



BURKE & HARE

By

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Director

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SHOOTING SCRIPT
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- 1 TITLE CARD FADES UP: 1
**EVERYTHING THAT FOLLOWS IS ABSOLUTELY TRUE,
EXCEPT FOR THE PARTS THAT ARE NOT.**
- 2 EXT. EDINBURGH CASTLE -- DAY 2
Superimpose Title - EDINBURGH, 1828
As the title fades off, we TILT DOWN from the imposing castle on top of the hill into the bustling MARKET SQUARE.
- 3 EXT. MARKET SQUARE -- DAY 3
We move through the crowded market scene and finally stop on a Man working on a large wooden structure in the middle of the square. He's checking the joins with a mallet. We will soon discover that this working man is in fact, our *Narrator*, his name is ANGUS.
Angus turns and speaks directly to the camera.
ANGUS
Welcome to Edinburgh.
He continues with his work as he talks.
ANGUS
It is the year of our Lord eighteen twenty eight. They're calling this the "Scottish Enlightenment".
He raises his eyebrows.
ANGUS
Enlightenment? You could have fooled me. I mean, look at the state of them!
He gestures to the busy crowd with his mallet. Pan across them: Mainly starving, ragged, toothless, pox ridden unfortunates.
ANGUS
The only people round here looking to be enlightened are the Medical Students.
(a beat)
And don't get me started on the students. What with all their drinking and fornicating how they ever learn doctoring I couldn't tell you.
On one side of the square a group of well dressed young men jostle and shove their way towards a man sitting beneath a poster announcing a public anatomical demonstration with an entrance fee of seven shillings.

ANGUS

You see Edinburgh is the medical capital of the world. Which means we've got the foreigners...

He pronounces the word with healthy disdain. Adds.

ANGUS

...and that includes the English, pouring into town every year. They come by land and by sea to Edinburgh to study at the feet of our famous doctors.

He gestures off to the city.

ANGUS

On one side of the city you've got Scotland's Royal College of Surgeons.

4 EXT. ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS -- DAY

4

We see a crowd of aspiring physicians entering the ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

ANGUS (V.O.)

It's run by Professor Alexander Monro.

(a beat)

He's, how would you put it... *old school*.

5 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

5

CLOSE ON: a distinguished man wearing what looks like a butcher's apron, with his sleeves rolled up. He chooses carefully a surgical saw from a table covered in gleaming surgical instruments.

The patient is tied by a thick rope to the operating table... and is still conscious. DR MONRO begins to saw off the man's left leg from above the knee (OUT OF FRAME). His screams are muffled by a heavy leather gag. A small group of well dressed students watch the proceedings, several studiously taking notes in their black leather notebooks.

As he saws, DR. MONRO deftly leans to his left and his young assistant CHARLES leans to his right as a strong geyser of blood squirts between them onto a HORRIFIED STUDENT.

MONRO

That would be an artery.

Dr. Monro begins to saw with even greater energy until at last the lower left leg finally comes away.

The students politely applaud as an Attendant takes the offending limb away. Monro turns to Charles.

MONRO

Charles?

Charles checks a large pocket watch.

CHARLES
Eleven minutes... and thirty nine
seconds, Sir.

MONRO
(to the patient)
Impressed?

The patient looks down at his left leg which has now been
reduced to nothing more than a stump.... and PASSES OUT.
Monro turns to his students.

MONRO
Ungrateful swine. If I hadn't
relieved him of that broken leg
he'd have been walking around for
the rest of his life with an
appalling limp.

6 EXT. SURGEON'S SQUARE -- DAY

6

Another crowd of students jostling to get in to BARCLAY'S
ANATOMY SCHOOL.

ANGUS (V.O.)
And on the other side of the city,
you have Barclay's Anatomy School
run by the ever popular Doctor
Robert Knox. People say he's the
finest surgeon in all Scotland.
(a beat)
All I can say about Dr. Knox is
that he dresses well. Quite the
dandy.

7 INT. KNOX'S OFFICE - DAY

7

CLOSE ON: DR. KNOX, checking his attire in a full length
mirror. He is, as Angus said, "Quite the dandy" and is
attended by his loyal assistant PATTERSON.

KNOX
There's nothing like starting a new
term with a fresh corpse is there,
Patterson?

PATTERSON
Indeed, Sir.

KNOX
Today I think I will commence by
removing the top of the cranium...

PATTERSON
An excellent choice, Sir. It will
certainly give the freshmen
something to write home about.

8

EXT. MARKET SQUARE -- DAY

8

Angus is carefully coiling a length of rope when we return to him.

ANGUS

What makes me laugh is that these medical students spend most of their time here drunk and in brothels, then they go back home after watching a couple of dissections and they think they can cure people. Well all I can say is...

(a beat)

Good luck to them.

Angus finishes his work. We pull back to reveal that the wooden structure he's been working on is a GALLOWS. The crowds have not been gathering for an ordinary market but for the best entertainment of the week - a PUBLIC HANGING.

ANGUS

You'll have to excuse me for a moment ladies and gentlemen...

He climbs onto the platform.

ANGUS

It's SHOWTIME.

He pulls a black hood over his head. We realize that Angus is THE HANGMAN.

CLOSE ON: on the gallows is MAD MAGGIE - an old crone with wild hair and no teeth. A MAGISTRATE standing next to the convicted, reads a proclamation to the BAYING CROWD. Our friend Angus slips the noose over her neck.

MAGISTRATE

Maggie O'Donnell of the West Port. Also known as "Mad Maggie", "Old Mags", "Madame Maggie", and "Margaret O'Malley"... 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?

Mad Maggie leers at the crowd.

MAGGIE

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

The CROWD ROARS at her public display of defiance.

Angus steps forward. Grabs a large lever. Pulls it:

MAD MAGGIE DROPS through the trap door to oblivion. The crowd cheers.

Angus turns back to us... removing his hood.

ANGUS

I know what you're thinking, not
much of a job, but I take pride in
my work, as every man should.

We see Patterson and Charles pushing their way through the
square from opposite directions to get to the body first.

Angus walks down the steps to the area beneath the gallows.
It is where we first saw him. Now Maggie's body is dangling
there.

ANGUS

It's the family business. Has been
for four generations. We're doing
God's work is what my grandfather
would say. I like that.

He produces a knife and starts cutting down Maggie's body.

ANGUS

But the pay isn't exactly
spectacular. So I've been making a
few shillings on the side.

Maggie's body drops like a sack of potatoes.

ANGUS

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 the bodies of people
like Mad Maggie here.

He hoists Maggie into a wheelbarrow.

ANGUS

The recently deceased. So we used
to sell them to the highest bidder.

He lifts Maggie's legs into the barrow. Charles appears and
hands Angus a piece of parchment. He reads it, and then
explains what it says to us.

ANGUS

But now, Professor Monro, the
swine, has used his influence to
pass a new city bye-law.

Charles wheels away the barrow loaded with Mad Maggie's body.

Patterson appears.

PATTERSON

Where is the body, Angus?

Angus hands him the copy of the bye-law he received from
Charles. Patterson reads the parchment quickly and objects.

PATTERSON

But we had an arrangement?

ANGUS

Sorry, lad. Nothing I can do.
Professor Monro at the Royal
College gets all the bodies, now.

Patterson heads out angrily. Angus turns back to us.

ANGUS

You'll have to understand that you
can't teach surgery without dead
bodies, and it looks like Professor
Monro has got a monopoly on legally
gotten stiffes at the moment. Now
when the demand for a certain
commodity exceeds the supply, it
creates a business opportunity...
just waiting for the right kind of
clever entrepreneurs to step in.

(a beat)

Two enterprising Irishmen saw that
business opportunity and grasped it
with both hands...My lords and
ladies, I give you Misters Burke
and Hare...

9

EXT. MARKET SQUARE -- CONTINUOUS

9

We cut to the two heroes of our story.

WILLIAM BURKE is a handsome, theorizing waster. WILLIAM
HARE, although barely literate, has a brilliant grasp of mob
psychology and the mechanisms of the capitalist economy.
BOTH are Irish immigrants.

Burke stands on top of a crate... and addresses the crowd
like a Roman orator.

BURKE

Ladies and Gentlemen. My name is
William Burke. Like many of you, my
colleague William Hare and I came
to this land in search of work.
We've dug canals, we've built
roads, we've started a new life.
But none of us has forgotten the
Emerald Isle from which we came.
That land of mystery and poetic
majesty, that land where...

HARE

(interjects)

Get to the bloody point, Willy.

BURKE

Right...Sorry...er..

(reasserts himself with
gusto)

In the county of Donegal...
On the highest, greenest, peaks...
there grows a certain moss...which
any educated person will tell you,
cures all known afflictions.

Charles passes, pushing the wheelbarrow containing Mad Maggie's body. Hare adds for good measure.

HARE

Except, perhaps, one.

There is a titter of appreciation from the small crowd that has gathered before them.

10 EXT. MARKET SQUARE -- CONTINUOUS

10

Patterson heads across the square to a luxurious black coach and two. Standing by the closed door of the coach is FERGUS, a big dapper looking man. He nods to Patterson.

FERGUS

Not a bad show today.

PATTERSON

I'm afraid I missed it. Might I have a word with Mr. McTavish?

Fergus raps smartly on the coach door. Through the rear side window the curtain is pulled back and we can see the pock marked face of DANNY MCTAVISH - the city's most notorious gangster peering out. McTavish nods to Fergus who opens the coach door for Patterson. He climbs inside.

11 INT. MCTAVISH'S COACH - DAY

11

Patterson sits opposite McTavish, Fergus climbs in and sits next to him which makes Patterson a might uncomfortable. These are clearly very hard characters.

MCTAVISH

And how may I be of assistance to you sir?

12 EXT. MARKET SQUARE -- CONTINUOUS

12

CLOSE ON William Burke - whose oratory is starting to hit its stride as he targets the growing crowd of afflicted citizens.

BURKE

The smallest cut, ladies and gentlemen, can let in poisons from the earth and the air, that spread through the body like wild fire until your very brain seems to boil.

Burke turns to Hare, a cool prompt exchange.

HARE

But a touch of the moss from the hills of Donegal, ladies and gentlemen, and it's gone in a flash!

The eyes of the extremely unwell light up. The crowd pushes in closer. These two are good.

In the background we see Patterson struggle past - pushing a handcart on which a large tea chest is balanced. Burke points to a man in the crowd who has a huge BOIL on his face.

BURKE

A boil appears. You pay it no mind.

HARE

But suddenly there's a second, and a third...

BURKE

...and before you know it, the sufferings of Job are upon you.

The crowd already have their hands in their pockets and purses, eager to part with their money. But just as Burke and Hare's pitch winds up to a crescendo the tout in the adjoining pitch starts up.

TOUT

Gather round, gather round, to watch the last of the great Bosjesmans...

He thrusts his arms over to a man covered in FEATHERS and RABBIT SKINS who is dangling several live RATS over his BLOODIED MOUTH.

TOUT

....devour the heads of twenty live rats and skin 'em with his bare teeth in as many minutes.

William Burke is forced to raise his voice. He points to an unfortunate woman with a sizable wart on her nose.

BURKE

A wart, madam, starts off small doesn't it?

HARE

But without a touch of the moss it can grow as big as your head.

As Burke and Hare perform their double-act pitch we see a LARGE MAN picking up a spore of the cure-all drug. He presses the moss to his nose... and interrupts our two heroes.

AGGRIEVED CUSTOMER

For the love of lord Jesus. This is never moss.

He smells it again -- his face darkens.

AGGRIEVED CUSTOMER

It's cheese mould.

He turns to the crowd.

AGGRIEVED CUSTOMER

(screams out)
They're a pair of confidence men!

The mood of the crowd changes in a flash.

13 INT ROYAL COLLEGE - LECTURE HALL -- DAY

13

Professor Monro addresses an auditorium filled with well heeled medical students. Next to him the body of Mad Maggie is laid out on a wooden slab.

MONRO

Gentlemen, the most important
quality a surgeon can possess...

He holds up a SURGICAL SAW.

MONRO

... is a strong right arm.

(a beat)

Where shall I start? I think the
feet.

14 INT. KNOX - LECTURE ROOM -- DAY

14

A much larger and more animated body of students applaud the entrance of a resplendent Dr. Knox. It's quite clear that Dr. Knox is the nineteenth century medical equivalent of a modern day 'celebrity'. He raises a hand and silence immediately descends.

KNOX

Gentlemen. The Lord created the
heavens and the earth...

(beat)

But his greatest work, his most
perfect creation... is 'man'.

