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The Doctor and the Devils

By Dylan Thomas

I stand before you, gentlemen,
as a lecturer in anatomy, a scientist,
a specialist, a material man,
to whom the heart, for instance,
is an elaborate physical organ
and not the seat of love,
a man to whom the soul,
because it has no shape,
does not exist.

But paradox is inherent in all dogma,
so I stand before you, also,
as a man of sentiment.

And it is in my dual capacity...
as scientist and sociologist,
materialist and moralist,
anatomist and artist...

that I intend to conduct my lectures,
to expound,
inform, illustrate, entertain...
and edify.

The noble profession, at whose threshold
you stand as neophytes,
is not an end in itself.

The science of anatomy contributes
to the great sum of all knowledge,
and I believe that all men
must work towards that end,
and I believe that that end
justifies any means.

Come on! Out of my door!

Move yourself!

And don't come back!

- Rags for sale!

- Human hair!

Rags for sale!

Dead skins, dead skins,
human hair.

Get up. Go on.

Billy! Where are ya, Billy?

Here!

You watch the stuff, Billy.

- How much they give you, Billy, huh?

- What you got there, boy?

. Ow!

Hey!
Cut her dead.
To Dr. Rock and his academy.
Aah! Whoa!
Buy us a little drink, Nelly, darling.
- Buy a drink for Fallon and Broom, eh?
- Buy youse a drink? With what?
- Let's have your bottom drink.
- It's not the bottoms yet!
Ah, leave him be, Nelly.
He'll bite your hand right through,
I knows him.
Well, go on, have 'em.
Have the bottoms.
Give us a drink in there.
Put some in there, will ya?
Good man, good man.
To our benefactors.
To Dr. Rock.
Who would them three be in the corner
there with all that money for a drink?
Andrew Merry-Lees,
Praying Howard, and Mole.
Hmm, they're never short.
What now would they be doing
for a living, lovey?
Grave robbers.
- Who's this Dr. Rock?
- He buys the stuff.
What stuff?
Bodies.
Bodies?
Get out.
I'll go this way.
Where'd they go, Billy?
Where'd they go?
Leave him alone, brute.
Leave him.
He won't know nothing.
Don't hurt him.
Did you see him? The men three
with the horse and carriage.
We saw nothing, have we, Billy?
Ah, to hell with ya!

You have the same dark brains
as your brother!

- It runs in the family! You're all bloody mad!

- Oi, mate!

- Come on, youse.

- No, no! No, not here!

It's too bloody cold.

Come on, let's go back to Rose's.

Who you got there, Jennie, huh?

- Piss off, Fallon, I've got a customer.

- Oh.

Did you see the three of them?

Uh, Andrew what's-his-name and Mole.

I ain't seen no one. Now, let me be.

Me and my friend are going to Rose's.

You heard what the lady said.

Shut your mouth now!

Where'd you see them, eh?

Were they on the cart, eh?

I seen nothing, Fallon.

Quick, Fallon, we seen 'em.

Oh!

Hee hee!

Here, no, Jennie, come on, now, huh?

I'll be back, with money enough

to have you naked, huh?

Come on, Fallon!

That bloody watchman

has got himself sober again!

All right, Jimmy, I know what you want.

Here, Jimmy.

What do you see now, Jimmy?

Now I can see nothing.

- Have you found him yet?

- Here he is.

Hallelujah. Go to it, Mole.

Quiet as death tonight.

Praise be the Lord.

It's a hard clasp

they've put on the coffin.

- The unbelievers.

- Break it open then.

This cold's got into my bones.

Easy! Don't hurt him!

No, I couldn't hear nothing.
Careful.
The rope.
The horse.
Quick. Give us a hand, Mole.
There!
Daisy! Daisy!
Come back here, Daisy!
Daisy, Daisy!
Whacking the horse, huh?
Shh!
Now hold the rear.
- Whoa!
- Now, stay there, Daisy.
Where's the bloody body?
We left it here!
"'8 gone!
- Where?
- Well, he can't have run away, can he?
d Dr. Rock, Dr. Rock, Dr. Rock, Dr. Rock d
d Dr. Rock, Dr. Rock, Dr. Rock d
Oh, gin and pies, gin and pies.
Here we are.
Dr. Rock, Dr. Rock.
Mr. Murray?
Mr. Murray, sir?
They're here, sir. But...
- But what?
- I think you'd better come, sir.
It's not who we expected, sir.
I've never seen them before.
They're new hands.
- And the goods they brought?
- Oh, they say the goods is fresh, sir.
Or nearly fresh.
Don't look, don't look, don't look.
This isn't fresh.
Dr. Rock won't like this.
He may as well dissect a dog
dragged from the river
after the fishes have been at it.
Dr. Rock needs fresh bodies.
- Going to pay them, sir?
- Only half.

Three sovereigns, no more.
Seven when it's fresh.
Now get out.
- Good night.
- 'Night.
Three guineas!
Three guineas for an old man!
I know. It's a shame
he wasn't a young one, then?
- Oh, look at that, look at that!
- Give it here.
Get off! Get off!
Whoo hoo hoo!
Drinks for everybody!
Drinks for everybody!
- You want 'em?
Hey, what're you up to?
- We paid for them!
- Hey, get over, darling.
Stop it, now, Fallon!
There's nothing left!
Go away! Go drink your bottle.
We've money enough
to piss this stuff away.
Is there some in there?
Ah!
Stop it there!
Hey, whatcha doing?
Here, have a drink.
There, how's that? Eh?
Hey, Broom.
Broom, you forgot something.
Forgot to drink to our benefactor.
To our benefactors.
To the dead.
I always say to Dr. Rock, If the last
thump should suddenly sound,
these specimens should be in perfect
condition and meet their maker.
You're almost as pickled as he is, Tom.
Who is going to share a drink
with a country gentleman, huh?
Have a drop with me.
There you go, eh? Whoo!

