you babbling at me?

WILL
The Irishman. They're putting him in the pitch today and Buggles and his mates is gonna dig 'em up and bring 'em back here.

TATTERSAL
Fine. Fine.

Tattersal braces himself on the kitchen table and throws up.

LADY BLAKESLEY (O.S.)
(uneasily concerned)
Is everything alright?

TATTERSAL
Who's that, then?

WILL
That be the pretty lady and her maid come by to see you...may want to put on the trousers.

REVEAL Tattersal naked from the waist down. Hello, asscheeks.

20 INT. TATTERSAL RESIDENCE - PARLOR - LATER 20

John sits across from Lady Blakesley and her Maid. John fights his hangover. Lady Blakesley wears a pendant.

LADY BLAKESLEY
I've spent the morning making inquiries into your practice, Mr. Tattersal.

TATTERSAL
Fun, was it?

LADY BLAKESLEY
You perform all kinds of surgery here, I'm told.

TATTERSAL
Heads, hands, feet, teeth, lumps, bumps, warts, buboes, bladder stones, distempers unleashed by Venus--

LADY BLAKESLEY
They were strange words spoken the other night -- popil... Pop-lar.

TATTERSAL
Popliteal aneurysm. That's the bloody sac, back your man's knee.

LADY BLAKESLEY
The other word -- collat...

TATTERSAL
Collateral circulation. Fancy words for a simple fact.

He slaps his face a few times to wake up, then:

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
Say you and yours are in a carriage on your way home, running up Drury Lane, when all's a-sudden, a theatre fire breaks out. Lots of people screaming, buckets all about -- your carriage can't get through.

Will brings in a tray of tea and biscuits for the ladies.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
Now you can sit there and get charred up, or take the reins, yank the horse right, make a left down a mews and find your way home via another route. Same with veins and arteries.

The biscuits are old. The ladies pretend to like them.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
The main artery near your man's knee's been weakened. Blood's pushing the walls out, filling up like a sac. That's the theatre fire, see?
(MORE)

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
What you got to do is, tie that off and let the blood find its mews.

John bites into a biscuit and spits it back into his hand.

LADY BLAKESLEY
The physician you came with, he seemed to...

TATTERSAL
Fall back on cowardice and fifteen hundred years of ignorance. I've done the operation. It works.

FLASHBACK TO:

21 INT. TATTERSAL RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK) 21

A section of a man's leg is being placed in a large jar on John's makeshift operating table. An incision runs the length of the leg section, exposing some rotted flesh by the knee.

TATTERSAL (V.O.)
A year ago now, I hadn't yet perfected the procedure and was deep in thought with what had gone wrong. That's when my apprentice, Will...

Will enters, pulling a young STAG by a rope.

TATTERSAL (V.O.)
...brings in a stag I had procured from Richmond Park. Gave it a name, did ya Will?

WILL (V.O.)
Neemie.

TATTERSAL (V.O.)
Nice little antlers, Neemie had. Good healthy neck too, so I tried out an experiment.

POPS of the "experiment": Neemie's thrown on the table. Neemie is tied down. Neemie is given rum to slurp up as John cuts into its neck. John cuts the carotid artery and ties it off.

TATTERSAL (V.O.)
Antlers grow from the nourishment they get from the blood. Blood comes from what is called the Carotid artery. It's a big one. I cut it out, tied it off and sewed it up.

He sews up Neemie's neck. Unties Neemie. Neemie limps past a disapproving Will and into the backyard.

22 EXT. TATTERSAL RESIDENCE - BACK YARD - DAY. 22

Will is feeding the deer some grass. Making friends. John comes outside, feels the deer's antlers.

TATTERSAL (V.O.)
Day later I go outside and touch Neemie's antlers. Cold to the touch they were. No blood from the carotid.

BACK TO TATTERSAL PARLOR

TATTERSAL
Now, a physician's gonna tell you the walls of the smaller arteries ain't strong enough to hold what a major one can. Well, excuse my Portuguese ladies, but it's bollocks.

BACK TO TATTERSAL BACKYARD

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
Because I come back to the yard two weeks later... not only are they warm, they measure two inches longer.