As Knox speaks a nervous looking Patterson enters pushing a shrouded corpse on a prototype gurney. Knox continues with all due pomp.

KNOX

The study of human anatomy,
therefore, is no less than a direct
insight into the mind of God.

The students are already entranced. Knox takes the edge of the shroud that covers the body Patterson bought from McTavish. A genius of dramatic timing, he lets the silence draw out for a long beat.... before announcing.

KNOX

Gentlemen. I give you the human
form in all its glory!

The faces of the students light up. Dr. Knox dramatically whips away the sheet like a magician, to reveal...

The most STINKING... PUTRID... MAGGOT INFESTED... DECOMPOSING
BODY... WITH A MOUTHFUL OF LIVE WORMS...in cinematic history.

CLOSE ON the mortified faces of the young students. Knox turns glaring at Patterson.

PATTERSON
(wincing)
I have a very, very good
explanation, sir...

15 EXT. THE WEST PORT GHETTO - DAY

15

Burke and Hare have been stripped of their goods and their money. Both are battered and bruised as they stagger down a back street.

BURKE
Maybe we should have gone with
rats.

HARE
Forget rats, Willy. Rats is a fad.
(a beat)
Supply and demand. That's what
makes the world go round. We just
have to work out what the demand is
for and then supply it.

BURKE
The Chinese have been rubbing moldy
soybean curd into wounds for the
last three thousand years. I don't
see any reason why moldy cheese
shouldn't work just as well?

HARE
Nothing wrong with the product. Our
mistake was in the way we tried to
sell it. "Donegal Moss" wasn't the
right name. Maybe we should have
put the price in there... Penny
something?

BURKE
(frowns)
Penny nothing.
(a beat)
You told your wife you were going
out to find a job. You lied

HARE
An economy with the truth, Willy,
isn't the same as a flat out lie.

BURKE
And you think Lucky's going to
grasp that distinction?
(a beat)
She's not exactly a forgiving
woman.

Hare suddenly rounds on his colleague, his expression changes.

HARE
I'll not hear a bad word said
against her.

Burke holds up his hands apologetically. Hare goes on.

HARE

I'll grant you she's had her
problems with the bottle. But she's
fighting her demons.

(a beat)

Besides, she's bound to be in high
spirits. It's rent day for old
Donald.

Burke's pensive expression lightens. Hare smiles.

HARE

Within every cloud, there's a
silver lining.

Cut high up to a WOMAN, leans out of a tenement WINDOW and
empties the bucket of the mornings WASTE.

SPLOSH!

Our heroes are hit by a putrid shower of SHIT and PISS.

16 INT. PREP ROOM -- LATER

16

Knox, white faced with anger, strides into the preparation
room where Patterson waits nervously next to the tea chest
which contained the rotten cadaver.

KNOX

Well Patterson? Let's hear your
very, very good explanation.

Patterson hands over copy of the bye-law he received from
Angus. As Knox reads it Patterson explains.

PATTERSON

Beggars can't be choosers, sir. I
had to take the only one the
Resurrectionist McTavish had left.

If possible, Knox is even more furious after reading the
letter than before.

KNOX

Not content with butchering his
patients, Monro is now using his
political influence to hinder the
advancement of medical science.

Patterson eagerly nods agreement. Knox glances at the tea
chest.

KNOX

That's the third rotter we've
bought from McTavish's gang of
grave robbers in as many months. We
cannot go on like this. I'm
cancelling next week's
demonstration.

Patterson looks concerned.

PATTERSON

Is there anything I can do, Doctor?

KNOX

You could try praying, Patterson,
for the only thing that's going to
save us.

PATTERSON

What's that, Sir?

KNOX

Something terrible to happen.

PATTERSON

Something terrible to happen?

KNOX

I mean for some kind of enormous
awful calamity here in Edinburgh.
Perhaps an accident or natural
disaster. Something that would
generate the large number of
cadavers I need to do my work.

PATTERSON

Yes. Wouldn't that be nice sir?

KNOX

Yes it would. I want an act of
God.

17 INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - OLD DONALD'S BEDROOM -- DAY 17

CLOSE ON: OLD DONALD, an old man lying on a miserable bed
that has been made up of old straw and rags. A half empty
bottle of whisky stands on the bedside table. He is breathing
heavily. He reaches for the bottle, then grabbing his heart
he sits up with a jolt and gasps out...

OLD DONALD

Jesus Mary and Joseph!

And promptly falls back on his bed, dead.

18 EXT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE -- DAY 18

Burke and Hare - now covered in shit - approach a dilapidated
house. The sign over the door advertises THE HARE'S LODGING
HOUSE.

A woman exits one of the houses with two wretched children.

BURKE

(forces a smile)
Afternoon, Mrs. McFie.

Mrs. McFie stares at the soiled men. As they pass, the smell
takes hold. All three quickly pinch their noses, nauseated
expressions.

19 INT. THE HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS 19

Hare's wife, LUCKY, sits behind a table drinking from a clay cup. She observes the room, pleased with herself. The boarding house is little more than a hovel.

Burke and Hare enter the room timidly.

HARE
I know this looks bad, love. But
there's a good explanation.
You see, Willy here, came up with a
fantastic new product...

BURKE
(brightly)
Donegal moss.

HARE
It started off as a roaring
success.

BURKE
(nods in agreement)
For a while it looked as if all our
troubles would be over-

Without warning she stands up and SLAPS her husband HARD across his FACE. Burke winces for his erstwhile partner. Her expression suddenly changes from anger to disgust.

LUCKY
What on earth is that smell?!

HARE
It was an accident.

LUCKY
You're a useless good for nothing,
William Hare. We're flat out
broke.

HARE
What about Old Donald's rent money?

LUCKY
He's dead.

HARE
Dead? What do you mean "dead?"

LUCKY
I mean deceased. He stopped living
and died.

HARE
So he didn't pay his rent then?

BURKE
Are you telling us that Old Donald
is dead?

LUCKY
As a doornail.
(a beat)
(MORE)

LUCKY (cont'd)

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!

She heads over to pour some water from a jug into a bowl to wash the hand she hit her husband with.

BURKE

Are you saying that we get rid of Old Donald's body?

HARE

And how would we do that?

LUCKY

(scrubbing her hands)
Use your imagination, William. It's all you're good for these days.

20 OMITTED

20

21 EXT. ALLEY -BACK OF HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - DAY

21

CLOSE ON: a red faced Burke and Hare, grunting and groaning as they try to stuff Old Donald's body into a WOODEN HERRING BARREL.

HARE

Right, now push his right leg down.

BURKE

It won't go.

They both step away, out of ideas, leaving us with a view of Old Donald's legs sticking straight up out of the top of the barrel.

Shutters open on the second floor of the Hare's Lodging House and Lucky leans out of the window.

LUCKY

Now what the hell are you playing at?

HARE

We're struggling, love.

LUCKY

Why is everything so difficult for you two? Just stuff him in the barrel and get him out of here!

She slams the shutters shut.

Hare puts his hands on his hips, weighing up his next move.

HARE (CONT.)

There's only one thing for it.
We're going to have to break his back.

BURKE
(aghast)
What?!

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

Off Burke's expression we

CUT TO:

22 EXT. EDINBURGH STREETS -- DAY 22

Burke and Hare roll their barrel from the alley beside the house onto the street.

HARE
I know a building site in the New
Town. We can dump him there. No
problem at all.

BURKE
I don't know about this William.

HARE
It'll be a piece of cake. It's only
another mile or so.

BURKE
Only another mile or so?! Let's
stop over there William, this is
thirsty work.

23 EXT. THE GRAVEDIGGERS ARMS -- DAY 23

They roll their barrel across the street and up to the side of what looks exactly like what it is. The Gravediggers Arms is a dangerous, whiskey sodden den of vice and iniquity. They set the barrel upright and just as they approach the front door, it flies open and a big Bouncer hurls a man violently into the street.

BOUNCER
(shouts after the man
laying in the street)
And from now on watch your language
you fucking son-of-a-bitch bastard!

Hare smiles and gestures to Burke "you first."

24 INT. THE GRAVEDIGGERS ARMS -- DAY 24

Burke and Hare make their way to a table and sit in the far corner of the tavern. The sounds of merriment emanates from a private room behind the bar.

William Hare toys with a coin, twirling it between his fingers.

BURKE
What are we going to do William?
(beat)
There's no more canals to dig.

HARE
Don't you worry Willie. I've got
all kinds of ideas.

BURKE
But no money to speak of. And no
plan.

Hare flicks his coin in the air and catches it.

HARE
Just enough money for one last
dram.

BURKE
(smiles)
That's not such a bad plan.

Hare heads over to the bar where the dapper looking man (we
met him earlier at the hanging) recognizes him.

FERGUS
William, how's business?

HARE
(glances up)
Never better, Fergus.

Fergus glances down at Hare's feet - shoes torn and ragged
beneath tattered pants - but refrains from comment.

HARE
What about you?

FERGUS
Diversifying is what we're doing.
Mr. McTavish has moved into
gambling, pimping whores and opium
distribution.
(a beat)
We've gone legitimate.

Hare glances over at the private back room and into a
different world. We see an inebriated Danny McTavish,
laughing and playing cards with a group of extremely dodgy
looking friends. A bevy of whores attend to their every whim.

Hare turns back to Fergus.

HARE
So, no more digging up graves then?

Fergus dismisses the comment with a shrug.

FERGUS
It's hardly worth the bother
anymore.

Hare nods sagely. Fergus goes on.

FERGUS

Wee Tam McLintoch and his militia have declared a "War on Graverobbery". They're patrolling the cemeteries every night. It's a shame really, we used to sell to Doctor Knox at three pounds a cadaver. These days he'd be happy to pay double.

HARE

(stunned)

Three pounds. I thought life round here was supposed to be cheap?!

FERGUS

It is. But the price rockets once you're dead.

Hare looks thoughtful.

25 EXT. EDINBURGH BACK STREET -- EVENING

25

Burke and Hare are slowly rolling their barrel down the street.

After some time pushing this thing along...

HARE

There, now this isn't so bad is it?

BURKE

Not really. But why are you pushing it so fast?

The BARREL is definitely rolling along faster and faster, and the boys are having some problems keeping up with it.

HARE

I am not pushing it faster Willy, we're on a bloody steep street!

And sure enough, the BARREL has gained so much speed that it is now rolling away from them and they are running furiously after it!

26 EXT. EDINBURGH STREET - NIGHT

26

A MAN is lighting an oil lamp in front of his door when he cocks his head, hearing something. A kind of rolling wooden sound growing louder and louder. And then our herring BARREL comes thundering by. The Man watches it go in silence. Then Burke and Hare come running after it. The MAN considers what he's just witnessed, decides it would be better if he hadn't seen it, and goes inside.

27 EXT EDINBURGH STREET - CONTINUOUS

27

The BARREL is rolling along at great speed with Burke and Hare in pursuit. They stop at the bottom of the hill, EXHAUSTED.

HARE
Aw, let it go! We'll never catch
the God damn thing!

Burke can only put his hands on his knees and try to catch his breath.

28 EXT. EDINBURGH STREET - CONTINUOUS 28

Burke stands up.

BURKE
That's an odd sound.

They both turn and look up the road.

29 BURKE AND HARE'S P.O.V. - CONTINUOUS 29

The BARREL is bounding down with alarming velocity directly towards them.

30 EXT. EDINBURGH STREET - CONTINUOUS 30

They both stand frozen in horror, when the BARREL hits a cobblestone at the right angle to bounce over their heads! It CRASHES into a China Shop completely destroying the front of the shop and the porcelain figures that were displayed there.

31 EXT CHINA SHOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 31

Burke and Hare survey the damage.

BURKE
(quietly)
Holy shit!

They look around to make sure no one has witnessed the crash, and then quickly and noisily climb into the shop and shove the barrel back out onto the street.

HARE
Wait a minute.

Hare dashes back to the shattered shop window, reaches in and takes out a small Staffordshire dog.

HARE
(as he pockets the little china dog)
For Lucky.

They hurriedly roll their barrel away.

32 EXT. SURGEON'S SQUARE -- NIGHT 32

An exhausted Burke and Hare turn a corner into a square lit by oil lamps.

BURKE
This can't be right.

HARE
There's only one Surgeon's Square
in Edinburgh, Willy.

BURKE
No. What we're doing can't be
right. A man deserves a proper
final resting place.
(a beat)
We're answerable to Jesus for our
actions in the next life.

HARE
And if you don't come up with the
back rent you owe, you'll be
answerable to Lucky in this one.

