

LONDON CALLING

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Inspired by Actual Events

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FADE IN:

Super:

From 1939 to 1945 Nazi Germany dropped more than twelve thousand metric tons of high explosives and incendiaries on the city of London, killing almost thirty-thousand civilians.

During London's nightly blackout, crime on the streets rose by over sixty percent.

This story is inspired by true events, and one particularly heinous criminal.

EXT. FORT BRAGG, NORTH CAROLINA - LATE NIGHT - (1944)

The rain pounds down in thick sheets making visibility almost impossible. The headlights from a U.S. Army Jeep cut through the deluge while motoring down the muddy main street.

The jeep pulls up to a corner bar/brothel called the "GOLDEN WEST SALOON."

Two uniformed US ARMY SOLDIERS, wearing army rain ponchos, climb out of the jeep and scamper into the saloon.

Super: **Fort Bragg, NC - May 1944**

INT. GOLDEN WEST SALOON - SAME TIME

A five piece ARMY BAND kicks out American jazz. This is an all WHITE crowd. Rowdy U.S. ARMY UNIFORMS are everywhere, surrounded by a swarm of LOCAL WOMEN looking for a good time.

A poncho wearing soldier enters - WILLIAM (WILL) PRUITT, 28, black, highly intelligent, exudes military precision. Sergeant stripes etched across the front of his helmet.

A second poncho wearing soldier, CORPORAL PETE DUVALL, follows Will into the saloon - 26, white southerner, sizable.

Both men scan the crowd looking for their SUSPECT.

As Will approaches the bar, disagreeable glances from WHITE SOLDIERS follow. A white BARTENDER approaches Will, an unlit cigar stub sticks out of his mouth.

BARTENDER
(N. Carolina drawl)
You in the wrong place, boy.

Will flashes an ARMY C.I.D.(Criminal Investigation Division) BADGE to the bartender.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Suppose to mean something?

Will shows the bartender a photo of a white U.S. SOLDIER.

WILL
Looking for this soldier...Name
is John Plank.

The bartender glances at it as he wipes down the bar.

BARTENDER
Never seen him.

Pete joins them at the bar.

PETE
(Texas twang)
Problem here, Sergeant Pruitt?

WILL
Na...we're just getting aquatinted.
(to the Bartender)
Take a closer look?

The bartender looks sharply into Will's eyes, spits out a slimy piece of cigar at the photo.

BARTENDER
Get walking, coon...

Will remains stoic as Pete lunges over the bar, grabs the bartender around the neck, slams his face down on the bar top. The music and chattering stop momentarily.

PETE
The Sergeant asked you a
question...
(shoves the photo under
the Bartender's nose)
This dirtbag raped a 14 year-old
little girl...Take another look or
you'll be smoking that cigar out
your ass.

The music and chattering begin again.

The bartender, dazed and bleeding from the nose, takes another look at the photo, turns back to the two soldiers, glances up to the SECOND FLOOR of the club.

PETE (CONT'D)
 (to Will)
 I got this.

WILL
 (eyeing the Bartender)
 I'll stay here and entertain
 my new best friend.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY/GOLDEN WEST SALOON - SAME TIME

Pete moves down a hallway, pauses outside a room, listens for any activity - tries the door, it's locked. He HEARS movement coming from inside the room, busts through the door.

JOHN PLANK, 24, shirtless, dog tags hang around his neck, stands near and open window, pistol in hand. BAM - takes a SHOT at Pete who lunges back into the hallway.

PLANK
 Tell Ike I couldn't make the dance.

With that, Plank leaps out of the 2nd story window.

EXT. GOLDEN WEST SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Plank lands in a muddy rain puddle, no worse for wear. He glances up at Pete in the window, shit-eating grin across his face. Starts to pick himself up off the ground, turns to SEE Will's boot KNOCK him cold.

Pete glances down from the open bedroom window.

PETE
 (calling down)
 We good?

WILL
 Excellent.

Plank lays motionless in the mud and rain.

EXT. FORT BRAGG MILITARY GROUNDS - MORNING

The SOUND of EXPLOSIONS in the distance. A PLATOON of all BLACK SOLDIERS dressed in full combat gear march in unison to a WHITE DRILL SERGEANT.

SOLDIERS enter and exit out of a whitewashed building which bears the seal: **UNITED STATES ARMY - CRIMINAL INVESTIGATIONS DIVISION.**

INT. C.I.D CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Eight C.I.D. SOLDIERS are seated around a large conference table including Will and Pete. Will is the only black soldier present.

CAPTAIN MILLER walks in.

MILLER

'Morning.

INVESTIGATORS

'Morning, Captain.

MILLER

Looks like we have a couple celebrities with us this morning. Pruitt, Duvall, take a bow.

Pete takes a sheepish bow to good natured CATCALLS from the others. Will remains seated.

Miller takes a seat at the head of the table.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Nice work taking down that disgrace to our ranks. He's earned himself a nice life sentence.

(glances toward Will and Pete)

Where are we on Russell Butler?

PETE

We checked every flophouse, cathouse, outhouse from here to Fayetteville...No luck.

MILLER

Any leads?

WILL

Yes, sir...Sister in Savannah.

MILLER

Make sure you stop by Ruby's...Best gumbo in the state.

(rubbing his eyes)

That's all, dismissed...Pruitt, a word.

The soldiers rise and file out of the room. Will eases uncomfortably back down into his chair.

MILLER (CONT'D)

How long have you been with
criminal investigations now,
Pruitt?

WILL

Eight months, sir.

MILLER

Before that?

WILL

Military Intelligence...

MILLER

And you asked for a transfer to
C.I.D.?

WILL

Thought criminal investigations
would be interesting...sir.

Miller opens a folder holding Will's background information.

MILLER

I see you attended Howard
University. What field of study?

WILL

Behavioral Science and Psychology.
Dropped out my last year.

MILLER

Now why would you do that?

WILL

My Auntie was ill, cancer.

MILLER

Parents deceased?

WILL

Raised by my Auntie.

Miller closes Will's background folder, moves to the window,
glances out over the military grounds.

MILLER

Received a call from our H.Q.
in England. A U.S. Army nurse was
murdered in London. The Army's
senior investigator there was
killed by a 500 pound incendiary as
he crossed the street.

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

Only thing left was his dog tags...
(beat)

You're to report to the airfield at zero 600 for your flight to London, there you'll meet with the Provost Marshall, Colonel James Fitzpatrick for further orders.

Will is momentarily dumbfounded.

WILL

And Corporal Duvall?

MILLER

He'll be heading to Savannah. Davis will cover for you.

WILL

I've never worked alone, sir.

MILLER

You'll be liaising with a local investigator.

WILL

Yes sir, but Pete and I--
--Corporal Duvall and I are a team.

MILLER

(losing his patience)
This will be a quick investigation. The Army doesn't want to spend precious resources on it.

WILL

Understood. Sir.

INT. DOUGLAS C-47 CARGO PLANE - FLYING - MORNING

The constant HUM and VIBRATION of the plane's engines sedate Will who sits in a jump seat surrounded by stacks of cargo.

CLOSE ON WILL as his eyes slowly shut....

INT. WILL'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

An indistinguishable violent SHOUTING match wake up 10 YEAR OLD WILL. He climbs out of bed, opens the bedroom door maybe two inches to see his PARENTS in a fierce struggle.

WILL'S POV - his MOTHER tries to defend herself while being struck by his drunken FATHER. She's knocked to the ground.

He staggers away into the kitchen. Seconds later he re-appears with a pistol in his hand.

She wobbles to her feet, SEES the pistol in her husband's hand.

MOTHER

You're trash, that's all you'll
ever be.

She spits at his feet. Will's Father raises the pistol and FIRES - Will's Mother collapses to the floor, DEAD. He staggers back into the kitchen.

Young Will moves to his Mother's fallen body. Emotionless. Too thunderstruck to shed a tear.

CLOSEUP - SILVER CROSS NECKLACE around his Mother's neck, stained with blood.

Young Will rises and follows his Father into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN/WILL'S CHILDHOOD HOME - CONTINUOUS

Will's Father stands at the sink dousing his face with water, trying to sober up. Pistol resting on the kitchen table. Will picks up the gun, levels it at his Father who turns to face him.

FATHER

Go ahead, boy...

The pistol trembles in young Will's hand.(END FLASHBACK)

BACK TO SCENE: INSIDE THE CARGO PLANE (1944)

Turbulence jolts Will out of his slumber. Will's hand trembles slightly before he balls it up into a fist.

EXT. WAR TIME LONDON - DAY

A U.S. Army jeep taxis Will through a city stripped for war. Skeletons of bombed-out buildings dot the urban landscape. LONDONERS continue their daily activities, now immune to the constant fear of death. Barbed wire and sandbags surround anti-aircraft batteries. Barrage balloons fill the grey sky.

INT. ALLIED HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - DAY

Frantic activity everywhere. SOLDIERS and STAFF moving about. The SOUND of constant typing and chatter fill the corridor.

Will sits waiting. The only black face in sight. A door opens and a UNIFORMED SECRETARY stands in the threshold.

SECRETARY

The Colonel is ready for you.

INT. PROVOST MARSHALL'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

A portrait of PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT dominates the room. U.S. ARMY COLONEL JAMES FITZPATRICK sits behind his desk busy with paperwork.

Will enters and stands before him at attention, salutes.

WILL

Sergeant William Pruitt
reporting as ordered, sir.

Fitzpatrick finally looks up from his paperwork, studies Will momentarily.

FITZPATRICK

(New York accent)

Wasn't aware Bragg was sending
me a negro officer.

WILL

That a problem, sir?

Momentary pause.

FITZPATRICK

At ease, soldier.

Will stands at ease.

FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)

Any idea, Sergeant, how many of our
servicemen and women have gathered
on these shores for what will be
the upcoming invasion of Europe?

WILL

No, sir...

FITZPATRICK

Strategic command estimates the
number to be over 1.5 million. You
realize the logistics involved
monitoring that kind of number?

WILL

Challenging at best, sir.

FITZPATRICK

More than challenging I assure you. Most Brits have never encountered an American before this damn war. Now we've practically taken over their country.

(beat)

Which brings me to why you're here. We have an American nurse murdered by God knows who. I'll tell you this, Sergeant Pruitt, all hell will break loose if the perpetrator is a U.S. servicemen. Would cripple morale, let alone our standing with the Brits? See my point?

WILL

Sir...?

FITZPATRICK

Although tragic, her murder is unfortunately non-consequential to the war effort here in London.

WILL

Are you saying an investigation is not warranted?

FITZPATRICK

I'm saying the investigation of a murdered American nurse would best be slow-walked for all parties concerned until after the invasion.

WILL

Is that why I was chosen, to slow walk the investigation?

FITZPATRICK

Nothing personal, Sergeant Pruitt, but the odds of you actually apprehended this killer are one in ten at best.

Fitzpatrick eyes Will with a look of contempt before rising.

FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)

You'll be the liaison between this office and the London Metropolitan Police. Your contact is a Scotland Yard Inspector...

(Fitzpatrick hands Will a note with an address)

(MORE)

FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)
...a Silas Finnick...You'll be
quartered at a private residence.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY

Will carries an army duffle bag over his shoulder as he walks past a FIRE BRIGADE hosing down the SMOKING remains of a recently destroyed building.

CIVIL DEFENSE WORKERS search through the rubble. Stoic LONDONERS walk past, numb to the death and destruction.

Will continues through the gauntlet of devastation passing Londoners who acknowledge Will with a smile or a tip of the hat.

He passes by a PRIEST performing a small WEDDING in a vacant lot next to a bombed-out residence.

EXT. MARY CORNISH HOUSE - DAY

MARY CORNISH, 40, attractive but worn, removes laundry from a clothesline in the backyard of a two-story row home that sits across the street from the remains of a bombed-out house.

As she gathers up the laundry into a basket and walks back into the house, we FOCUS on an ANDERSON AIR RAID SHELTER next to the vegetable garden.

INT. MARY'S 2ND FLOOR BEDROOM - DAY

Mary places folded laundry into a dresser drawer before opening the closet door to hang some shirts.

MARY'S POV - hanging amongst the other clothes is the neatly pressed uniform of a ROYAL AIR FORCE PILOT.

She stares at it momentarily before taking a deep breath of the uniform.

Her reflection is interrupted by a KNOCK at the front door.

MARY
(yelling down)
Having tea! Bugger off!

EXT. MARY CORNISH HOUSE - SAME TIME

Will stands outside the front door, glances up to the open window.

WILL
I'm looking for 20 Winchmore Hill?

Mary leans out the second floor window.

MARY
I said be off with you.

WILL
I'm to be quartered here, ma'am.

Mary's slightly taken back by the black soldier that stands before her.

MARY
And you are?

WILL
Sergeant William Pruitt, ma'am...

MARY
Been expecting a yank...Guessing you're it.

INT. KITCHEN/MARY CORNISH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A teapot WHISTLES on the stove.

MARY
New in country are you, Sergeant?

WILL
Yes, ma'am...

She pours herself a cup of tea and one for Will.

MARY
Not a woman I know wants to be called ma'am, Sergeant. Mary is my given...

Will nods uncomfortably as she stirs her tea.

MARY (CONT'D)
Only two rules in this house..
No women allowed after seven p.m
and no drinking...unless you can
find a bottle of Macallan, then
I'll be happy to join you.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM/MARY CORNISH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Will follows her into a sparsely furnished bedroom.

MARY

Not exactly the Regent but the bed is good. Keep the shades closed at night, the light dim. Bathroom down the hall.

Will tosses his duffle bag on the bed.

MARY (CONT'D)

Dinner served at six.

She exits.

Will sits down on the bed, exhausted, pulls a bible out of his duffle bag, places it down on nightstand - digs back into his duffle bag, pulls out his pistol, places it atop of the bible.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Will is ROCKED out of his nap by distant EXPLOSIONS and the WAIL of AIR RAID SIRENS.

Mary BURSTS into his bedroom.

MARY

Follow me now, Sergeant!

Will jumps to his feet and follows her out.