Jennie, will you have a drink
with me now?
I never drink with strangers
'cept on Mondays.
Isn't today Monday, huh?
And the stars are shining.
And the bells are chiming.
We'll... We'll drink to Monday, huh?
Here you go, and Tuesday.
Oh, I never drink twice
with strangers before 12:00.
And isn't it up to 12:00 now?
Huh?
d And the moon is singing d
d And the grass is growing d
d And the bells are chiming d
d And the stars are... d
Come on! Hurry.
- Good morning, Billy.
- Good mornin'.
Come on! Hup!
Come on!
Look out!
Aaah! Aaah!
Stop, stop!
Careful! Gently!
- We'll take him to the academy.
- I'll get Dr. Thornton.
Easy, easy.
And clean away the blood, Joseph.
Clean it off as quickly as possible.
- Right, Dr. Thornton. Brandy here. Quick.
Now, come on now.
Open your mouth, come. That's it.
A nice little bit of brandy. Come on.
There, there.
What do you think, Harding?
Is the femur broken?
Can't say so. Too much blood.
But we should cut the leg off at the hip.
Let's try for once not to be
butchers in frock coats.
I'm going in to have a look.
How's the boy, Joseph?

Come on, and again. Good boy.
d There was this old woman
who lived in a shoe d
d Rub-a-dub-dub d
- The major artery's been severed.
- I can't see.
Tourniquet!
Get Dr. Rock!
Quickly, get Dr. Rock!
Thomas, thank God! He's bleeding to death.
I can't find the artery.
Another tourniquet.
You've got it on the wrong artery.
There.
Pull. Tight.
Tighter.
There. Do you see?
It's the superficial circumflex iliac artery.
You didn't know about that one,
did you, Harding?
You thought it was the femoral.
Good. The bleeding's stopped.
Start stitching.
You'll be all right now, Billy.
Smaller stitches, for God sake, Harry.
You're not repairing an old boot.
It's a human artery.
How the deuce did you discover that artery?
Knowledge, Harry.
You were taught anatomy
by self-satisfied pompous idiots,
who cared more about morality
than medicine.
Macklin is the most distinguished
professor of anatomy at the University.
He was senile before he reached puberty.
The whole medical reputation
of this city is consigned to a man
who reads his grandfather's
lectures for his own
and dissects
like a laborer with a pick ax.
Harry, do you realize the progress
that could be made in medicine

if we were to be given free access...

- To what?

- Teaching material. Bodies.

But the law says...

The law says that you as a surgeon
must possess a high degree of skill.

How are you to obtain that skill?

By mangling the living,
like we nearly did with Billy Bedlam?

Look at these hands, Harry.

Do you agree they're talented?

- Undoubtedly.

But what good are they handcuffed?

Bound by ridiculous laws
that shackle them?

I am only allowed, by law,
to dissect the corpses
of hanged criminals.

Do you know what my quota is
if I'm lucky? Five!

Apart from that, I have to make due
with desiccated, shriveled,
rotting cadavers that the maggots
find out more about than I ever will.

The law must be changed.

Hey, you, we've been here hours!

Nobody tells you a bloody thing
in this place.

We wanna know how Billy is!

- Billy's my brother.

- Yeah, and I'm a friend, Jennie Bailey.

Is Billy still alive?

What are they doing to him?

He's been very lucky.

He's been attended by Dr. Rock.

- Dr. Rock?

- Oh. Oh, God.

Dr. Rock's the one that cuts 'em up.

Billy's dead.

On the contrary. Dr. Rock not only saved
your brother's life, he saved his leg.

He didn't cut Billy's leg off?

But we thought for sure...

- Who are you, anyway?

- I'm Dr. Rock's assistant.
Come on, Alice, let's get out of here.
Let's go back to Pig's Lane
where we can breathe.
Thank you.

- Good evening, sir.
- Shh.
- Ms. Rock wishes to speak with you.
- Thank you, Molly.
Good evening, Thomas.
Thomas, can you spare me
a moment of your time?
A hundred, my dear Annabella.
All my time is at your disposal.
I've something important to discuss.
I'm arranging a small
dinner party for you.
For me?
It may very well be the last,
if what I hear in the city is true.
I smell vinegar in here tonight.
Will you look at these invitations?
Because I may have forgotten someone.
A fortunate someone.
There's no need to be contemptuous
of the celebration
that's been planned in your own honor.
I hear the medical faculty's
going to investigate you.
Your whole professional life
may be at stake.
Look, why aren't
Dr. and Mrs. Gordon invited?
Mrs. Gordon won't sit at table with her.

- My wife.
- I could never understand
why you didn't keep that girl
somewhere as your mistress,
instead of bringing her here to this house,
legalizing your shabby amours.
No self-respecting person would be
willing to sit in the presence
of a woman who draws
those... vile,

obscene drawings.
Elizabeth works for me
under my instructions.
They're filthy, disgusting.
Thomas.
Is this the place
where I can see nude drawings?
You've been speaking to your sister.
Now you're losing your temper again.
No. Society has been losing
its temper with me.
Society? That's a lot of people.
Be careful. They're your friends.
I don't need any friends. I prefer enemies.
They're better company, and their feelings
toward you are always genuine.
Thomas, don't be angry.
Thomas, what is it?
Have I drawn something incorrectly?
No.
It's just that it reminds me
of... someone I love.
Open that door, Rosie!
All right, all right. I'm coming.
Yes?
- Is this where Jennie Bailey lives?
- Who wants her?
- My name's Dr. Murray.
Oh, come in, come in.
Nice to see one of my girls
going up in the world.
Jennie? She might be busy.
Come in. Jennie?
Whatever you're doing, stop it.
There's a gentleman here to see you.
- I don't know any gentleman.
- Come on, girl.
Oh, he's no gentleman, he's a doctor.
There's no dead bodies here.
You left your shawl at the academy
last week.
Oh, we thought
someone had nicked it.
It's only half mine. The other half belongs

to Alice. We take turns wearing it.

- I hope tonight it's your turn.

- Yeah.

I'd like to thank you for it, know what I mean?

But Rosie's very strict.

Still, if you've got two bob

we can go in back.

- Good night.

- I didn't... I didn't come here to...

I just wanted to see you.