33 INT. KNOX OFFICE - NIGHT

33

Dr. Knox is at his desk, working studiously by candle light.
The door opens and Patterson peers in.

PATTERSON
Sorry to disturb you Doctor, but
there are two gentlemen here to see
you.

Knox checks his pocket watch.

KNOX
A trifle late isn't it?

PATTERSON
They appear to have brought a
herring barrel with them, Sir.

Knox frowns, confused.

KNOX
I have no taste for herring
Patterson, send them away.

PATTERSON
I believe they have something else
in their barrel for you, Sir.

On Knox's expression, we cut to...

34 INT. PREP ROOM -- NIGHT

34

Old Donald's CORPSE is on the slab in Knox's prep room. His
body has been folded in two, so both his feet and head are on
the table close together, and his ass high into the air. Knox
prods and pokes him like a butcher would upon purchase of a
cow.

KNOX
I commend you both on account of
it's freshness.

HARE
(beams)
Thank you, Doctor.

Patterson frowns, nods towards Old Donald.

PATTERSON
Why is he bent in half like that?

HARE
Rigor-mortis is all.

KNOX
This man obviously died in some
kind of construction accident.

HARE
That is exactly what happened
Isn't that what happened Mr. Burke?

BURKE
Yes Mr. Hare, that is exactly what
happened.

KNOX
Right, I will pay you three pounds
Gentleman.

Burke and Hare exchange glances.

HARE
We was looking for six pounds, sir.

KNOX
I'm afraid that I can go no higher
than four pounds ten shillings.

HARE
But Doctor Knox sir, you yourself
complimented us on account of its
freshness sir.

KNOX
(a discursive smile)
Quite the salesman aren't you, Mr.
Hare?

HARE
Could you make it five pounds ten
shillings sir?

Knox thinks for a beat. Produces his wallet.

HARE
What with so much "construction"
going on in Edinburgh, if we were to
stumble on any other...
unfortunates. Would you be
interested, Doctor?

KNOX
Here is five pounds for your
efforts gentlemen. I'd pay the same
for any other "unfortunates" you
deliver.

(MORE)

KNOX (cont'd)

Except during the summer, when we
have problems keeping them fresh.

HARE

I completely understand, Doctor
Knox. It's exactly the same for
my wife as she buys meat once a
month.

(he leans in)

The trick is to rub in a mixture of
salt and vinegar to preserve it.
Lasts forever that way.

He winks at Dr. Knox.

KNOX

I'll bear it in mind. Patterson,
prepare this fellow for the lecture
tomorrow.

PATTERSON

But, about his... posture, sir?

KNOX

Just straighten him out. I am
certain that he will not complain.

PATTERSON

Sir?

KNOX

Unbend him Patterson. These
gentlemen will assist you. And then
show them out. Good night.

Knox leaves. Burke and Hare and Patterson all share the same
dread of the task before him.

PATTERSON

All right then, lend me a hand
here.

35 INT. GRAVEDIGGERS ARMS -- NIGHT

35

Burke and Hare are standing at the bar, whisky shots in hand.
Hare raises his glass.

HARE

To our new product!

They clink glasses, neck the shots.

BURKE

Where are we going to find
more...product?

HARE

Willy, there's lots of product just
waiting for us to dig it up. How
hard can it be?

36 EXT. GREYFRIARS CEMETERY GATE -- NIGHT 36
Establishing shot

37 EXT. GREYFRIARS CEMETERY -- NIGHT 37
We are looking down at a dug up grave, occupied by Burke and Hare -- both covered with mud.

HARE
I'm telling you Willy, this is a
licence to mint coin.

Burke stares up at a SCRAWNY GREY TERRIER eyeballing Burke from an adjacent grave. Its headstone reads JOHN GREY.

BURKE
He's looking at me.
(a beat)
I'm sure he knows what we're doing.

HARE
Forget the damn dog Willie! Just
keep an eye out for the militia.

Burke stares out into the thick yellow mist.

BURKE
I can't see anything at all.

He drops back into the grave. Shovels up a spadeful of earth. Shakes his head.

BURKE
You know this is hallowed ground.

HARE
(dismissive)
A touch of frost is all.

Hare brings down the shovel hard.

CLONK! The sound of METAL against WOOD. Hare glances up at Burke, galvanized.

38 EXT. GREYFRIARS CEMETERY GATE -- CONTINUOUS 38
The city's MILITIA march towards the cemetery. The militia consists of three men: SERGEANT MACKENZIE, PRIVATE FOX and their leader: CAPTAIN TAM McLintoch - a puffed up pompous man wearing an impeccable uniform.

MCLINTOCH
Come along, look lively, men.

39 INT. GREYFRIARS CEMETERY -- NIGHT 39
Burke and Hare haul a coffin from the grave.
On his knees, Hare uses a CHISEL to prize the coffin lid from its hinges.

It finally comes of to reveal...

AAAAGGGH!

A SKELETON - bones folded serenely across its rib cage

They both jump back, SCREAMING in fright.

40 EXT. GREYFRIARS CEMETERY -- CONTINUOUS 40

MCLINTOCH
Who goes there?

41 EXT. GRAVE - GREYFRIARS CEMETERY -- CONTINUOUS 41

Hare and Burke FREEZE.

42 EXT. GREYFRIARS CEMETERY -- CONTINUOUS 42

McLintoch stares hard into the thick mist -- barks an order.

MCLINTOCH
Fix bayonets.

The militia men comply and the three of them advance into the graveyard in a close huddle. Suddenly McLintoch spots the yellow glow from Burke and Hare's oil lamp in the distance.

MCLINTOCH
Listen up, lads.

He spins round. Fox sees the captain's bayonet heading straight towards him, raises his hands to protect himself. McLintoch's bayonet slices into one of his palms.

FOX
Owww!

He drops his gun. BOOM. It fires as it hits the ground. McLintoch looks at the injured private despairingly.

MCLINTOCH
For pity's sake, private.

43 EXT. GRAVE - GREYFRIARS CEMETERY -- CONTINUOUS 43

Burke looks terrified at the reverberating sound of the gunshot.

BURKE
(whispers)
It's the militia.

Hare nods and immediately puts out their oil lamp.

BURKE
They've got guns.

HARE
(thinks a beat)
Right...
(MORE)

Burke & Hare 6th January 2010, SHOOTING SCRIPT 24.

HARE (cont'd)

we've got two choices here. Give ourselves up and face being transported... or... run for it and risk getting shot.

BURKE

Well as much as I want to travel, I think I'll go with the latter.

HARE

Okay. On three.

Burke nods.

BURKE

One-

Before he can get to two, Hare has already BOLTED. Burke quickly races after him.

44

EXT. GREYFRIARS CEMETERY -- CONTINUOUS

44

The militia spot Burke and Hare - scrabbling towards freedom.

MCLINTOCH

(shouts out)

Stand your ground!

Burke and Hare stumble through the thick mist. The militia race after them. Wild gun shots whistle past the ears of our two heroes.

The scrawny grey terrier snarls at Private Fox from his post on top of the grave marked "John Grey". Fox tries to give the animal a wide berth and suddenly DROPS from sight! In the mist he failed to spot the grave Burke and Hare were digging and fell straight into it.

Burke and Hare make it to the graveyard wall. Hare hoists himself up and scales the wall in one fluid movement. Burke starts to scrabble upwards.

Mclintoch halts. Raises his GUN. The scrawny grey terrier leaps up and bites Mclintoch on the ankle, causing him to fire blindly.

BOOM!

A concussive FLASH as the hammer hits the gunpowder. There is a beat before we hear...

BURKE

(O.S.)

Aaagghh!

SERGEANT MCKENZIE

Oh well shot sir!

MCLINTOCH

(modestly)

Thank you Sergeant.

45 EXT. WEST PORT GHETTO -- LATER 45

Hare holds Burke up as he hobbles along the street in pain.

BURKE
(wincing)
I can't believe it. Six years in
the Donegal Militia and not a
scratch. Three hours as a grave
robber and I get shot in the arse.

HARE
All right then, show me your
wounds.

Burke leans over and pulls down his trousers, Hare inspects
his ass.

HARE
Why it's just a scratch you big
baby.

BURKE
It still hurts.

HARE
(dismissive)
Please.

Hare walks off, Burke pulls up his trousers and follows.

BURKE
Right. Who was screaming like a
girl in the cemetery then?

46 INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT 46

Burke and Hare creep into the kitchen. Lucky is face down in
a bowl of porridge on the kitchen table. Old Donald's whisky
bottle on its side next to her.

HARE
For the love of Lord Jesus. She's
fallen off the wagon again.

He pulls his wife's head out of the bowl. There is a LOUD
rasping GASP as she sucks in air for the first time in a
minute. Hare tenderly wipes the porridge from her face.

HARE
Are you alright my love?

LUCKY
(slurred)
It's God, he's punishing us.

HARE
Now, you know that's not true.

LUCKY
First Old Donald. Now Joseph.

BURKE
What's happened to Joseph?

LUCKY
(wails)
That's two rents gone!

47 INT. THE HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - JOSEPH'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 47
CLOSE ON Joseph, an elderly man, wearing a military redcoat.
Pull back to Burke and Hare - staring at the corpse.

BURKE
What a terrible waste.
(beat)
This is a man who risked his life
for king and country. Just imagine
the sights he's seen, the battles
he's fought.

He glances across at Hare, who is deep in thought. He
appears to be doing some sums on his fingers. Hare glances
up.

HARE
Sorry, Willy. You were saying?

But before Burke can continue his eulogy Joseph suddenly
draws in a deep ragged breath and sits upright! Both men
jump. The old boy is still alive!

JOSEPH
Oh hello you two. I am afraid I
don't feel at all well.

Joseph breathes heavily, then falls back on the bed. He
gasps several times, then stops breathing entirely. After a
few moments.

HARE
Do you think he's...

BURKE
Why don't you go and see?

HARE
Why don't you come with me?

The two men step cautiously towards the prone figure on the
bed.

BURKE
(quietly)
Hello?

HARE
You all right Joseph?

Joseph opens his eyes wide!

JOSEPH
Do I look all right you bloody
Irish bastards!?!

And with that Joseph closes his eyes and coughs and sputters. As he takes another desperate breath our two heroes exchange a look.

48 INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS 48

Downstairs, Lucky raises a new full whisky bottle to her lips.

LUCKY
Forgive me Father for I know not
what I do.

49 INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - JOSEPH'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 49

Tight shot on Burke and Hare.

HARE
It won't be long now.

BURKE
He shouldn't have to go like this.
(a beat)
A hero should be laid to rest with
his comrades in the corner of some
distant foreign field. On the
battle ground surrounded by his
fellow men at arms.

HARE
No Willy. It is far better like
this. A man deserves to die in the
comfort of his own bed, surrounded
by his friends.

As Hare speaks the camera pulls back to reveal that they are sitting on a pillow over the old soldier's face. They stand and removes the pillow, Joseph is now out of his misery. Burke and Hare cross themselves.

BURKE
(solemn)
May he rest in peace.

HARE
Amen.
(suddenly all business)
Let's get a move on, before Lucky
sobers up.

50 EXT. MCMARTIN'S TAVERN -- NIGHT 50

Establishing shot. We hear music playing from inside.

51 INT. MCMARTIN'S TAVERN -- NIGHT 51

An up-market version of The Gravediggers Arms. The patrons are much better dressed. And there is a trio of musicians playing raucous traditional Scottish music. A line of five glamorous SHOW-GIRLS are dancing on a small wooden stage. They finish and the crowd roars its' approval.

We make note of one of the dancers, a singular beauty basking in the applause. This is GINNY.

52 EXT. MCMARTIN'S TAVERN -- NIGHT

52

A rowdy queue of expectant party folk wait in line as a Doorman flanked by a beefy Bouncer, checks names against a list.

Burke and Hare approach wearing flashy new clothes.

BURKE
(whispers)
Never again William. Joseph was
the last for me.

HARE
We'll talk about it later Willy.
For now just scowl and try to look
important.

They approach the large Doorman who is in the process of refusing entrance to a small, excitable Frenchman.

DOORMAN
You're not coming in wearing those.

He gestures to the Frenchman's gold buckled shoes. The Frenchman - who we will later learn is called NICEPHORE - protests.

NICEPHORE
But zey are French!

DOORMAN
Exactly. Now sling your hook!

Nicephore gives the Doorman a filthy French look and struts off. Hare steals a look at the Doorman's guest-list.

DOORMAN
Yes?

Hare adopts an English accent.

HARE
We should be on the guest-list?

DOORMAN
Under what name?

HARE
William Wordsworth.
(a beat)
Plus one.