EXT. BACKYARD/MARY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON THE SKY - SPOTLIGHTS, ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE and TRACERS illuminate the night sky revealing a squadron of GERMAN BOMBERS dropping their loads of incendiaries in the distance.

INT. ANDERSON BOMB SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Mary and Will scramble into the Anderson bomb shelter which is illuminated by an oil lamp. (A backyard bunker made of prefabricated corrugated sheet metal, partially buried in the ground and able to hold up to six people to protect them from a bomb blast.)

MARY

They're bombing the docks.

WILL
I guess we're lucky.

MARY
Where you from, Sergeant?

WILL
Lexington, Virginia, Ma'am.

MARY
Two nights past a wedding reception
was hit. Bride was killed, groom
lost both legs...Ten other guests
dead.

(beat)
Luck left a long time ago,
Sergeant. We're not as fortunate
as the good citizens of Lexington,
Virginia.

Will realizes he misspoke.

WILL
I'm sorry.

MARY
Yes, Sergeant, we're all sorry.

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

A bustling sea of activity - POLICE OFFICERS interacting with
CRIMINAL TYPES. A UNIFORMED OFFICER loiters behind the front
desk, where a cat sleeps comfortably, oblivious to the
commotion.

Will, dressed in his U.S. Army uniform, makes his way through
the congestion, approaches the front desk officer.

WILL
Looking for Inspector Finnick.

DESK OFFICER
Whatcha want with ole' Finn?

WILL
I'm here to investigate the murder
of Nurse Campbell...

DESK OFFICER
And who might you be, Dick Tracy?

WILL
Sergeant Pruitt...
(flashes his badge)
U.S. Army Criminal Division.

The desk officer turns sour, points to a nearby hallway.

DESK OFFICER
Down the hallway, yank.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DETECTIVE'S WAR ROOM - SAME TIME

Scotland Yard DETECTIVES interviewing WITNESSES and shuffling through paperwork.

Will approaches INSPECTOR PHILIP COLLINS.

WILL
Inspector Finnick?

INSPECTOR COLLINS
Taking a lash...

Will has no idea what he's talking about.

INSPECTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
The privy, boy...

Will glares back at the "boy comment", but moves on. Other DETECTIVES glance at Will with curious contempt.

INT. POLICE LAVATORY - SAME TIME

A low-life CRIMINAL TYPE (FERGIE) is seated on a chair in the middle of the lavatory. Face bruised, drenched in sweat.

Standing over him is INSPECTOR SILAS FINNICK (FINN). 52. Unshaven. Ornerly. Tough as nails. A nasty scar down the right side of his face and neck.

FERGIE
(nervous)
Wasn't my idea...Me and a mate
just went along for the
ride...Swear on me bloody soul..

Finn sighs, not believing a word.

FINN
Know why I brought you in
the shitter, Fergie?

Fergie's afraid to reply but does anyway.

FERGIE

Let an innocent bloke spend his
last penny...

FINN

Think again, Fergie..This is
where I'm gonna bury you if you
don't give me a name....Your
tombstone's gonna read, "Here lies
Fergie amongst the piss and shit, a
fine young lad who'd sellout his
mum for 2 quid."

Will enters, interrupting the interrogation. Finn spins
around.

FINN (CONT'D)

Fuck off!!!

Will immediately backs out into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Will waits. After a moment or two, Finn drags Fergie out of
the bathroom, kicks him out a side door.

FINN (CONT'D)

Out ya go.

Finn walks back toward his office. Will follows.

WILL

Inspector Finnick....I'm Sergeant
Pruitt, your liaison with
the U.S. Army...

Finn doesn't respond, continues into his office, sits down
behind his desk.

WILL (CONT'D)

The murder of Nurse Campbell...

Will catches up to him.

WILL (CONT'D)

Where are you with the
investigation?...Do you have
any evidence? List of
suspects?...Any pertinent
information you can give me?

FINN
Calm yourself, Sergeant. Barely
two nights since the body was
discovered.

WILL
Every hour counts.

FINN
How many murder investigations have
you logged, lad?

WILL
This will be my first.

Finn laughs.

FINN
Pertinent information you say...

Finn rises from his desk and begins to walk away.

FINN (CONT'D)
Come on with ya...

Will follows, not knowing where.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Coroner John pulls a COVERED BODY out of a morgue drawer.

Finn and Will both cover their noses with handkerchiefs from
the smell of decaying flesh.

A plastic sheet is pulled back exposing the remains of the
American Nurse, VIVIAN CAMPBELL. Throat's been slashed,
abdomen slit wide open.

Will steels himself as he glances at the horrific remains.

Coroner John turns the woman's face toward the men. Her
lifeless, bloodshot eyes staring back at them.

FINN
(testing)
Well, Sergeant? This qualify
as pertinent information?

Will's numb, speechless, moves close, scans the body.

WILL
No broken fingernails...No
defensive wounds.
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

(beat)

She knew her killer...

FINN

Likely overpowered her quickly...
No reports of any screams.

Will points to the bite mark on her chest.

WILL

Looks like a bite mark on her
right breast. Was she raped?

CORONER JOHN

No semen found..No sign of
penetration...Most likely killed
Tuesday night...She'd eaten within
three maybe four hours of her
death...Black Pudding..

WILL

Black Pudding?

FINN

Pig's blood sausage...

WILL

Not served on base...Had to have
eaten local...Probably near the
crime scene.

CORONER JOHN

Throat sliced down to the spine.
Been disemboweled. Liver and
kidney's removed...All done after
death.

FINN

Jesus, Mother Mary...

Finn makes the sign of the cross before taking a guzzle from
his whiskey flask.

WILL

(confidently)

He's done this before...

CORONER JOHN

Whoever the bloke was, knew
what he was doing. Cuts were
precise, almost surgical. Done
without a whisper of
apprehension....Oh, one more
thing...Our man's left handed...

Will glances at the coroner, wanting an explanation.

CORONER JOHN (CONT'D)
 Angle of the incisions...He's
 a lefty for sure...

WILL
 Fingerprints?

FINN
 No matches.

WILL
 I don't think he's finished.

FINN
 I've seen this before...He's
 just gettin' started.

EXT. LONDON COUNTRYSIDE - U.S. ARMY ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Finn and Will pull up to a military barrier in Finn's two-door FORD ANGLIA COUPE. Several armed U.S. SOLDIERS guard the entrance of the countryside encampment.

Will flashes his badge to one of the soldiers.

WILL
 C.I.D...

They're waived into the encampment.

EXT. ENCAMPMENT GROUNDS - SAME TIME

Quonset huts and tents dot the grounds. SOLDIERS lined up doing calisthenics. Ammunition crates being stacked.

Finn and Will approach a grass clearing where 15 UNIFORMED ARMY NURSES are having afternoon tea and sweet cake.

WILL
 (calling out)
 Private Dunning.

PRIVATE JENNIFER DUNNING, 23, steps out from the group.

EXT. U.S. ARMY ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Finn, Will and Dunning walk the grounds.

FINN
 Was she seeing anyone?

DUNNING

No, we both just arrived from Camp McCoy...

FINN

No part-time Johnny she was bedding down on the side?

Dunning glances at Will, back to Finn.

DUNNING

Like I said, we just arrived.

WILL

We're just looking for any information that will help us find her killer.

FINN

You were with her the night she went missing?

DUNNING

I was.

FINN

And why aren't you missing?

Dunning takes offense, glances at Will for help.

WILL

It's okay...Just tell us about that night.

DUNNING

A group of us...We all had 8 hour passes...Ended up at the "Old Bell."

FINN

How much you girls drink?

DUNNING

Neither of us drink. We had some food...Some laughs...Viv was in a great mood.

FINN

Anyone approach you?

DUNNING

No...Some GIs tried to buy us drinks but--

FINN
--You leave with 'em?

DUNNING
(getting flustered)
No.

WILL
Go on.

DUNNING
Viv went outside to smoke a
cigarette, get some air. Air raid
sirens went off, everyone ran to
the shelter...
(becomes emotional)
I looked for her...I did...It's
like she just disappeared.

Finn and Will glance at one another.

WILL
Thank you, Private.

Dunning walks away. Will lets out his frustration.

WILL (CONT'D)
With all due respect, Inspector,
not sure intimidating a witness is
the best way to gather information.

FINN
Let's get something straight,
Sergeant...I'm not here for
pleasantries. If you're interested
in playing patty-cake, maybe you'd
be better off back home nipping at
your mum's skirt.

WILL
My mother's dead.

Finn storms off.

WILL (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Prick.

FINN
That I am.

WILL
Take me to the crime scene.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

A light rain falls as Will and Finn move down a cobblestone passageway that cuts between two apartment buildings.

They come to an alcove, 10 feet by 10 feet. Will scans the area, glances up at the apartment windows that look down on the scene.

FINN

Rained that night...Pissed away most of the evidence...Found two bloody prints inside her collar.

WILL

No one heard anything? How is that possible?

FINN

Boys knocked on doors...No luck.

WILL

No one could do that to a body without medical training...Maybe he killed her at another location.

FINN

No drag marks...No blood trails.. He killed her here. Don't think he cared if he had an audience.

WILL

Maybe he wanted an audience.

FINN

And that'll be his undoing... Seen it before...He'll get cocky.....That's when he'll make a mistake.

WILL

God complex...

Finn glances at Will wanting an explanation.

WILL (CONT'D)

Believes he has ultimate power over life and death. Has no fear of being caught. In his mind, he's untouchable. A classic narcissist.

FINN

Don't give a damn what you call it,
lad...Son of a bitch took his time,
enjoyed slicing her up.

Will glances back toward the street.

WILL

Shelter's only steps away, but she
ended up here...

FINN

Maybe it was someone she trusted.

WILL

She just arrived in country...Who
would she trust?

Finn begins to walk back up the alley toward the street.

Will glances up to an apartment window to SEE a shadowed FACE
staring down at him.

EXT. LONDON COMMERCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

A heavy rain falls as Finn and Will quickstep up the crowded
sidewalk. Double-decker buses and taxis push through the slop
on a bustling avenue.

FINN

Each district in the city
has its own civil defense
volunteers...Air Raid Wardens.
Wannabe tommies...Got the
uniform, helmet and all.

WILL

And?

FINN

Wardens enforce the blackout.
Sirens sound, they'll lead any lost
soul to the nearest shelter. Should
have a record of the warden in the
district where your nurse was
murdered. Maybe he saw something.

INT. CIVIL DEFENSE OFFICE - DAY

Finn and Will walk into the modest office, shake off the rain
from their drenched clothing.

A procession of LONDONERS looking for assistance. Volunteer posters line the walls. Several UNIFORMED CIVIL DEFENSE VOLUNTEERS sit behind desks answering phones and shuffling through paperwork.

Other VOLUNTEERS stand before a huge wall map of London, placing tiny red flags where bombs have fallen.

Finn and Will approach the front desk where a young male CIVIL DEFENSE VOLUNTEER is speaking with a hulking Londoner named GEORGE.

GEORGE
Got no electricity...Got no water...What's to be done?

VOLUNTEER
Your district?

Before George can answer, Finn interrupts.

FINN
Who's in charge here?

VOLUNTEER
A moment, sir.

FINN
Don't have a moment...

George takes offense to being interrupted.

GEORGE
(to Finn)
We're talkin' here, mate...Wait your place.

FINN
I'll speak with your boss, lad.

George gets in Finn's face.

GEORGE
Hard at hearing, Mac?
(glances at Will)
Maybe you and Blackie here need a lesson in manners. Now bugger off like a good old fart and take your pet with ya..

Finn immediately grabs George by the balls, squeezes. George instantly doubles over in excruciating pain.

FINN
His name is Sergeant William
Pruitt. And mine is...

With his free hand, Finn flashes his Scotland Yard badge to the volunteer.

FINN (CONT'D)
..."Your majesty".

Finn finally gives up the vice grip on George's balls. He falls to the floor in silent pain.

VOLUNTEER
(calling out)
Allen...The law's here.

DIRECTOR ALLEN, 55, approaches the front desk.

Will helps George off the floor and to the exit.

ALLEN
Put the report in two weeks ago.
Where you boys been?

FINN
What report?

ALLEN
The break in...Don't know why
any slacker would want to rob this
place...Got no money here. Busted
through the window and all.

FINN
What was taken?

Will joins the conversation.

ALLEN
Nothing but a few city maps,
couple uniforms...Damndest thing.

FINN
Warden uniform?

ALLEN
Right...

Finn glances at Will with a look of satisfaction.

FINN

We need to know which warden was working district 5 last Tuesday night, near the "Old Bell."

Allen turns toward EMILY, who's doing busy work at her desk. She's 45, frumpy, dressed in a civil defense uniform.

ALLEN

Emily...You work district 5 last Tuesday, near the "Old Bell?"

Emily nods.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Scotland Yard needs a word.

Emily approaches.

FINN

Last Tuesday night outside the "Old Bell." Sirens went off...You knocking back a few in the pub or doing a warden's job?

Emily takes offense.

EMILY

I take my job seriously...Don't want anybody getting killed on my watch. Sirens sound, I'll get you to a shelter.

FINN

That night?

EMILY

(irritated)
Every night.

FINN

See any other wardens hanging about?

EMILY

Few in the pub.

FINN

Thought you weren't in the pub.

EMILY

I saw a few of the boys enter.

FINN

How 'bout an American nurse maybe slipping off with some chap?

EMILY

No...

FINN

Nothing out of order?

EMILY.(IRRITATED)

No...Anything else, Inspector?
Otherwise, I'll be off to my shift.

Emily heads back to her desk.

EXT. CIVIL DEFENSE OFFICE - DAY

Finn and Will exit the building.

FINN

Been reports of chaps dressing like wardens committing crimes. Could of been our man.

WILL

Can I ask you a question?
(off Finn's look)
You ever met anybody you didn't piss off?

FINN

First lesson in policing,
Sergeant...Bigger the arsehole
you are, more you make 'em
uncomfortable, more they tell you
the truth.

Finn glances at Will with a look of arrogance.

FINN (CONT'D)

You'll learn...

Will's not so sure.