23 INT. TATTERSAL RESIDENCE - BACKYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK) 23

Will and Neemie play in the sunlight. Happy times.

TATTERSAL
Six weeks that stag lived a kingly life... At the conclusion of which, I finished my experiment.

John bursts out and shoots Neemie with a pistol. Neemie keels over. Will stares, open-mouthed. POP to a quite dead Neemie being thrown on the table. John cuts into its neck. Injects the blood vessels with a colored resin, watches the dye pass through a new route of smaller vessels to the stag's antlers.

TATTERSAL (V.O.)
The evidence was inside the stag. Collateral circulation is fact. Given time, the body will mend itself. Nature's masonry. Top stuff.

John is excited. Will glumly misses his deer friend. John looks back at the human leg in the jar, thoughtfully.

24 INT. TATTERSAL RESIDENCE - FRONT PARLOR - RESUME 24

Lady Blakesley shifts uncomfortably in her seat. Will wheels away the tea.

LADY BLAKESLEY
This procedure -- you think it would save my servant's leg?

TATTERSAL
Cannot fail.

She looks to the Maid, who nods.

LADY BLAKESLEY
Then on his behalf, I would like to employ you to perform this procedure.

TATTERSAL
Your husband made the decision for St. Stephen's to carry out the surgery.

LADY BLAKESLEY
It is not my husband's leg we are discussing.

TATTERSAL
Nor is it yours, Madame.

LADY BLAKESLEY
I can pay you a sizable sum.

John is tempted -- God in all fuck heaven, he could use it.

TATTERSAL
He's in my brother's care now. It wouldn't be honorable.

MAID
Where's honor in letting him die?

TATTERSAL
He's not going to die.

LADY BLAKESLEY
(overcome with emotion)
Physician said he could. And he has no means, if he's no leg! You must save it, sir -- you must!

John and the Maid share a look. John figures the Coachman is something more than a Coachman for Lady Blakesley.

LADY BLAKESLEY (CONT'D)
Forgive me.

MAID
Our coachman is more than help for our home.

TATTERSAL
(to Lady Blakesley)
No tears, m'lady. My brother's surgeon...A young Frenchman. He's...a steady hand.

Lady Blakesley gathers herself. He walks them to the door.

LADY BLAKESLEY
I trust you'll forget this visit, Mr. Tattersal. My husband cannot know we've seen you.

He nods. She offers a few shillings.

TATTERSAL
Afternoon words with two beautiful women? Your presence here has been payment enough.

She tucks the coins back into her purse. He opens the door- a glimpse of Mr. Dowling walking towards the townhouse.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
Okay, then. Off you go, good fortune to you both.

He slams the door, locks it. Heads down the hallway to:

INT. TATTERSAL RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

John comes upon Will eating a bowl of porridge.

WILL
Nice ladies, sir?

We hear pounding at the door.

TATTERSAL
It's Dowling. Go answer the door and tell him to come back.

WILL
Already did that. Two hours ago.

TATTERSAL
What time is it?

WILL
Half-past one.

TATTERSAL
Shite!

Tattersal grabs a coat and a wig from a peg on the wall.

WILL
He’s plenty rank about the rent. And plenty upset we had the locks changed too. Want some porridge?

More banging on the front door. Muted calls to “Open up, Tattersal!” John gathers himself, heads for the back door.

TATTERSAL
Put it down, let him in, and tell him you haven’t seen me.

WILL
Wouldn’t do that, sir.

John opens the door. Dunnard’s waiting in the alley.

25 EXT. TATTERSAL RESIDENCE - ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER 25

John, holding a wig and an overcoat, climbs out onto his roof, leaping to the neighbor's roof and scrambling into:

26 INT. NEIGHBOR’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 26

John stops to gaze at his NEIGHBORS who are in the middle of, well... She stands over her man, pissing on his chest while he pleasures himself. They stop and stare awkwardly at John.

TATTERSAL
Hello. Live next door... Gonna use your front door this once if that’s agreeable.

They nod.

TATTERSAL (CONT’D)
Pleasure meeting you.

And he’s out the bedroom, down the stairs, and out into...

