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Burke And Hare

By Piers Ashworth

Welcome to bonnie Scotland.
It is the year of Our Lord 1828.
And this is where I work,
the market square in Edinburgh,
our capital city.
They're calling this
the Scottish Enlightenment.
Enlightenment?
You could have fooled me.
I mean,
look at the state of them.
The only people round here
looking to be enlightened
are the medical students.
They come to study
at the feet of our famous doctors.
Edinburgh is the medical capital
of the world.
Get yourselves
an education there, lads.
On one side of the city,
you have Barclay's School of Anatomy,
And that's run by the esteemed surgeon
Doctor Robert Knox.
Now some say that he's the finest
surgeon in all of Scotland.
All I can say about Doctor Knox
is that he dresses well.
Quite the dandy.
Ah, there's nothing like starting off
a new term with a fresh corpse.
-- Is there, Patterson?
-- Indeed, sir.
Today I think I shall commence
by removing the top of the cranium.
It will certainly give the freshmen
something to write home about.
And on the other side of the city...
you've got Scotland's
Royal College of Surgeons.
And that's run
by Professor Alexander Monro.
He's...
how do you put it?

Old-school.

That would be an artery.

Anyway, you'll have to excuse me
for a wee moment, ladies and gentlemen.
It's... show time.

Maggie O'Donnell of the West Port,
also known as Mad Maggie.

You are convicted of the heinous crimes
of thievery,
prostitution, public drunkenness,
and a bad attitude.

Do you have anything to say
before you are consigned to hell?

Aye!

Only that I hope it's as hot down
there as they say it is!

You see, you can only teach anatomy
by cutting up people's bodies.

And the law of the land says
you can only cut up bodies
of people like Mad Maggie here,
the recently deceased.

So we sell them
to the highest bidder.

But now, Professor Monro,
the swine,

has used his influence
to pass a new city by law.

Where's the body, Angus?

But we had an arrangement.

Professor Monro at the Royal College
gets all the bodies now.

Now when the demand for
a certain commodity exceeds supply,
it creates a business opportunity
just waiting for the right kind
of clever entrepreneurs to step in.

Ladies and gentlemen, gather round!
Gather round!

My name is William Burke.

Like many of you,
my colleague Mr. Hare and I
came to this land looking for work.
We've dug canals, we've built roads,

we've started a new life.
But none of us has forgotten that
Emerald Isle from which we came.
That mystical land where a man--
- - Get to the bloody point, Willy.
- - Right, sorry.
In the County of Donegal,
on the highest, greenest slopes,
there grows a certain moss
which any educated person will tell you
cures all known afflictions.
The smallest cut,
ladies and gentlemen,
can let in poisons from the earth
and the air,
and before you know it,
your very brain starts to boil.
But a touch of the moss from the hills
of Donegal, ladies and gentlemen,
and it's gone in a flash.
A boil appears.
You pay it no mind.
But suddenly there's a second!
And a third!
And before you know it,
the sufferings of Job are upon you!
A wart, madam.
Starts off small, doesn't it?
But without a touch of the moss,
it can grow as big as your head!
This is never moss.
It's cheese mould.
They're a pair of confidence men!
You bastards!
Fetch a constable!
Gentlemen!
Gentlemen, the Lord created
the heavens and the earth.
But His greatest work,
His most perfect creation is Man.
The study of human anatomy,
therefore,
is nothing less than a direct insight
into the mind of God.

Gentlemen...

I give you the human form...

in all its glory.

Jesus Christ!

I've a very,

very good explanation, sir.

Well, Patterson?

Let's hear this very,

very good explanation.

Not content with butchering

his own patients,

Monro has now taken

to using political influence

to hinder the advancement

of medical science.

Beggars can't be choosers, sir.

I had to take the only one that

Resurrectionist McTavish had left.

That's the third rotter I've had

from McTavish and his gang

of grave robbers

in the last three weeks.

I can't go on like this.

Is there anything I can do,

doctor?

You could start praying, Patterson,

for the one thing that could save us.

And what's that, sir?

An enormous and awful calamity

right here in Edinburgh.

An accident or a--

or a natural disaster.

Something which generates the large

numbers of cadavers I need for my work.

Wouldn't that be nice, sir?

Yes, Patterson.

It would be nice.

You told your wife

you was gonna get a job.

You lied.

An economy with the truth, Willy,

isn't the same as a flat-out lie.

And you think Lucky's

gonna grasp that distinction?

She's not exactly
a forgiving woman.
I'll not hear a bad word
said against her.
All right.
I'll grant you she's had her problems
with the bottle,
but she's fighting her demons.
Besides she's bound to be
in high spirits.
-- It's rent day for Old Donald.
-- Ah!
Ah, ya see?
Within every cloud,
there's a silver lining.
Where's the money you owe us,
Mr. Hare?!

I know this looks bad, love,
but there's a good explanation.
You see, Willy here came up
with this fantastic new product.
-- Donegal moss.
-- It started off a roaring success.
Aye, for a while it looked as though
all our troubles were over.
Jesus, what's that smell?
Er, it was an accident.
You're a lazy good-for-nothing,
William Hare.
We're flat-out broke.
What about Old Donald's rent money?
- He's dead.
-- Dead.
-- Dead!
- What do you mean "dead"?
I mean deceased.
He stopped living and died.
So he didn't pay his rent, then?
Are you telling us Old Donald
is dead?
As a doornail.
So my suggestion is that you sort
yourselves out
and get rid of the body

before it starts to stink up the place
more than you two.