Burke shoots Hare a disbelieving look. The Doorman checks the list. Finds the name. His expression instantly changes to a servile grin.

DOORMAN
Welcome to McMartin's Mr.
Wordsworth.

He pulls the rope back with a sweeping gesture.

DOORMAN

And may I say how much I admired
your poem about the daffodils.

Hare nods graciously.

53 INT. MCMARTIN'S TAVERN -- CONTINUOUS

53

Burke and Hare approach the crowded bar.

BURKE

What are you having?

HARE

(grins)

Something fit for a poet.

(beat)

Make it a jug of mad dog.

Burke tries to attract the barman's attention.

GINNY - the dancer we saw performing earlier - is sitting
with a group of girl friends in the corner of the club.

GINNY

Edinburgh is a sophisticated,
modern, city. It's inconceivable
that the height of culture on offer
is this bloody dive.

(a beat)

Which is why I'm proposing that we
stage the Scottish play.

Blank looks all round. Ginny's friend Mary leans forward.

MARY

Which one?

GINNY

Macbeth.

They all nod. Of course they knew that.

GINNY

It's got everything. Sex,
betrayal, murder, magic.

(a beat)

We're talking about the ultimate
crowd pleaser.

MARY

I think it's a great idea, Gin, I
really do. Just one problem.
Wasn't Macbeth a king? And
wouldn't that make him a man?

GINNY

You listen to me Mary. For over two
hundred years the stage has been
the exclusive preserve of men.
Now is the time to redress the
balance.

(MORE)

GINNY (cont'd)

I am proposing that we put on the
first all female production of a
Shakespeare play.

The girls exchange looks.

EMMA

The establishment will hate us.

GINNY

They already do, Em.

MARY

And can you imagine what the
newspapers will say.

GINNY

We're in the business of
entertainment, Mary. In every sense
of the word. And in this business
there's no such thing as bad
publicity.

MARY

Point taken. But it costs money to
put on a play, Ginny.

(a beat)

And none of us wants to go back on
the game.

She shakes her head emphatically.

GINNY

Nobody's going to go back on the
game.

(scans the room)

All we need is for a wealthy and
discerning patron to take the bait.

She necks her drink and climbs up onto the table.

EMMA

What are you doing?

GINNY

(grins)

That which hath made them drunk
hath made me bold, Mary.

She stands tall, looks down on to her 'audience',
announces...

GINNY

Had I but died an hour before this
chance, I had liv'd a blessed time;

It takes a moment for the hubbub to fall silent, then
everyone in the tavern looks up at Ginny's spontaneous
transformation into Macbeth. Burke's expression clearly shows
he's smitten.

GINNY

For, from this instant, there's
nothing serious in mortality...

But the focus is short lived. Rather humiliatingly, the crowd quickly returns to their revelry. But Ginny soldiers on with Macbeth's speech. Hare turns to Burke.

GINNY	HARE
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead; The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees Is left this vault to brag of.	Someone's had a few too many.

But Burke looks on in wonder.

54 EXT. ROYAL COLLEGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

54

The College is filled with candle light as carriages pull up in front of it. Distinguished men, doctors all, are entering the building. Dr. Knox alights from his carriage, helped down by the faithful Patterson.

KNOX
Have you been able to find out what
the blazes this meeting is all
about?

PATTERSON
No sir, but every important surgeon
and medical professor in Edinburgh
is in there.

55 INT. ROYAL COLLEGE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 55

A grand room where the gentlemen are entering and taking their seats around a highly polished table.

Dr. Monro is talking to a distinguished looking man, Charles standing by.

DR. LISTER
You look like the proverbial cat
that swallowed the canary Doctor
Munro. You must know what this is
all about.

Charles nods towards Dr. Knox who enters with Patterson.

MONRO
I do actually, but you must forgive
me. I need to have a word with Dr.
Knox.

DR. LISTER
I'd be surprised if Knox would
speak to you, now that...

MONRO
(interrupts)
Excuse me Dr. Lister, please do not
misunderstand this, but...
(Munro leans in
confidentially)
Your very bad breath is appalling.

Monro and Charles leave the disturbed Dr. Lister, who is busily trying to check his own breath, and approach Doctor Knox with a smile.

MONRO

Ah Dr. Knox! How wonderful it is to see you.

KNOX

(disdainfully)
Yes, I am sure it is.

MONRO

And are your new students enjoying your lectures?

KNOX

Not as much as I understand they are enjoying your wife sir.

Before a furious Monro can answer, a uniformed Attendant announces:

ATTENDANT

Doctors, Professors and Gentlemen.
Please take your seats.

Knox and Patterson immediately leave for their seats.

MONRO

(to Charles)
I hate that man.

56 OMITTED 56

57 INT. MCMARTIN'S TAVERN -- CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 57

Ginny is still being drowned out in the din of the Tavern. However, she has Burke's complete attention.

GINNY

Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate,
and furious
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No
man.
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here
lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his
golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a
breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance:
there, the murderers
Steep'd in the colours of their
trade,

A defeated Ginny finally throws in the towel.

GINNY

Bollocks.

She climbs down, notices William Burke staring at her, transfixed.

GINNY
(aggressive)
Can I help you?

BURKE
Your speech. Was quite wonderful,
Madam.

58 INT. ROYAL COLLEGE CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 58

All available seats are taken, and many are standing.

ATTENDANT
Lord Harrington.

All eyes turn to the door, where a distinguished man, stiff and rather formal, strides in.

Monro leaps to his feet and pulls out the chair next to him, almost causing Charles to fall to the floor.

MONRO
Please sit here Lord Harrington. I
believe that this chair is for you.

Lord Harrington makes his way to the chair offered by Monro.

KNOX
(sotto voice to Patterson)
Whatever Harrington is going to
say, Monro already has wind of it.

HARRINGTON
Your attention gentlemen.
I have an announcement that I trust
will interest all of you learned
men assembled here. His Majesty
will be in residence at Holyrood
Palace in eight weeks time. As
Edinburgh is the world's center of
Medicine, both in Research and
Education, the King has decided, in
his wisdom, to create a competition
to further the progress of Medical
Science. Accordingly, his majesty
has decided that on his visit he
will listen to presentations from
Scotland's leading physicians.
(a beat)
Whomsoever he determines has made
the greatest advances in the field
of medicine will be awarded the
Royal Seal and a handsome cash
reward.

There is a collective gasp from the crowd.

LORD HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
This honor will confer immeasurable
social and economic status on the
city of Edinburgh, on Scotland, on
the medical profession... and on
its recipient.

(a beat)
We will be vetting preliminary
submissions here at the Royal
College in three weeks time. I
thank you and good night.

The entire room erupts in intense conversation. Monro sits
happily.

59 INT. MCMARTIN'S TAVERN -- LATER - NIGHT

59

We rejoin Burke and Ginny, now in the middle of a
conversation in a dark corner. Burke hangs on her every
word.

GINNY
.... after that I played Agnes in
Moliere's 'School For Wives' at the
Drury Lane theatre in London. Then
times got tough and I branched out
in to...
(hesitates)
Physical theatre.

Burke is enthralled.

BURKE
Acrobatics?

GINNY
Sometimes.
(quickly changing the
subject)
After that I became a dancer and
show-girl and now I'm trying to
produce my first play.

BURKE
Sounds very exciting.

GINNY
It is. I just need to put together
a consortium of investors.

She moves in closer, adopting a seductive tone.

GINNY
Anyway, enough about me. Let's talk
more about you.
(a beat)
Tell me, what do you do for a
living?

Burke hesitates, then, not entirely straying from the
truth...

BURKE
I'm in surgical supplies.

She studies him, impressed. Hare suddenly appears beside Burke, a little worse for wear.

HARE
Sorry to interrupt, Willy. But we should be heading home. We've got an early start.

Burke frowns, a little torn. Ginny plays the lady, extends her hand.

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

Burke looks momentarily stricken.

BURKE
May I see you again?

A smile flickers across her lips. Hare sees Burke's infatuation with Ginny.

GINNY
I'd like that.

BURKE
How about Friday night?

Ginny smiles sweetly.

GINNY
I'll meet you here at seven.

Burke beams.

HARE
Good night miss. Come along Willy.

He literally has to take Burke's arm to drag him away.

60 EXT. MCMARTIN'S TAVERN -- NIGHT

60

Burke and Hare exit the tavern. They pass the Doorman who is in the midst of a heated argument with a MAN wearing a flamboyant coat accompanied by a GAUNT SIDEKICK.

DOORMAN
(losing patience)
I'll not explain myself again, Sir.
(beat)
William Wordsworth is already in the club.

Burke and Hare hear this and slope off in to the night.

WORDSWORTH
That can't be. I am he. Newly returned from a tour of the continent.

The gaunt sidekick adds...

COLERIDGE
And I'm Samuel Coleridge.

DOORMAN
(snaps)
And I'm Robbie fucking Burns.
(beat)
Now piss off, the pair of you!

61 INT. ROYAL COLLEGE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 61

The gentlemen are gathering their coats and leaving as the meeting is over. Monroe is obviously boring Lord Harrington.

LORD HARRINGTON
(feigning interest)
Fascinating, professor. I never realized there was so much to know about the human foot.

As Doctor Knox passes on his way out, Lord Harrington turns to face him.

HARRINGTON
And will you be presenting to the committee Doctor Knox?

KNOX
I will my Lord, and I believe that I will prevail in His Majesty's competition.

Charles and Patterson stand behind their mentors giving one another dirty looks.

MONRO
And how will you do that Dr. Knox? I understood that you were having difficulties acquiring the necessary...research materials.

LORD HARRINGTON
What are you intending to present to us?

KNOX
I am completing the work of both Michelangelo and Da Vinci, but in a radical and revolutionary new way.
(a beat)
I am creating a complete map of the human body. Both inside and out.

LORD HARRINGTON
If such a thing were possible it would constitute the greatest advance in medical science since Versalius.

MONRO

It is also impossible.
Such a map would be entirely
useless unless it was 100%
accurate. And no artist can
guarantee that.

KNOX

No illustrator or painter, I quite
agree.

MONRO

So how on earth do you propose to
achieve it?

KNOX

You will see, Professor. In the
fullness of time.
(he turns to Harrington)
Lord Harrington. Come Patterson.

62 INT. KNOX BASEMENT ROOM -- DAY

62

CLOSE ON: a CONTRAPTION made out of WOOD that has been
erected in the small cellar.

It looms over a wooden trestle which is now occupied by
Hare's partially dissected former lodger - OLD DONALD.

An excited French voice suddenly calls out...

VOICE (O.S.)

Vous etes pret?!

Knox, wearing his surgical apron, nods.

VOICE (O.S.)

Tres... deux... un...

And...

Nothing spectacular at all. The door of the contraption
suddenly opens and a bespectacled man with a possessive and
excitable streak strides out holding a metal slate.

This is NICEPHORE, the Frenchman we last met outside
McMartin's. He is the inventor of photography and Knox's
collaborator on the mapping of the human body.

KNOX

Now what?

NICEPHORE

We wait.

KNOX

How long?

NICEPHORE

Eight hours.

He strides over to the window and pins the metal slate to a
line that he has attached to either side of the frame.

NICEPHORE

That's the amount of time it takes
for the image to form under the
exposure of light.

KNOX

Fascinating.

(a beat)

Have you a name for your invention
yet, Joseph?

NICEPHORE

It is an eliographic. A device to
capture the image forever.

KNOX

(frowns)

An Eliographic?

He shakes his head dismissively.

KNOX

We shall have to come up with
something better than that.

63 INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

63

Burke and Hare are at the kitchen table.

HARE

That was a great night.

BURKE

Best night of my life.

(a beat)

It was a glimpse of a different
world. A world up high where the
air is balmy and anything seems
possible.

Hare nods in agreement.

HARE

That's where we belong, Willy.

PULL BACK to include a comatose Lucky, spread-eagled across
the table, snoring loudly.

HARE

You know, we should probably keep
this run of good fortune to
ourselves. Just until Lucky
straightens herself out.

BURKE

Not a problem, William.

(a beat)

Besides, for us to happen upon any
more of those unfortunates we'll
need the devil's own luck.

HARE

That's where you're wrong.

(a beat)

Men like us can make our own luck.

BURKE

What do you mean?

There is a KNOCK on the door.

HARE

Now who the devil could that be?

Hare and Burke both get up and open the door. There stands Patterson.

PATTERSON

Good day gentlemen. I have come
with a proposition from a friend.
Would you please come with me?

HARE

(to Burke)

You stay here and take care of
Lucky. Let me handle this.