27 EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - CONTINUOUS 27

John scrambling down the street, with a bewildered Dowling and Dunnard looking about for him.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

28 INT. ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON - DAY 28

A wooden table with the corpse of Weak Chin (his face frozen in distortion from his recent hanging, his thirty feet of intestines spilt out on the floor.) The table is illuminated by a skylight and candles spread throughout the room. On smaller tables are jarred preparations, assigned as Property of St. Stephen's Hospital- identical to the jars found in John's kitchen. An audience of men (Society Fellows, Students, Julian) and one woman (Miriam, dressed in black) are seated on raised circularly arranged benches. The majority have handkerchiefs pressed to their mouths and noses to combat the stench. They watch the bloody hands and sleeves of LeRoux pull an organ from the cavity and present it to Houdyshell.

LEROUX
Spleen.

Houdyshell, points his stick at the spleen, a physician's distance from the organ itself. LeRoux holds it next to a prepared spleen in a jar.

HOUDYSHELL
The spleen. Located nearest the heart, it's primary purpose is housing and regulating the Hypochondriacal and hysterical temperaments that come from an imbalance of the four humors.

He nods to LeRoux who throws it to a dog in a corner. It gobbles up the spleen. LeRoux picks up a saw, begins hacking.

HOUDYSHELL (CONT'D)
As our capable surgeon LeRoux, saws away, I'd like to humbly thank the Fellows of the Royal Society for allowing the students and
(to Miriam)
benefactors of St. Stephens
(back to audience)
the privilege of attendance this afternoon. We, likewise offer you the Fellows, this rare privilege of an embodied anatomical dissection.

ANGLE ON: John, squeezing his way in at the back. He sees it's Houdyshell speaking and sighs, lowering his expectations. Julian turns to make eye contact with him.

HOUDYSHELL (CONT'D)
Unlike the barbarians found in Paris and Edinburgh, the tempered laws of our courts allow for only five bodies a calendar year and this soulless specimen comes to us fresh from the Gallows of Tyburn, so this is indeed, a special afternoon.

LeRoux puts down his saw, cracks open the ribs, removes the lungs and presents them to Houdyshell. The lobes are black.

LEROUX
Lungs.

LeRoux holds the lungs up to the prepared healthy lung in a jar. John recognizes his work.

HOUDYSHELL
A villain lungs. You will observe the blackened state upon removal. This is black bile. You have heard me refer to the four humors, forgive me, those of you, familiar with the science.

TATTERSAL
Ha!

HOUDYSHELL
Was there a comment?

Julian looks back. John feigns innocence, looks around for the culprit.

HOUDYSHELL (CONT'D)
Blood, Phelgm, Choler and Black Bile move harmoniously throughout the body by our Creator's design. An overabundance of black bile will manifest into melancholia, which no doubt contributed to this man's deviant behavior.

TATTERSAL
What is the precise measurement of a balanced four humours in a body, Mr. Houdyshell?

HOUDYSHELL
Mr. Tattersal...

Houdyshell throws a look to Julian.

TATTERSAL
You know my name...I am flattered, deeply flattered. I'm no physician admittedly.

HOUDYSHELL
You are a Barber, if I'm not mistaken.

TATTERSAL
A surgeon...

HOUDYSHELL
(playing to his audience)
Oh a surgeon, well then, do proceed.

TATTERSAL
Proud I am and my question again, when all the humours have been extracted from a deceased body, is there a volume of each of these humours that can be measured? For instance, if a valuable member of society were on that table.

GENTLEMAN
Perish the thought.

TATTERSAL
Agreed. But theoretically, let's say you were to hack up a nun there and drain her vessel.

Miriam lets out a small laugh.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
Would there be the same amount of blood as there would be choler or phlegm?

JULIAN
Perhaps the gentlemen would allow the lecturer his hour...

HOUDYSHELL
The temperament of the subject is measurement enough.

TATTERSAL
Do you often find varying temperaments in the deceased?

FELLOW
As they were *living*, he means.

TATTERSAL
Well then, why bother with a corpse at all. If a functioning anatomy exists only in the living perhaps your Barber could take up his knife to a volunteer.

LEROUX
Surgeon.

TATTERSAL
Everyone in this room's got lungs inky as them there. It's the coal fire from the chimney's what blocks out the sun. The air we breathe.

Houdyshell holds up the healthy lung in the jar.