INT. OLD BELL PUB - NIGHT

A Victorian style watering hole. LONDONERS mix with AMERICAN and BRITISH SOLDIERS, SAILERS, CIVIL DEFENSE WORKERS, all enjoying a pint, a chat, and a cigarette.

Finn and Will sit at a small table near the bar.

A BARMAID places a pint of beer in front of Finn and a tonic water in front of Will.

BARMAID
(to Will)
Tonic...

WILL
Thank you.

Finn pulls out a CORONER'S PHOTO of Nurse Campbell, shows it to the BARMAID.

FINN
Tell me, Luv, notice this
girl in here two nights ago,
an American nurse?

BARMAID
(glancing at the photo)
Jesus...the poor lass is dead?

FINN
As a door knob...

The Barmaid takes a closer look at the photograph.

BARMAID
Can't be for sure...might of...Get
lots of the American boys in here
every night...Nurses too...
(glances at Will)
Overrated the yanks are if you
ask me...No disrespect.

WILL
None taken.

FINN
How's the black pudding tonight?

BARMAID
We're on the ration...Only on
Tuesday.

FINN
Thanks, dear...

The barmaid walks away.

FINN (CONT'D)
Your nurse was killed on a Tuesday.

WILL

Private Dunning was telling us the truth.

(re: Finn's facial scars)

Mind me asking how you were...?

FINN

(snaps back)

Ya, I do...

(beat)

Get rid of the uniform. It'll do you no good here.

WILL

I'm an American soldier.

FINN

No, lad, you're a shadow looking for a killer...

Finn guzzles the rest of his pint.

FINN (CONT'D)

Go home, Sergeant. Tomorrow's another day.

Finn walks away toward the bar.

ACROSS THE PUB, a MAN catches Will's attention with his LEER. He's around 30. His face is DISFIGURED. Left eye MISSING. Looks like an injured BRITISH SOLDIER.

Will meets his glare momentarily before turning away.

EXT. LONDON'S WEST END - PICCADILLY CIRCUS - LATE NIGHT

The nexus of London's entertainment district. Even with the current blackout, NIGHT-LIFERS, SERVICEMEN and PROSTITUTES pack the darkened streets, restaurants and dance halls looking for a good time, a good meal or a good shag.

INT. BROTHEL HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Finn knocks on the door of a PROSTITUTE'S room. EVIE opens the door. Candlelight reveals an early 40s WOMAN, full breasts, pleasant face. Wearing only a skimpy nightgown.

FINN

Couldn't sleep.

Evie opens the door wider and Finn enters her bedroom.

INT. EVIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evie pours a glass of whiskey, hands it to Finn who guzzles the entire amount with one gulp.

EVIE
How you been, Finn?

FINN
(agitated)
Let's get to it...

EVIE
Whatever you want, Luv.

Finn removes his clothes, exposing more horrific scars down his chest and shoulder. She moves close to him - BACKHANDS him across the face. He stands silent. She SMACKS him again. Blood drips from the corner of his mouth.

EVIE (CONT'D)
On your knees.

Finn drops to his knees. He knows the routine.

She picks up a leather WHIP, begins to circle him. Finn closes his eyes as she begins to STRIKE his disfigured torso multiple times. He grits his teeth, intoxicated by the pain and self-loathing.

After multiple strikes, she grabs a belt, wraps it around his neck. Tears appear in the corner of his eyes. Finn gasps, struggles to breathe.

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Will lies in bed staring at the ceiling. A slight breeze blows the curtains back through the open window. He grabs his bible off the nightstand and opens it. His Mother's CROSS NECKLACE rests between the pages. He picks it up, studies it momentarily.

INT. WILL'S CHILDHOOD HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Young Will picks up the gun, levels it at his Father who turns to face him.

FATHER
Go ahead, boy...

Pistol trembling in Young Will's hand. His Father moves toward him...Will's hand trembles even more as his Father snatches the pistol out of his hand.

Will faces his Father with the innocent but terrified gaze of a ten year old boy. His Father raises the pistol.

Silent tears well up in Will's eyes as he faces the barrel, inches away from his face. His Father calmly pulls the trigger. CLICK...The chamber is empty. (END FLASHBACK)

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Will jerks up in bed. Sweating heavily. Grabs his service revolver off the nightstand, opens the cylinder. SEES that it's fully loaded. Snaps the cylinder back.

Will sits back on the edge of his bed, hands griped tightly around the pistol.

EXT. LONDON'S EAST END - LATE NIGHT

A seedy run-down commercial district draped in fog. Street PROSTITUTES loiter in the darkness and drunken SERVICEMEN look for a good time.

A UNIFORMED AIR RAID WARDEN approaches a STREET PROSTITUTE. His face covered in shadow and fog. They have an UNHEARD conversation before moving off together into the darkness.

INT. PROSTITUTE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

The room is cast in shadows. The windows having been painted over with black paint.

The only source of light leaks out from under a closed bathroom door.

CLOSE ON a radio player as a HAND comes into FRAME, adjusts the tuner to a station playing: "ALWAYS" by the INK SPOTS. Turns up the volume.

We PAN across the shadowed room to reveal the Prostitute sprawled out on the bed, naked, each limb tied to a corner of the bed frame. Face bruised. Mouth gagged. Her eyes SCREAM in silent terror.

The KILLER stands over her in the shadows, also naked, emotionless. WE do NOT see his face. A beam of light from the bathroom exposes his chest and arms which are covered in HUNDREDS of small scars from cutting himself. It SHOCKS us.

He climbs up on the bed, straddling her. A steel SURGICAL BLADE glistens in his left hand. She struggles to move, struggles to scream, can do neither.

He makes a small incision on his own SCARRED CHEST with the blade. Blood drips down his chest.

Her muffled SCREAMS become more panicked.

ANGLE on his silhouette as the Killer brings the blade down across her throat. Blood sprays against the wall.

INT. PROSTITUTE'S BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

"ALWAYS" FINISHES PLAYING as WE focus on the bathroom mirror as our killer's reflection moves into FRAME. BLOOD covers his entire naked body, including his face making an identification impossible.

EXT. PROSTITUTE'S FLAT - MORNING

A CROWD has gathered. Police vehicles. Lots of activity. Uniformed POLICE OFFICERS have cordoned off the area.

Finn and Will make their way through the ONLOOKERS. Finn, a little more disheveled than usual. Will, out of uniform. They make eye contact with the police officers, whose faces reveal the evil that awaits them.

POV - from an unseen SOMEONE watching the activity from the back of the gathering.

INT. PROSTITUTE'S FLAT - SAME TIME

Two UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS stand guard just inside the front door.

INSPECTOR DANNY JONES loiters in the kitchen, grim expression on his face. Finn and Will approach.

JONES

Finn...

FINN

Lot of commotion, Danny.

Jones glances at the kitchen table where a HALF-EATEN SANDWICH rests near an empty glass of MILK.

JONES

Had himself a snack after he sliced her up.

Jones nods toward the bedroom.

JONES (CONT'D)

In the bedroom...

Jones grabs Finn by the arm.

Steel yourself, brother...

Will and Finn follow Jones down a darkened hallway.

INT. PROSTITUTE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER snaps several photos which ILLUMINATE the BODY of the deceased prostitute, who's bathed in blood. Each limb still tied to a corner of the bed frame.

Finn tries the light switch. Doesn't work. The dim light from the bathroom is the only source of illumination.

JONES

Don't bother.

A FEMALE MEDICAL EXAMINER stands over the mangled BODY.

Finn clicks on his pocket flashlight. Massive amounts of BLOOD - the walls, floor and ceiling.

WILL

(in shock)

Jesus...

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Almost took her head off. Removed one of her breasts. Vagina's been cut out.

JONES

Flatmate found her...No sign of forced entry.

Jones turns to Finn.

JONES (CONT'D)

She let him in, Finn.

Finn brushes back the dead woman's hair. Illuminates her lifeless face.

FINN

I'll be damned...She looks like Vivian Leigh herself.

JONES

Not anymore she don't.

WILL
Mother fucker...

FINN
Keep your wits about you, Will. Let
the evidence speak.

Jones points to a bloody handprint dripping from the
headboard.

JONES
Got a nice print here.

FINN
We'll compare 'em with the
first set...

WILL
(stone faced)
They'll match...

Finn illuminates the body with his flashlight. A piece of a
steel handle GLISTENS, barely visible now that the blood has
dripped away.

FINN
Something under her body...

Finn puts on evidence gloves - pulls out a SURGICAL KNIFE
from under the body. Illuminates it with his flashlight.

CLOSE ON THE KNIFE - dripping blood. A portion of the blade
has been broken off.

FEMALE EXAMINER
That's a surgeon's blade...Only
find that in a hospital.

FINN
Used enough force to snap the
blade...That's serious rage...

Finn places the knife into a paper EVIDENCE BAG.

JONES
Why would he leave that?

WILL
Maybe he wanted us to find it. Like
he left us a message.

JONES
(nods toward the bathroom)
He sure as hell did.

Finn and Will move into the bathroom. Written in BLOOD on the bathroom mirror is one word: **JACK**.

EXT. PROSTITUTE'S FLAT - LATER THAT DAY

Finn is having an unheard conversation with Jones and several POLICE OFFICERS. Will stands nearby, impatiently waiting.

Finn finishes his conversation, eyes Will before heading toward a waiting POLICE CAR.

Will hurries after him. Grabs him by the arm.

WILL

Talk to me.

Finn turns toward him.

FINN

Go back to America, Will.
This isn't for you.

Finn jumps into a police vehicle as it motors away, leaving Will on the sidewalk, alone.

EXT. LONDON MARKET - LATE AFTERNOON

Mary lines up with hundreds of other LONDONERS waiting for their turn to purchase essential foodstuffs.

MARKET WORKER

(to the crowd)

No ration book...No food.

EXT. MARY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Mary walks up a deserted sidewalk carrying a bag of groceries. Sensing SOMEONE is following her, she glances over her shoulder.

HER P.O.V: - the shadowy figure of a MAN dressed in dark clothes steps behind her. Thinks nothing of it, continues on her way.

She crosses the street, glances over her shoulder one more time - SEES the figure continue following her.

Mary starts to panic as she approaches HER HOUSE. She glances over her shoulder one last time. The figure is almost upon her. As she turns back, another FIGURE darts out of the shadows, blocking her way.

Two raggedy THIEVES have her surrounded.

THIEF #1
Where ya off to, dear?

Mary takes a quick glance at both men.

MARY
Piss off...

THIEF #1
Wrong answer, Luv.

MARY
I scream, my husband comes
running...He's a Captain, 8th
infantry...Would love nothing
more than lashing a couple knobs
like you two.

THIEF #1
Well in that case, give him our
best.

As she tries to move past them, Thief #2 STRIKES Mary across the head with a BLACKJACK. She goes down hard. Groceries spill out onto the sidewalk.

The men scramble to snatch up the goods, rip the purse from her grip before disappearing into the night.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Will enters through the front door. A dim light and muffled WEeping comes from the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Mary, sobbing quietly, stands near the kitchen table with her back to Will as he ENTERS.

WILL
Mrs. Cornish...

She doesn't respond.

WILL (CONT'D)
You all right?

She waves him off. Will hesitates.

WILL (CONT'D)
What is it?

She remains silent.

WILL (CONT'D)
You can talk to me...

Mary's lip trembles. She cannot bring herself to speak.

Will puts his hand on her shoulder. She turns to him, dried blood stains and tears etched across her face.

WILL (CONT'D)
Who did this?

MARY
Does it matter?

WILL
Sit down...

MARY
I'm not a child, Sergeant.

WILL
Sit.

She sits down at the kitchen table. He inspects the wound on her head.

WILL (CONT'D)
I've seen worse.

Will wets a washcloth in the sink, wrings it out, then gently wipes away the blood stains from her face. She stares deeply into his eyes.

MARY
They took my ration book.

WILL
I'll get you another.

MARY
Five years of living in the dark has turned us all into bloody hooligans.

WILL
Don't go out a night anymore, not by yourself...It's not safe.

MARY

What, because of this? I've been living in this neighborhood my whole life.

Will looks her square in the face.

WILL

Listen to me...An American nurse was murdered...I've been sent here to find her killer...He's already killed again. Until he's caught...you need to stay vigilant...

MARY

I'm in your hands, Sergeant.

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Will gets up from bed, can't sleep. Dresses quickly. Slips on his shoulder holster, grabs his pistol and jacket, exits the bedroom.

INT. OLD BELL PUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

Will enters. Scans the faces. Spots Finn drinking at the end of the bar, approaches. Finn's on his way to very drunk.

WILL

I'm not leaving until we find the killer.

Finn turns to him.

WILL (CONT'D)

I can do it with or without you.

FINN

It's past your bedtime, lad. And this is my investigation. You're just here to pick up my crumbs.

WILL

This is just as much my investigation as it is yours.

Finn eyes him hard.

FINN

Killer could be in this room as we speak, Will...What are you prepared to do?

WILL

Thought I was here just to pick up your crumbs.

Finn chuckles loudly.

FINN

A man that runs from his fear, may find he's only taken a shortcut to meet it...

(to the Bartender)

Johnny...

Finn points to his empty glass.

Will notices a STARE from across the bar coming from the same DISFIGURED MAN he noticed last time he was in the pub. He's now wearing an Air Raid Warden's uniform and helmet.

Finn notices Will's interest.

FINN (CONT'D)

Not our man, Will.

WILL

You sure?

FINN

Like I said, NOT our man.

WILL

I'm gonna get a name.

As Will begins to move away, Finn grabs his arm.

FINN

You're looking, Will, but you're not seeing.

Will shrugs him off, approaches the disfigured man, who turns toward him. For the first time, Will gets a FULL VIEW of the disfigured man, SEES his left arm is also MISSING.

Will sheepishly turns away, re-joins the intoxicated Finn, who takes advantage of Will's gaffe with a SONG.

FINN (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 We'll meet again...Don't know
 where...Don't know when...
 (to the bartender)
 Johnny, another...

Will's confidence evaporates.

EXT. OLD BELL PUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

Finn staggers out. Will shoulders him to the street.