- My time costs you two bob.

She grabs nine pence,

but I'll take off all my clothes.

Here's a sovereign.

Sovereign?

How long do you want me for, a week?

I just want to talk to you.

- Just talk?

- Come on.

I'm paying for your time.

Wish I could find someone

that only wanted to talk.

Will you stop that coughing,

you miserable little swine?

Get up and pay us

the rent you owe us.

Seven sovereigns they give

for a corpse when its dug up new.

Seven sovereigns.

Seven sovereigns

for gin and pies, then?

You mad dog!

Nelly, eh, scrape up a penny

or two for a drop for us?

Huh? Come on.

There's plenty of ways, lovey.

Why don't you dig one up yourself?

You're frightened of the dark.

Fresh berries.

Fresh berries.

Knives to grind.

- You're still seeing that Dr. Murray, then?

- Yeah.

Why do you treat him so badly, Jen?

Oh, but, Alice, I'm so very fond of him.
I like him better than any man
in the whole world.
- Then why do you carry on in front of his eyes?
- I don't, I don't.
Letting him see you walk out
with any Tom, Dick, and Harry.
- I don't know any Harry.
- Oh, Jen.
- What do you want?
- Can we feel your tits for a penny?
Oh! Let's see the penny.
Go on! Go waste your money
on somebody else!
Look at those drunken sods,
not a penny to their names.
I warned 'em, I begged 'em.
If they'd bottled all the stars in heaven,
they'd piss it away in a night.
Nelly, Nelly.
Give us a kiss, darling.
Oh, your breath stinks of gin.
Where the hell did you get the money
to pay for that?
New lodgers, that's how.
Rents in advance, that's how!
Hey, you poxy cur, what about us?
- Seven sovereigns, he said.
- Yeah.
Seven sovereigns.
Fresh, he says.
Seven sovereigns for fresh.
Fresh in here, Fallon.
Now fresh in here.
Oh, Daniel.
Eh?
Have the rent you owe us, Daniel?
Eh? Five shillings you owe us now.
Do you have the money?
Ah, he's worth more to us dead.
Do you remember them days
in the war, Broom? And the militia?
Hospital orderlies Fallon and Broom, eh?
God, how I loved them days.

Hey, do you remember the boys
they brought in from the field
with their arms
and their legs shot away, huh?
Holes in their stomachs
the size of the moon.
Them surgeons
were kind, clever men, eh?
Wait, Fallon, wait. Wait, wait.
Put them out of their misery, Mr. Fallon,
That's what the major said to me.
For God's sake, Fallon, wait.
Let's take, let's take.
There's nothing we can do for these poor
boys, except save them from further pain.
That's what the surgeon said.
And here's Daniel,
all alone in the world.
Huh? Not a soul...
...and this terrible coughing.
It's an act of kindness
we're doing him, Broom.
Is he dead?
You better try him.
- He's dead.
- And fresh, Broom.
Fresh as new moon hay.
Come on, open up, eh?
Come on, come on.
Come in. Walk quiet.
No, walk quiet, Broom, eh?
Oh, it's a blessing
we've given him, huh?
And he's fresh, Fallon.
Pay them.
Seven.
- Who are they, Tom?
- Uh, this one's...
- I'm Robert Fallon, sir.
- Broom, sir.
This is the best material
I've had in years.
Son of God, hear me.
Deliver from evil my brother Thomas.

Deliver him from evil company.
Help him to heal with hands
in God's service
and let not those hands
be used in foulness,
for the sake of what the Devil
has made him think is progress.
Thank you for coming.
It is not often remarked on
that it was Herophilos
who first traced the arachnoid membrane
into the ventricles of the brain.
What is known, however,
and what I have told you
repeatedly in these lectures...
And so, gentlemen, once again,
I am forced to apologize.
As you know, I've long since passed my quota
of subjects delivered by the hangman.
And so, today we will have
to make do with the carcass of a sheep.
Frederick.

- Sir?

- Identify.

- Kidney, sir.

Function?

To separate from the blood
certain impure materials,
which when dissolved in a quantity of water,
also separated by the kidneys
from the blood,
constitute the urine
in the human organism.

Excellent.

Except for one minor detail...
not in the human organism,
but in the organism of the...

' Sheep!

Laughter)

Let us now, gentlemen, reaffirm our creed.
The study of anatomy is absolutely vital...
And, of course, sir, he said
they were the kidneys of a sheep.
A sheep?

How dare he?
He makes a laughingstock
of the whole medical profession.
He's a pernicious influence, pernicious.
A corrupter of youth! Thank you, Cronin,
for bringing this to my attention.
I shall go to all his lectures, sir,
and report back to you.
Yes, yes, the man must be stopped.
I shall put these... sheep's kidneys
before the medical faculty in the morning.
I shall confront them
with the incontrovertible proof
that Dr. Thomas Rock
has access to bodies
that do not come from the hangman.
Legally, the hangman is our one provider,
but he'd have to hang all the liars in the city
and all the men that are unfaithful to their wives
before there'd be sufficient subjects for us.
You make our city
sound like Sodom and Gomorrah.
If you'll excuse me, gentlemen, I must
try to brave this terrible city at night.
If you dislike the law
that applies to your own science,
why did you become an anatomist
rather than anything else?
There was more body to it.
We can use a pint now, lord.
Look at Jennie Bailey, the lady,
drinking with a doctor.
I'd like to put my nails in her eyes.
Why can't we meet
in another place sometimes, Jennie?
Anywhere else but this damn tavern with
all the sluts and drunks staring at us?
- You know you can come back with me.
- And you know that I won't.
I can't.
Don't you understand,
I couldn't go back there.
Not there to that house.
I don't want to think about the others