HOUDYSHELL
Then how, my good man, would you account for this?

TATTERSAL
But that's a country girl there. I should know, I did that my...

Julian turns around, raises his voice.

JULIAN
ENOUGH!

Hardened looks between brothers. Houdyshell eyes them both.

ANOTHER FELLOW
Gentlemen, a lady is amongst us. Let decorum seize upon you.

MIRIAM
Thank you, no.

All heads turn to Miriam. She looks up at John. A flicker of recognition from their meeting at Folger's studio.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
Do not let the presence of a woman, extraordinary as it is, alter the free exchange of ideas.

She turns to Houdyshell.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
Amongst the privileges cited this afternoon, is that not the highest?

HOUDYSHELL
Your ladyship is quite right.

FELLOW
Shall we agree to continue?
Respectfully.

John nods. Houdyshell sets the lungs down. Stiffens up.

HOUDYSHELL
The gallbladder, LeRoux.

29 INT. JULIAN'S CARRIAGE - LATER THAT DAY 29

Tattersal and Julian ride through the streets of London.

JULIAN
You want a position, and you choose ridicule as the way to go about it?

TATTERSAL
The lady appeared amused.

JULIAN
There is laughing with and laughing at. Miriam's late husband practically built St. Stephen's...

TATTERSAL
Miriam, is it? Is that your girl, then?

JULIAN
...she continues her husband's patronage. Insulting Houdyshell is insulting St. Stephen's, and Ms. Falvey with it.

TATTERSAL
I am curious, might there be an advance for that rectum? I have one coming in tonight.

JULIAN
I haven't pursued a woman in two years. Your niece and nephew are motherless. I have a suspicion she feels the same for me as I for her, and your mind's with your troubles. You're a shit brother.

TATTERSAL
She's not for you, Julian.

JULIAN
Is that so?

TATTERSAL
Let us say... your interest has other interests.

JULIAN
Speak plainly.

TATTERSAL
I was at Folger's studio last night. She was there with him.

JULIAN
So?

TATTERSAL
So? Joshua Folger? The man paints to bugger. Buggers to paint.

JULIAN
(laughing)
Ms. Falvey has been in mourning nearly a year. She wanted a portrait painted before she came out of it. I recommended Folger.

TATTERSAL
Julian...

JULIAN
You do not know this woman. She's above your station.

The driver stops in front of the Spotted Whale. Tattersal steps out, turns to his brother.

TATTERSAL
We came from the same Sheffield cowshit, brother. My station is yours, no matter what you wear or what delivers you to and fro.

Tattersal smacks the side of the carriage. Julian pulls out his purse and tosses Tattersal some coin.

JULIAN
An advance. The other half when I'm in possession.

They lock eyes. The cab drives off.

30 INT. SPOTTED WHALE - DUSK 30

John ducks down into the smallish tavern. There's a lively criminal air to the place. The Resurrectionists are shit-faced at the bar. John sits down next to Buggles, puts Julian's advance in front of him.

TATTERSAL
Night's on, Buggles.

BUGGLES
Well, sew my arse cheeks shut and feed me a horse -- John Tattersal comes through on a promise!

Buggles takes the coins.

TATTERSAL
Was there a doubt?

BUGGLES
Been drinking since midday. Ale, rum, porter, all on the colonies tonight.

He nods to MASSACHUSETTS who's seated at the end of the bar. He waves to John and throws coin on the bar.

MASSACHUSETTS
Another pint for another weary Englishman, a kindness from the colony of Massasetchets... Massachu... setts. Hello, subject.

TATTERSAL
Setting out to the colonies, are ya?

MASSACHUSETTS
I am indeed, subject. Hitched passage on a fine ship what leaves the docks in the morn.

TATTERSAL
Good for you.

MASSACHUSETTS
Good for me! This place, this London, this England -- it's rot. It's shit. King George, he's shit too.

BARKEEP
Watch it.

MASSACHUSETTS
Watch what, subject? All you subjects, bowing to the crown. Holding your farts in as he passes by. Not in Massa-sets-sets, I tell ya. Let's have another.

Massachusetts passes out. The BARKEEP sets up a pint in front of John.

