

THE ELEPHANT MAN & THE BLOWER

written by

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The Shadwell Dock Fires

(c)

Note- Cont'd / Aside - V.O *

SUPER: WHITECHAPEL - LONDON 1888

FADE IN:

EXT. THE FRYING PAN PUBLIC HOUSE - STORMY NIGHT

A lurid sky fills the air with a fiery miasma as a rapid downpour saturates a luckless BLOWER (Whore).

She stands upon the steps that leads into the drinking house.

With her back towards the door, she presses her hand down upon her straw bonnet to stop it flying off her head.

A COALMAN 30's approaches. He carries a limp.

COALMAN

Get out the bleedin' way, will
ya!

He knocks her over as he barges past with his broad shoulder and stumbles inside the drinking den.

BLOWER

Oh sod off! Dontcha like me new
bonnet? I'm wearing it just for
you, pig head!

Cackles from inside the drinking den to the clash of tankards.

Despairingly she staggers away in all hopelessness.

EXT. LONDON CHARITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Under the umbrella of darkness the solitary, unmasked figure of the ELEPHANT MAN stares down in reverie at the sodden flowerbeds.

EXT. DOSS HOUSE - NIGHT

The Blower rallies in raucous dispute with the heavily bearded DEPUTY OWNER.

DEPUTY OWNER

Now stay out and don't you think
about coming back unless you've
got your doss, right?

BLOWER

Oh, don't be like that, g'rn,
save us a bed wontcha? Oh g'rn,
I'm begging ya. I won't be any
trouble, I swear.

He turns his back and marches back inside the doss house.

Forlorn and lost, she stares at the closed door with her
bonnet in hand.

BLOWER / -

Oh never mind. See what a jolly
bonnet I've got now.

She climbs to her feet and stumbles away.

EXT. LONDON CHARITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The unmasked Elephant Man wanders beyond the gardens and
strays onto the thoroughfare.

His POV: The Blower in the glow of a single gas lamp. She
lifts her skirt to all and sundry as they walk past her.

BLOWER /

Business, sir? Oh c'mon darlin,'
what's a matter? Cantcha get it
up for a pretty girl then?
(gesticulates)
I'm clean you know. Pig head!

Intrigued, the Elephant Man spies her masquerading under the
flicker of the GASLIGHT as she drinks from a WINE GLASS,
before she stumbles and falls to the sodden ground.

He brings his RIBBED CLOAK that houses steel KNIVES over his
head in discomposure.

She cackles carelessly and gets to her feet.

But the country voice of his Doctor inside his head begins to
berate him.

DOCTOR *

Go and get her. Go before it's too late. She's waiting for you. Now hurry.

ELEPHANT MAN -

(splutters)

But it's very late. And you said I was not leave the hospital grounds, or I will be punished.

DOCTOR *

Go and speak with her now.

ELEPHANT MAN -

What if she screams? Oh. Oh. Oh. I don't know.

She wanders off. He follows her and hides in the shadows as he does so.

INT. THE OLD GREENGROCER'S SHOP - NIGHT

The Blower enters and slips to her knees on a piece of stale fruit, before she gets to her feet and stumbles into the darkness.

BRONCHIAL PURRING.

CLICK.

The door locks behind her.

She SCREAMS and lunges towards the door where she tries desperately to get out.

In the shadow of darkness the diminutive figure of the Elephant Man stands behind her. He clutches a lit BUNSEN BURNER in his oversized diseased hand.

He reaches out and places his good hand upon her bony shoulder.

She gasps and clings to the door frame, then buckles as he purrs into her eardrum.

ELEPHANT MAN

Please, do not turn around. I wouldn't want to frighten you.

BLOWER

(petrified)

Just leave me alone. Let me out,
or I'll scream.

ELEPHANT MAN

I am not going to hurt you. I am
badly disfigured.

BLOWER

Yeah, well, I still want leave,
so open the door and let me out.

ELEPHANT MAN

But I am not going to hurt you.

BLOWER

What'd ya want, then?

His diseased hand now filled with BLACKBERRIES.

He brings them under her nostrils. She looks down at them.

ELEPHANT MAN

I brought you these. I thought
you might like to have them.

She forces them into her mouth and scoffs them.

The JUICE escapes and runs down her CHIN towards her scrawny
neck, then into her cleavage.

BLOWER

Ta very much. But can I go now,
kind sir?

ELEPHANT MAN

I was hoping you wouldn't mind,
but I was watching you from where
I live. I thought you looked
beautiful under the gaslight. And
your bonnet suits you. You
reminded me of my Mother.

BLOWER

Oh dear. Please, let me go.

ELEPHANT MAN

I used to live here. It isn't
very nice, is it?

BLOWER

No. It's cold... and it stinks.

ELEPHANT MAN

I come here when I am lonely.

(pauses)

Are you lonely?

A short silence.

BLOWER

You're not that bleedin' elephant
freak everybody's talkin' 'bout,
are ya? Is it bizniz you want
then?

She twists her neck to see who it is that stands behind her.

The Elephant Man stands in all his naked glory with his KNIFE
in hand.

She gasps then faints as she falls to the ground in a heap of
limp flesh.

Lost in maniacal fervour, he leans over her and strangles her
with his diseased hand then opens her up with his knife.

ELEPHANT MAN -

(howls)

MOTHER! MOTHER! WRETCHED MOTHER!

BURN IN HELL!

With all his energy surpassed he nests upon the warmth of her
blood soaked cadaver.

FADE TO RED:

THE END