

**The Legend of Doctor Thomas**

*written by*

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## 1. GRAPHIC

An old newspaper titled 'The Good, The Bad and The Scouse' flies/twirls on-screen.

The headline reads: Liverpool mourns the death of Dr. Thomas  
Date of newspaper: 12<sup>th</sup> January 1891.

The sub-heading reads: Hundreds turn out to pay their final respects to a well-love – if cantankerous – man.

The Heritage Lottery Fund logo is at the bottom of the front page.

A 'photograph' of the PEOPLE OF LIVERPOOL mourning around a freshly dug grave. Camera zooms into the headstone that reads "Here lies Dr. Hugh Owen Thomas. 1834 – 1891". A puff of smoke comes from the grave and fills the screen into..

## 2. EXT – DIRTY CITY STREET – DAY.

Smoke fades. Two MEN are resisting being bundled away by two POLICE MEN. A flurry of arms, legs, fists and truncheons. PUNCH, THUMP, CRACK, SHOUTING.

NARRATOR

This city's streets could be a bit rough  
And sometimes people got hurt.  
But help was at hand from an unusual man,  
And the poor he didn't desert.

A pristine, shiny black HORSE with bluntly trimmed mane and tail trots past. It is pulling a scarlet pantheon. The carriage has small front wheels and super-large back wheels. It looks 'blingy'... The sports car of its day! The men and police stop their affray and watch as it passes by.

MAN # 1

That's Dr. T, that is!

MAN # 2

(looks shocked)

You mean him who fixed your Tommy's leg in a soapbox in the street?

Man #1 nods proudly. Police bundle the two off. Puff of smoke..

## 3. INT – CORRIDOR – DAY

Smokes fades to reveal a door sign that reads 'The Liverpool Medical Registration Society'. Tilt down to the bottom of an old, wooden door.

NARRATOR

The medical establishment...  
Well he wasn't part of their pack.  
And most of them thought him a...

Duck waddles passed the door, he turns towards camera.

DUCK

Quack!

Puff of smoke...

4. EXT - DIRTY CITY STREET - DAY.

Smoke disappears. SUNDAY BELLS are heard in the background. The pantheon stops at the side of a curb. Two dirty back BOOTS step out of it onto the mudded cobble streets. A FLOWER SELLER and a STREET BOY are in the background. The boots belong to Dr. Thomas. He walks past them in scruffy clothing, a hat tilted on his hat and puffing on a cigarette out the corner of his mouth. He flips a coin to the Street Boy.

NARRATOR

But although his methods were strange,  
And he disposition quite rude,  
For the poor, there was simply no better  
dude.

STREET BOY

Oh look at that, oh thanks Mr!

FLOWER SELLER

(batting eyes at Dr. Thomas)

Oh look at him, generous as ever... My Joe  
said he saw him down the docks Sunday last,  
fixing sailors broken limbs and not asking  
for a shilling!

5. EXT - DOCKSIDE - DAY

SAILOR 1 has a badly twisted arm; he sits in front of a set of barrels. He swigs back a bottle of rum. Other SAILORS and DOCK WORKERS are seen in the background. Behind the Sailor 1, smoke escapes from a hole in a barrel. The barrel grows legs and arms, and creeps up behind Sailor 1. There is a whirlwind of motion. A kung-fu style CHOP and SNAP from the arms of the barrel and sailor 1's arm is now straight.

FLOWER SELLER (V/O)

There our Joe was, and out of nowhere  
popped Dr. T and snapped a man's arm back

in place, right there and then. And that's straight from the horse's mouth, that is!

Puff of smoke...

6. EXT – DIRTY CITY STREET – DAY

Smoke fades to reveal...Horse trotting to a halt. They are pulling a red carriage on which a coffin draped in flowers is perched. MOURNERS fill the street. Horse looks to camera.

HORSE

(pompously)

And this horse has seen it all! Dr. Thomas (or Dr. T to his friends) cared for the poor like they were rich...

RAT pops up from beneath Horse's forelock. Horse looks disgruntled.

RAT

(commonly spoken)

Even if his bedside manner left a lot to be desired!

Horse shakes RAT off his head and into the crowd. COMEDY SOUND FX. Horse trots off into the distance. Mourners' wave goodbye.

NARRATOR

And that is the legend of Dr. Hugh Owen Thomas,  
An eccentric and cantankerous man was he,  
But despite his misgivings and penchant for  
a smoke,  
He was a true, adopted-Scouse,  
revolutionary!

Puff of smoke. Fade to black.

Credits and Logos.