How are we supposed to do that?

Use your imagination, William.

It's about all you're good for
these days.

That's not working.

-- Right, now push his right leg down.

-- It won't go!

-- Gonna have to break his back.

-- What?!

Well, it's either that,
or we chop his legs off.

I know a building site in the New Town.

We can dump him there.

No problem at all.

-- Don't know about this, William.

-- It'll be a piece of cake.

-- It's only another mile or so.

-- Only another mile or so?

Let's stop over there, William.

This is thirsty work.

Right, get it up.

Watch your language,
you fuck in' son-of-a-bitch bastard!

What are we gonna do, William?

There's no more canals to dig.

Don't you worry, Willy.

I have got all kinds of ideas.

Aye, but no money to speak of.

No plan.

Just enough money
for one last dram.

I'll drink to that.

-- Couple of large ones, Eileen.

-- Right away.

Willy!

How's business?

Never better, Fergus.

What about you?

Diversifying is what we're doing.

Mr. McTavish has moved into gambling,
opium distribution and...

pimping whores.

We've gone legitimate.
So no more digging up graves,
then?
Eh, it's nae worth
the bother any more.
Wee Tam McLintoch
and his militia,
they've declared a war
on grave robbery.
They're patrolling the graveyards
every night.
It's a shame, really.
We used to sell to Doctor Knox
at 3 pounds a cadaver.
And these days,
he'd be happy to pay double that.
And I thought life round here
was supposed to be cheap?
It is.
But the price rockets
once you're dead.
Willy...
So, this doctor is gonna give us money
to cut Old Donald up?
Old Donald is in heaven.
These are just his mortal remains.
You seem to have given this
an awful lot of thought.
When have I ever let you down?
-- When have you ever let me down?!
-- Oh, come on now, Willy.
Oh!
Holy shit e!
This is wrong.
There's only one Surgeon's Square
in Edinburgh, Willy.
No, what we're doing is wrong.
I'm sorry to disturb you, Doctor,
but we've two gentlemen
at the door to see you.
They appear to have
a herring barrel with them, sir.
I have no taste for herring, Patterson.
Send them away.

I believe there's something else
in their herring barrel for you, sir.
I commend you both
on account of his freshness.
Thank you, Doctor.
Why is he bent in half like that?
Er, this man obviously died
in some kind of construction accident.
That is exactly what hap--isn't that
exactly what happened, Mr. Burke?
Aye, Mr. Hare, yeah,
that's exactly what happened.
Right.
I'll give you 3 pounds.
We was looking for 6 pounds, sir.
I'm afraid I can go no higher
than 4 pounds 10 shillings.
Doctor Knox, sir, y-you yourself
complimented us on account of its...
freshness, sir.
Quite the salesman, aren't you,
uh, Mr. Hare?
Could you make it
What with so much... construction work
going on in Edinburgh,
if we were to, uh, stumble on
any other unfortunates...
would you be interested,
Doctor?
I'll give you 5 pounds for your efforts,
gentlemen.
And I'll pay you the same for any more
unfortunates that you can deliver,
Except in the summer, when we have
a few problems keeping them fresh.
I completely understand,
Doctor Knox.
All right, Patterson.
Prepare this gentleman for the lecture.
What about his, uh...
posture, sir?
Uh, straighten him out.
I'm sure he won't complain.
- Sir?

Unbend him.
These fellows will assist you.
And then show them out.
Goodnight.
All right,
give me a hand with this.
Here's to our new product.
And where exactly
are we gonna find more?
Oh, there's lots more... product
just waiting for us to dig it up.
He's looking at me.
I'm sure he knows
what we're doing.
Forget the damn dog, Willy.
Just keep an eye out for the militia.
-- You know this is hallowed ground.
-- Touch of frost is all.
Look lively, men.
Who goes there?!
Fix bayonets!
It's the militia!
Listen up, lads!
Agh!
They got guns!
Oh, for pity's sake, Private.
Come on.
Be careful.
Either we give ourselves up
and risk being transported,
or we run for it
and risk getting shot.
As much as I like to travel,
I think I'm gonna go with the latter.
-- On three.
-- Right. One...
Ow!
Well shot, sir!
Thank you, Sergeant.
I can't believe this.
Six years in the Donegal Militia,
and I never got a scratch.
And three hours as a grave robber,
and I get shot in the arse.