and your smiling at them
and letting them...
The others don't mean a thing in the wide world.
They're different. I'm for you.
Come back now.
I'll tell Rosie that you're staying and...
- No.
No, Jennie, please.
Oh, you're beautiful.
Come away.
Come away from everything here.
Oh, a fine young doctor's lady I'd make.
Oh, from what part
do you come, Mrs. Murray?
Oh, number three Pig's Yard.
Your husband used to call on Wednesdays.
There. You're doing well. That's a boy.
Hello, Billy.
I think you're well enough
to go home now, Billy.
Tom will get you a cab. It's too cold
to be running about in the streets.
Here's a present for you, boy.
- Hey.
Now, hold it in your hand.
Don't lose it.
Thank you.
And now he'll hurry as fast as he can
on his bent bones to the nearest tavern
and fuddle his few poor wits
and crack his crazed little jokes,
half remembered from the cradle.
Oh, how the pious
would lift their hands to heaven
to think of a man giving money to an idiot
so that he could get drunk
and be warm and happy
for an hour or two.
d Thinking of past glad hours d
d Just breathe my name
to the woodlands d
d Sigh what your heart would say d
d I know I shall hear
your message, dear d

d Born on the breeze away d
d O winds that blow from the south d
d Sighing so soft and low d
d Whisper your secret sweet d
d Whisper and I shall know d
d Winds that blow from the south d
d Breathe in my listening ear d
d Come from the heart of my love d
d Whisper and I shall hear N'

- Lovely, Jen, lovely.

- Good girl.

Enter.

A urgent message for Dr. Rock
from the Faculty of Medicine, sir.
Thank you.

What do the Board want to talk to you
about this time?

Dr. Rock, would you please
identify the contents of this jar.

Kidneys, sir.

Kidneys.

From the size I would say male kidneys,
weighing approximately six ounces.

From what animal?

- The human animal.

- Do these kidneys belong to you?

- Yes and no.

- What do you mean by that?

I mean that they belong to me,
but they're not mine. I keep mine here.

Yes, I take your point, Dr. Rock.

But may I remind you that these specimens
were used by you in a lecture
and described as sheep's kidneys.

- Yes.

- Why?

Why did you not describe them correctly?

Why did you resort to deceit?

Well, I would've thought
that it was self-evident,
since my quota of subjects
from the hangman has long since run out.

If I am to continue my work,
human bodies

must be obtained illegally.

So you admit it?

You admit that you break the law.

I admit to breaking any law
that inhibits the progress of science.

Dr. Rock, do you also admit to condoning
the removal of bodies from consecrated earth?

And by dissecting them,
prevent their resurrection
whole and perfect on Judgment Day,
as decreed by Jesus Christ?

Dr. Mackendrick, do you really believe
that all the poor devils blown to bits
on all the battlefields
in all the senseless wars,
since the beginning of time,
will be barred from entering
the Kingdom of Heaven
because their limbs cannot be found?

I cannot believe your God
can be so cruel.

Why are you being facetious, sir?

I, too, sir, am in the business of anatomy,
but I acquire my knowledge
professionally, not by breaking the law.

The law be damned!

The law is not only ridiculous, it's obsolete.

We have to drag anatomy and medicine out
of the dark ages into the 19th Century for...

We are scientists, for God's sake,
not self-serving model hypocrites
and penny pill-pushers.

It is our duty to improve
the quality of human life.

Oh, Jennie. Oh, Jennie.

Oh, Jennie, I love you.

You've gotta forgive me.

I love you.

When can I see you again?

Buy yourself something nice, Jennie.

No, I don't want your money.

See for yourself, Harry.

They were men and women once.

- Please, mister.

- Please, uh, move aside.

No, I'm not here on the game.

See, you saved my brother Billy's leg, and...

and see, I... I just wanted to thank you.

Look, I appreciate your thanks,

but, really, I... I can't accept a gift.

Please. I know it's not worth much.

I think if you was to pawn it,

you would get more than sixpence for it.

But it's of value to me,

and I'd like you to have it.

- Really, I... I can't.

- Thank you for what you done.

Billy's walking ever so well now.

Aren't people extraordinary?

Have another drink.

Have another drink.

- Come on now.

- That's the stuff.

He said come on.

That'll do you good.

Come on, now.

Ha ha! We brought you

a little present, girls.

What have you got now,

you drunken sods.

Look what we brought ya...

a poor old gentleman

with nowhere to sleep,

nowhere to sleep but with us.

Away with your bother. Have your money ready.

We'll be back, huh?

Oh, now we've money enough

for the boards.

Another one delivered this evening, sir.

Fallon and Broom again, sir.

Must be their seventh, maybe their eighth.

- Did you pay them?

- Seven sovereigns, sir.

But it's fresh. They're always fresh.

Not even the smell of the grave on it.

Come on, come on!

I won, I won!

Ah, God bless the little fella!

I won! I won, I won, I won!
God bless the little bastard!
Well, what did I tell ya, huh?
You know your birds.
I'll say that for ya,
you know your birds.
Next fight.
The black cock Brooks Fancy.
The white cock...
Now here's your chance
to make a real killing.
A real killing, huh?
A real killing, huh?
We've done that before, eh?
- Shut it, Fallon.
- The white one, the white one.
The white one,
do you see him over there?
That white cock has won six straight
and not a feather out of place.
Put the lot on him.
Alas, all of it on the white one?
- Didn't Mr. Fallon here say I know my birds.
- He did, he did, he did.
I'm telling you the white one is
the cock of the north. He can't be beat.
What do you think, Fallon?
Ah, let's do the lot, huh? All of it.
All of it on the cock of the north, eh?
- Hurry, come on.
This will make you rich, my friends.
Rich. Cock of the north.
- Brooks Fancy. Ha!
- Two p's on the black.
Fight.
- Come on, come on, come on!
- Come on, come on!
Go on, my beauty, that's it!
Go on, get him!
- Go on, get him!
Come on!
- Go on in, that's right. Go on, get him.
- Come on, come on!
Come on! Come on!

- Get him!
- Kill him!
Ha ha! Ha ha ha! He's winning!
- Come on, kill!
- Get up, get up!
- Yeah! Kill, kill!
- Kill him, you bastard!
- Kill him!
- Come on, get up, get up!
- Get up, get up!
- That's it, yes! Go on!
You've got him. Yay!
- He's dead, he's dead, he's dead, huh'?
- Yaw.!