BUGGLES
You should come out with us, Tatters. Muddy your hands.

TATTERSAL
Muddy my hands in red if you do your job right. All thumbs with a shovel.

BUGGLES
Missing a ripping time, I promise. Come on, boys.

Buggles nods to the Resurrectionists who follow him out. A drunkard starts singing the sea ditty, "Johnny Todd."

DRUNKARD
(singing)
Johnny Todd, he took a notion/ For to cross the ocean wide...And he left his love behind him

John joins him.

TATTERSAL & DRUNKARD
Standing by the foaming tide...

31 INT. JULIAN'S RESIDENCE - DINING ROOM - DUSK 31

Julian eats a quiet dinner with his children.

ALBERT
Can we play with the toy soldiers after dinner, Father?

JULIAN
Your father is going out this evening.

EMILY
You going to the opera, Father?

JULIAN
(laughing)
The opera? No, I'm not going to the opera. Why the opera?

EMILY
I want to go to the opera.

JULIAN
Do you? Well, one day you will.

They continue eating.

BACK TO:

32 INT. THE SPOTTED WHALE - LATER 32

The whole bar picks up the second verse and Massachusetts wakes up and joins in.

TATTERSAL AND THE TAVERN
(singing)
For a week, she laid a weepin'/ Tore her hair and wrung her hands/ Till she met another sailor/ Walking by the salty strand...

The full-throated ditty plays underneath as we…

33 EXT. CEMETERY - EVENING 33

Buggles and his men pass a flask as they watch a CONSTABLE outside the gates. They let him pass, then snatch up a stash of wooden shovels and make their way deeper into the cemetery.

34 EXT. JULIAN'S RESIDENCE - DUSK 34

Julian emerges from his townhouse. A COACHMAN holds open his horse carriage door.

JULIAN
Vauxhall Park.

COACHMAN
Yes, sir.

Julian is about to climb in, stops himself.

JULIAN
Your boots? Are they a good fit?

COACHMAN
Boots, sir?

JULIAN
Nothing.

He gets in the cab. The Coachman closes the door, takes his seat, and pulls the reins.

35 EXT. CEMETERY - EVENING 35

Buggles and the Resurrectionists dig a hole at the head of a grave with their shovels. They hit the coffin lid. They snap it open. The stench makes a few gag. Noseless reaches into the coffin and attaches a rope to the body. The other crew pick up the rope and yank the body through the hole.

36 EXT. VAUXHALL PARK - EVENING 36

Julian waits. A COUPLE passes by, and Julian tips his hat. A cab approaches, passes Julian, then stops. The driver gets down, opens the door. Miriam climbs out, smiles at Julian.

37 EXT. SPOTTED WHALE - EVENING 37

A tipsy John comes out finishing the ditty. Goes around the corner, looking for a friendly wall. He whips out his own Johnny Todd and sings:

TATTERSAL
(singing)
Johnny Todd came home from sailing/ Pissing on the tavern wide/ And he wrote his name in urine/ Something something, sailor's bride...

He's tapped on the shoulder. Turns around -- it's Dunnard.

DUNNARD
Evening, Mr. Tattersal.

TATTERSAL
Dunnard, you fine large man. Let me tuck myself in here.

He tucks. Dunnard knocks him on his ass.

DUNNARD
Come for collections, I have.

END OF ACT THREE

38 EXT. SPOTTED WHALE - EVENING 38

Moments later. Tattersal's holding his jaw, spitting up blood.

TATTERSAL
Monies coming in tomorrow, Dunnard. I've got work for St. Stephen's. Preparations.

DUNNARD
Those them jars you make?

TATTERSAL
Yes, yes! The very ones.

DUNNARD
Don't like them much. Scary jars.

TATTERSAL
They may be scary, but they fetch a good price. Tell Dowling he'll have it when the cock crows.

He walks a few steps. Dunnard follows. John turns around.

DUNNARD
I'm not allowed to leave you till you pay what you owe Mr. Dowling.

TATTERSAL
But I won't have the money until tomorrow.

DUNNARD
He said you'd say that.

He holds out his hand. Written in ink are the words, "Tomorrow. No."

TATTERSAL
Yes, fine, okay. Back to King Street, we'll wait for delivery...