64 INT. KNOX OFFICE -- DAY

64

Knox sits behind his impressive mahogany desk. Patterson stands beside him. Hare stands opposite, hat in hand.

KNOX

No money up front Mr. Hare. You
deliver. I pay.

(a beat)

Quod erat demonstrandum.

HARE

I'm afraid I'm not an educated man,
Doctor Knox.

(a beat)

Christ. I can hardly write my own
name. But I do know that the
creation of a new business
partnership requires an
understanding of the social and
economic needs of the host culture.

Knox exchanges looks with Patterson.

HARE

And for that business to thrive the
production and distribution
processes must be understood to be
an integrated whole. Am I right,
sir?

KNOX

What is it you want Mr. Hare?

HARE

Exclusivity.

(a beat)

(MORE)

HARE (cont'd)

You agree not to buy from anyone else. The we'll agree to supply all of your needs.

KNOX

(intrigued)

I'd take a body a week.

(a beat)

And they'd have to be fresh.

HARE

Oh fresh as the morning dew Doctor Knox.

(a beat)

Or your money back.

65 INT. GRAVEDIGGERS ARMS -- DAY

65

Burke sits at a corner table in the Gravediggers pouring over a dog eared copy of Shakespeare's Macbeth, when a triumphant Hare marches in. Burke looks up.

BURKE

This Macbeth is amazing William. The main character is so complex.

HARE

Forget Macbeth, Willy.

BURKE

But Ginny wants to put on an all female version.

Hare is momentarily intrigued.

HARE

All female you say?

(then back to business)

Forget about all that. I've found us the one thing every businessman dreams of.

BURKE

And what's that?

HARE

A monopoly.

He takes a seat next to his partner and continues excitedly.

HARE

Knox agreed that he would not deal with anyone else as long as we are able to supply him with a fresh corpse each week.

(a beat)

At five pounds a stiff, that's twenty pounds a month. Two hundred and forty pounds a year! Now if we calculate outgoings at fifteen percent of gross turnover...

BURKE
(incredulous)
What are you saying William?
(a beat)
How in God's name are we going to
find a new dead person every week?

66 INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

66

A box is opened to reveal a low-budget EXECUTION KIT. It comprises a HAMMER, a length of ROPE, an ancient military BAYONET, and finally an old farmer's SICKLE.

Hare looks on proudly, Burke is aghast.

BURKE
(horrified)
Have you gone mad?

HARE
No, Willy. We've gone into
business.

BURKE
That doesn't give us the right to
determine another man's fate.

HARE
(matter of fact)
A man is going to die from the
moment he leaves his mother's womb,
Willy. Their fate's already been
determined
(a beat)
All we'd be doing is to help them
along a bit.

Burke continues to stare at the execution kit. Hare steps back, studies Burke.

HARE
You know... you really wear that
suit. Fine tailoring becomes you.

BURKE
If you think you're going to
convince me like that, you're
wrong. I don't care about clothes.

HARE
But you care about women, right?
(a beat)
And a fine one costs an arm and a
leg... at the very least.

Burke is silent. Hare presses home his advantage.

HARE
And that Miss Ginny is very fine
indeed...

Burke nods.

HARE (CONT'D)
Beautiful...talented...ambitious...
not to mention what a fine piece
of...

BURKE
(interrupting)
You've made your point. But not
this.

He gestures to the execution kit.

BURKE
I've got a better idea. There's a
place in the New Town that will
suit us fine.

67 EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

67

A DRUNK staggers down the street whistling a jaunty tune. He approaches steep stairs. As he takes his first step - TWO OUTSTRETCHED LEGS appear either side of him, tripping him in spectacular fashion, sending him on a perilous descent...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHH!

Which is followed by a brutal chorus of bone crunching cracks and groans as he hurtles down the stone steps to certain death.

CRACK!

The man lies motionless at the bottom of the steps. Burke and Hare's faces appear in the half light at the top. It worked.

Then, amazingly, the man stirs, picks himself up, brushes himself down and staggers off home... **whistling** the same song!

Burke and Hare are dumbfounded.

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

BURKE
No! I have another idea.

68 EXT. CLIFF FACE

68

Establishing shot, tracking up cliffs to:

69 EXT. SALISBURY CRAGS -- NIGHT

69

We are on a muddy track that runs just a few feet from a precipice overlooking the North sea.

Burke and Hare are both holding axes beside a large tree. Burke holds up his hand for silence. They both listen hard.

70 EXT. SALISBURY CRAGS -- NIGHT 70
A large coach pulled by a team of four horses is being driven rapidly down the road.

71 EXT SALISBURY CRAGS -- NIGHT 71
BURKE
They're coming!
Burke and Hare start chopping furiously, wood chips flying.

72 EXT. SALISBURY CRAGS -- NIGHT 72
The Coach and Four thunders along the road.

73 INT. COACH -- NIGHT 73
Inside the coach are several ELEGANT GENTLEMAN. One of them pounds on the roof of the coach with his cane.
PASSENGER
I say Coachman! Can't this bloody thing go faster?! Faster I say!

74 EXT. SALISBURY CRAGS -- NIGHT 74
HARE
Faster Willie! Faster!
Both men are wailing away with their axes at the tree.

75 EXT. SALISBURY CRAGS -- NIGHT 75
The Coach Driver is whipping his steeds into even greater speed.

76 EXT. SALISBURY CRAGS -- NIGHT 76
Burke sees the coach approaching.
BURKE
(shouts)
Now William! Now!
The two men throw down their axes and begin to push the tree onto the road.
CLOSE-UP The horses flaring nostrils and blazing eyes.
CLOSE-UP The Passenger pounding his cane.
CLOSE-UP The Coachman whipping his team with a frenzy.
CLOSE-UP The pounding hooves and flashing legs of the powerful horses.
Burke and Hare are pushing with all of their might.

HARE
(shouting)
Push Willie! Put your back into
it! Push!

And then, with a **tremendous splintering sound** the tree
topples and falls directly across the road!

The coach is heading directly for the fallen tree at full
gallop. Our boys grin triumphantly, convinced that this one
is going to work.

But at the last critical moment, the HORSES see the fallen
tree in the road and **VEER OFF**, rather dramatically, to one
side. Unfortunately for the horses, the occupants of the
carriage, and - to a slightly lesser extent - for our
heroes... it's the wrong way. **The carriage plunges over the
edge of the cliff!**

Burke and Hare race out and look over the edge. They arrive
just in time to see...

77 EXT SALISBURY CRAGS - BURKE AND HARE'S POV - NIGHT - 77

The coach and four disappears with a mighty SPLASH into the
turgid black water below.

78 EXT SALISBURY CRAGS - NIGHT 78

The camera is looking up at Burke and Hare peering down.

HARE
(quietly)
Fuck me!

And with that they tip-toe off-screen.

79 EXT. EDINBURGH DARK ALLEY -- NIGHT 79

Burke and Hare are lurking in a dark alley. Hare is
brandishing a SICKLE in one hand, and a HAMMER in the other.

BURKE
And I am telling you I just don't
like it.

HARE
(brandishing his weapons)
And I am confident that this is the
only way.

BURKE
You know William, I once had
confidence in a fart, and shat all
over myself.

80 EXT. EDINBURGH STREET -- NIGHT 80

An OBESE MAN in top hat and his overcoat, is walking alone
down the deserted street. He hears FOOTSTEPS. Faint at first,
then louder, louder still.

The Obese Man picks up the pace of his walking, worried by the sound. But the FOOTSTEPS grow faster and louder too. He is now almost running, as best he can, terrified by the pursuing footsteps.

Finally the Obese Man can run no further, he is exhausted. He stops and so does the sound of the footsteps!

VOICE

Who's there? What do you want?

He squints at an approaching shadow. He swallows anxiously, then Burke appears wearing an amiable smile and holding a pipe.

BURKE

Sorry to disturb you governor.
Have you got a light?

The Obese Man breathes an enormous sigh of relief, reaches into his pocket and produces an ancient form of lighter.

The flame lights, illuminating the Obese Man's face. His expression turns from relief to alarm as he sees William Hare -- SICKLE in one hand, HAMMER in the other - bearing down on him SCREAMING LIKE A BANSHEE out of the darkness.

The Obese Men clutches his chest, GURGLES incomprehensibly and drops his lighter onto the street.

Hare stops his attack, confused by his victim's actions.

The Obese Man slowly falls to his knees, and finally, keels over dead at their feet.

Burke and Hare stare down in shock at their victim.

KNOX (O.S.)

The livid color in the face and the protruding tongue has been caused by a massive cardiovascular seizure or as it's more commonly known, a heart attack.

81 INT. KNOX LECTURE ROOM -- DAY

81

Doctor Knox, in full flow.

KNOX

(continues)

This man's untimely and premature death was, as should be fairly obvious to all of you, the direct result of...

He wobbles the huge belly of the naked corpse of the man we saw die of a heart attack.

KNOX

...gluttony.

We see the students furiously dipping their quills in to ink and scribbling down Knox's diagnosis.

82

INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

82

A cheery Hare walks into the kitchen, whistling Thomas More's 'Shamrock'. He freezes. Not only is the kitchen back to being immaculately clean, but Lucky is at the stove cooking, stone cold *sober*. She glances over at him.

LUCKY

I cooked your favorite.

(a beat)

Arbroath smokie and champit tatties.

HARE

That's lovely, thank you.

He takes a seat, glances around, clearly unnerved by Lucky's transformation. Lucky continues...

LUCKY

I had an inquiry about Old Donald's room today.

Hare hesitates.

HARE

I was thinking... maybe we'd leave it... empty....

(a beat)

For storage, you know?

She turns and faces Hare.

LUCKY

I'm not stupid William.

(beat)

Three deaths and a pocket full of money?

(a beat)

It doesn't take a genius to work out what the pair of you have been up to.

Hare opens his mouth, but words don't come out. She strides towards him. Hare flinches. He knows what's coming.

But Lucky breaks out into a beaming smile.

LUCKY

It's the best bloody idea you've ever had.

Hare studies her, baffled, produces a confused smile. She leans in close.

LUCKY

One condition.

(a beat)

I want a pound for every body you sell.

This smile rapidly disappears from his face. He pulls away.

HARE
(shocked)
A pound?

LUCKY
A man starts getting fancy clothes,
he also starts getting fancy ideas.
(a beat)
Just think of it as a tax between
man and wife, a kind of nuptial
agreement if you will.

Hare studies his wife, rather impressed. She's as much of a capitalist as he is.

HARE
You may be named Lucky, but I'm the
lucky one my darlin'.

He takes his wife into his arms and kisses her passionately.
They're perfect for each other.

83 INT. MCMARTIN'S TAVERN - NIGHT

83

Burke and Ginny are sitting together in the corner. They look very cozy and intimate. The Waiter pops open a bottle of Champagne and pours them each a glass and leaves the bottle on the table.

GINNY
Champagne? I am impressed William.
This must have set you back a
pretty penny.

BUKE
(raising his glass)
To good news.

Ginny raises her glass to his.

GINNY
To good news.

They touch glasses, then drink them dry. Burke quickly fills her glass again from the bottle.

GINNY
What good news?

BURKE
I have decided to finance your
play!

GINNY
Oh Mr. Burke!

She embraces him happily.

84 INT. MCMARTIN'S - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

84

We pan over to the far side of the room where the gangster McTavish is sitting with Fergus and three rough looking thugs.

He is watching Ginny and Burke.

MCTAVISH

Who is that over there with Ginny Hawkins?

FERGUS

(surprised)

Jesus Christ. That's Willy Burke!

MCTAVISH

Who?

FERGUS

A Paddy grifter. He's a regular at the Gravediggers. Always in the company of William Hare.

Danny McTavish is watching Ginny and Burke clearly having a good time together. McTavish doesn't like what he sees.

MCTAVISH

What does he do?

FERGUS

Not a lot.

It's Fergus's turn to frown.

FERGUS

(disbelief)

They're drinking Champagne!

MCTAVISH

Find out what his racket is.

85

INT. MCMARTIN'S TAVERN -- CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

85

GINNY

May I ask what persuaded you to be so bold as to invest in an all female production of the Scottish play?

He gazes at her intensely, taking in all her beauty.

BURKE

You have an incredible talent, Ginny. I saw that the night we met.

(a beat)

Talent like that is a gift from God. To see it go to waste because of something as trivial as money would be a travesty.

GINNY

(putting her hand on his)

I didn't realize how passionate you were about the theatre, Mr. Burke.

BURKE
Not the theatre, Ginny.
(a beat)
You.