Gentlemen, gentlemen, what can I say?
- Oh, ya bastard!
- Fallon!
I'll kill ya, swine!
Not here.
Not now.
O'Connor, you're a bastard.
- We'd like the money.
- I haven't got the money.
Go through his pockets.
Two sovereigns.
Come on, out!
Dr. Rock.
You knock at the door
very softly, Mr. Murray.
Last night I saw Fallon and Broom
plying an old man, a derelict, with gin.
Now that same man has been delivered
to this academy by Fallon and Broom.
He is dead.
Well, the way they swill that gut rot,
I'm not surprised.
It isn't the gin, sir.
It's Fallon and Broom.
They've delivered nearly a dozen bodies,
and each time it's the same story,
young or old, they're never diseased.
There are never any signs
of violence on the bodies.
What are you driving at?

I think we're being supplied
with the victims of murder.
That's a very dangerous thing
to say, Mr. Murray.
We are anatomists, not policemen.
We're scientists, not moralists.
I need bodies. They brought bodies.
I pay for what I need.
I do not hire murderers.
Here, I'll give you some of this, eh?
I'll take this and this.
Hey, hey, hey!
Where do you two think you're going?
You haven't paid for your drinks.
- Oh, you'll be paid before we meet again.
- And when's that to be?
- When we get more, you'll get more.
- I'll believe it when I see it.
Here, give that to your wife.
Can you believe that man?
The money we put into his hand,
he tries to stop our credit.
What?
What've you got there?
Oh, God, Broom.
That's why I love ya.
For the last time, I don't know no Flynn.
It's Timothy Boylan Flynn
from County Donegal.
It's my brother. He... he come over here
two years ago.
He followed the tinker's trade.
- I don't know a Flynn.
I've never known a Flynn,
and I don't wanted to.
But he's a tall, dark boy,
and the lobes of his ears is pointed.
I never clocked eyes
on such a fella.
Here, a parting gift from himself.
Timothy Boylan Flynn.
Did you say the name Flynn?
- It is, yes.
- That's me mother's name.

Oh, what from... from Ardara, Donegal?

Ah, that's me mother's home town.

- Oh, no.

- Would your name be Flynn as well?

Oh, it would. It would, indeed, yes.

I'm looking for me brother.

He's a tinker by trade.

He's all I have in the world.

- You've nobody?

- No, me only kith and kin.

- Well, not any more, eh, not any more.

You must be me cousin.

- No.

Me little cousin Flynn

from Donegal.

Broom, did you hear that?

Eh, Flynn from Donegal,

all alone in the world.

- Is that a fact?

- It's my brother I'm looking for.

Well, we'll help you find him, eh, eh?

We'll pull the whole town to do it.

But, wait, we'll have a drink, eh?

Come on, now. Have a drink of that, eh?

Eh, me new found cousin...

Fallon and Broom to commit murder

and to sell him the bodies.

Less than 24 hours before

he was delivered to the Academy,

I saw that same old man alive.

It isn't possible

he could've died a natural death.

Can't people die a natural death

in 24 hours?

He did not die a natural death.

Was this old man strangled or stabbed

or shot or poisoned

or beaten to death?

There were no signs of violence

on the body.

And so you have no proof at all.

How could you?

Why did you come to me with such a story?

You should go to the police.

I thought of that.
I thought of everything.
And if you call my husband a murderer,
everyone will call you a murderer.
They will call you murderer and butcher.
All I know is that if he didn't
pay them to commit murder,
then he bought the bodies knowing
that they had been murdered.
I thought it was one of your duties
to buy the bodies.
Will that help you very much
when you accuse him?
Will you go to the police now?
Will you tell everybody
what you've told me?
It will be quite easy for you
to wreck your life and his and mine.
I shan't try to stop you.
Good afternoon, Mr. Murray.
I didn't know anyone had called.
I see my sister-in-law's been entertaining you.
Mr. Murray called to see
if Thomas was here.
He had something to discuss with him,
but now he says it doesn't matter,
does it, Mr. Murray?
Oh, hello.
I suppose you come for our Jen.
Hang on, I'll call her.
Jen?
Jennie? Your young man's here.
Leave you to it.
Blimey, you look like you've seen a ghost.
What are you doing here?
You said you'd never come here.
- I need you, Jennie.
- No, you shouldn't have come here.
You don't belong here, I do.
Look, the other day was special,
but that was the other day.
I'm a whore.
But I don't wanna be your whore.
Please don't come back again.

I never thought I'd see you
turn business away.
Old age does.
Ah, sod it. Come on, let's go and see
if someone'll buy us a drink.
Oh, my God!
Oh, my sweet little cousin, eh.
It's lucky we met you today.
You'll never be lonely again.
But I... I will see my brother, won't I?
Ah, you will, you will.
And your mother and your father,
and plenty more besides.
Come on now, in you go.
- Come on, come on. Here we are.
- Ah, come on.
Tell me, where are we going?
Come on, come on!
We'll have a party to wake the dead.
- Who are youse?
- These are the Webbs, Fallon.
Mr. and Mrs. Webb, and they've
a child asleep next door.
- What are they doing here?
- Lodgers, Broom. New lodgers.
God bless youse,
Mr. Webb and Mrs. Webb.
I'm Fallon. This is Mr. Broom...
...and this is Mrs. Flynn.
Yeah, Mrs. Flynn, my new found cousin
from Donegal, eh?
We'll have a party, eh, all of us?
Fit for the kings of Ireland, huh?
You stupid bitch!
Lodgers, lodgers?
What'd ya take in lodgers for
without asking me and Fallon first?
We need the money, Broom.
- How much did you get?
- Two bob.
- Give us it.
- I haven't got it.
It's spent. It's spent, Broom.
Spent? On what?

Food.

Two shillings on food?

You lying bitch.

Wait... here.

Never, never lie to Broom.

Kate, when I give you the nod,
get rid of, what's their name, Webbs.

How do you mean get rid of them?

Ah! Take 'em to your sisters,
anywhere, just get rid of 'em!