He tries to nudge Dunnard out of the alley.

DUNNARD
Also too.

TATTERSAL
Also too what?

DUNNARD
Mr. Dowling says I's got to break your hand.

He grabs John's hand.

TATTERSAL
No, not the hand! I hold my knife in that hand!

DUNNARD
Okay.

He switches hands.

TATTERSAL
No. I need that hand to steady the other. No hands! No hands!

DUNNARD
I have to break something...

TATTERSAL
Is that really necessary?

39 EXT. VAUXHALL PARK - EVENING 39

Julian and Miriam perambulate around the park's perimeter.

JULIAN
Beautiful evening.

MIRIAM
'Tis.

JULIAN
A little chill, but not enough to keep one away from a stroll.

MIRIAM
Agreed.

JULIAN
If you would permit me, Miriam... You look extremely well this evening.

MIRIAM
I take that to mean you prefer me in blue over black.

JULIAN
There was no hidden meaning in it.

MIRIAM
The meaning's mine -- something about this afternoon, your brother's performance inspired me.

JULIAN
He’s mannerless.

MIRIAM
I rather liked him. And he’s right. Decorum and custom are held in higher regard than they should, I think. It’s been over a year now and I’m certain my husband would feel honor enough. “Off with blacks,” I said, and banished all five to the attic.

JULIAN
Five black dresses? How many blue?

MIRIAM
That, you must deduce on your own.

She lets that settle. Julian smiles.

MIRIAM (CONT’D)
Your apprentice, LeRoux -- he led me to understand you’re performing an amputation tomorrow.

JULIAN
LeRoux is operating. I’m overseeing. I’m a physician now. It’s not my place.

MIRIAM
I’d quite love to watch one in person.

JULIAN
I don’t think you would. It’s not something easily forgotten.

MIRIAM
Precisely why I’d want to watch. Have you held a heart in your hand?

JULIAN
Miriam, my goodness! Is that a genuine question?

MIRIAM
No, it’s completely fabricated. Chest cut into, ribs cracked open, a living heart in your hand... What’s it like?

JULIAN
You are a fascinating...When I was a surgeon...I held one-- a soldier's heart. He'd been shot at close range. I had to move it in order to remove some shrapnel. I watched it fail. It fails, and the soul of the man...it flew.

MIRIAM
Flew? Out the window? Over the Yorkshire Moors?

He laughs.

JULIAN
It's nonsense, I know, but I have no words for it. 'Twas your fabricated question and my answer -- it will have to satisfy.

MIRIAM
It has. Although I cannot say it will not be revisited. I'm a curious woman -- relentless when I'm wearing blue. Consider yourself fortunate I'm not wearing yellow.

JULIAN
I shudder to ask.

MIRIAM
And you should! I'm not of this earth in yellow.

They smile quietly to themselves.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
Lovely evening.

JULIAN
'Tis.

40 INT. TATTERSAL RESIDENCE - FRONT PARLOR - EVENING 40

John bounds into his front door, followed by Dunnard. John's nose has joined his eye, broken, bleeding.

WILL (O.S.)
Is that you, sir?

TATTERSAL
No.

WILL (O.S.)
Sounds like you, sir. Buggles and the boys is here.

John and Dunnard follow his voice, arriving at:

41 INT. TATTERSAL RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 41

John and Dunnard enter to find Will, Buggles, and his men all gnawing on turkey legs and passing a bottle of rum -- these are drunk, drunk drunkards. A few sit near the lumpy sack.

BUGGLES
Evening, Tatters. Dunnard.

TATTERSAL
Where's the goddamned gauze?

WILL
What happened to your nose?

John yanks the turkey leg away from Will and launches it across the room.

TATTERSAL
The GAUZE!

WILL
Drawer right of Buggles, sir.

John opens the right hand drawer and yanks out some gauze.

WILL (CONT'D)
Scrapping about tonight, was he, Dunnard?

John tears off pieces and starts jamming them up his nose.

DUNNARD
Hello, Will.

WILL
Dunnard, this is Mr. Buggles. Mr. Buggles, this is--

BUGGLES
I seen you. You do the boxing, yes?

TATTERSAL
(Re: the sack)
Open it up, you sods! Let's go.