All right, Willy,
show me your wounds.
All right, just be careful.
I think you've got a perfectly
lovely arse.
Evening, Mrs. McFie.
Is it bad?
It's nothing but a scratch,
you big baby.
-- Well, it still hurts.
-- Come on, Willy.
Oh, who was that screaming
in the graveyard like a wee girl?
You!
For the love of Lord Jesus.
She's fallen off the wagon again.
Are you all right, love?
It's God.
He's punishing us.
Oh, you know that's not true.
First Old Donald.
Now Joseph.
What's happened to Joseph?
That's two rents just gone.
Hello?
Are you all right, Joseph?
Do I look all right,
you bleed in' Irish bastards?!
You'll no' be takin' my coat.
I remember.
Old Nosey was there himself.
He says, "Stand up, guards.
Now, Maitland, now's your time."
And over we go, fight in',
fight in' the Frogs.
Did I ever tell you about the time...
the time...
I saw the man, the wee man himself,
Napoleon?
Aye, it were a treat.
And that idiotic hat.
Forgive me, Father...
for I know not what I do.
He shouldn't have to go like this.

A hero should be laid to rest among
his comrades
in the corner of some distant
foreign field,
on the battleground surrounded
by his fellow men-at-arms.
No, Willy, it's far better this way.
A man deserves to die in the comfort of
his own bed surrounded by his friends.
Never again, William.
Old Joseph
was the last one for me.
Look, we'll talk about it later, Willy.
For now just smile
and try to look important.
-- Er, excuse z-moi--
-- You're not coming in wearing those.
-- But they are French.
-- Exactly. So sling your hook.
-- Pardon?
-- Sling your hook.
-- Hook?
-- Your hook.
-- Hook?
-- Your hook, sling it.
-- We're on the guest list.
-- Name?
William Wordsworth.
Plus one.
Welcome to McOakley's,
Mr. Wordsworth.
And may I say how much I admired
your poem about the daffodils.
Oh, too kind.
Very nice, very nice.
Aye.
No chance. Piss off.
Get out.
What are you having?
It's inconceivable
that the height of culture
on offer in Edinburgh
is this bloody dive.
Which is why I'm proposing--

and don't laugh at me--
that we put on...
"Macbeth."
It's got everything.
Sex, murder, magic, betrayal.
I think it's a great idea, Ginny.
-- You do?
-- I really do.
There's just one problem.
Wasn't Macbeth a king?
Wouldn't that make him a man?
I'm talking about the first all-female
production of a Shakespeare play!
But it costs money to put on a play,
Ginny.
None of us want to go back
on the game.
-- Never.
-- Nobody's going back on the game.
All we need is for a wealthy and
discerning patron to take the bait.
What are you doing?
That which hat h made them drunk
hat h made me bold, Em.
Had I but died
an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time...
Someone's had a few too many.
Who can be wise, amaz'd,
temp'rate and furious
loyal and neutral in a moment?
No man.
The violent expedition of my love
has outrun the pauser reason.
Have you not heard
of William bloody Shakespeare?
Show some respect!
Bollocks.
Can I help you?
Uh... just, your--
your speech there was--
it was wonderful, madam.
-- Doctor.
-- Doctor.

Doctor!

You look like the proverbial cat that
swallowed the canary, Doctor Monro.

You must know what this is all about.

I do, actually.

But forgive me, I need to have a word
with Doctor Knox.

I'd be surprised if Knox
would speak to you, now that--

Excuse me Doctor Lister.

And please

do not misunderstand this, but...

your breath is appalling.

Ah!

Doctor Knox.

How wonderful it is to see you.

Yes, I'm sure it is.

And your new students,
are they enjoying your lectures?

Er, not as much as I understand
they're enjoying your wife, sir.

Oh, I hate that man.

Doctors, professors, gentlemen,
please take your seats.

Your attention, gentlemen.

His Majesty will be in residence
at Holyrood Palace in eight weeks' time.

The King has decided that,
in his wisdom,

he will create a competition to further
the progress of medical science.

Accordingly, His Majesty
has decided that during his visit,
he will listen to presentations
from Scotland's leading physicians.

Whomsoever he determines
has made the greatest advances
in the field of medicine,
will be awarded the Royal Seal
and a handsome monetary reward.

Mmm!

This honour will confer immeasurable
economic and social status on Edinburgh,
on Scotland,

on the medical profession,
and, of course, on its recipient.

I thank you, and goodnight.

Lord Harrington, I just--

Yes, I know.

I played Agnes in Moliere's

"School For Wives"

at the Garrick Theatre in London.

And after that, times got tough,

and I branched out into...

physical theatre.

-- Ah, like acrobatics?

-- Sometimes.

Then I became a dancer and a showgirl,

and now I'm trying to produce

my first play.

--Sounds very exciting.

-- It is.

I just need to put together

a consortium of investors.

Anyway enough about me.

Let's talk more about you.

What do you do for a living?

Er, I'm in surgical supplies.

Sorry to interrupt, Willy but, eh,

we should be heading home.

-- Got an early start.

-- It was lovely to meet you, Mr. Burke.

-- Well, can I see you again?

-- Oh, I'd like that.

-- How about Friday night?

-- I'll meet you here at 7:00.

Goodnight, miss.

Come along, Willy.

-- Goodnight.

-- Goodnight.

I'll not explain myself again.

Mr. Wordsworth is already in the club.

That cannot be.

I am he.

Newly returned from my tour

ofthe continent.

And I am Samuel Coleridge.

Aye. And I'm Robbie fuck in' Burns!