Ginny smiles, bashfully, before averting her gaze. There is a flicker of triumph. Ginny catches the eye of her friend Mary at another table and nods her head towards Burke - she's got him just where she wants him. Mary winks her approval.

86 EXT. EDINBURGH STREETS -- NIGHT

86

Burke and Ginny walk in silence, more reflective than awkward. They slow. She stops outside a small stone-clad doorway.

GINNY
Well. This is me.

There is a moment where they consider each other.

GINNY
Thank you for a lovely evening, Mr.
Burke.

BURKE
William, please.

Burke stares at her for a beat too long, there is a sexual charge in the air, then...

He leans forward in an attempt to kiss her, but she stalls his advance with a proffering of her hand.

BURKE
Oh, sorry.

He takes her hand and kisses it.

BURKE
When will I be able to see you
again, Ginny?

GINNY
At the Lyceum theatre.

BURKE
(excited)
Really?
(beat)
When?

GINNY
When we put down the deposit.

Burke's face drops for an instant, but he quickly smiles and nods eagerly. Ginny responds in kind, before turning on her heel and entering her house - leaving Burke with nothing more than a searing motivation to find more money.

CLOSE ON Danny McTavish's trusted lieutenant, Fergus, watching the scene play out from a doorway across the street.

87

INT. GRAVEDIGGERS ARMS -- MORNING

87

Hare is sitting in the corner of the tavern, devouring a PLATE OF KIPPERS, when Burke enters.

BURKE

I need to make more money, William.
Fast.

HARE

Don't tell me she charged you for
the night?

BURKE

She's an actress not a whore.

HARE

What's the difference?

BURKE

I'm going to finance her play.

HARE

With the economy in its present
condition I'd have to advise
against such a high risk
investment.

BURKE

Not everything's about money,
William.

Hare looks at him as if he were mad, but before he can say anything Lucky, wearing a serious expression, appears in the pub. She glances at the drink in front of her husband, and steels herself.

LUCKY

William Hare. This is no time to be
resting on your laurels. Or to be
getting yourself inebriated.
You've got a business to run.

HARE

We were just having a meeting about
that. Why don't you join us?

BURKE

(horrified)
She knows?

LUCKY

Yes she does.
(beat)
But don't worry, Willy. I can keep
me mouth shut.

Before Burke can protest further a barmaid approaches with their drinks.

BARMAID

I'm sorry to take so long. But I
was just having a word with that
old lady at the bar. Tragic story.
(MORE)

BARMAID (cont'd)

Just lost her whole family to the
pox, and it's left her homeless.

They all look toward the bar. Sitting there is a forlorn
looking OLD LADY. Lucky rises and goes over to her.

LUCKY

Are you all right dear?

The Old Lady starts to cry. Lucky puts her arm around her.

LUCKY

There there, it's not so bad as all
that? Let me buy you a drink and
then you can come over to my house
for a nice cup of tea.

88 INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - JOSEPH'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 88

CLOSE ON a red faced William Burke...holding the old lady
around the waist.

Pull back to William Hare. He has one hand over the old
lady's mouth...and is trying to grab her nose with the other.

HARE

Lucky's got her drunk, now you just
hold her still. This is how they
put wounded soldiers out of their
misery on the battlefield.

He manages to grab the woman's nose between thumb and
forefinger, cutting off her air supply.

BURKE

What's it called?

Hare holds on tight.

HARE

To the best of my knowledge it
doesn't have a name.

(a beat)

Perhaps we should invent one to
pass the time.

BURKE

Just get it over with, William.

But Hare has had an idea, smiles.

HARE

No. I've got it.

(a beat)

In honour of my colleague and best
friend, from now on... this will be
called... "Burking".

Burke looks horrified. But before he can object the Old
Woman's body goes limp in his arms. They lay her down on the
bed and stare at the body for a beat. Burke crosses himself.

Suddenly the Old Woman BOLTS UPRIGHT SCREAMING!

BURKE
Jesus Christ!

She grabs Burke by the hair.

BURKE
Help! Help!

Hare grabs a CHAMBER POT from beside the bed and SMASHES it over the old ladies HEAD. She falls back on to the bed, lies still.

HARE
Must have been a discrepancy at the pearly gates.

BURKE
Is she dead?

Hare leans in close to the woman's face to see if she is still breathing.

HARE
I think so.

Hare takes a fork and jabs the Old Woman's body.

HARE
She's snuffed it.

BURKE
I certainly hope so.

89 EXT. EDINBURGH STREET -- DAY

89

A man is finishing pasting up a poster on the wall. It reads AUDITIONS - LYCEUM THEATRE TODAY, FOR A NEW PRESENTATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S MACBETH - WOMEN ONLY.

90 INT. THEATRE -- DAY

90

CLOSE ON Burke and Hare wearing incredulous expressions.

PULL BACK to reveal that they are in the front row of an empty theatre. Ginny is on stage, directing various hopefuls as they audition. LUCY, an actress, is centre stage brandishing a sword.

LUCY
Though Birnham Wood be come to
Dunsinan
And thou opposed, being of no woman
born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my
body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on
Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries
'Hold, Enough!'

GINNY
Thank you, Lucy. That was...
(a beat)
Interesting. We'll be in touch.

HARE
(whispers too loudly)
Just don't hold your breath.

Ginny spins round and glowers at him.

BURKE
Sorry.
(turns to Hare indignant)
I thought we agreed that you'd keep
your mouth shut.
(adds sotto voce)
This is costing me enough as it is
without incurring any delays.

HARE
I was just being honest.

BURKE
This is the theatre, William. It's
not a place for honesty.

GINNY (O.S.)
Next.

CUT TO the STAGE. Where the next hopeful is quite clearly a
MAN IN DRAG.

MAN IN DRAG
(deep thick Glaswegian)
Miss Clarissa Windsor, reading for
the part of Macbeth.

91 INT. THEATRE - DRESSING ROOM -- DAY

91

Ginny is standing behind a screen with her back to Burke.

GINNY
We're going to need another day of
auditions. Maybe two, Willy.

Burke is momentarily silent. Ginny senses this.

GINNY
That's not a problem is it?

BURKE
Er, no. Not at all. Take all the
time you need.

She steps out from behind the screen.

GINNY
Could you unlace me, darling.

Burke unfastens the back of her dress with trembling hands.

GINNY
I trust all is well with your
business? Money coming in?

The back of her dress falls open to reveal her naked back.

BURKE
(faltering)
We... can't... complain.

She disappears behind the screen and starts to disrobe,
tossing each item of clothing over the edge of the screen.

GINNY
I just don't know if we're ever
going to find a convincing Macbeth.

BURKE
You should play the role.

Ginny pops her head over the screen. Burke can't work out
where to look.

GINNY
What makes you think I could star
AND direct?

Burke tries and fails to drag his gaze from her breasts...

BURKE
Two reasons.

She takes a step backwards.

BURKE
Your talent....and your vision.

GINNY
You think?

BURKE
I know.

Ginny stops what she's doing. Turns to look at Burke -
wearing an expression of fierce determination. Their eyes
lock.

92 EXT. THEATRE -- NIGHT

92

Burke skips down the steps - he's in love. A black coach
pulls up beside him. The carriage door opens revealing that
William Hare is inside - sandwiched between Fergus and two of
Danny McTavish's heavies.

FERGUS
Climb in Willy. We're going for a
little chat with Mr. McTavish.

Burke unhappily climbs into the coach to find Mr. McTavish
himself sitting opposite. One of the thugs closes the coach
door and pulls the shades. Fergus raps smartly on the coach
ceiling and the coach starts to drive.

93 INT. MCTAVISH'S COACH - NIGHT

93

Burke and Hare watch nervously as McTavish takes a pinch of snuff from a silver snuff box. He sneezes loudly. After a few minutes of riding in silence, Hare can take it no longer.

HARE

What's this about Mr. McTavish?

MCTAVISH

I've learned that the pair of you have started up in my old line of business. And it seems you're doing rather well for yourselves.

HARE

We're getting by, Mr. McTavish.

MCTAVISH

That's good. Now let me tell you how things work in this little city of mine. Anyone who sets up a new business here pays me a small percentage of their gross. And in return I make sure you stay out of jail and that you're not harassed by the authorities, the competition, or any other antagonist who might just come along.

HARE

So we pay you for... *protection*?

MCTAVISH

Protection? Why yes. I like that, "protection". Has a nice ring to it.

HARE

May I ask how much of a percentage we're talking about?

MCTAVISH

Fifty per cent.

BURKE

Half??!

FERGUS

Don't be unhappy boys. Danny hasn't yet told you the good part.

BURKE

(hopefully)

What would be the good part?

MCTAVISH

You get to stay alive.

94 EXT. THE HILLS OUTSIDE OF TOWN - NIGHT

94

McTavish's coach pulls up on this empty landscape. The doors open and Burke and Hare are flung out onto the dirt road.

The Coach gallops off leaving them stranded. They dust themselves off and begin the long walk back home.

BURKE

I say we leave town immediately.
Go to London....or America. I think
I might even have a cousin there.

HARE

And quit the most lucrative
enterprise we're ever likely to
find? I don't think so.

(a beat)

We've identified a demand and found
a supply. It's perfect.

Burke remains unconvinced by his partner's optimism.

BURKE

But McTavish's not the full
shilling. The last thing I want to
do is to get in to bed with that
man.

HARE

Aye, but you do want to get in to
bed with Ginny, right? And the only
way that's going to happen is if
you stay right here and continue to
finance her play.

Hare's right and Burke knows it.

HARE

Do the maths, Willy. Fifty percent
of a fortune is better than a
hundred percent of nothing.

They walk by a large graveyard.

BURKE

Let's cut through that grave yard
ahead, it will be shorter than
going around.

95

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

95

The two men climb over the wall and trudge through the grave
stones.

HARE

Cheer up Willy, at least there's no
more digging up graves for us.

Suddenly, they find themselves face to face with the militia,
on yet another graveyard patrol as part of McLintoch's 'War
on Bodysnatching'.

McLintoch looks the two men up and down.

MCLINTOCH

Hello, hello, hello. And just what
do we have here?

96

INT. JAIL CELL -- LATER

96

Burke and Hare are sitting side by side on a bench. In a DARK PRISON CELL. Both shiver in the freezing cold.

HARE
Lucky will have us out of here
before you know it.

BURKE
You think?

HARE
(nods)
She's a good woman, my Lucky.

BURKE
Aye. That she is.

HARE
You know, Willy. I can't deny that
the fact she owned a boarding house
played a large part in my decision
to ask for her hand in marriage.
(a beat)
But over time I've come to love her
more than anything. I'd never cheat
on her.

BURKE
That's beautiful.

Hare leans over conspiratorially.

HARE
And between the sheets...
(a beat)
Filthy.
(a beat)
I like that.

BURKE
(smiles)
What more could a man ask for?

Suddenly a deep bass voice echoes through the cell...

VOICE
His freedom.

HARE
(frowns)
Who's there?

There is the SOUND of someone rising slowly to their feet.

At first all our heroes can make out is a set of eyes and gleaming white teeth in the darkness. Both men edge backwards as a FIGURE comes towards them.

As he steps into the light we, and they, now see that...he's BLACK. He is a freed slave, JOHN MARTIN.

JOHN MARTIN
Gentlemen.

For a moment both Burke and Hare are speechless. Hare suddenly leaps to his feet, thrusts out a hand.

HARE
William Hare, at your service.
(a beat)
What have they got you in for?

John shrugs his shoulders.

JOHN MARTIN
They grabbed me the minute I
stepped off the boat. I assume they
didn't like the color of my skin.

Hare shakes his head at the injustice. But before they can continue Lucky's voice rings out from the other side of the bars...

LUCKY (O.S.)
Suspicion of grave robbing you say?

MCLINTOCH (O.S.)
They were both in the graveyard at
night Madam.

LUCKY
You did the right thing, Captain.
(a beat)
And let me assure you when I get my
husband home I'll give him a right
seeing to.

McLintoch nods approval and moves to unlock the door. Lucky turns to her husband...and smiles. She's not angry at all. She was just putting it on for the Captain's sake. Rather she's amused...even aroused. Hare turns to Burke. Raises his eyebrows...'I told you so'.

MCLINTOCH
Well I'm glad I'm not in his shoes
tonight.

He opens the door and our heroes exit. As McLintoch slams shut the bars Hare calls back to their cell mate.

HARE
Sit tight, my friend. There may be
a way we can help you.

97 INT. KNOX OFFICE -- DAY

97

Burke and Hare are standing across from Doctor Knox who is seated at his desk.

HARE
This is a once in a lifetime offer.
(a beat)
The subject in question is....
special.