The men throw the sack up on the table.

BUGGLES
I seen you beat this Moorish cunt, back room of the Tindley's Tavern.

DUNNARD
That was me, yes.

They pull the sack off and a putrid body slides out and falls off the table. Everyone but Noseless covers his nose.

TATTERSAL
Go on -- pick it up! On the table.

They try not to vomit as they lift it. One of the corpse's arms comes off. The one with the arm tries to put it back in place. John takes a good hard look at the body.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
(to Buggles)
What's this, then?

BUGGLES
That's your Irishman.

TATTERSAL
You're telling me that's a day-old body?

BUGGLES
Sure it is. He's a little off, is all. That's the Irish in him.

TATTERSAL
Irish?

John looks at the face. It's clearly a Chinese man.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
Them eyes look Irish to you?

Buggles sidles up next to John, looking down at the body dispassionately. Uh...

BUGGLES
Irish-ish.

John nods for a second, then slams Buggles's face into the dead man's stomach. It caves inward! Rancid green gastric juice explodes everywhere!

TATTERSAL
Retched sods! Rummed yourself stupid. Dug up the wrong grave. I want my damn four P back now.

BUGGLES
(wiping away the green gastric slime)
Someone give ‘em money. Come on.

They all look in their pockets. Not a haypenny amongst them. John picks up the corpse’s arm.

BUGGLES (CONT’D)
Sorry... uh... I think we’s drunk your money, John.

TATTERSAL
(swinging the arm)
Take the coffin! Take the chinky! Take the chinky’s arm! And bugger off all of you OUT OF MY HOUSE! Leave the rum.

Gauze shoots out of one nostril. Buggles and his men scramble to get out. John takes a big swig from the rum bottle, and looks at Will. Will looks at Dunnard. Dunnard looks at John.

DUNNARD
What now?

SMASH CUT TO:

A large HAND knocking on a door. Through a window we see a candle coming to the door. The door opens.

42 EXT. BLAKESLEY TOWNHOUSE - EVENING 42

It's Lady Blakesley's Maid, who SCREAMS on seeing Dunnard's face. John peeks around Dunnard. The Maid lets out another small scream on seeing his broken cotton'd up nose, then:

MAID
Mr. Tattersal?

TATTERSAL
Hello there, miss. Pardon the hour...

MAID
Your nose.

TATTERSAL
Pardon the nose as well. Is your good woman up and about?

Lady Blakesley comes to the door in her nightgown.

LADY BLAKESLEY
What the devil?!

DUNNARD
Evening, misses.

TATTERSAL
This is Dunnard. Dunnard, this is Mrs...

LADY BLAKESLEY
Blakesley. My husband's asleep.

TATTERSAL
Of course, yes.

LADY BLAKESLEY
Your nose...

TATTERSAL
A brick fell off the church. God wants me dead. Do you still want my hand for your coachman?

LADY BLAKESLEY
Yes.

TATTERSAL
I'll do it.

Lady Blakesley bursts into tears.

MAID
Thank you, sir. Thank you.

TATTERSAL
Bring'em 'round tomorrow...

LADY BLAKESLEY
Oh no. We're to bring him to St. Stephen's in the morning. Mr. Blakesley will be expecting us to--

TATTERSAL
Fine...Bring him in three hours.

LADY BLAKESLEY/MAID
(whispered, overwhelmed)
Thank you, Mr. Tattersal... Thank you good sir... God bless you...

John looks over at Dunnard, then turns back to the women.

TATTERSAL
And might I ask payment in advance?

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

43 EXT. LONDON STREETS - EARLY MORNING 43

Storefronts opening up, stray cats scurrying about. A drunk stumbles through the street, singing. For a second the coal-fire clouds part and light shines down on the streets. People stop in their tracks and marvel. A sight they haven't seen for days. The clouds quickly take over again and all go back to their business. A COACH passes through, and we follow it to:

44 EXT. TATTERSAL RESIDENCE - EARLY MORNING 44

The coach stops in front of John's townhouse. The Maid hops out and knocks on the door. Will comes out and helps the Coachman hobble out of the cab and inside the front door.

45 INT. TATTERSAL RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 45

John lays out his tools as Will and the Maid bring in the Coachman. Dunnard stands in a corner, taking it all in.