Now piss off, the both of youse!
Strange and peculiar gentleman.
I never realised there was so much
to know about the human foot.
Doctor Knox? Will you be presenting
to the committee?
I will, my Lord.
And I believe I shall prevail
in His Majesty's competition.
And how will you do that,
Doctor Knox?
I'm creating a complete map
of the human body,
both inside and out.
If such a thing were possible,
it would constitute the greatest
medical advance since Vesalius.
It is also impossible.
Such a map would be entirely useless
unless it was 100 % accurate.
And no artist can guarantee that.
No illustrator or painter, I agree.
So how on earth
do you propose to achieve it?
You shall see, Professor,
in the fullness of time.
My Lord.
Come, Patterson.
Vous tes prt?
Aye, ready.
-- Bon.
-- Excuse me, sir.
Uh, Patterson?
Patterson?
Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq,
six, sept, huit, neuf.
Patterson?
Voil.
Merc.
Ah! Merde.
Ah!
Voil.
Excellent.
It is an heliographic,

a device
to capture the image forever.
An heliographic?
Oui.
We shall have to come up
with something better than that.
That was a great night.
Best night of my life.
It was a different world.
A world up high where the air
is balmy and any thing's possible.
That's where we belong, Willy.
You know, we should probably keep
this run of good fortune to ourselves.
Just till Lucky straightens herself out.
Not a problem, William.
Besides, for us to come across
any more of those unfortunates,
we'd need the devil's own luck.
That's where you're wrong, Willy.
Men like us make our own luck.
What do you mean?
Have you gone mad?
No, Willy.
We've gone into business.
That doesn't give us the right
to determine another man's fate.
Man is gonna die from the moment
he leaves his mother's womb.
Their fate's already been determined.
All we'd be doing is...
helping them along a bit.
You know...
you look very elegant
in that new suit.
Fine tailoring becomes you.
If you think you're gonna convince me
like that, you're wrong.
I don't care about clothes.
No, but you care about women,
right?
And a fine one costs an arm and a leg,
at the very least.
And that Miss Ginny,

she's a very fine one indeed.

Beautiful.

Talented.

-- Not to mention a fine pair--

-- All right, you've made your point.

But not like this.

There's a place in the Old Town
that'll suit us fine.

Madam...

I-I-I-I'll...

take the high road...

Right.

The next one we just stab
in the heart with a knife.

No!

And I will be in Scotland afore ye!

Look, I have another idea.

Yah!

Yah!

I say, coachman!

Can't this bloody thing go faster?!

Yah!

They're coming!

Faster, Willy, faster!

Faster!

Yah! Yah!

Come on, Willy.

Put your back into it.

Yah! Yah!

Aaaah!

Fuck me.

I'm telling you, Willy,
it'll be over in a flash.

And I'm telling you

I don't like this one bit.

And I am confident

that this is the only way.

You know, William,

I had confidence in a fart once
and I shat all over myself.

When a body meets a body
comin' through the rye

When a body meets a body,
a body cry?

Who's there?
Is anybody there?!
Agh! Ah!
D'you have a light?
Agh! Ah!
Are you--
are you all right?
This man's untimely
and premature death...
was, as should be fairly obvious
to all of you,
the direct result of gluttony!
I cooked your favourite.
Arbroath smokie and champ it tat tie.
That's lovely.
Thank you.
I'm not stupid, William.
Three dead bodies
and a pocket full of money?
Doesn't take a genius to work out
what the pair of you have been up to.
I think it's the best bloody idea
you've ever had.
One condition--
I want a pound for every body you sell.
A pound?
-- Man starts getting fancy clothes...
also starts getting fancy ideas.
Just think of it as a tax between
a man and a wife.
A kind of nuptial agreement,
if you will.
You may be named Lucky,
but I'm the lucky one, my darlin'.
I'm not listening to you.
I'm watching you.
I'm watching you.
Oh, champagne!
I am impressed, William.
That must have set you back
a pretty penny.
Well--thank you.
-- To good news.
-- To good news.

-- Mmm.
-- What good news?
I have decided to finance your play.
No!
Mr. Burke!
Who's that over there
with Ginny Hawkins?
-- That's Willy Burke.
-- Who?
Regular at The Gravediggers.
Always in the company of William Hare.
They're drinking champagne.
Find out what his racket is.
May I ask what persuaded you
to be so bold
as to invest in an all-female production
of the Scottish play?
You have an incredible talent,
Ginny.
I saw that the night we met.
A talent like that is a gift from God.
To see it go to waste over something
as trivial as money,
that'd be a travesty.
I had no idea you were so passionate
about the theatre, Mr. Burke.
Not the theatre, Ginny.
You.
Thank you for a lovely evening,
Mr. Burke.
Uh, William, please.
Oh, sorry. Um...
When will I be able to see you again,
Ginny?
At the Lyceum Theatre.
Really? When?
When we put down the deposit.
Goodnight, William.
I need to make more money.
Fast.
Don't tell me she charged you
for the night.
She is an actress, not a whore.
What's the difference?