Me and Fallon's got work to do.

Hmm?

Mgmmy!

Mommy!

- Ah, please yourself.

Whee!

Oh, God help me.

Me feet are worn out.

And for having me boots off.

Here, have a drop of gin, darling.

That'll do your head good.

Oh, dear.

With all its shortcomings, I believe this city
of ours gives us much cause for pride.

Good men walk in dignity and peace,
and children play in green places.

I agree with Dr. Stevens.

This city has a heart of goodness.

And the bowels of squalor.

One cannot deny the poor exist.

We must do for them what we can.

This is a very cultured city.

We have theaters and libraries
and art galleries.

You can't deny that, Dr. Rock.

And as my husband says,
that is a cause for pride.

Observe with pride

the homeless and the hopeless
and the insane and the wretchedly drunken,
lying in their rags on the stinking cobbles.

Look at the beggars and the cripples
and the tainted children
and the pitiful, doomed girls.

Then, Dr. Stevens, perhaps you'd care
to write a scholastic pamphlet
on the depraved things that prowl
in the alleys, afraid to see the light.
They were men and women once.
Be proud of that, if you can.
Surely, Dr. Thornton, you're of the side of culture.
During some of my visits
to the poorer parts of the city with Dr. Rock...
Please excuse me. I shan't be long.

- How dare you?

- We have no choice.

Never, do you hear me? Never bring
these cadavers to my house again.

But just have a look at him, sir.

He's healthy, under 60,
and flesh still on the bone.

Barely comfortable in his grave, sir,
before we disturbed his sleep.

It's crawling with maggots.

I need fresh subjects,
specimens that I can teach with.

So we've heard... fresher than fresh,
but who knows

where they come from?

See my porter in the morning.

Tell him I said to pay you.

God be praised. The Lord be with you
in all your works.

Stop eating that bread and gin.

It's bad for the stomach.

God, you're an old spoil sport, Mrs. Webb.

You'd stop the dead dancing
on Judgment Day?

Ah, play on, Fallon! Ha ha ha!

Mommy!

Mommy! Mommy!

- All right, Nora, I'm coming.

- Mommy!

There's a child
that appreciates fine music, eh?

KN ' oh'.

For Lord's sake,
is this a lodging house or a wake?

Mommy!

Oh, the poor creature,
screams like it swallowed a pin,
and Fallon'll be playing
his whistle all night.

There'll be no breath of peace.

Let's take child away, eh?

My sister'll give you a bed.

Mama, the nasty one, he's a bad man.

He hit the lady.

Oh, yes, yes, I know.

Oh, there are some terrible people here.

Nora seen that fella hit that woman.

We're going to her sister's for the night,
and then we've got to find somewhere else.

- But we paid for the whole week.

- I know,

but there's something

about this place that's not right.

I'm afraid. They keep pouring drink
down that poor ol' Mrs. Flynn.

They're decent folk.

No, no, I feel it in my bones.

There's something wrong with this place.

Come on.

- Your sister's place, is it far from here?

- No, not far.

d Ye diddle dit diddle dee diddly dee d
d DadadadadaJ'

Yahoo!

What's he doing?

Oh, God love me.

When I was a girl,

I could've gone on dancing forever.

- Not tonight, eh, darling? Not tonight.

- I've no breath after a bottle.

- Fancy singing a tune like that.

- Oh.

All I want to do is just

lay my head down and go to sleep.

So you shall, my dear, so you shall.

Give it to her, Fallon! Give it to her!

Do it, Fallon, do it! Quick, quick!

Give it to her, give it to her.

Do it, do it, do it, do it, do it.
Do it quick.
Is she dead, huh?
Is she dead, Fallon?
She's a tough ol' cow, this one.
She's a tough ol' cow.
Ah, she's gone, Fallon.
You done her good.
Try her, try her.
No!
No! No, Fallon! No, Fallon, no!
For Christ's sake, no!
No! Fallon, no!
For Christ's sake,
don't use your bare hands!
There's no life left in her,
or my name's not Robert Fallon.
- Oh, Jesus, we better move quick.
- Fetch the ring off her hand.
- All right, all right.
- Pull the thing, man, pull it, pull it!
- Calm!
- Give it here, give it here!
Hold it steady.
Shines like a diamond.
- Is it a diamond, Broom?
Sure. Sure, it's a diamond.
What else would it be?
God bless ya, Fallon,
we've struck it rich.
Aye, aye, we've earned
our money tonight.
Fresh bodies.
Fresh bodies.
Shut up, shut up. Someone hear.
She weighs a ton.
Got her?
There's marks, Fallon.
You left marks on her neck.
She's useless now.
We'll get nothing for her.
What?
Shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up!
We got the ring... right?

Come on, let's get rid of her.

- Take an end.

- Boys.

- Good morning.

How'd you come by this?

Come by it?

What do you mean come by it?

That ring's been in my family
for centuries.

It was me mother's
and her mother's before it.

How much you want for it?

- Seven guineas.

- Seven guineas?

More like seven pence.

I'll give you two bob, take it or leave it.

Two shillings?

For a family diamond
with a band of gold?

Diamond and a band of gold?

Brass and glass, my dear,
brass and glass. Two bob.

- It's a diamond, I tell ya.

- Wanna bet?

If it's a diamond, it won't break.

Wanna give it a try?

Ah, give us our money.

- Aren't you a thieving old cow.

- Now who's calling the kettle black?

And don't think I believe
all that malarkey

about you and your mother
and her mother before her.

You wouldn't know a diamond
from a sheep's eye.

Here, make that four, Fallon, and you can
have the pleasure of our company.

Oh, make that four!

Get them in, Fallon.

Come on, give us another.

Ah, girls, you'll have a grand night
with Fallon and Broom now, eh?

Slow night tonight, girls, eh?

Date.