Knox raises his eyebrows. Burke tries to explain.

BURKE
He's big...

KNOX
(intrigued)
A giant?

HARE
A blackie.

BURKE
A big one.

KNOX
I can't deny that a gentleman of...
tribal origins...would constitute a
substantial addition to my body of
work.
(a beat)
Ten pounds.

98 EXT. JAIL -- DAY

98

A prison guard unlocks the iron doors to release John Martin.
He is surprised to find Burke and Hare waiting for him.

JOHN MARTIN
My friends, do I owe my sudden
release from imprisonment to you?

BURKE
(smiling)
Indeed you do, good fellow!

HARE
And now a meal and a warm bed.

John Martin goes off happily, arm in arm, with his new best
friends Burke and Hare.

99 INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - JOSEPH'S ROOM -- LATER

99

The three men step into Joseph's former room. Hare turns up
the LAMP LIGHT.

JOHN MARTIN
(nods in approval)
Mighty fine place you've got here.
How much you asking?

CLOSE ON Hare's hand as it closes around an iron poker.

HARE
(homicidal grin)
Nothing...

Hare swings the poker - which connects with the man's head:
THOCK!

John reels backwards...Shakes his head...Hare prepares to
take a second almighty swing - when John bolts forward and
clasps one of his hands around Hare's throat.

CLOSE ON Hare's feet as he is lifted off the ground...His eyes begin to BULGE.

HARE
(rasping)
Willy...do something...pleeeeeeess!

CLOSE ON a mortified William Burke. He grabs the poker that Hare dropped -- charges John.

BURKE
Aaaggghhhhhh!

But, at the last minute, John extends his long left arm and grabs Burke by the throat.

CUT TO a CLOSE UP of both men's FEET -- dangling inches from the floor.

As Burke and Hare begin to lose consciousness, the door to the bedroom BURSTS OPEN.

Standing in the doorway like a Warrior Queen is Lucky - armed with the SPADE Burke and Hare used during their ill fated foray into grave robbery.

LUCKY
(shouts)
Unhand my boys!

Lucky swings the spade.

THWACK!

CUT TO BLACK:

100 INT. THEATRE -- DAY

100

CLOSE ON Ginny - in the centre of a bare stage.

GINNY
(as Macbeth)
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash
this blood clean from my hand? No;
this my hand will rather the
multitudinous seas incarnadine,
making the green one red.

Burke sits alone in the front row, deep in thought.

MARY
(as Lady Macbeth)
My hands are of your colour; but I
am shame to wear a heart so white-

GINNY
Stop there!

Mary turns to her, irritated.

MARY
What now?

GINNY
Something's still not quite right.
(a beat)
Give me a few minutes to think.

MARY
(aggravated)
Oh please Ginny! Just say the words!

Mary storms off stage right. Ginny takes a seat next to Burke.

GINNY
I just can't work out what makes this character murder.

BURKE
(matter of fact)
Why Ginny, he does it for love.

She looks up at him -- he goes on...

BURKE
And for power.
(a beat)
Macbeth isn't wholly evil. There are patches of goodness and regret within him. That's what makes him such a great tragic hero.

Ginny studies him, wowed, totally unaware of the autobiographical nature of his character analysis.

BURKE
The whole play is about his inner struggle between good and evil.
(a beat)
Between right and wrong.

GINNY
You have hidden depths, William.
(a beat)
Women like that in a man.

Then, to Burke's astonishment, she leans forward and kisses him on the lips.

BURKE
Can I see you tonight?

GINNY
I don't think that's a good idea. I've got costume fittings all day tomorrow. Which reminds me.
(a pause)
We need more money to pay the seamstresses.

BURKE
(still reeling from the kiss)
What? Oh, of course.

Burke reaches for his wallet.

101 INT. ROYAL COLLEGE - CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY. 101

CLOSE ON JOHN MARTIN, in black and white, his chest split open.

PULL BACK to reveal that the image is one of Nicephore's heliographs in the hands of Lord Harrington.

PULL BACK FURTHER to reveal that Harrington is sitting behind a long oak table - in the middle of a row of four austere gentlemen. This is the select committee that decides on the Royal Seal.

Sitting opposite them - in an isolated chair in the centre of the room - is Knox.

The committee study the images carefully, exchange nods.

LORD HARRINGTON

(to Knox)

Frankly, Doctor Knox, when you told me you were working on a map of the human body, I didn't believe you.

(a beat)

But this...

He taps the volume of photographs.

LORD HARRINGTON

(continues)

...is ground breaking work, sir. It will revolutionize the practice of medicine around the world.

The Select-Committee all nod in agreement.

LORD HARRINGTON

His Royal Highness will be in residence at Holyrood in just three weeks. Will this be completed in time?

Knox has to think hard.

KNOX

I will have to step up the pace. But I don't foresee any major problems.

Harrington nods approval. Knox starts to rise.

LORD HARRINGTON

Sir Astley-Cooper acquired his knighthood by successfully lancing a boil on the King's head.

(beat)

I can only begin to imagine the level of patronage that his Royal Highness will grant you upon seeing these...these...

KNOX

(interjects)

I am calling them "Photographs", Sir.

HARRINGTON
"Photographs" Excellent.

Knox allows himself a small smile of satisfaction.

102 INT. ROYAL COLLEGE - CONFERENCE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 102

Professor Monro is waiting for his turn in front of the Select Committee. He is flanked by his assistant, CHARLES, who is holding a LARGE JAR - containing a pair of PICKLED HUMAN FEET.

Knox emerges from the committee room wearing a confident expression. Patterson carries the large leather bound 'book' of photographs.

The two rivals face each other again. Knox glances at the pickled feet. Raises one eyebrow -- just a fraction. This infuriates Monro.

MONRO
Any problems acquiring subjects,
Doctor?

KNOX
I'll admit that the new anatomical
bye law was a temporary
inconvenience. But not even you can
stand in the way of progress Monro.

MONRO
The most important thing a doctor
can have is the public's trust.
(a beat)
To sacrifice that trust for the
sake of greed and vanity is to set
back our profession a thousand
years.

KNOX
That, Sir, is the era in which you
most probably belong.
(a beat)
Good day, Gentlemen.

He turns and sweeps out.

He turns to Charles to speak.

CHARLES
I know sir. You hate that man.

MONRO
Yes Charles. Yes I do.

103 INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE -- DAY 103

Hare is on top of Lucky... pumping away, hard. Her mind is miles away. We notice that the straw bed has been replaced with an extremely overbearing and rather REGAL FOUR POSTER.

LUCKY

You know...you got a good business
going Willy.

Hare is concentrating hard on sex.

HARE

I know...I know...

LUCKY

But the problem is product
acquisition.

HARE

What?

LUCKY

Killing people. That's how you
acquire your product.

(a beat)

It's not efficient.

Hare starts to slow.

HARE

It's bloody hard work is what it
is.

LUCKY

And people are starting to notice,
William. There's all kinds of crazy
rumours flying around the West
Port.

Hare almost stops...

LUCKY

Keep going, Willy. It helps me
think.

He picks up the pace.

LUCKY

The thing is...nobody likes dealing
with dead bodies. So, for a fee,
you take them off their hands.
Sell them the coffin for their
loved ones. Arrange the 'burial'.
When people are grieving they don't
think about how much things cost.

(a beat)

We could call it a 'funeral store'.

Hare groans.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

A 'funeral store?' No, that sounds
down market. I'd prefer something
like...a 'funeral parlour.'

Hare steps it up even more.

HARE

Oh God, yes! It's a fantastic idea,
Lucky. But you're talking serious
start up costs.

LUCKY

You've been putting money aside.

HARE

Not fast enough.

She grabs his shoulders

LUCKY

Oh God, don't stop, don't stop
William...don't stop...I'm almost
there!

Suddenly there's a loud banging at the front door.

104 EXT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

104

Close on Patterson hammering on the door. After a moment the
door is opened by William wrapped in a blanket.

PATTERSON

Mr. Hare, Dr. Knox would like the
pleasure of your company.

HARE

(aggravated)
What? Right now? Can't it wait?

PATTERSON

I am afraid not. Dr. Knox was quite
insistent.

105 INT. KNOX OFFICE -- DAY

105

Doctor Knox sits behind his desk across from William Hare who
stands hat in hand. Patterson stands nearby.

KNOX

As of now I'm going to need two
bodies a week. Fresh ones, mind
you, in good condition.

HARE

(frowns)
That won't be easy, Doctor.

KNOX

Mr. Hare. I have never asked you
where you come by these subjects.

HARE

My partner and I have arrangements
with the low lodging houses in the
West Port. Whenever someone dies...

KNOX

I'm a doctor, Mr. Hare. I can tell
the difference between death by
natural or unnatural causes.

HARE

Edinburgh is a dangerous city,
Doctor Knox.

KNOX

And something tells me that,
recently, it has become much more
dangerous.

Hare remains silent.

KNOX (CONT'D)

I don't presume to judge, Mr. Hare.
I know that as a result of my work
and the doctors I train, thousands,
perhaps millions of lives will be
saved.

(a beat)

Two a week, Mr. Hare. Can you
manage that?

106 INT. KNOX LECTURE ROOM -- DAY

106

CLOSE ON Doctor Knox -- looking more resplendent and
confident than ever. He strides out into the amphitheatre,
waits for the applause to die down.

KNOX

Gentlemen. We live, thank God, in
enlightened times.

(a beat)

The watchword of our age is
PROGRESS.

107 INT. THEATRE -- DAY

107

Ginny and the actresses are back in rehearsals when William
Burke appears with four porters carrying new costumes for the
show. Ginny gasps with surprise and pleasure.

KNOX (O.S.)

Progress in the arts...

108 INT. KNOX LECTURE ROOM -- DAY

108

KNOX

Progress in the sciences...

109 INT. KNOX BASEMENT ROOM -- NIGHT

109

NICEPHORE removes yet another plate from his heliographic
machine. We hear the doctor's lecture in voice over.

KNOX (O.S.)

Progress in technology...

110 EXT. SURGEON'S SQUARE -- DAY 110

CLOSE ON LUCKY'S TEA CHEST balanced on the back of an old hand cart that is being pulled by Burke and Hare. The cart hits a bump... the chest topples over and a body falls out...

KNOX (O.S.)
Progress in transportation...

We see an ARM and LEG protrude from a BROKEN PANEL. Burke & Hare quickly shove the limbs back in the box.

111 INT. MILITIA HEADQUARTERS -- DAY 111

A handsome black woman is recounting a story to a concerned looking Captain McLintoch. Doctor Knox continues off-screen.

KNOX (O.S.)
Progress in society...

McLintoch turns to young Private Fox.

MCLINTOCH
Get your sketchbook, Fox.

112 INT. PREP ROOM -- DAY 112

An exhausted Burke and Hare hoist a corpse out of the splintered tea chest and onto Knox's slab.

KNOX (O.S.)
In every one of these fields we have moved further and faster in the last two decades than in the previous two centuries.

Patterson glances at the body.

PATTERSON
A little worse for wear, don't you think?

HARE
Bloody hit and run driver.

BURKE
Probably drunk.

113 INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY 113

Hare and Lucky are in the kitchen carefully counting TWO LARGE PILES OF MONEY.

KNOX (O.S.)
Never before have ordinary people had so much freedom and so much opportunity.

114 INT. GRAVEDIGGERS ARMS -- EVENING 114

Hare is meeting Danny McTavish in the back room of the Gravediggers Arms. He hands McTavish a sack of coin. The weight of which surprises even Danny.

115 INT. KNOX LECTURE ROOM -- DAY 115

Pan across Knox's enthralled audience.

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

116 INT. THEATRE -- EVENING 116

The cast of Macbeth are all on stage. When Burke pulls on a rope and a new, expensive, BACKDROP descends from the rafters. The girls gasp. Ginny gives her man a peck on the cheek. Burke beams.

KNOX (O.S.)
A new and better world...

117 INT. KNOX LECTURE ROOM -- DAY 117

Knox is winding up to a crescendo.

KNOX
As men of science it is our role,
nay our duty, to be at the vanguard
of this movement.

118 INT. GRAVEDIGGERS ARMS -- NIGHT. 118

Our two exhausted heroes slump at their table at the Gravediggers. Burke clutches an aching back. Hare rests his forehead on the table. Clearly they're working twenty-four/seven to fill Knox's order.

KNOX (V.O.)
This is not a time for rest...

119 INT. MILITIA HEADQUARTERS -- DAY 119

CLOSE ON: a surprisingly impressive SKETCH of John Martin.