We SEE the SILHOUETTE of another uniformed AIR RAID WARDEN
 (the KILLER) watching from the shadows as Will and Finn climb
 into a cab.

INT. TAXICAB - MOVING - LATE NIGHT

Will and Finn sit side by side in the backseat as the taxi
 drives through a destroyed residential section of London.

FINN
 (to TAXI DRIVER)
 Pull over!

WILL
 Taking you home, Inspector.

FINN
 I am home...

The taxicab stops next to the ruins of a BOMBED-OUT HOUSE.

Finn staggers out of the cab. Will pays the DRIVER and joins
 Finn who is now standing in the middle of the rubble,
 surrounded by complete devastation.

WILL
 What are we doing here, Finn?

FINN
 (stoic)
 Bombs fell for 56 straight
 nights...Don't know how many
 killed, thousands I guess...
 She wanted Annie out of the
 city...Told her the good Lord
 would protect us.

Finn reached down into the rubble and picks up the charred remains of his DAUGHTER'S DOLL - glances at it with vacant eyes.

INT. PUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Only a few PATRONS remain. Finn is parked on a stool at the bar. He downs the remaining whiskey in his glass as the BARTENDER approaches.

FINN
Top me off for the road, lad.

ADAM
It's late, Finn...Go home.

FINN
Spoken like a proper Englishmen.

INT./EXT. FINN'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Finn drives through half-deserted London streets as EXPLOSIONS from GERMAN BOMBS fall all around him.

FINN (V.O.)
On my way home when the bombs
started to fall...Incenderies...500
pound monsters, vaporize an entire
city block...Leave nothing left of
ya, not even the dust from your
bones.

A five story building EXPLODES and COLLAPSES raining down chunks of burning concrete and metal across the street in front of Finn's car.

Finn climbs out of his car and starts to run, dodging fire and destruction.

EXT. FINN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Finn, completely spent, covered in ash and dirt, staggers toward the front steps of his house.

His WIFE (CLAIRE) and DAUGHTER (ANNIE) visible in the front doorway, pleading and wildly gesturing for Finn to make into the house.

FINN (V.O.)

I could see Claire and Annie at the front door...Saw the terror in their eyes. I'll never forget that look...Take it to my grave.

An INCENDIARY BOMB hits the house - it explodes in a ball of FIRE. Finn's Wife and Daughter instantly ANNIHILATED.

Finn is blown back by the blast. His shattered, bloody body lies in a heap of rubble. (END FLASHBACK)

EXT. FINN'S DESTROYED HOUSE - PRESENT NIGHT

FINN

Eight years of living is all Annie got...Claire just wanted to be a mum..

(Finn lowers his head)

Should of been me who died that day.

Finn stoically tosses the charred doll back into the rubble as Will looks on, silently aghast.

AIR RAID SIRENS suddenly SOUND. A few LOCALS scramble toward the nearest shelter.

SEARCHLIGHTS and TRACERS instantly light up the night sky.

A uniformed AIR RAID WARDEN, appears across the street.

AIR-RAID WARDEN

(yelling)

Get to a shelter...Now!

Will starts to move, Finn doesn't.

WILL

Finn! We gotta go...

Will grabs him by the arm.

WILL (CONT'D)

Inspector!

The doll falls from Finn's grasp as Will PULLS him towards the shelter.

INT. UNDERGROUND RAILWAY STATION - LATER THAT NIGHT

Will and Finn enter into the overcrowded tube. Will is taken back by the sight of hundreds of MEN, WOMAN and CHILDREN packed together like sardines - bedded down for the night.

The two men sit next to one another on the cold concrete.

WILL

I'm sorry about your family.

FINN

Nothing to be done about it now.

No other words are necessary as vibration from EXPLODING BOMBS outside the shelter rain down particles of dust and dirt.

INT. PROVOST MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON - the front page of London's "DAILY EXPRESS" newspaper. The headline reads: "BLACKOUT RIPPER" - the sub-headline reads: "AFTER DARK ATTACKS TERRORIZE LONDON."

We PULL BACK as an irritated Colonel Fitzpatrick tosses down the newspaper on his desk.

Will stands at attention before him.

COLONEL FITZPATRICK

I have to find out about this in the goddamn newspaper!

WILL

Wasn't aware the press had found out, sir.

COLONEL FITZPATRICK

The press are everywhere. It's their goddamn job to find out... And now a second murder?

(beat)

Well? Do you have any suspects?

WILL

Not at this time, sir.

COLONEL FITZPATRICK

What's your gut tell you, Sergeant?

WILL

Can't say, sir, it's too early in the investigation.

COLONEL FITZPATRICK
If it is a U.S. servicemen, I'm
first to know. Understand me,
Sergeant?

WILL
Yes, sir.

COLONEL FITZPATRICK
These reports of the bodies being
mutilated...

WILL
I'm afraid they're true.

COLONEL FITZPATRICK
Christ almighty...Keep me updated,
Sergeant...Dismissed.

Will turns to leave, pauses halfway to the door.

WILL
Would it be appropriate, sir, if
I requested a favor?

COLONEL FITZPATRICK
What is it?

WILL
I need a ration book for a friend.

COLONEL FITZPATRICK
Those are hard to come by,
Sergeant...Who's your friend?

WILL
The woman I'm quartered with. She's
had a rough go of it...

COLONEL FITZPATRICK
I'll see what I can do..

WILL
Thank you, sir.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DETECTIVE'S WAR ROOM - DAY

Will ENTERS. A few detectives give him the cold shoulder.
Inspector Collins has his legs stretched out past his desk
blocking Will's path. A momentary standoff.

FINN (O.S.)
Piss off, Philip.

Finn approaches from nearby after SEEING the altercation.

FINN (CONT'D)
 (to Collins)
 No one likes a wanker.

Collins reluctantly draws his legs back under his desk.

Will's expression tells us he appreciates Finn's gesture.

INT. FINN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Finn and Will enter.

FINN (CONT'D)
 Sit down, Will.

Will takes a seat across from him.

FINN (CONT'D)
 Took a trip to Saint George's...
 (holds up the broken
 surgeon's knife)
 Who would have access to a
 surgeon's blade you ask?
 Practically the entire bloody
 hospital.
 (holds up a list of
 doctors)
 Got a list of every surgeon in the
 city...Only three had run-ins with
 the law. Urinating in public,
 driving intoxicated and jerking off
 in the park.

WILL
 Where does that leave us?

FINN
 (chuckles)
 Might as well be jerking off in
 the park. Get me a list of every
 American Army doctor stationed in
 London.

WILL
 I'll see what I can do...
 Army didn't want this
 investigation. Murder of
 an American nurse isn't good
 for morale.

FINN

Know what I say to that, Will, fuck 'em. Couldn't give two shits about morale...King George himself could be holding the knife and I'd slap the cuffs on the man.

WILL

Fuck 'em!

Finn takes a guzzle of whiskey.

FINN

We've got two unrelated victims...Bodies mutilated in a similar manner as Jack the Ripper's victims 56 years ago.

WILL

He was never caught, right?

FINN

No, but he'd be pushing 90....The man couldn't get a stiff prick, let alone murder two women...No, this is a young man.

WILL

(thinking out loud)
He lives alone...Doesn't talk to his neighbors...Stays out of sight as much as possible...Hides himself in his normalcy...

FINN

You're a smart lad, Will.

Finn's FEMALE ASSISTANT INVESTIGATOR, ROSE, 23, walks into Finn's office holding a police report and photos.

FINN (CONT'D)

(introducing)
Will Pruitt...Rose Kelly..

ROSE

Our American.

They acknowledge each other with a nod.

ROSE (CONT'D)

(to Finn)
I went back five years like you told me.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

Two days after the first blackout,
August 3rd, 1939....Fifty-two year
old woman was murdered. Linda
Ainsley. Heart was cut out....She
was a nurse.

Rose tosses the POLICE REPORT down on Finn's desk, MURDER
PHOTOS spill out.

CLOSE ON PHOTOS - the mutilated body of a BLONDE NURSE (Linda
Ainsley) splayed out in an alley. Her white uniform, covered
in blood. Heart removed. Throat slit.

ROSE (CONT'D)

No suspects. Case went nowhere...
Living with her son at the time,
Stephen Ainsley...Believe he still
lives there...Might be of some
help...216 Mowlem Street,
Whitehall.

Finn rises to his feet, glances at Will.

FINN

Let's pay the lad a visit.

Finn and Will walk past Rose, who waits for some sort of
recognition.

FINN (CONT'D)

You're doing a fine job, Rose. I'll
tell your mother.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Will and Finn move through the crowded police lobby toward
the exit doors.

DESK POLICE OFFICER

(calling out)

Finn!

(holds up a small package)

Parcel for ya.

CLOSE on the parcel - it's addressed to INSPECTOR FINNICK.
Wrapped in butcher paper and string. Visible BLOOD STAINS.

DESK POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

No return address.

Finn cuts away the string, opens the parcel. Instantly REPULSED when he sees what's inside.

A bloody HUMAN LIVER.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Finn sits in a chair, waiting. Will paces back and forth.

FINN
Sit down, Will...You're wasting energy.

Coroner John walks out of his office.

CORONER JOHN
It's human all right..
(turns to Will)
Most likely your American nurse...

Finn rises in anger.

FINN
Son of a bitch is toying with us!

EXT. STEPHEN AINSLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will and Finn approach the small, modest home. Finn bangs on the front door. After a few moments it opens.

STEPHEN AINSLEY stands in the doorway. 30 years old. Dark hair and eyes, except the left eye, which is milky white, an obvious deformity. His muscular build is hidden under a long-sleeved shirt.

FINN
Stephen Ainsley?

AINSLEY
Right.

FINN
(flashes his badge)
Scotland Yard.

Ainsley glances at Will.

WILL
Sergeant Pruitt, U.S. Army.

AINSLEY

(joking)

Hope you're not looking for
volunteers...

(points to his left eye)

Bad depth perception.

FINN

Need to speak with you about
your mum's murder.

AINSLEY

Almost five years ago.

FINN

Mind if we come in for a chat?

AINSLEY

Suit yourself.

INT. AINSLEY HOME - A MOMENT LATER

A modest home. Nothing out of the ordinary. A CRUCIFIX
dominates the room. The men sit. Ainsley appears confident,
somewhat arrogant.

AINSLEY

Care for a drink, gents? Got a
bottle of Johnny Walker waiting
to be opened...

FINN

Hard to come by.

AINSLEY

Paid good money on the black
market.

(throws up his hands)

Uh, oh...don't arrest me now.

Finn and Will force a smirk.

AINSLEY (CONT'D)

Don't know what I else can tell you
that I didn't tell you boys five
years ago.

FINN

Mum was a nurse?

AINSLEY

Thirty-two years.

FINN

She ever get to knocking with any
any of her co-workers, doctors and
such?

AINSLEY

Nah...Didn't date much. Father
passed when I was young...She
never got over it.

FINN

How'd he die?

AINSLEY

Battle of Verdun. Never got the
details. Imagine it was at the
end of a German rifle.

WILL

Did you and your mother have a good
relationship?

AINSLEY

She was my mum. A lovely
lady...Didn't deserve to die
like she did.

FINN

You give the police any names might
wanted to harm her?

AINSLEY

Just one...George Ackerley...Had
a thing for my mum. More than once
asked her out...Never went. Creeped
her out a bit.

Will notices Ainsley trying to hide the scars on his wrist.

FINN

And where would we find Mr.
Ackerley?

AINSLEY

Saint James Cemetery...Heart
attack. Three years ago.

FINN

You've heard about this "Blackout
Ripper."

AINSLEY

(perks up)

All of London has...Think he was
the one that did my mum?

Will picks up a framed photo of Stephen and his mother.

WILL

Your mother?

Ainsley nods.

CLOSE ON the photo - Ainsley posing with his mother, who's wearing a WHITE NURSE'S UNIFORM. Her BLOND HAIR and UNCOMFORTABLE glare catch our attention.

WILL (CONT'D)

(places the photo back)

What do you do for a living, Mr.
Ainsley?

AINSLEY

On the docks...loading and
unloading.

(turns to Finn)

Not like pulling a beat for the
famous Scotland Yard. Think they'd
ever take a bloke like me?

Finn disregards the question and stands to leave.

FINN

We're done here.

Finn heads for the door.

AINSLEY

Sure you won't stay for a short
one?

FINN

Not tonight.

Will pauses.

WILL

Don't mind if I do.

Finn glances at Will -- since Will never drinks.

Ainsley winks at Will, scampers into the kitchen. Will glances down the darkened hallway toward the bedroom.

Ainsley returns with two short drinking glasses full of Johnny Walker - hands a glass to Will.

AINSLEY
(toasting)
To England.

Ainsley raises his whiskey with his LEFT HAND. The same hand with the scars on the wrist. Will notices.

WILL
(toasting)
To England...

Ainsley throws back his shot.

Will hands Ainsley back his glass of whiskey, untouched.

WILL (CONT'D)
Next time.

Ainsley turns sour momentarily, but only momentarily.

AINSLEY
Sure...Next time.

EXT. AINSLEY HOME - LATE NIGHT

Finn and Will walking away from the house.

WILL
He's left-handed.

FINN
So are a million other men in London.

WILL
Notice the scars on his wrist?

FINN
I did.

WILL
When I asked him if he got along with his mother, said she didn't deserve to die like that... Almost like he felt guilty.

They approach Finn's car.

FINN
What are you saying?

WILL
I don't know...Just felt "off."

FINN
Think he'd cut out his own
mother's heart? Bit of a
stretch from "just felt off."

Finn opens the Driver's side door and climbs into his car.

INT. MARY'S LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Mary sits in the dark, drinking a glass of whiskey listening to FRANK SINATRA on her Philco radio.

The SOUND of the front door opening and closing is followed by Will entering.

MARY
Evening, Will...

WILL
Mrs. Cornish.

MARY
I think it's time you called
me by my given name.

Mary raise her glass of whiskey.

MARY (CONT'D)
Join me for a drink?

WILL
I don't drink.

Mary raises a curious eyebrow. Will takes a seat.

WILL (CONT'D)
Father was an alcoholic. Drank
a bottle a day. Don't know how he
did it. Turned him into someone I
didn't know.