Anyone here?
I've come for my little girl's things.
Let's be goin' back there then.
No, no. Let's stay here.
It's more fun. It's pissing out.
Ah, we'll go to our little room,
where you'll be as warm
and as snug and
as happy as a kitten, huh?
Come on, Jen, a little spit of rain
between friends, eh?
Let's do it. We got gin there.
We got gin like the morning dew.
Make you forget about the rain.
Come on, Jennie.
All right, all right.
I'll believe it when I see it.
I hope you're telling the truth, woman.
It's an offense to lie to the constabulary,
punishable by...
Well, bless my soul.
Come on, Jennie.
We'll soon have you warmer.
Come on. Hey, come on.
Come on, Jennie.
I forgot there's, uh, new lodgers
up there. Children screaming.
- Let's go to the cock pit, eh?
- No, it's cold there.
It's all right, me love. Come on.
Come on, quick.
They're filthy, disgusting.
Thomas! Thomas!
Thomas!
It's all right, Annabella.
It's only a dream.
This'll help you sleep.
I can't sleep. I don't sleep.
I have these awful dreams.
They're vile.
I'm frightened, Thomas.
They're bringing you bodies,
aren't they, from the graveyard?
Consecrated ground.

- It's just street gossip.
Wherever I go, people stare at me.
They whisper things about you.
Are they true?
It's rumors, Annabella.
You mustn't pay any attention to them.
We'll be disgraced. You'll be ruined.
Our name will be dragged in the mud.
Come on, drink it all up.
Do you know what it is to be lonely?
I feel lonely.
I wanted to be mistress
in my brother's house.
I wanted to give dinner parties
and dances.
I wanted to be
admired and charming.
I wanted to marry,
but nobody would come
because of your stupid philosophy.
Nobody'll come now.
Fallon...
Fallon?
Listen, Fallon,
I've been thinking.
There's nothing for us
but to get the hell outta here.
We've gotta make a run for it.
Now, when there's time.
What do you mean run for it?
There's work to be done,
money to be made.
For them two girls,
twice seven sovereigns.
Forget them girls, Fallon.
There's no more money in it for us.
There's only trouble.
They're just lying there, waiting for it.
Forget them, Fallon,
for Christ's sake.
And use your gin brain.
There were coppers back there
at the lodging house.
We were seen with them two whores.

- Who seen us, who?
- People in the tavern, the landlord.
God knows.
- The hell with that.
- They saw us going out with them.
All right, we'll do just one then, eh?
Can I, just one?
Just think of them young and fresh, huh?
You're not listening to me, Fallon.
The game's up.
Not for me, it isn't.
Oh, God, no, not for me.
No. Find me a pillow, Broom, eh.
Find me something soft
to put on her face.
Come on, I'll do it. I always do it.
Come on, just stay with me, Broom.
- Get your hands off me.
- What's the matter with ya?
- You'd do me if you had the chance, Fallon.
Broom, no, not you, just...
just one of the girls, eh?
Just one of them. Come on.
Look, I'll do it right this time.
I'll leave no marks
on their neck, eh, eh?
Trust me, Broom, trust me.
Give me the money, eh?
You're not in it for the money, Fallon.
There's a madness in you. You can't wait
to get your hands on them.
No, no, no, Broom.
It's the money, it's the money.
No, not for you, Fallon, not anymore.
What you love is the feeling when
you're stopping a life. You mad bastard!
Broom, come back here. Broom.
Broom, come back here!
Broom! Come...
Fresh bodies, fresh bodies,
fresh bodies, fresh bodies, fresh bodies.
Gentlemen,
what is there to dissect...
...the human conscience.

Quick, let's have the money.
How did you come by this one?
Just give me the money. I'll be gone.
She's still warm.
How'd you come by it?
Oh, it's a strange story, but, uh...
I'll tell ya, but it's just
between the two of us, eh?
This, uh, this whore and me, we was together,
you know what I mean, eh?
When then she made this sudden noise
in her throat and passed away onto me.
I couldn't believe it.
I mean, there she was one moment,
you know, young and healthy,
the next...
in me arms, under me.
You mean while you were in the...
In the middle of it.
Strange piece of luck. No mistake.
- No mistake.
- You're a rotten, lying murderer.
And if I wasn't told to pay you
and keep me mouth shut,
I'd have the law on you immediately.
Now get out!
Don't you tell me what to do.
You're scum like me,
and I don't take orders from scum.
Now, I'll be back with this one's friend,
so you just have your money ready
and your mouth shut.
There is right and wrong, gentlemen...
...just as there is right and left.
Mine is the right direction.
The fact that the majority would
consider it to be the wrong direction
only substantiates my opinion
that I am right.
Stay out.
I see, sir, that in order to keep you out,
I should have said to come in.
- They brought another body, sir.
- I didn't expect they'd bring a soul.

This one's fresh, sir, too fresh.
They're corpse diviners, Tom.
Some have green fingers for gardening,
so they have black fingers for death.
Do you expect the dead
to walk here, Tom?
They need assistance.
Fallon and Broom
provide that assistance.
Jennie.
My God! Tom!
Tom! Tom!
- Sir?
- Who brought her in?
- Fallon.
- Where is he now?
- He said he'd come back with another one.
- Oh, God. Jennie!
Open up, for God's sake!
Where's Jennie? Jennie!
Ask Alice.
They're always together.
Where's Jennie? Where is she?
Get out of here!
What do you think you're doing?
- Where's Jennie?
- I don't know where she is.
She was in the Black Boar,
drinking with Fallon and Broom last night.
Alice?
Alice?
Alice.
Where you going?
- Where's Alice?
- She went for a walk.
Ah, she wouldn't go without me.
Where is she?
Ah, you can never
trust your friends, Jennie.
You've made closest brothers,
you look around, they've gone, huh?
You never know when
they're gonna turn on ya, eh?
No, no.