I am gonna finance her play.
Well, with the economy
in its current condition,
I think I'd have to advise
against such a high-risk investment.
Not everything is about money,
William.
William Hare?
This is no time to be resting
on your laurels.
Or to be getting yourself
inebriated.
You got a business to run.
We was just talking about that.
Why don't you join us, love?
-- She knows?
-- Yes, she does.
Don't worry, Willy.
I can keep me mouth shut.
I'm sorry to take so long.
But I was just having a word
with that old lady over there.
Tragic story.
Just lost her whole family to the pox,
and it's left her homeless.
I'll be back.
Lucky got her drunk.
Now you just hold her still.
I'm trying!
You know, this is how they put wounded
soldiers out of their misery
on the battlefield.
-- Oh, aye, what's that called?
-- Doesn't really have a name.
-- Perhaps we should invent one.
-- Just get it over with, William.
I've got it, I've got it--
in honour of my best friend,
from now on this shall be called...
"Burking."
Help! Help! Help!
Help! Help!
Is she dead?
I think so.

-- Yeah, she snuffed it.
-- I certainly hope so.
And thou opposed,
being of no woman born,
Yet will I try the last.
Lay on, Macduff!
And damned be him who first cry,
"Hold, enough!"
Thank you, Lucy.
That was...
Please let go.
That was interesting.
Well done.
We'll, um, we'll be in touch.
-- Just don't hold your breath.
-- Shh, silence, gentlemen.
Sorry.
I thought we'd agreed
you'd keep your mouth shut?
This is costing me enough
without incurring any further delays.
I was just being honest.
This is the theatre, William.
It's not a place for honesty.
Next!
Miss Clarissa Windsor reading
for the part of Macbeth.
Thank you!
We're going to need
another day of auditions.
Maybe even two, Willy.
That's not gonna be a problem,
is it?
Eh... no, no.
You take as much time as you like,
love.
Could you unbutton me, darling?
Aye, uh...
I trust
all is well with your business?
Aye, I...
can't complain.
I just don't know if we're ever
going to find a convincing Macbeth.

Well, er, I think
you should play the role.
What makes you think I could star
and direct?
Your talent and your vision.
I have been blessed
with a lot of talent.
And I have a vision.
-- D'you think?
-- I know.
Climb in, Willy.
We're going for a wee chat
with Mr. McTavish.
Let me tell you how things work
in this little city of mine.
Anyone who attempts to start
a new business here
has to agree to pay me
a small percentage of the gross.
And in return,
I make sure you stay out of jail.
You're not harassed by the authorities,
the competition,
or any other antagonist
that might just come along.
So we pay you for...
protection?
Why, yes, I like that.
Protection.
How much of a percentage
are we talking about?
-- 50 %.
-- Half?!
Don't be unhappy, boys.
Mr. McTavish hasnae yet told you
the good part.
And, uh...
what would be the good part?
You get to remain alive.
We should leave town immediately.
Go to London or America.
I think I might even have
a cousin there.
And quit the most lucrative enterprise

we're ever likely to find?
I don't think so.
Willy, we have identified a demand
and found a supply.
It's perfect.
Yeah, but McTavish is not
the full shilling, is he?
The last thing I want to do
is get into bed with that man.
Ah, but you do wanna get into bed
with Ginny, right?
And to do that, you're gonna have
to stay right here
and continue to finance her play.
Will all great Neptune's ocean
wash this blood clean from my hand?
Ah! No! Aah!
This is my hand will rather
the multitudinous seas incarnadine,
making the green ones red.
My hands are of your colour,
but I am shamed
to wear a heart so white.
-- Wait, stop right there.
-- Oh, what now?!
No, some thing's still not quite right.
I need a minute to think.
Ginny, please!
Just say the words!
I can't work out what makes
this character commit murder.
Why, Ginny...
he does it for love.
And power.
Macbeth isn't wholly evil.
There are traces of--of goodness
and regret within him.
That's what makes him such
a great tragic hero.
The whole play is about his--his inner
struggle between good and evil.
Right and wrong.
You have hidden depths, William.
Women like that in a man.

-- May I see you tonight?

-- Uh, um...

I-I don't think that's a good idea.

I-I've got costume fittings tomorrow.

This is ground-breaking work, sir.

Now the King will be in residence

at Holyrood in just three weeks.

Will this work be completed in time?

Aye, I shall have to step up the pace,
but I don't foresee any major problems.

SirAstley-Cooper acquired

his knighthood

by having successfully lanced

a boil on the King's head.

I can only begin to imagine the level

of patronage

His Majesty will confer on you

having seen these, uh...

Oh, I'm, um--I'm calling them

"photographs," sir.

Photographs.

Excellent.

My Lord.

Gentlemen.

Any difficulties acquiring subjects,

Doctor?

I'll admit the anatomical by law

was a temporary inconvenience.

But not even you, Monro,

can stand in the way of progress.

Good day, gentlemen.

You know, you got a good business

going there, Willy.

I know.

But the problem is...

product acquisition.

What?

You know, killing people.

That's how you acquire your product.

It's not efficient.

It's bloody hard work,

that's what it is.

People are starting to notice,

you know.