MARY
That's tough on a lad...Still speak
to him?

Will lives in his bad memories for a moment, then--

WILL

I was ten years old....He shot my mother as I watched...He had no emotion. No reaction..Like he was taking out the trash...Then he pointed the gun at me. Looking down that barrel was just like looking into his eyes, just a dark hole.

MARY

Oh Will...

WILL

Then he just walked out the door...Haven't seen him since that day.

MARY

And your Mother?

WILL

I couldn't save her.

MARY

You were just a young lad...Nothing you or God could of done.

Will gathers himself.

WILL

(changing the subject)
Tell me about your husband.

Mary thinks about it before responding.

MARY

James was a good Englishman...And a good cricket player. Loved his country. I miss his lousy jokes. The man couldn't tell a story without messing up the finish...

Will sees the profound sadness in her face.

MARY (CONT'D)

He was a tail-gunner in a Lancaster bomber, flying raids over Germany. Got shot down three years ago over the channel. RAF said he bailed out...

(beat)

...but they never found his body. Churchill says all Brits must sacrifice...Guessing that was mine.

At that moment, "MOONLIGHT SERENADE" by the Glen Miller Orchestra plays on the radio.

Mary rises, a little tipsy, offers her hand to Will.

MARY (CONT'D)
Dance with me, Will.
(off Will's hesitation)
Make an old widow happy...

Will takes her hand as they slowly sway to the music, she rests her head on his shoulder.

As the song ends, they glance into one another's eyes - two lonely broken souls.

WILL
Good night, Mary.

Will walks away.

MARY
Will...

He pauses at the bottom of the steps.

MARY (CONT'D)
Thank you...

Will nods acknowledgment before disappearing up the steps. Mary sits back down, takes another sip of whiskey.

INT. FINN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Rose sits at Finn's desk glancing over a police report as Will enters.

She turns to Will, distraught, holding back tears.

WILL
What's wrong?

Rose hesitates momentarily.

ROSE
My cousin was killed in
Burma...Just a kid...Enlisted
on his eighteenth birthday...Don't
even know where the hell Burma
is...

WILL
Too many mothers losing sons in
this war.

Rose gathers herself.

WILL (CONT'D)
Where's the Inspector?

ROSE
Guessing he got pissed up last
night...Imagine he's home sleeping
it off.

She hands Will a small index card.

ROSE (CONT'D)
That's a copy of a library
card...Kenneth Asher's library
card...Checked out 5 books on the
ripper a month before the first
murder.

She pushes the police report across the desk to Will. He
glances at a photograph of KENNETH ASHER that's clipped to
the report - 22, red hair, wild eyes, pale skin.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Sexually assaulted two of his
female classmates when he was
fifteen. Cut one with a knife. Been
in and out the mad house since he
was a lad. Doctors diagnosed him as
a sexual deviant...We're just
waiting for the admission
records...Should tell us if he was
admitted during the murders.

WILL
Good work, Rose.

ROSE
Was the Inspector's notion. Don't
let the piss and vinegar fool you,
Will. Finn's a good man...First
rate investigator...Lives round the
corner. Thirty-two Bell Court,
Number Three.

EXT. FINN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Will approaches an apartment building.

INT. HALLWAY TO FINN'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Will knocks on Finn's door. It opens a crack, door chain still attached. The prostitute Evie greets him, blanket covering most of her naked body. Looks like she just woke up.

WILL
Must have the wrong apartment.

EVIE
What's your business, yank?

WILL
Looking for Inspector Finnick.

EVIE
Who's calling?

WILL
Tell him...President Roosevelt.

EVIE
And I'm the Duchess of Windsor...

She unhooks the chain and opens the door.

INT. FINN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Will enters the small, disheveled apartment.

Finn lies sprawled out on the sofa, face down, wearing only a pair of socks. An empty bottle of whiskey sits on the coffee table.

Evie disappears into the bedroom, leaving the men to talk.

Will tosses a blanket over Finn's naked body.

WILL
We got a name.

FINN
(groggy)
Make me some tea, Will.

WILL
Hear what I said?

FINN
Tea, Will.

WILL
You Brits got something against
coffee?

Finn slowly sits up, hungover as hell.

FINN
Coffee's for peasants...

Will goes into the kitchen area, and puts on a pot of water.

FINN (CONT'D)
What'd you do before the war, mate?

WILL
Why do you care?

FINN
Always wanted come to America.
Maybe start a new life after this
shite is all over.

Will's not in the mood, but answers anyway.

WILL
I taught high school psychology and
literature.

FINN
Sounds boring.

WILL
To some.

FINN
And your home?

WILL
Lexington, Virginia.

FINN
Capital of the Confederacy, right?

WILL
That's Richmond, but close.

Will takes a moment to gather his thoughts.

WILL (CONT'D)
Still, it's home to the remains of
Robert E.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

Lee and Stonewall Jackson...South likes to build monuments to its heroes...It's right in the heart of the Shenandoah Valley...Sun rises over the hills, it's like your starring into heaven. Not a more beautiful place in the world.

FINN

Plenty of room to breathe?

WILL

I gotta secret fishing hole, not a soul knows but me. Catfish as big as a house. I'll take you there.

FINN

Looks like America is calling me.

WILL

You know what they say, you can do anything you want in America...Be anyone you want. That is if you're a white man.

FINN

You're a smart lad. You'll be fine.

Will shows him the INDEX CARD Rose gave him.

WILL

A new lead.

EXT. KENNETH ASHER'S HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Finn knocks on the front door of the small house. Will stands nearby. A grey-haired OLD WOMAN opens the door.

OLD WOMAN

You from the hospital?

FINN

(flashes his badge)
Scotland Yard...Looking for your son.

OLD WOMAN

Kenneth? He's my grandson.
What you need him for?

FINN

Friendly chat.

OLD WOMAN
Not right in the head you
know. Never has been.

FINN
Why's that?

OLD WOMAN
Likes killing things...cats,
dogs, birds, anything
mostly...Maybe you can knock
some sense into the boy...
Doctors haven't helped a pinch.

Finn glances at Will.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
His place is 'round back.

FINN
Is the lad home?

OLD WOMAN
Haven't seen him...Does a bit of
tattooing...Leicester Square...
Has a knack for drawing...
(beat)
Care for a cup of tea with an
old lady?

FINN
Another time, love.

EXT. ASHER'S BACKYARD COTTAGE - SAME TIME

The place is more of a shack than a cottage. Finn pounds on
the front door, no answer. Tries the door, it's locked.

WILL
We'll need a --

Finn glances around, then KICKS in the door.

WILL (CONT'D)
-- warrant.

Will pulls out his military revolver.

FINN
No need for that, put it away..

Will holsters his revolver as the two men enter the cottage.

INT. COTTAGE - SAME TIME

The cottage is one large room with a small bathroom. It's gloomy, dusty, grimy. Garbage strewn everywhere.

The SMELL of decaying flesh hits them immediately. They take out handkerchiefs to cover their noses.

The kitchen is tiny. Dirty dishes piled up in the sink. Half-eaten food crusted to plates. There is no bed, only a dusty mattress on the floor. A few pornographic magazines lay open nearby.

Both men search for any evidence.

Finn finds a stack of books, holds up the hardback copy of "Jack The Ripper" - History of The Whitechapel Murders."

FINN

Looks like the pupil's found his teacher.

Will approaches a large, messy drafting table, SEES a pencil drawing of a BUTCHERED WOMAN. Throat slit. Organs removed.

WILL

Finn...

Finn places the book back down, walks to Will, glances over the lifelike drawing.

Will looks past Finn to SEE maybe 15 similar horrific drawings plastered against a wall.

Finn turns and SEES them.

WILL (CONT'D)

This is our guy.

FINN

We don't know that yet.

The men continue searching. As Will removes a blanket from a chair, a large HUNTING KNIFE falls to the floor.

Will uses his handkerchief to pick up the knife so he doesn't disturb possible finger prints. The blade is stained with what looks like dried blood.

Finn walks to him, examines the knife.

WILL

What more do we need?

FINN

Pace yourself, Sergeant. Don't make assumptions without seeing all the evidence.

INT. SMALL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Finn walks away and enters, again reacts to the overpowering smell of decaying flesh.

A loud BUZZING SOUND emanates from behind the bathroom curtain. Finn pulls back the curtain.

Hundreds of BUZZING FLIES feast on the decaying body of a BUTCHERED DOG resting in the bottom of the tub.

Finn grimaces, steps back away from the smell.

Will enters behind him, retching at the sight.

INT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS - JACK'S TATTOO SHOP - DAY

Finn and Will enter. The place is dark, unsavory. Ceiling fans swirl cigarette smoke.

Two AMERICAN SOLDIERS and a FEMALE FRIEND sit waiting for a tattoo.

Three teenage HOOLIGANS, both a FEMALE RECEPTIONIST sitting behind the front desk.

In the background, two MALE TATTOO ARTISTS work at their stations tattooing a couple of BRITISH SOLDIERS as their BUDDIES watch.

Finn and Will approach the front desk.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

Lookin' for some fresh ink, boys?

The teenagers LAUGH at the question.

HOOLIGAN #1

Imagine these blokes with bloody ink. These wankers old as me father.

The hooligans crack up again.

Finn pulls out his badge, flashes it to the boys.

FINN

Old enough to piss on three
dimwits like yourselves...Get
walking or my friend here will
take out his pistol and shoot
everyone of ya.

All three boys glance at Will, who exposes the pistol under
his jacket. The three quickly tuck tail and scoot away.

FINN (CONT'D)

(to the receptionist)
Kenneth Asher, where is he?

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

What do you need with Ken?

One of the two tattoo artists glance their way - it's KENNETH
ASHER. Will recognizes him immediately from the photo - 22,
red hair, wild eyes, pale skin.

Asher senses they've come for him. Drops the tattoo gun in
his hand, rushes toward a rear exit.

BRITISH SOLDIER

(bewildered - to Asher)
Mate! Finish me up here.

WILL

Stop!!

Asher crashes out the rear door into THE ALLEY. Will takes
off after him.

Finn rushes back out the front door in his own pursuit.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - SAME TIME

Will scrambles down the alley, catches a glimpse of Asher as
he disappears around a corner back toward the main street.

Will rounds the corner in full pursuit.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Finn charges up the crowded sidewalk, knocking over
pedestrians like a bull in a china shop.

As he approaches the alley entrance, Asher exits at the same
time, slams into Finn knocking him off his feet, then
disappears up the jam-packed sidewalk.

Will exits the alley past Finn, scans the area, desperately trying to SEE further up the street.

WILL'S POV - Asher stumbles into people far up the sidewalk before crossing the street.

Will dashes across the street, dodges traffic before -- WHAM! - A TAXICAB slams into him. He tumbles over the hood, crashes to the ground but picks himself up, no worse for wear.

CAB DRIVER

Wanker!

Will continues his pursuit.

Asher darts between two buildings down an alley.

Will charges ahead, enters the dead end alley.

A few RATS scamper out of the shadows.

The backdoor of a cafe unexpectedly flies open. Will spins around. A BUSBOY dumps trash before moving back into the cafe.

Will looks up right as Asher CRASHES down on top of him from a second floor fire escape.

Will is slammed to the ground.

Asher quickly rises to his feet.

Will rolls over on his back, pulls out his revolver - levels it at Asher.

A momentary standoff before Asher takes off back down the alleyway.

WILL

Goddamnit...

Will struggles to his feet, holsters his weapon before taking up the chase.

EXT. BUSY BOULEVARD - SAME TIME

Will moves out onto the bustling street. No sign of Asher. Finn appears through the crowd, limps towards Will.

FINN

You all right?

Something catches Will's attention.

WHAT HE SEES - Asher stands in the middle of the boulevard between moving traffic, eyes laser focused on Will.

WILL

Finn.

Finn now SEES Asher as well.

Asher then calmly walks out in front of an onrushing DOUBLE-DECKER BUS - BAM! - he's instantly CRUSHED and KILLED.

Onlookers SCREAM in horror as Asher's lifeless body flops down on the street.

Will and Finn can only look on in horror.

EXT. METROPOLITAN POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Will and Finn sit on the front steps, both looking dejected.

Finn pulls out his whiskey flask, as he's about to knock one back, Will snatches it out of his hand, takes a guzzle, goes down hard. Hands the flask back to Finn.

Rose walks out of the building, approaches the two men.

ROSE

Prints didn't match...

FINN

(somber)

Thanks, Rose.

Rose exits back into the building.

WILL

Did we kill that boy?

FINN

The lad was touched in the head,
Will. Nobody was saving that boy.

Finn rises and walks back into the building leaving Will on the steps by himself.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Will stands at the kitchen sink washing off a plate.

Mary enters wearing a beautiful red dress. Hair and makeup done up for a night out on the town.

MARY

I prefer a man in uniform when
he takes me dancing.

Will turns to face her, taken back by her beauty, speechless.

MARY (CONT'D)

Well?

WILL

Think that's a good idea?

MARY

Think it's a splendid idea. Do you
have a problem with it?

WILL

It's just...back where I'm from, if
folks saw me and you together--
Never mind...

(smiles)

I think it's a grand idea.

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS - DANCEHALL - NIGHT

Will looks immaculate in his full ARMY UNIFORM as he and Mary
approach.

BIG BAND MUSIC flows out onto the street through the open
doors of a DANCEHALL. A group of intoxicated, white AMERICAN
GIs congregate outside the entrance smoking and talking shit.

Drunk GI LESTER guzzles an entire half pint of rum, howls
with delight before smashing the bottle against the sidewalk.

Local PASSERS BY shake their heads at the obnoxious
Americans.

As Will and Mary approach the entrance to the dancehall,
Lester spots them, staggers over and blocks their way.

LESTER

Where you think you're going, boy?

WILL

Step aside, Private..

MARY

We're not looking for trouble.

Lester's drunk GI buddies fall in behind him.

LESTER

(to Mary)

Why don't you let a real man
show you a good time, baby.

WILL

That's enough, Private...

MARY

Doubt you could show a good
time to a blind tart.

(sniffs him)

...and you stink of rum.

Lester's buddies react with CATCALLS, egging Lester on.

LESTER

And you're an English BITCH.

WILL

You're out of line, soldier.

LESTER

Sorry, SERGEANT, but Saturday night
in this dancehall is for white
soldiers only...

(glances at Mary - then
Will)

No niggers allowed...

Mary SLAPS the arrogant smile off Lester's face.

As Will pulls her away, Lester strikes him in the chin with a
cheap shot. Will shakes it off, returns the favor with a
crushing right hand that knocks Lester on his ass.

The other GIs pounce on Will with vicious punches and kicks.

LESTER (CONT'D)

Hold him!

The GIs hold up a dazed Will as Lester PUNCHES him once in
the stomach, Will buckles to the ground.

Mary attempts to intervene but is knocked to the sidewalk.

Two large AMERICAN MILITARY POLICE show up and rush in,
pulling drunken GIs off Will.

Mary pushes past the men, helps Will to his feet. His face is
bruised, lip bloody.

MP #1 turns to Will.

MP #1
Sergeant?

Will wants to answer but his pride keeps him silent.

MP #1 (CONT'D)
You want to press charges,
Sergeant? Be happy to bring
these knuckleheads to the stockade.

Will gathers himself.

WILL
No...Not necessary.

Will and Mary move off down the sidewalk.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

Will stands shirtless as Mary finishes wrapping a heavy gauze bandage around his bruised ribcage.

MARY
Too tight?

WILL
Fine...

MARY
Sit...it's my turn.

Will sits down on the edge of the toilet. She grabs a bottle of iodine, begins tending to his facial cuts and bruises.

MARY (CONT'D)
Bloody animals.

Will can't take his eyes off her. She notices his soft gaze.

MARY (CONT'D)
What?

He's taken with her, but he's a gentlemen.

WILL
Nothing...

She finishes up tending to him.

MARY
Done...Looks like you'll live.

WILL
(rising to his feet)
Thanks.

An awkward glance between them before he walks to his room.

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Will lays in bed staring up at the ceiling, lost in thoughts of life, death, and Mary.

Suddenly his bedroom door creaks open. Mary enters wearing only her robe. She closes the door behind her, silently moves to his bedside.

He sits up on the edge of the bed. She unties her robe, it falls to the ground. A small trickle of light illuminates her naked body.

She gently strokes his forehead. He wraps his arms around her waist, buries his face into her soft, smooth stomach. She eases her hands through his hair. No words are spoken.

She pulls him close to her, kisses him like it's the last kiss of her life.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Standing in the rubble of the destroyed house ACROSS the street, is the shadowed figure of the uniformed AIR RAID WARDEN (KILLER). His head tilted upward toward Will's bedroom window. His face covered in shadows.

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Will appears fast asleep. Mary eases out of the bed, slips on her robe, gazes at him before quietly exiting the room.

INT. MARY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Mary enters in her robe, fills a tea pot with water, places it on the stove and turns on the burner. Something on the kitchen table draws her attention.

WHAT SHE SEES - a near empty GLASS OF MILK and a HALF-EATEN SANDWICH rest on the table. A puzzled look rises from her face, questioning why it's there.

Will walks in, breaks her contemplation. He hands her a RATION BOOKLET.

MARY

Ah! You're a life-saver, Will
Pruitt. I hope it wasn't a fuss...

WILL

I was happy to do it.

An awkward moment as neither one knows what to say.

WILL (CONT'D)

I gotta go...

He turns to leave.

MARY

Will...

He pauses in the doorway.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'm glad you're here.

A pause.

WILL

See you tonight....

Mary smiles. Will LEAVES for the day.

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

We FOLLOW a scruffy-looking 10 YEAR-OLD BOY, rush through the entrance doors into the lobby, an envelope in his hand. He pushes his way past the throng of PEOPLE at the front desk.

FRONT DESK OFFICER

(seeing the boy)

Get back here, lad!

The kid continues down the hallway into the detectives WAR ROOM, stops before DETECTIVE HAYNES.

10 YEAR OLD

Inspector Finnick, please.

Haynes points to Finn's office. The kid scrambles past other DETECTIVES and enters into Finn's office.

INT. FINN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Finn sits at his desk glancing over a police file. Rose hovers over him. The 10 Year-Old bursts in and hands Finn the ENVELOPE.

10 YEAR OLD (CONT'D)
For you, sir.

Finn takes the envelope and the kid darts out.

ROSE
Didn't know you were popular
with the wee ones.

He opens the envelope, pulls out a letter, starts to READ.

FINN
Stop that lad!

Rose rushes out of the office in pursuit.

EXT. METROPOLITAN POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

Rose stumbles out through the massive doors, colliding with a few BYSTANDERS. She scans the area for any sign of the boy. No luck, he's disappeared.

Will approaches, oblivious to what's happened.

WILL
Rose...?

INT. FINN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Finn hands Will the letter.

WILL
(reading the letter)
Hope you enjoyed the gift...My last
kill was truly a work of art. Such
a pleasure. True justice for my
sweet painted lady. More blood will
be spilled across the altar.
Tonight I'll lead another lamb of
God to the slaughter...and she will
welcome the pain. Yours Jack.

Will's stunned.

ROSE
We can double the men on the
street. Notify the military police
and every Warden in every district.

FINN
We're already short of men...

Finn turns to Will.

WILL
 (thinking out loud)
 "Blood will be spilled across the altar...Tonight I will lead another lamb of God to the slaughter..."
 (remembers)
 Isaiah 53, verse 7...He was oppressed and afflicted, yet he did not open his mouth. And he was led away like a lamb to the slaughter.

Will glances at Finn.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Get a list of all the cathedrals, churches...every chapel in the city.

Finn glances at Rose for help.

ROSE
 Gotta be over a hundred.

WILL
 Post a man outside every entrance...Do it before sundown...Who knows, maybe we'll get lucky and catch a killer.

FINN
 That's pretty thin, Will.

WILL
 What do we have to lose?

EXT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY - NIGHT

The gothic towers of this historic church rise up out of the fog. Two uniformed POLICE OFFICERS linger near to the front entrance.

Across the street, an unknown AIR RAID WARDEN moves out of the shadows, pauses on a corner.

FINN (O.S.)
 All quiet tonight?

The Warden turns to face Finn - she's a FEMALE VOLUNTEER.

FEMALE WARDEN
 Calm as can be, Inspector.

Finn crosses the street as Will appears out of the fog.

FINN

We're looking for a goddamn needle
in a haystack. Could be anywhere in
the city.

WILL

You're right...but what better
place than Westminster Abbey.

As Finn takes a sip from his whiskey flask, the shrill of a
WHISTLE in the distance.

Will and Finn immediately take off running up the street
toward the continuing short WHISTLE BURSTS.

At the entrance to an alleyway, a UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER
BLOWS into his whistle while handcuffing a drunken, UNIFORMED
BRITISH SOLDIER who's prone on the ground.

As Will and Finn approach, the police officer yanks the
SUSPECT to his feet - his face bloody from the struggle.

ALLEY POLICE OFFICER #1

(nods toward the alley)

Caught this one in the alley
beating on the miss...Did her
up real good, Inspector.

ALLEY POLICE OFFICER #2 escorts a severely BEATEN PROSTITUTE
out of the alley. Eyes blackened. Nose running blood. Cuts on
her face. Clothes torn from her body.

Police officer #1 displays a SWITCHBLADE.

ALLEY POLICE OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

Took this off him.

Finn grabs the switchblade from the officer - springs open
the blade. Holds it to the Suspect's throat.

FINN

(to the suspect)

Like cutting up women, do you?

Will realizes Finn's intention.

WILL

(shaking his head NO)

Finn...

FINN
 (to the Suspect)
 You're a disgrace to the
 uniform...I should cut
 off your bloody head.

Finn removes the blade from the soldier's throat.

BRITISH SOLDIER #1
 Whore deserved it...

Finn grabs the officer's nightstick and CRACKS the soldier
 across the jaw. He collapses to the ground.

FINN
 (to the officers)
 Get her to a hospital.

Will glances at Finn with a look of disapproval.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - POLICE LAVATORY - NIGHT

The Suspect sits on a chair in the middle of the lavatory.
 Hands handcuffed behind his back. He's been beaten, face
 awash in blood and sweat.

Finn stands at the sink dousing his face with cold water.
 Will enters, glances at the beaten soldier, shakes his head.

WILL
 You're done here, Finn.

FINN
 Not quite, lad.

As Finn moves toward the suspect, Will grabs him by the arm.

WILL
 The R.M.P. from his regiment are
 here to take possession...I spoke
 with his Captain, he was restricted
 to barracks at the time of both
 murders. He's not our man.

EXT. ST. CLEMENT CHURCH - LATE NIGHT

A mustachioed POLICE OFFICER stands outside the entrance to
 this BOMBED-OUT church, destroyed by German incendiaries.

A cloaked, INDIVIDUAL approaches the officer moving up the
 sidewalk. This could be our killer. The individual passes by
 the officer toward the entrance of the church.

POLICE OFFICER

Where ya think you're going, mate?

The officer grabs the faceless figure by the shoulder, pulls down the figure's hood and illuminates the face of a 30 something FEMALE (KATE) with his flashlight.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Little late for praying ain't it?

KATE

No place to go, officer...

POLICE OFFICER

Young bird like yourself shouldn't be out on the street. What's your name?

KATE

Kate Booth...My house is gone.
Pile of bricks all it is.
Can't stay in the shelter,
claustrophobic.

POLICE OFFICER

(nods toward the church)

Take shelter inside St.
Clements...Can't have you sleeping
in the street. Tomorrow get
yourself to the Red Cross office,
they'll find you proper lodgings.

Kate disappears inside the half-standing church.

Across the street, a pack of rowdy, drunk AMERICAN SOLDIERS shatter the silence with obnoxiously loud SHOUTS and WHOOPS. One of the drunken soldiers shatters the widow of an abandoned storefront with a bottle - CHEERS follow.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Bloody yanks.

As the officer begins to move across the street to confront the soldiers, a faceless BLONDE NURSE, dressed in a white nurse's uniform, moves past the officer toward the church.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

(tips his hat)

Madame.

The Blonde Nurse doesn't reply, continues up the street toward the church. The officer thinks nothing of it, approaches the drunken soldiers.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

You lads hit the bottle a little
hard tonight, have ya?

DRUNK SOLDIER #1

Guilty as charged, officer.

POLICE OFFICER

Move off...

The rest of the soldiers chuckle loudly before retreating
down the street.

The officer looks back toward the church - NO sign of the
nurse.

INT. ST. CLEMENT CHURCH - LATE NIGHT

Barely half of the bombed-out structure stands intact. The
other half lies in rubble. Most of the mosaic, cathedral-like
ceiling is missing, exposed to the night sky. Rows of wooden
pews stand charred or completely destroyed.

A massive, tarnished golden CRUCIFIX towers over the
crumbling, half-standing ALTAR.

The church is completely deserted except for Kate, who
appears bundled up, restless in an uncomfortable wooden pew.

The large, smoke-damaged entrance doors of the church slowly
CREAK open. We SEE the white shoes of our faceless, blonde
nurse enter.

ANGLE behind the nurse as the CAMERA follows her down the
center isle toward the altar.

Kate awakens from her restless sleep, opens her eyes,
refocuses.

WHAT SHE SEES - The shadowed silhouette of a figure stands
over her - Stephen Ainsley's cloudy left eye gives him away.
He's dressed in a blonde wig and nurse's uniform.

EXT. ST. CLEMENT CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE from high above the church looking down through a hole
in the damaged ceiling as Ainsley places Kate's bloody,
lifeless body atop the altar.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. ST. CLEMENT CHURCH - MORNING

Three EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BOYS playing WAR GAMES enter into the destroyed church. They scramble around the rubble pretending to attack imaginary Nazis, with make-believe rifles and hand grenades. They spew SOUNDS of GUNFIRE and EXPLOSIONS.

As they reach the altar, their mouths drop, paralyzed with fear. Unable to speak.

THE BOY'S POV: Kate's naked, lifeless body lays strewn across the altar. Her throat has been sliced open - head dangling off the edge of the altar. Eyes wide open. Blood everywhere.

The boys immediately step back, horror-struck.

INT. ST. CLEMENT CHURCH - LATER THAT MORNING

Several uniformed POLICE OFFICERS stand just inside the main doors. Finn and Will stand near the altar staring at the horrific remains, speechless, eyes flared in disgust.

They move around to the other side. Written in blood across the altar next to the body is the word: "JACK."

EXT. ST. CLEMENT CHURCH - DAY

A small CROWD has gathered, including some PRESS. Multiple POLICE VEHICLES and OFFICERS. Finn and Will question the mustachioed police officer from the night before.

POLICE OFFICER

(distressed)

Said she had no place else to go...Told her to shelter herself in the church.

FINN

You couldn't of seen her to a bloody shelter?

POLICE OFFICER

I tried. The lass was claustrophobic, couldn't take the shelter.

FINN

Christ almighty, officer, we're looking for a killer of women and you served her up on a silver platter.

Will tries to calm Finn down. The officer drops his head.

WILL

Finn...

(turns to the Officer)

I need you to remember every face you saw last night...anyone that looked out of place...like they didn't belong? Suspect could've been dressed as an air raid warden.

POLICE OFFICER

No...was a quiet night. Not many out and about. Can't think of anything...anyone peaking my attention...

(beat)

Did think it a little odd a nurse out so late not accompanied... Figured she was making her way home for the night.

FINN

A nurse?

(beat)

Nearest hospital is miles away.

Finn and Will glance at one another, contemplating.

POLICE OFFICER

(looks at the ruined church)

Who could do that in God's house?

FINN

Looks like you and God took the night off..

The officer slumps away.

WILL

(to himself)

"Blood will be spilled across the altar..."

(turns toward Finn)

He told us what he was gonna do...It was right in front of us...

INT. PROVOST MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

Colonel Fitzpatrick rises from behind his desk. He hands Will, who stands before him, a copy of London's "DAILY EXPRESS" newspaper.

A headline reads: "**BLACKOUT RIPPER SUSPECT ARRESTED.**"

FITZPATRICK

I'm sending you back to Fort Bragg,
Sergeant.

WILL

A British reserve was detained,
but he was restricted to barracks
at the time of the murders, sir.

FITZPATRICK

You saying the newspaper reports
are wrong?

WILL

They are, sir.

FITZPATRICK

I think we'll let Londoners believe
what they need to believe...
(beat)
We're on the verge of the invasion,
Sergeant...It's time we put this
unfortunate incidence behind us.

WILL

Permission to speak, sir.

FITZPATRICK

(irritated)
Speak.

WILL

Miss Campbell was a United States
Army Nurse...That loyalty should be
honored with a comprehensive
investigation...Anything less would
be a dereliction of my duty. The
family deserves to know who killed
their daughter, sir. It would be
shameful if they found out an
investigation into their daughter's
death was compromised.

Fitzpatrick's eyes flare.

FITZPATRICK
What are you saying, Sergeant?

WILL
I'm saying we need to do the right thing....sir. I need at least two more weeks.

Fitzpatrick contemplates momentarily, irritated.

FITZPATRICK
You've got five days.

INT. FINN'S OFFICE - DAY

Finn stares out the window of his office, lost in thought as Rose enters.

She tosses down a police report on his desk - SEES a tattered blood-stained NOTE on the desk with the scribbled words:
"Cursed is the man who dies, but his evil will live forever."

Rose picks up the note.

ROSE
What the shite...."Cursed is the man who dies, but his evil will live forever."

Finn turns to her.

ROSE (CONT'D)
(glancing at the note)
Is this blood?

FINN
Probably.

ROSE
Oh, Jesus...

She drops the note.

ROSE (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?

FINN
An invitation...Charles Grimmes' calling card.

ROSE
The serial killer?

FINN

(nods)

The man's been locked up in Bethlem Royal for the last 15 years...The Director of the asylum contacted the "Yard", says Grimmes wanted me to have that.

ROSE

Why?

FINN

Because he's fucking crazy...Says he can identify the "Blackout Ripper." Something about purging his soul.

ROSE

You believe him?

FINN

Not for a bloody second.

ANGLE on the NOTE as Finn walks out of his office.

INT. BASEMENT CELLAR - NIGHT

A single light bulb flickers on, barely enough to illuminate this squalid space. We HEAR footsteps moving down the staircase.

Our KILLER appears at the bottom of the steps. He's shirtless. His arms and torso covered in hundreds of small scars. His face is covered in shadows.

He approaches a steel furnace, picks up a shovel from a coal bin and uses it to open the scorching furnace door. He begins to shovel coal into the furnace. FLAMES flicker inside the metal caldron.

After a few moments, he tosses the shovel back into the bin, walks across the cellar to a mirrored WOMAN'S VANITY TABLE. Ten or so newspaper clippings about the "BLACKOUT RIPPER" are taped to the edges of the mirror.

He sits down facing the mirror, stares at his grotesque reflection - it's Stephen Ainsley, cloudy left eye and all.

He picks up a medical scalpel, pauses on his reflection before making a small incision in his side. Instantly overcome by an unholy ecstasy as he SEES his blood.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary pulls a casserole dish out of the oven.

Will sits at the kitchen table looking uneasy.

MARY

Hope you like Shepherd's pie.

WILL

If it tastes as good as it smells.

MARY

Only thing my mum ever taught me,
that and a good swear word...

She cuts him a slice of the Shepherd's pie.

WILL

They're sending me home.

Uncomfortable silence. Mary knew this was coming, but not so soon.

MARY

(without looking at him)
When?

WILL

Five days.

Mary sits down across the table from Will.

MARY

What about your investigation?
Just gonna abandon these women?

WILL

Of course not.

MARY

Their lives mean nothing to you?

WILL

It's not my call.

MARY

Who's call is it?

WILL

I get orders, I follow them.

MARY

Wish life was that easy for all of us.

WILL

Come with me. There's nothing left for you here...You can have a fresh start in America...

A moment of silence while Mary considers his offer.

MARY

When I was a young girl...I was petrified of the dark. My father would always tell me...No matter how frightened you might be, no matter where you are, close your eyes, say a proper prayer and you'll be home.

(beat)

I close my eyes now and all I see is England. This is my home, Will, for better or for worse...This is where I belong.

She rises.

MARY (CONT'D)

Everything is in front of you, Will. I'm ten steps behind. I'd only make a mess of it.

WILL

I don't have a say?

A pause before we HEAR a KNOCK at the front door.

MARY

You're a good man...I'm glad to have known you.

She walks out of the kitchen. The front door is heard opening and closing, followed by indistinguishable talking.

Mary walks back into the kitchen followed by Finn, who holds a bottle of whiskey. He's clean shaven. Looks like a new man.

FINN

Hello, Will..

WILL

(introducing)
Mary...Inspector Finnick.

FINN
We've exchanged pleasantries.

Mary acknowledges with a nod. Finn and his bottle of whiskey sit down at the table next to Will.

WILL
I've been ordered home.

Finn opens the bottle of whiskey.

FINN
Rose told me...

Mary sets two drinking glasses down on the table.

MARY
I'll leave you men to it.

FINN
Pleasure, Mary.

She smiles and exits the kitchen.

Finn pours Will two fingers of whiskey, but leaves his glass empty.

FINN (CONT'D)
So...five days to find our killer
until you're off to America..

Will attempts to pour Finn a glass of whiskey, but is rebuffed when Finn covers his empty glass with his hand.

FINN (CONT'D)
You know what they say, Will...
First you take a drink of whiskey,
then the whiskey takes a drink of
you...
(beat)
Woke up this morning, didn't know
if I was dreaming...Heard my
daughter's voice calling
me...Couldn't see her...Only her
voice...Wanting to come home...
(reflecting)
I think it's time...

A moment of silence before Finn eyes the slice of Shepherd's pie in front of Will.

FINN (CONT'D)
Gonna eat that?

Will slides the plate over to Finn, who starts to consume it.
Will downs his glass of whiskey, eyes watering, choking.

FINN (CONT'D)

Jesus, Will, you drink like a
little girl.

WILL

So, Inspector, besides our mutual
acknowledgement that I can't
drink and the fact that the Army
has cut my legs out from under me,
what are we going to do to find
this son of a bitch?

Finn takes a break from the shepherd's pie.

FINN

Ever heard of a killer named
Charles Grimes?

WILL

Should I have?

FINN

'Bout fifteen years ago, Grimes
murdered eleven women. Tortured
them for a spell before cutting 'em
up...Boiled and ate their hearts.

Will's eyes flash with disgust.

FINN (CONT'D)

Asked him why he'd done it...Said
they refused to dance with him.
Grimes liked to attend the local
dance halls. A judge found him
clinically insane, spared him from
the noose.'Es been locked up in an
asylum ever since..

WILL

What's this have to do with our
case?

FINN

Grimes says he can identify our
killer.

WILL

We need to talk to him.

FINN

The man's not playing with a full deck, Will. Not about to go pissing in the wind.

WILL

Five days from now I'll be back at Fort Bragg running down deserters and curfew violators...I need this.

INT. BETHLEM ROYAL ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - DAY

DR. WILLIAM GRAHAM, an arrogant, stuffy Englishman, leads Finn and Will down a white-tiled, grimy hallway.

MENTAL PATIENTS dressed in ragged, soiled smocks, line the corridor babbling to themselves, others in silent agony.

They pass by several NURSES interacting with PATIENTS.

GRAHAM

Ten years ago, Grimes set upon one of our nurses...Sank his teeth into her throat...Luckily she survived. Since then he's been isolated from the rest of the patients and staff...

Graham unlocks a door that leads to an outside courtyard.

EXT. COURTYARD / BETHLEM ROYAL ASYLUM - CONTINUOUS

Graham leads Will and Finn toward a large stone warehouse.

GRAHAM

In my thirty years of psychiatry Charles Grimes is simply the most evil human being I've come across.

FINN

They all shite the same way.

GRAHAM

He's been diagnosed with terminal lung cancer.

WILL

He's dying?

GRAHAM

And he knows it.

They pause outside the the stone warehouse.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

He's a master manipulator. Most everything that spills out of his mouth will be a lie...He'll mix in truths only when it serves his warped ego.

WILL

I'm familiar with psychological games, Doctor.

GRAHAM

Not like this.

Graham opens the heavy metal door to the warehouse.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Keep your hands to yourself. Don't want to lose a finger.

Will and Finn enter--

INT. STONE WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

GRIMES, wearing a soiled patient gown, sits at a table with his back to the entrance.

Hospital SECURITY GUARDS hold metal batons.

Will and Finn approach Grimes.

Both men sit across from Grimes. A moment passes as Finn and Will take in the beast that sits before them.

FINN

Charles Grimes...

Grimes raises his head. Pushing 65 years old. Bloodshot eyes. Cheeks are sunken. Face is worn and tired, deteriorating from the cancer.

Leg irons visible around his ankles - wears no shoes, exposing his filthy, unkempt feet. His long, stringy hair is draped over his face. He's handcuffed to the table. He speaks softly but with a gruff voice, shows zero emotion.

FINN (CONT'D)

I'm Inspector Finnick...This is Sergeant Pruitt, U.S. Army...

GRIMES

What do I owe the pleasure of an American officer?

FINN

You know damn well the first victim was an American nurse. So let's get down to it. Don't need to be wasting time with the likes of you.

GRIMES

Ever tasted human flesh, Sergeant?

Grimes smiles, revealing brown, rotted teeth.

Will tries not to gag from the stench of his breath.

GRIMES (CONT'D)

Sweet to the taste...Think you'd enjoy it, Inspector...Goes nicely with a mint sauce.

FINN

Fuck yourself, Grimes...

Finn springs to his feet.

FINN (CONT'D)

(glances at Will)
We're done here...

Finn begins to walk away.

GRIMES

Patience, Inspector...Even a killer must be patient...

Finn reluctantly sits back down.

FINN

Time to clear your conscious, that is if you have one which I doubt.

GRIMES

Cleared my conscious long ago, Inspector.

(turns to Will)
Believe she was my third victim...Black prostitute, Allyson...Never had a black before...Was quite enjoyable.

(MORE)

GRIMES (CONT'D)

Didn't put up much of a fight when I strangled her...Seemed resigned to her fate...How 'bout you, Sergeant, you resigned to yours?

WILL

You're clinically insane, and you're dying. Why should we believe anything you say?

GRIMMES

Tick...tock...tick...tock...tick...

WILL

You've been locked away like a leper for fifteen years. How could you possibly know anything about our killer.

FINN

He doesn't.

GRIMMES

Tick...tock...tick...tock...

Will stands, turns to Finn.

WILL

You were right. This is a waste of our time.

Grimes breaks out in a mocking laugh.

Finn rises, joins Will and they begin to walk away.

GRIMES

Inspector Finnick!

Finn and Will glance back toward Grimes.

GRIMES (CONT'D)

(mocking)

Jack sends his best...

EXT. BETHLEM ROYAL ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - DAY

Finn and Will exit the building.

WILL

(to himself)

Jack...Jack...How would he know?

FINN
Never released that to the
public...

The same thought hits Finn. He stops in his tracks.

FINN (CONT'D)
Christ almighty.

INT. LONDON ASYLUM - HALLWAY - DAY

Dr. Graham speaks with a NURSE.

GRAHAM
Start immediately with lithium
treatments..

Finn and Will charge down the hallway, interrupting --

FINN
Dr. Graham...A word, please...

GRAHAM
(to the nurse)
Give us a moment.

The nurse walks away.

FINN
Is Grimes allowed outside visitors?

GRAHAM
Absolutely not...He lost that
privilege years ago.

FINN
He has no contact with anyone
outside these walls?

GRAHAM
Family only...

FINN
What family?

GRAHAM
A son...Visits him regularly.

FINN
His name "Grimes"?

GRAHAM
 No, it's "Ainsley"...Stephen
 Ainsley.

Finn glances at Will.

FINN
 You sure?

GRAHAM
 Grimes' wife left him years ago.
 Changed her name after the
 divorce...I suppose their son
 did as well.

Finn and Will are flabbergasted.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

As Mary finishes making up her bed, she glances at the
 PILOT'S UNIFORM hanging in the open closet.

She goes to the closet, grabs the uniform and places it in a
 wooden trunk at the end of the bed.

We HEAR A KNOCK at the front door.

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE/MARY CORNISH HOUSE - A MOMENT LATER

Mary opens the front door. An AIR-RAID WARDEN stands with his
 back to her.

MARY
 Whatcha want?

The Warden turns around and faces Mary - **it's Ainsley.**

EXT. STEPHEN AINSLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Finn's car pulls up, half a block up the street from Stephen
 Ainsley's house. Finn and Will climb out. Will pulls out his
 service revolver.

FINN
 I want this butcher alive.

Will checks the bullet chamber of his revolver.

They approach the house. No light emanates from inside.

CLOSER - AINSLEY'S HOUSE

Will glances through a shaded side window - but can't see anything. Finn checks the front door, it's locked. Motions to the back of the house.

The men quietly advance along the side of of the house.

REAR OF AINSLEY'S HOUSE

They approach the back door. Finn slowly turns the knob, the door opens. Both men click on their flashlights.

INT. KITCHEN/AINSLEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Finn illuminates their way as they cautiously pass through the kitchen, eyes darting at every shadow. They enter the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Finn clicks on a lamp. No sign of Ainsley. Nothing out of place. Both men move down a darkened, short hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Finn pushes open a BATHROOM door, scans the room with his flashlight, SEES nothing. Slowly pulls back the shower curtain, it's empty. Frustrated, Finn EXITS the Bathroom.

Will crossed the hallway, enters into the BEDROOM.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will slides his hand down the wall to the light switch - clicks it on. Scans the room - no sign of Ainsley. Bedroom is unusually neat.

Will's about to exit when he notices a closet door slightly ajar. He slowly swings open the door.

He pulls on a light cord and comes face to face with an AIR RAID WARDEN'S UNIFORM.

Will looks over his shoulder at Finn taking in the sight. They've got their man.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Finn moves back into the kitchen, SEES a door that looks like it could lead to a pantry. He opens the door. It leads to the CELLAR. He tries the light switch at the top of the stairs - it doesn't work.

He slowly eases down the darkened staircase, flashlight leading the way.

INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Finn reaches the bottom steps, illuminates this squalor space with his flashlight. Stacks of boxes and junk everywhere. Eerily quiet, except for the low HUM of the furnace.

He cautiously moves to the back of the cellar where a chain hangs down from a single lightbulb. He pulls on the chain. The bulb only dimly illuminates the room. His jaw drops.

FINN'S P.O.V. - scribbled in BLOOD across the back wall of the cellar, literally over a thousand times, is the name "JACK."

He then notices the woman's VANITY TABLE, SEES a stack of newspaper clippings about the murders.

Tapped to the mirror is a list of FEMALE NAMES - we only get a QUICK glance of it. Finn rips the list off the mirror.

INT. LIVING ROOM/AINSLEY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Will searches for any piece of evidence when...

FINN (O.S.)
Will!!! Will get down here!!!

INT. CELLAR - A MOMENT LATER

Will moves down the stairs into the cellar. Will is taken back by the thousand signatures of "JACK" on the wall.

Finn approaches with the list of names.

FINN
(holding the list)
It's a kill list. Names of women,
including the one's his father
killed...

Will takes the list from Finn.

HIS P.O.V. OF THE PAPER:

The last name scrawled on the list: **Mary Cornish.**

WILL
...Mary...?

FINN
(hands him his car keys)
Go...I'll be here.

Will scrambles back up the cellar stairs and is gone.

Finn continues searching the cellar. Scans the expanse with his flashlight. Boxes, old clothes, crates and garbage. The heat from the furnace continues HUMS.

Suddenly, the flashlight's beam ILLUMINATES the silhouette of a FIGURE deep into the cellar.

FINN (CONT'D)
Oy! Someone there?

No response.

FINN (CONT'D)
I said come out...

Finn walks toward the figure. As he passes by the coal bin, he picks up the shovel.

FINN (CONT'D)
Show yourself.

No response. He closes in on the figure finally HIGHLIGHTING it with his flashlight. It's a BLOND NURSE standing with her back to Finn.

As he moves closer, Finn realizes it's a MANNEQUIN dressed in a nurse's uniform. He takes a deep breath.

INT. FINN'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Will speeds through darkened, deserted streets.

INT. AINSLEY'S CELLAR - NIGHT

Finn finds a stack of books on a work bench.

CLOSE ON THE BOOK TITLES - **"TEXTBOOK OF SURGERY", "SURGICAL ANATOMY" and "SURGERY FOR NURSES."**

He flips open one of the books to graphic photos of DISSECTED HUMAN CORPSES. Scans more pages to SEE more DISFIGURED BODIES - HEARS a muffled CREAK coming from deep in the cellar behind him, spins around, clicks on his flashlight, SEES nothing.

Turns back to the work table. A piece of cloth is covering something. He pulls back the cloth and sees an assortment of medical SCALPELS, BLADES and KNIVES.

Again, he HEARS the same muffled CREAK behind him, spins around, clicks on his flashlight.

Ainsley's FACE is on top of him. He has NO time to react before Ainsley plunges a knife deep into his side.

Instant pain. Finn can't move, can't breathe.

AINSLEY
(smiling)
Good to see you again, Inspector.

Finn looks down as Ainsley pulls the blade out of his side.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Finn's car comes to a screeching halt. Will springs out of it, rushes to the front door of Mary's house.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Will bursts inside.

WILL
Mary!!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Will rushes into the kitchen. No sign of Mary.

WILL
Mary!!

No response. He bolts up the stairs to the second floor.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM, SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Will enters her bedroom - SEES no one.

EXT. BACK SIDE OF MARY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER/NIGHT

Will emerges from the kitchen back door and scans the BACKYARD - but Mary's nowhere to be found.

He sprints to the Anderson air raid shelter in the backyard, but finds it empty. He moves back into the house.

INT. KITCHEN - A MOMENT LATER

Will stands in frustration. Out of breath. Finally notices BLOOD STAINS on the floor. SEES more blood on the outside of the small refrigerator door.

Goes to open the refrigerator door, hesitates, expecting the worse. Pulls open the door - immediately falls to his knees in HORROR. We do NOT see what's inside.

He SCREAMS a guttural GROAN. He SOBS uncontrollably - WAILS in unworldly ANGER.

Right then, AIR RAID SIRENS sound.

INT./EXT. FINN'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

The night sky is filled with TRACERS, SPOTLIGHTS and FLAK. GERMAN BOMBERS in formation, dropping incendiaries.

Will speeds through the chaos. Bombs EXPLODE all around him. Buildings on fire. Ambulances and Fire Brigades flood the deserted streets.

He doesn't care. His face is awash in sweat and an almost demonic focus, nothing's gonna stop him from getting revenge. For the first time in his life, he's LOST all control.

EXT. STEPHEN AINSLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will SCREECHES to a stop halfway up the block from the house. Climbs out of the car and hurries to the BACK DOOR.

INT. AINSLEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Will's in the kitchen, pistol in hand. He HEARS a muffled NOISE coming from the open cellar door.

INT. CELLAR/AINSLEY'S HOUSE - A MOMENT LATER

Will cautiously moves down the steps, pistol gripped firmly.

WILL'S P.O.V. - Finn is bound to a chair - hands and feet tied with rope. A dark hood over his head. Blood dripping from his wound, puddling on the floor. We don't know if he's alive or dead.

WILL

Finn?

He gets no response.

Will scans the cellar before approaching Finn, he removes the hood covering Finn's head.

Finn's gaged, barely alive, his eyes slowly open to SEE Will hovering over him. Shakes his head in an immediate warning.

Will pulls off the gag around Finn's mouth.

FINN

(barely audible)

Will.

Suddenly, Finn's eyes shift past Will to an onrushing Ainsley moving up behind him.

Ainsley brings down the coal shovel toward Will's head just as Will turns to him. The blow deflects off the side of Will's face, knocking him to the floor, pistol tumbling out of his hand.

Ainsley continues battering him with the shovel. The last one clips Will's face knocking him almost unconscious.

Finn watches, struggles to break free, but he's too weak, the bindings too strong.

Ainsley straddles Will who remains defenseless, moving in and out of consciousness.

Ainsley raises the shovel over Will's head to decapitate him.

FINN (CONT'D)

No...

As Ainsley brings down the shovel for the COUP DE GRACE--

BOOM!!!! A GERMAN BOMB hits the front the house.

Windows shatter. Walls crack and crumble. Half the house is now a smoking rubble. Small fires have ignited on what's left of the roof. The men are instantly enveloped in dust and debris.

As the smoke and dust dissolve, an eerie SILENCE takes over. All three men lay motionless in the rubble.

Seconds pass before Will's foot twitches. Slowly he begins to come back to life, body starting to move. Choking on the dust. Blood drips from a laceration on the side of his forehead.

Across the room, Ainsley also regains movement. As he slowly rises out of the rubble, we SEE one of his KNIVES have lodged into his chest from the blast. He glances at it with no emotion, turns to Will.

Will desperately scans the rubble searching for his pistol - spots it in the debris and picks it up.

Will glances over at Finn, who's still bound to the chair, either dead or barely alive. Will turns back toward Ainsley with his gun.

Ainsley slowly pulls the knife out of his chest. Blood gushes out of the wound.

AINSLEY

(painfully)

You ain't up for it, mate. I pegged you for a coward.

WILL

You butchered your own mother...

AINSLEY

She was a useless woman...After my father got taken 'way, she whored herself out to every Tom, Harry, and Dick who knocked on our bloody door. Just like every other woman in this fucking town.

Ainsley moves toward Will who raises his gun - hand trembling.

AINSLEY (CONT'D)

Just like your Mary...She was a peach that one...Begged for her...

Before Ainsley can utter another word, Will pulls the trigger. CLICK...CLICK...The gun malfunctions, doesn't fire. Will tries one more time - CLICK.

Will is stunned.

A maniacal smile rises from Ainsley's face. He rushes Will.

Will doesn't hesitate, charges Ainsley.

They crash into each other like two stampeding bulls. Both men topple over into the rubble.

They battle in the debris before Ainsley rolls on top of Will bringing the knife down toward Will's throat.

Will blocks the thrust, grabs Ainsley's knife-hand but Ainsley's fanatical strength overpowers Will as the blade inches toward his throat.

At the last possible second, Will jams his thumb into Ainsley's chest wound. Ainsley CRIES out in agony.

Will grabs a hunk of shattered cement out of the rubble and STRIKES Ainsley across the face. Ainsley tumbles backwards into the debris. The knife falls out of his hand.

Ainsley struggles to his feet, bloody and battered.

Will rises to face him.

Both men spot the knife in the rubble simultaneously and scramble toward it. Ainsley is first to reach it but Will's on top of him instantly.

They struggle for control of the knife. Ainsley begins to lose his strength as Will slowly pushes him up against the back wall of the cellar.

Both men still gripping the knife as Will slowly turns the blade toward Ainsley who tries to hold Will back but can't.

Will grits his teeth, uses the last of his strength, gradually overpowers Ainsley and plunges the blade into Ainsley's throat.

Ainsley collapses to the floor, dead, slumped against the crumbling back wall that's covered in his bloody signatures: "JACK."

Will moves to Finn, who remains motionless. Will kneels down next to him, attempts to revive him.

WILL

Finn...Finn.

After a moment, Finn's eyes begin to open.

FINN

(barely audible)

Mary...?

Will shakes his head, NO. Finn reacts with a GROAN and a grimace. Will unties the rope binding him to the chair.

WILL
Can you move?

Will tries to move him. Finn lets out an audible MOAN. Will yanks off his coat, places it on top of Finn's wound.

WILL (CONT'D)
Hold it against the wound.
Gonna get you to a hospital.

FINN
No, lad...Not gonna make it. Not this time.

WILL
Don't say that.

FINN
Take me home, Will...Please, do as I say...

EXT. AINSLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Only half of the structure now stands. The other half is a smoking pile of crumbled brick, small FIRES burning everywhere.

Will shoulders Finn to the car, which has taken serious damage - hood covered in burning debris, windshield shattered, tires flat.

He places Finn in the passenger front seat, gets behind the wheel, turns the ignition key, the motor sputters. After several attempts the engine finally turns over and he slowly pulls away in the burning, near-destroyed wreck of a car.

INT./EXT. FINN'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Will carefully motors past SMOKING, BOMBED OUT buildings. FIRE BRIGADES hose down smoldering structures.

CIVIL DEFENSE WORKERS search for bodies in the rubble of crumbled buildings.

Will glances over at Finn, who's falling in and out of consciousness.

WILL
Stay awake...

Will shakes him with his free hand.

WILL (CONT'D)

You get better now...We'll be in Virginia before you know it. You'll like it there...Plenty of catfish waiting to be caught.

(beat)(smiles)

All kinds of folks you can piss off...

Will glances at Finn, making sure he's awake and listening.

EXT. FINN'S BOMBED-OUT HOUSE - NIGHT

Will shoulders the semi-conscious Finn from the car to the front of the destroyed home.

FINN

Set me down, Will.

Finn lets out an uncomfortable moan as Will sets him down on the crumbling, concrete steps.

Will sits down next to him, trying to comfort a dying man. He spots Annie's charred doll in the rubble and puts it into Finn's hands.

WILL

Tell me about, Annie.

FINN

(barely audible)

Smart as a whip she was...Beautiful like her mother...

(he chokes painfully)

Stubborn like her father...

(fading fast)

Get me some tea, Will...

(another painful moan)

Will...

Finn's body goes limp. The doll falls out of his hands. His head falls on Will's shoulder. He's gone. Will pulls him closer.

INT. PROVOST MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

Will walks into the office, a bandage covering the wound on his forehead. Colonel Fitzgerald is at his desk packing up personal items.

Several ADMINISTRATIVE PERSONAL are frantically packing up items in his office and hauling them out the door.

WILL
Sergeant William Pruitt
reporting as ordered, sir.

COLONEL FITZPATRICK
(without looking at him)
At ease, Sergeant.

Will stands at ease.

Fitzpatrick continues packing up his belongings, too occupied to look at Will.

COLONEL FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)
How's that wound coming?

WILL
I'm fine, sir.

COLONEL FITZPATRICK
Job well done, Sergeant. You're on
the first plane out in morning,
you're going home.

Will is about to reply but hesitates. Fitzpatrick finally takes a quick glance at Will.

COLONEL FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)
What is it, Sergeant? You're free
to speak.

WILL
It doesn't feel like a job well
done, sir...

COLONEL FITZPATRICK
I read your report...We're in
the middle of a goddamn
war...Casualties happen, it's a
numbers game.

WILL
They were more than just numbers,
sir. Their names were...

COLONEL FITZPATRICK
(interrupting)
I'm aware of their names, Sergeant.

Will glances around at the activity in the office.

WILL
You going somewhere, sir?

COLONEL FITZPATRICK
I've been reassigned to lead my
original unit into battle...D-day.
(to himself)
What are the odds I survive that?

WILL
One in ten at best...

Fitzpatrick immediately stops what he's doing, looks at Will.

WILL (CONT'D)
Nothing personal, Colonel.

EXT. LONDON MILITARY AIRFIELD - MORNING

LANCASTER BOMBERS and BRITISH SPITFIRES crowd the air-strip being armed with new munitions, while other planes receive needed repair.

A DOUGLAS C-47 CARGO PLANE lifts off the tarmac, rising up into a crystal clear blue sky.

INT. DOUGLAS C-47 CARGO PLANE - FLYING - MORNING

Will sits in a jump seat surrounded by other non-combat ARMY PERSONNEL, including two other BLACK OFFICERS.

Will glances out his window to the scene below.

WILL'S P.O.V.

It's D-DAY morning. More than six thousand WARSHIPS of every size and description, steam across the English channel toward the Normandy coast - an AWE-INSPIRING sight.

The C-47 circles the ARMADA below before turning WEST and fading into the sun.

FADE OUT

END