I've gotta go, Fallon.
I've got me living to earn!
Don't you like my company now?
Hey, look, look, look.
Look. I'll give you money enough
to keep you off the streets
for a month, eh?
How'd you come by that?
That's a fortune. Where's Alice?
Let me go.
I won't say nothing, I swear it!
Come on now, come on, come on.
Come on, Jennie, eh? Come on.
It won't take a minute.
Just think of it, eh?
No more hunger, no more cold.
It's a blessing I'm giving ya.
How about a drink, Fallon?
You can't deny me a drink.
Have one, too, Fallon.
We can't go back to the rooms.
I'll get a horse and cart,
and we'll meet when it's dark.
Where's Jennie Bailey?
Hey you, where's Jennie Bailey?
- Where's Jennie?
- I don't know!
- She was in here last night with Fallon.
- They found the body in the sewer.
God damn that mad bastard Fallon.
Broom! Come here!
Now what have you done
with her, Broom?
Where is she?
- Let go of me.
You tell me, or I'll kill you!
I'll tear you apart, Broom!
- Get out of here!
- Where is she?
- Stop! Stop!
- I'll crush you!
Come back here, you scumbag!
Come here, Broom!
' MY eggs!

You swine!
Tell me where she is, or I'll choke you.
She's... she's in the cockpit.
That's enough now, Jennie.
We don't want St. Peter
to smell it on your breath, eh?
He might not let you in.
Come, Fallon.
Come lie beside me.
Oh, go on, Fallon, you want me.
You'll be warm with me, Fallon.
You and me, as long as you like.
No extra for taking off me clothes,
eh, Fallon? What do you say?
Now you make your peace with God.
That is, if God listens to whores.
- Help!
- Come here, you cow.
Now keep still, Fallon,
or I'll break your arm!
They've arrested
Fallon and Broom, sir.
Murder.
I think we're being supplied
with the victims of murder.
- Where's Bob Fallon?
- In hospital.
Hospital? What's the matter with him?
Blood poisoning, is it?
I wanna see the governor.
Tell him I got things to say to him.
The governor's not interested
in talking to the likes of you!
Wait, wait, wait. He might be
interested in a little bargain.
I'll tell him everything he wants to know
about Bob Fallon.
What is it they call it,
turning King's evidence, huh?
Thomas!
Thank heaven I found you.
Broom has tuned King's evidence.
- The King will be pleased.
Thomas, it's serious.

He accuses you of paying Fallon to murder.
Now, why should he say a thing like that?
Can you believe it?
Out of the mud of the darkness
come two ignorant animals,
and quite slowly they set about the task
of bringing my life and my work down,
down into the slime that bred them.
Hang Rock! Hang Rock!
Hang Rock!
Hang Rock! Hang him!
Hang Rock!
The heart, gentlemen, is a four-chambered
muscular bag...
Gentlemen!
Because the scum of the city howl
for my blood outside the window,
must you conduct yourselves in return
as though you were nurtured on pig swill?
Take your seats.
Pay no attention to the mob.
The mob can never win.
The Medical Faculty want you
to appear before them tomorrow.
Why?
I make no secret of the fact
that several members of this faculty
are in favor of having you struck off.
Some even advocate criminal proceedings.
The fact that we haven't already done so
is purely to protect the doctors
and surgeons of this city
whom you have brought into disrepute.
I cannot keep your hands clean,
gentlemen, when mine are dirty.
The practice of anatomy
is absolutely vital
to the progress of medicine,
and medicine is vital to
the progress of mankind,
and mankind is worth fighting for.
I take full responsibility for my actions.
Good day, gentlemen.
Gentlemen.

Guilty or not guilty, his part in this affair
must be kept in decent obscurity.

Of course, of course.

Dr. Rock will not be the subject
of criminal proceedings,
and he will not be called upon to give
evidence in the trial of Fallon and Broom.

I've spoken to the public prosecutor,
and he gives me his assurance on that.

Anyway, no court could punish him,
much as his own conscience will.

The only thing I regret
is what I've done to the...

the people I love the most.

Whatever happens, Thomas, I'll be with you.

"The Lord is my shepherd.

I shall not want.

In pastures of tender grass,
He causeth me to lie down..."

Will that Dr. Rock cut me open?

Look at me insides?

Not likely, Bob, not likely.

You'll be given

to the Medical Faculty by law.

You'll end up a university man.

Thy rod and thy staff,

they indeed comfort...

Will you stop that praying,

for Christ's sake?!

All that noise, huh?

Come on, Bob, swig your gin.

It's nearly time.

I believe in God, the Father Almighty...

I believe in God, the Father Almighty.

I don't believe in God.

I believe in the darkness,

in the black, black grey.

I believe in that

rotten lying bastard Broom.

Oh, God, no!

No, no! I don't wanna hang.

It's not me, it wasn't me.

It was these hands.

These hands, they're the murderers.

It wasn't me, not me.
- Come on, now, now, Robert.
Come on now. I want you to face your Lord
on this day and pray to him.
Oh, Lord...
Oh, Lord!
Oh, God, I don't want them to cut me up!
Help me, God!
God, save me, save me, save me.
I don't wanna die.
Please, Jesus, save me.
Oh, Lord, no, please,
I don't wanna die! No!
No!
Oh, my God, I can't see!
Help! I'm... I'm gonna suffocate.
I'll suffocate!
I believe in God the Father, Almighty.
Creator of Heaven.
Please take it off, take it off.
I can't breathe. I can't breathe.
Doesn't it bother you that you sold
your friend to the hangman?
Nothing bothers me.
Nothing in this world bothers me,
except me, Timothy Broom.
Stop the Rock!
Stop the Rock! Stop the Rock!
Stop the Rock!
- Up the alley and down the street,
Fallon and Broom shall burn their meat.
Fallon's a butcher and Broom's a thief,
and Rock's the boy
that buys the beef!
My name is a ghost to frightened children.
Did I set myself up as a god over death?
Did I set myself up over pity?
Oh, my God. I knew what I was doing.
d In our room d
d So bare d
d Filled with voices d
d So stale d
d I breathe in this chocolate d
d Taste of heaven d

d Linger on my lips d
d When science is your reason d
d The law may bring you shame d
d Sweet heart of the night d
d If lust is your meat d
d Surely love is your poison d
d But drunk angel of death d
d If greed is your strength d
d Violence is your power d
d Hunger and desire d
d Hungry in the gutter d
d What value d
d In these silver cross pounds d
d But what price would you pay d
d For these tainted hands N'