There's all kinds of crazy rumours
flying around the West Port.
Keep going, Willy.
Helps me think.
The thing is that nobody likes
dealing with dead bodies.
So, for a fee, you could
take them off their hands.
Sell them a coffin for their loved ones,
arrange a burial.
Yeah, and when people are grieving they
don't think about how much things cost.
We could call it a "funeral store."
Funeral store, no.
Sounds too down-market.
I'd prefer something like
"funeral parlour."
Oh God, yes!
Yeah, that's a fantastic idea!
Oh, don't stop! Don't stop, Willy!
I'm almost there.
Ah, Mr. Hare.
Doctor Knox would like the pleasure
of your company.
As from now,
I shall require two bodies a week.
Fresh ones, mind you,
in good condition.
That won't be easy, Doctor.
Mr. Hare I've never asked you
how you came by these subjects.
Oh, my partner
and I have arrangements
with the low lodging houses
in the West Port.
-- Whenever someone dies--
-- Mr. Hare, I'm a doctor.
I know the difference between death
by natural and unnatural causes.
Edinburgh's a very dangerous place,
Doctor Knox.
And something tells me that recently,
it's become a lot more dangerous.
I don't presume to judge, Mr. Hare.

But I know that as a result
of my work and the doctors I train,
thousands, perhaps millions of lives
will be saved.

Two a week, Mr. Hare.

Can you manage that?

At your service, sir.

What more could a man ask for?

Mighty fine place you have here,
gentlemen.

How much will you be asking?

Nothing.

Willy, do something!

Unhand my boys!

Gentlemen...

we live, thank God,
in enlightened times.

The watchword of our age
is "progress."

Progress in the arts.

Progress in science.

Progress in technology.

Progress in transportation.

Progress in society.

Please help me.

Fox, get your sketchbook.

In all these fields,
we've moved further and faster
in the last two decades
than in the previous two centuries.
Never before have ordinary people
had so much freedom
and opportunity.

The year is 1828,
and we are building a new world.

A new and better world.

Sergeant, keep them quiet!

Quiet, please!

As men of science,
it is our role--nae!

Our duty to be in the vanguard
of that movement.

- This is not the time for rest.

It is not a time for half measures.

This is not the time
to sit on our achievements.
It is the time to work harder...
and faster than ever before.
Gentlemen, I give you...
a multiple dissection!
You don't think I look a little bit
too masculine?
-- You know, too much like a man?
-- I think you look lovely.
I'll see you on Friday?
Excellent work, Fox.
Now we'll go and do the New Town.
Willy.
The militia have posters up
all over the streets.
-- Of us?
-- No!
Of the people we've...
you know...
They're closing in, William.
Then it's our good fortune
that we're not doing it any more.
I've been doing the sums, Willy.
I have got enough money put aside
to start our new business.
-- What new business?
-- Funeral parlours.
Funeral parlours?
It's a place where people
bring bodies to be buried.
-- And we wouldn't have to kill 'em?
-- They're already dead!
Thank you. I like it.
I knew you would.
We're going straight to the top, Willy.
And nobody--
nobody is gonna stop us.
All right... Shh! Everyone.
I'd like to propose a toast.
To the man whose hard work
and whose commitment
made this possible.
To William Burke.

To William Burke!
- - William Burke.
- - No, come on, now.
-- You embarrassed me.
-- I know.
That's me!
Oh, Willy,
I don't know how to thank you.
I can think of a few ways.
Come to buy a ticket, Danny?
Blood and guts aren't entertainment
for me, William.
They're business.
Now get in.
I've decided to bring you
and Mr. Burke into the firm.
Sorry?
You'll have regular employment.
A steady wage.
We'll be partners.
Partners, is it?
But Willy and I are out of the
body-snatching business now.
Mm. So you say.
-- Do I have a choice, Danny?
-- Of course you do, William.
Free will is what distinguishes man
from beast.
Our final subject.
Isn't that Danny McTavish?
Danny McTavish has been dissected
by Doctor Knox.
I am Captain McLintoch,
and this is the Edinburgh Militia.
Your reputation precedes you,
Captain McLintoch.
Thank you, sir.
Your preposterous war on grave robbery
was a model of incompetence.
It has come to my attention, sir,
that earlier on today,
you publicly dissected a corpse.
Well, if this is him
then your information is correct.

Pull yourself together, Private.

How did you obtain this body?

Patterson?

I believe it was dumped
in the alley behind this building.

Some students found him.

This is a notorious villain.

Danny McTavish.

Ah, at least his demise
might not be in vain.

Saint Peter might look kindly on his
services to the teaching of medicine.

Fox, show me your hand.

A defensive wound,
clear evidence of foul play.

And you, sir, have been tampering
with the evidence.

That's an outrageous accusation,
Captain McLintoch.

I shall be reporting this matter
to the Solicitor-General.

Lord Harrington
will back my judgment on this.

I stake my job on it.

You just did.

Er, Ginny?

How many people are out there?

- Standing room only.

Thank you.

When shall we three
meet again?

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

When the hurly-burly's done.

When the battle's lost and won.

That will be ere the set of the sun.

Where the place?

Upon the heath.

There to meet with... Macbeth.

If I stand here, I saw him!

Fie, for shame!

Blood hath been shed here now,
in the olden time.

Ere humane statute

purged the gentle weal...

Ay, and since, too,
murders have been committed.
Too terrible for the ear!
There was a time that,
when the brains were out,
the man would die,
and there an end.
But now he rise again!
With twenty mortal murders
on their crown!
And push us from our stools!
This is more strange.
Than such a murder is.
All our missing persons are here.
Qu'est ce que vous faites ici?
Who did all this?!
C'est moi.
Bravo!
Ginny?
I think they liked it.
Five curtain calls
and a standing ovation.
I'd say it's a smash hit.
This is the happiest day of my life.
What's wrong, Willy?
You don't seem happy.
I'm happy for you, Gin.
I...
I just can't help thinking now this
is over,
you don't really need me any more.
You're right.
I don't need you.
But I do want you.
Really?
Mm! Oh!
We should take the play to London.
Make it a musical.
I'm blessed with the voice of an angel.
Aye, they could do with something new
in the West End.
Besides Edinburgh's changed.
You know, people have changed.
-- I've changed.

-- Me, too.
-- Oh, I want us to be together, Willy.
-- Tonight?
Tomorrow. Tonight I'm the star.
I must shine.
Oh, there's Mary. Mary!
Oh, Ginny!
They absolutely loved us!
These are not bad, but as you can see,
the heliograph is the future.
Did you kill these people?!
Certainly not!
They were all already...
How you say?
Chopped into pieces.
You disgusting little French fop!
I was just doing what I was told.
What you were told?
Told by whom?!
How do I look, Patterson?
Like someone who's about to go
down in history, sir.
Yes?
We have questions on urgent
militia matters for Doctor Knox.
He's not here.
Ow...
Well, I'd appreciate if you could
tell us where we can find him.
He's making an official presentation
at Holyrood Palace.
Sharpen up, men.
We're going to pay the King a visit.
Morning, Willy.
For the love of Lord Jesus,
she finally gave it up.
No! No.
Although I'm pretty sure
tonight's the night.
I know this amazing trick
you can do with your tongue.
Thank you, William!
Well,
that could have been worse.

Do you mean
if he'd fallen asleep earlier?
Excuse me, what would you
like us to do with these, sir?
I don't care.
Just get rid of them.
Doctor Robert Knox!
The King is looking forward
to seeing your map of the human body.
Excellent.
My advice is to keep
the presentation short.
And don't ask him to read too much.
His Majesty can just, er,
look at the pictures.
Doctor Robert Knox!
Stop right there!
I demand you hand over these photographs
in the name of the Solicitor-General.
May I remind you, Captain,
that I am the Solicitor-General.
What exactly do you think
you're doing here?
Solving a crime, sir.
What on earth
are you talking about?
I'm talking about murder, sir.
That volume contains evidence
of foul play.
I don't know what this absurd
little man is trying to prove,
but he's making a mockery
of our profession.
I want him removed.
It is you, sir who is making a mockery
of the medical profession.
And if there is one single shred
of truth in this man's allegations,
we shall all have to pay the price.
His Majesty
has asked to see my work.
I intend to fulfil I his wish.
Good day.
Either you hand over the evidence,

Doctor Knox,
or I'll be forced to arrest you!
You're not touching it.
How many cadavers were used
to create the portfolio?
-- 16.
-- 16?!

And who provided
the 16 cadavers?!

Edinburgh Militia!
Nobody moves!

Oh,
for the love of Lord Jesus!
I beg your pardon.
Mr. and Mrs. Hare.
I'm arresting you both on suspicion
of murder in the first degree!
We did terrible things, William.
A man has a right
to scratch out a living.
Nobody's gonna blame us for that.
Ginny can.
Ah.
She's gonna find out, isn't she?
She'll know everything.
I won't lie to you, Willy,
it is a possibility.
This is unbelievable.
"Macbeth accused of murder."
You really have no idea, do you?
Captain,
you've no right to keep us here.
I have every right.
Will you please sit down?
Now, Mrs. Hare, I have
some questions I'd like to ask you.
I'm not saying anything,
especially not to a Presbyterian.
I'm half Jewish.
I'm being persecuted
by a heathen!
This is an outrage.
I demand to speak to the...
Solicitor-General!

-- I demand to be released immediately.

-- Immediately!

I demand to speak to a Catholic.

Miss Hawkins and Mrs. Hare,

either you keep quiet,

or I'll have you both shot!

"Wee Captain Tam McLintoch

of the Edinburgh Militia

"has apprehended the perpetrators

of the notorious West Port murders.

"The list of victims include

Mrs. Mary O'Toole of the New Town...

"Daft Jamie of the West Port...

"the freed slave

John Martin of London...

Mrs. Susanna McCorkindale

of Aberdeen!"

In the name of the law!

I demand you disperse immediately!

Let's get the bastards! Come on!

Stand fast, men.

Kill the bastards!

I can't live

with this on my conscience.

All right?

I've got to confess.

The minute we're out ta here,

we'll find you a priest.

There's no way I will ever be redeemed

in the eyes of the Lord Almighty.

I've gotta confess to the proper

authorities here on earth.

That's not such a, a good idea,

Willy.

'Cause you'd be putting a noose

around your own neck.

It's no more than I deserve.

Not to mention putting a noose

around my neck.

And Lucky's.

And Ginny's.

Let me handle this.

Ahh, pleasure to see you again,

Captain.

All right.

Can you tell us

what we're supposed to have done?

Sixteen counts

of first-degree murder.