TATTERSAL
Bring him in! On the table there.

WILL
Okay then, just a little...

The Coachman's up on the table with a biggish "Ow."

WILL (CONT'D)
Sorry about that.

TATTERSAL
(to the Coachman)
This is my assistant, Will. And that's Dunnard over there -- he's helping us out for a small fee.

COACHMAN
Thank you, sir, for helping.

TATTERSAL
Yes, yes. Very excited. Hello, miss.

The Maid nods, distracted by the preparation jars and general uncleanliness of the surroundings.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
(to Coachman)
You should get undressed. Leave your clothes wherever you want.

The Coachman starts taking off his boots and trousers.

MAID
(pointing at a turkey leg)
Is that a turkey leg?

TATTERSAL
Apparently.
(to Coachman)
Do you need help? Will, help the man, for Christ's sake.

Will helps the Coachman with his shirt.

MAID
This is where you're going to do it?

TATTERSAL
Yes.

MAID
It's filthy here.

TATTERSAL
It's not the Queen's water closet, but it's fine. Unless perhaps you'd like to take your lady's love instead to St. Stephen's?

The Coachman and the Maid share a look.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
Where they lay you down in white sheets, blow a thousand years of dust off their medieval instruction books, raise up their carving knives, and hack you to oblivion?!

Coachman nods to the maid. She pulls out Lady Blakesley's pendant. Hands it to the Coachman.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
Dunnard, show the lady back to the parlor.

She hugs the Coachman, then follows Dunnard into the parlor.

COACHMAN
You're going to save my leg, sir?

TATTERSAL
Not if you're still wearing your pants. Haha.

WILL
Hahahaha.

TATTERSAL
Shut up, Will.

Will shuts up. As the Coachmen gets naked, Tattersal opens up a cabinet, takes out a bottle of laudanum. To the Coachman:

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
Listen to me. Hear me. I've done this to a man only once. He lived on for a week, then he succumbed.

Dunnard returns from the parlor.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
I've learned what I did wrong and I know what to do right. Do you want me to perform this surgery?

COACHMAN
If you were me, sir...Would you have it done to you?

TATTERSAL
If I was looking up at a surgeon as good as me? Bloody well right I would.

COACHMAN
I need my leg.

He nods. John gives the Coachman a dose of laudanum. Will and Dunnard place him face up on the kitchen table and secure, with rope, his lower half to the table legs. He holds tight to the pendant in one hand. They each take an arm and hold tight as John lifts his knife. A moment, then he carefully makes an incision into the Coachman's inner thigh. Blood squirts and Dunnard looks ill and the Coachman howls in pain. John digs around for the artery. He pulls it away from the surrounding tissue. Every move elicits a scream from the Coachman and a woozy look from Dunnard. John begins tying four ligatures each one tighter than the last. Dunnard is looking very green.

WILL
Sir, John, I think maybe Mr. Dunnard...

Dunnard passes out with a great thud.

WILL (CONT'D)
...is not feeling well.

MAID (O.S.)
What was that?!

TATTERSAL & WILL
Nothing!

Will lets his fingers and strings go and blood squirts everywhere. The Coachman lets out a prolonged moan.

TATTERSAL
God damn it, Will.

The Maid enters, see the scene.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
Yes, what is it?

The Maid passes out in the doorway.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
Great.

The rest of the surgery is fucking awful/awesome to watch. John takes a needle and thread and sews up the inner thigh. The Coachman is in pain, but his moans are beginning to quiet down. Will and John fall back to the floor exhausted. John sees a turkey leg and takes a sloppy bite out of it. The maid wakes up and John and Will laugh a bit. Then...The Coachman's body begins to shudder. Will looks to John. The Maid to John.

MAID
What's happening?

TATTERSAL
It's alright.

The shuddering stops. The Coachman takes a breath.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
There you go, lad.

The Coachman takes a deeper breath. The pendant falls out of his hand onto the floor. John gets up. Stands over the Coachman. The Coachman who is...quite dead.

John looks to passed out Dunnard. He looks to Will. He looks to the Maid. He looks back to the Coachman.

TATTERSAL (CONT'D)
Huh.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT