

INT. BROTHEL. NIGHT.

The office of the Madame. It has a kind of sleazy glamour. Gas lamps with pink tinged mantels cast a rosy glow over flocked wall papers, hung with framed pictures of erotica, gilded statuettes of naked girls, nymphs in various states of undress etc, an ornate gold mirror, velvet curtains drawn tight, an oppressive airless subterranean feeling. A young girl, eleven or twelve, HETTY... We've met her before. She is beautifully, expensively dressed, ringletted hair. The very epitome of adored Victorian girlhood. Her eyes are downcast, shoulders miserably hunched as The MADAME of the brothel, a woman for whom nothing is surprising or shocking, (though nor is anything wondrous) appraises her with a professional eye, turns her this way and that, tilts her chin, feels the flesh of her arm, her shoulder. While this is going on we see a male finger caressing one of the statuettes, tracing the line of the face, the throat, the shoulder, trailing down to the breast...

MADAME

And how does she come to be in your care?



He gets out his handkerchief and kindly wipes Hetty's cheek for her, it's not sexual at all, paternal, gentle.

HERRICK (CONT'D)

There is only what we make of the bare bones that's tossed to us. Do you think I want to be a legal clerk? All ledgers and dust and ink? Overlooked and ignored, a drudge, a drone, do you think I want that? (CONSPIRATORIAL) I would like to smash their buildings and crack their stones and melt their bricks to glass, I would like them all to tremble at the mention of my name!

And stops himself as if he has just voiced something he keeps to himself, blinks a little, adopts a more appropriate