That does sound serious.

And do you have any of the bodies?

Do you have any eyewitnesses?

In fact, do you have

a single shred of evidence?

It's all in there, laddie.

Captain,

a message from Lord Harrington, sir.

He wants to see you, sir,

at your earliest convenience.

His Lordship also said to bring

Doctor Knox's portfolio with you.

Captain.

Take a seat.

Oh, thank you, my Lord.

-- Chocolate?

-- Uh, thank you, my Lord.

The Lord Provost and I are very

interested to know

how we're doing on this case.

Well, at present, I have Mr. Burke

and Mr. Hare under lock and key.

They're not admitting anything,

but I'm sure by the time

I have finished with them,

they will crack, I'm sure of that.

But is that really what we want,

Captain?

Excuse me, sir?

This city is renowned

for its medical facilities.

Students come from all over the world

to train in our anatomy schools.

They bring a great deal of money

with them.

We're rightfully proud of our status

and of our traditions.

It would be a pity to sully them

with a scandal such

as a high-profile murder trial.
Especially a murder trial
that might compromise
the reputations of our esteemed
teaching hospitals.
You're surely not suggesting
that I let these two men go free?
No, no, we need someone to swing
for these crimes, but no trial.
The city will gladly show its gratitude
for your delicate handling
of this affair.
In fact, in a city of this standing,
surely the militia
should be commanded by a-a Major.
Or even a Colonel. Hmm?
Indeed.
Rest assured, my Lord, my Lords,
that the city can rely on me.
That's settled, then.
We'll look after that, Colonel.
Thank you, my lord.
My lord.
So let me get this straight,
Captain.
Colonel.
Colonel?
If one of us confesses
to having committed these crimes
the others will walk free?
Precisely.
But that is outrageous!
We're all innocent!
Nobody's gonna confess to a crime
they didn't commit
just to make you popular
with the mob out there!
It's all right, William!
This is the chance for one of us
to do the decent thing.
You call that decent?
What kind of man
would do such a thing?
I will.

Thank you, God.
On one condition.
I know what you did.
I am so sorry, Ginny.
I-I don't expect you to forgive me.
It's just so romantic.
Confessing to save the life
of your lover.
It's like Shakespeare.
For never was there a story of--
of such woe,
as of Ginny and her Romeo.
William Burke of the West Port,
formerly of County Donegal
in Ireland...
Irish scum!
You are convicted of the heinous crimes
of grave robbery and multiple murder.
Do you have anything to say
before you are consigned to hell?
Only this.
I did it for love.
I know he seemed like
a nice guy and all that.
And I suppose
you have to respect the fact
that he made the ultimate sacrifice
for love.
But he did kill all those people
just for money.
And that's just evil.
Thank you.
As for the rest of them...
The Doctor ended up
in the New World.
After all,
anything goes over there.
Rat catcher!
Rat catcher!
Fergus took protection to a new level
and made a fortune
selling life insurance.
As for our French friend here,
he also became a minor celebrity.

He returned to Paris
and continued his work.
Allez, allez, allez.
Vite, vite, vite.
Ah, come here.
I can't live without you.
You're beautiful.
Ah, arrrt! Arrrt!
Say "cheese"!
Fromage!
Nicephore is widely credited as one
of the inventors of photography.
Parfait. Bravo.
Lord Harrington, having weathered
the storm of the West Port murders
was later forced to resign
after Colonel wee Tam McLintoch's
racy private memoirs
were a publishing sensation.
But the real star turned out to be
Professor Monro's young assistant,
Charles Darwin.
He went on to write a book that sold
almost as well as the Bible.
It said only the fittest survive.
And living proof of that
is young Ginny.
She finally overcame her grief
and became a popular actress.
She's terrible!
Get her off!
Well, not that popular.
As for our two heroes,
William Hare followed his dream.
In the end,
only Hare got the Royal Seal.
And William Burke ended up
in the same place as his victims.
Where shall I start?
I think the feet.
When I wake up
Well, I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man
who wakes up next to you

When I go out
Yeah, I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man
who goes along with you
If I get drunk
Well, I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man
who gets drunk next to you
And if I haver
Yeah, I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man
who's havoring to you
But I would walk 500 miles
And I would walk 500 more
Just to be the man
who walked 1 ,000 miles
To fall down at your door
When I'm working
Yes, I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man
who's working hard for you
And when the money
Comes in for the work I do
I'll pass almost every penny
on to you
When I come home
When I come home
Yeah, I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man
who comes back home to you
And if I grow old
Well, I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man
who's growing old with you
But I would walk 500 miles
And I would walk 500 more
Just to be the man
who walks 1 ,000 miles
To fall down at your door
When I'm lonely
Well, I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man
who's lonely without you
When I'm dreaming

Well,
I know I'm gonna dream
I'm gonna dream about the time
when I'm with you
When I go out
When I go out
Well, I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man
who goes along with you
And when I come home
When I come home
Yes, I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man
who's comes back home with you
I'm gonna be the man
who's coming home with you
But I would walk 500 miles
And I would walk 500 more
Just to be the man who walks
To fall down at your door
And I would walk 500 miles
And I would walk 500 more
Just to be the man who walked
To fall down at your door