PULL BACK to reveal that the artist is Private Fox. He's at a table in the militia headquarters - next to Captain McLintoch. A LONG QUEUE of PETITIONERS files out into the street. They are all here to make missing persons reports.

KNOX (V.O.)
This is not a time for half
measures...

120 INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - BURKE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 120

CLOSE ON: Burke tosses and turns as he sleeps. Knox continues off-screen.

KNOX (V.O.)
This is not a time to sit back on
our achievements...

121 INT. KNOX LECTURE ROOM -- DAY 121

Knox whips off the SHEET covering a CORPSE

KNOX
This is a time to work harder...

He moves on to a SECOND CORPSE lying next to the first.

KNOX
And faster....

He removes the sheet. Moves on. There are GASPS of surprise
from the audience.

KNOX
Than ever before...

He whips the shrouds from a THIRD and a FOURTH body. The room
is SILENT.

KNOX
Gentlemen. I give you...a multiple
dissection!

The students APPLAUD his oratory and his ambition.

122 EXT EDINBURGH STREET - DAY 122

A 2 colour poster for "The First All Female Production of
William Shakespeare's Macbeth" featuring a rather lurid
illustration of Ginny in costume as Macbeth fills the screen.

The camera PULLS BACK to reveal that the poster has been
pasted onto the outside wall of a building. Ginny and Burke
are inspecting the poster.

GINNY
(excited)
I knew that colour would be worth
the extra money.

She glances at Burke for confirmation. He nods eagerly.

GINNY
You don't think I look a little bit
too...masculine do you?
You know, too much like a man.

BURKE
I think you look lovely.

She smiles. Steps forward. Puts her arms around Burke. A
cannon sounds.

GINNY
Is that really the time? I'm late
for rehearsals.

Ginny pecks him on the cheek.

GINNY
See you Friday.

She hurries off. Leaving Burke alone and, as usual, utterly frustrated. Behind him we see McLintoch admiring a broadsheet poster pasted up on the same wall some fifty feet away. Fox is pulling a wooden cart full of more posters and the sergeant is holding a large brush and a bucket of paste.

MCLINTOCH
Excellent work, Fox. Now we'll do
the New Town.

Burke watches as McLintoch strides off followed by his loyal men. After he feels they are far enough away, Burke walks over to look at the posters the militia has just put up.

There are three posters with excellent likenesses of not only the Old Woman from the pub, but also John Martin, and the very Fat Man with big type declaring **MISSING PERSONS** at the top and instructions to contact Captain McLintoch of the Militia if you have any information about these people and their fate.

123 INT. GRAVEDIGGERS ARMS -- DAY

123

William Hare is making a series of calculations at his table in the Gravediggers when an anxious Burke enters.

BURKE
The militia have got posters up all
over the streets!

HARE
(slightly worried)
Of us?

BURKE
No. Of people we...

He mimics Burking himself, holding one hand over his mouth and squeezing his nostrils with the other. He slumps down in his seat.

BURKE
They're closing in, William.

HARE
Then it's our good fortune that
we're not doing it anymore.

BURKE
That we're not doing what anymore?

Hare mimics swiftly burking himself.

HARE
I've been doing the sums, Willy.
I've got enough put aside to start
our new business.

BURKE
(concerned)
What new business?

HARE
Funeral Parlours.

BURKE
Funeral Parlours?

HARE
Lucky came up with the idea. It's a
place where people bring bodies to
be buried.

BURKE
And we wouldn't have to kill them?

HARE
They're already dead.

Burke pours a glass as he considers this, then...

BURKE
I like it.

HARE
I knew you would.

They clink glasses.

HARE
We're going to the top, Willy. And
nobody is going to stop us.

124 INT. MCMARTIN'S TAVERN -- NIGHT

124

We're at a party in the private back room of McMartin's. An
Irish FOLK BAND thrash out a popular number.

Hare glances across the tavern -- sees Burke, surrounded by a
large group of women that includes Ginny, Lucky and the
entire cast.

Hare raises a glass in a toast to his friend and partner.
Burke reciprocates the gesture. Turns back to glance at
Ginny. Lucky, standing next to her, sees the look in Burke's
eye -- turns to Ginny.

LUCKY
You know, my William has his
faults. And I'll grant you I'm not
an easy woman. But I've always
considered myself fortunate that I
found a man who could see through
my flaws. A man who could adore me
unconditionally.
(a beat)
You don't know how lucky you are,
Miss Hawkins, to be in the same
position as me.

Ginny stares at Lucky for a beat...looks over at William
Burke, as if she were looking at him through new eyes.

Cut to a glowering Danny McTavish - who is also staring at Burke and Hare. He's not happy. He was 'top dog' -- that position appears to have been usurped.

Ginny suddenly gestures for silence by tapping her tankard on the table. There is a hush. She rises and raises her glass.

GINNY
I'd like to propose a toast. To the
man whose hard work, whose
commitment and whose vision made
this possible.

She indicates the play's poster hanging on the wall

GINNY
To William Burke.

They all raise their glasses. Ginny glances down at Lucky who gives her an approving nod.

GINNY
Up there, I'm the star. But out
here in the real world, he's the
Thane of Cawdor.

She gestures to an embarrassed Burke, adds:

GINNY
And I'm just his lady.

HARE
(stands)
To William Burke!

They all drink to that.

125 EXT. THEATRE -- DAY

125

CLOSE ON a large hand painted MARQUEE being erected above the entrance to the theatre, proclaiming: WILLIAM BURKE PRESENTS -
- THE WORLD PREMIERE OF THE FIRST ALL FEMALE PRODUCTION OF
'MACBETH' BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

There is a small ripple of applause as the final bolts go in.

Among the audience are Ginny, Burke, Hare and Lucky. Ginny looks ecstatic, Burke looks equally proud.

GINNY
I don't know how to thank you,
Willy.

She hugs him. Burke beams.

HARE
(under his breath)
I could think of a few ways.

Lucky elbows him in the ribs.

The imposing black coach and four fast pulls up behind them. Hare turns to see Danny McTavish in the back with Fergus.

HARE

Come to buy a ticket Danny?

McTavish stares up the at marquee.

MCTAVISH

Blood and guts isn't entertainment
for me William. It's business.

(a beat)

Now get in.

126 INT. MCTAVISH COACH -- CONTINUOUS

126

Fergus is waiting inside the coach with McTavish. As the
coach sets off McTavish turns to Hare.

MCTAVISH

I've decided to bring you and Mr.
Burke into the firm.

HARE

Sorry?

MCTAVISH

You'll have regular employment. A
steady wage. We'll be partners.

FERGUS

(surprised)

Partners?

HARE

But Willy and myself are out of the
body snatching business.

MCTAVISH

So you say.

Hare turns back to McTavish.

HARE

Do I have a choice, Danny?

MCTAVISH

Of course you do. Free will is what
distinguishes man from beast.

(beat)

But if I was in your place, I'd
choose life.

Hare is not happy with this new turn of events, and he and
Fergus exchange looks. Fergus looks none too pleased himself.

127 INT. KNOX LECTURE ROOM -- DAY

127

Doctor Knox's lecture hall is packed to the rafters with
students.

KNOX

Gentlemen, the end of the term has
arrived. It's time to set forth and
pursue your vocation.

(MORE)

KNOX (cont'd)

Some of you will tend to our brave soldiers who are fighting to create a vast empire. Some of you will attend to the health and welfare of our workers who are building the greatest economy the World has ever known.

(a beat)

All I ask is that each and every one of you makes a contribution to progress. But first. I give you. Our final subject...

He whips the sheet off the cadaver on the slab...Revealing DANNY McTAVISH.

CLOSE ON one student -- whispers to his neighbour.

STUDENT

Isn't that Danny McTavish?

We pan across the crowd as more and more students recognize the cadaver.

128 INT. MILITIA HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

128

Captain McLintoch, attended by McKenzie, sits at his desk. Fox enters and hands him a note. McLintoch reads it and leaps to his feet.

MCLINTOCH

Right, time to go. Keep close order, men.

129 INT. PREP ROOM -- DAY

129

Knox and Patterson are covering McTavish's partially dissected body. The doors burst open and the Militia enters.

MCLINTOCH

(pompous)

I am Captain McLintoch. And this is the Edinburgh militia.

KNOX

Your reputation proceeds you, Captain.

MCLINTOCH

(abashed)

Thank you, Sir.

KNOX

Your preposterous 'War on Graverobbery' was a model of incompetence.

McLintoch's neck reddens.

MCLINTOCH

It has come to my attention,
Doctor, that earlier today you
publicly dissected the corpse of
one Danny McTavish.

KNOX

If this is him...

He whips the sheet off the body.

KNOX

Your information is correct.

Fox stares at the body for a beat. Then promptly throws up
noisily. McLintoch shakes his head despairingly.

MCLINTOCH

Pull yourself together, Private.

He turns back to Knox.

MCLINTOCH

How did you obtain this body?

KNOX

Patterson?

PATTERSON

I believe it was dumped in the
alley behind this building. Some
students found him.

MCLINTOCH

This man is Danny MacTavish, a
notorious villain.

KNOX

Then at least his demise was not in
vain, perhaps St. Peter will look
kindly on his service to the
teaching of medicine.

McLintoch suddenly notices something about the corpse. He
frowns:

MCLINTOCH

Fox. Show me your hands.

Fox wipes the vomit off his hands -- extends them.

FOX

I washed them earlier.

McLintoch shoots him a filthy look. Fox shows his hands. The
scar from McLintoch's bayonet - when they happened on Burke
and Hare in the graveyard - is still clearly visible. There
is a virtually identical wound on his right hand. To Knox's
amusement McLintoch mimics someone holding up their hands to
try and ward off an attack.

MCLINTOCH

It's a defensive wound...
Clear evidence of foul play.

(MORE)

MCLINTOCH (cont'd)

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

KNOX

That is an outrageous accusation,
Captain McLintoch. I shall be
reporting this matter to the
Solicitor General.

MCLINTOCH

Lord Harrington will back my
judgement here, sir. I would stake
my job on it.

KNOX

(matter of fact)
You just did.

130 OMITTED 130

131 EXT. THEATRE -- NIGHT 131

A Georgian theatre premiere. There's a real buzz in the air.

Horse drawn Coaches arrive and depart, disgorging a diverse
mix of people. This is the only type of event in this
conservative city where those with wealth and title mix
freely with artists and bohemians.

A carriage pulls up. Burke and Hare, both looking dashing in
their new frock coats and top hats and Lucky, wearing an
expensive gown, emerge. Burke clutches a small bunch of
flowers.

As they head up the RED CARPET, a REPORTER and his SCRAWNY
ASSISTANT, emerge from the shadows and race up to them. The
scrawny fellow starts to sketch a drawing -- the Georgian
equivalent of being snapped by the paparazzi.

JOURNALIST

Mr. Burke. Bobby McBride from the
Herald. I'm a very old friend of
Miss Ginny.

Burke frowns -- unsure of precisely what that implies. The
journalist goes on...

JOURNALIST

How hard was it raising the finance
for an all-female production of
Macbeth?

William Burke considers his response, Hare leans in.

HARE

It was murder.

Burke shoots him a disbelieving look. The journalist
scribbles in his note book. The scrawny fellow finishes his
drawing.

CLOSE ON a 'Punch' style sketch, clearly depicting all the
faces of the murderous trio.

132 OMITTED 132

133 OMITTED 133

134 INT. THEATRE DRESSING ROOMS -- NIGHT 134

There's a flurry of nervous pre-show activity. Burke, trying not to get in the way, approaches Ginny.

GINNY
(nervous)
How many people are out there?

BURKE
(beams)
Standing room only.

He hands her the flowers -- she is clearly touched by his attentions. She kisses him on the forehead....and quickly races off.

135 OMITTED 135

136 INT. THEATRE -- NIGHT 136

Burke joins Hare and Lucky sitting in the front row of the stalls.

The curtain rises to reveal the THREE WITCHES standing in a misty, open place. This is Act 1 Scene 1.

EMMA
(as Witch 1)
When shall we three meet again, in
thunder, lightning, or in rain?

HANNAH
(as Witch 2)
When the hurlyburly's done
When the battle's lost and won

NICOLA
(as Witch 3)
That will be ere the set of the sun

EMMA
(as Witch 1)
Where the place?

HANNAH
(as Witch 2)
Upon the heath

NICOLA
(as Witch 3)
There to meet with Macbeth

137 INT. THEATRE - BACKSTAGE -- NIGHT 137

Two stagehands create the sounds of thunder and lightening with a hand-wound machine.

The sounds carries us over to...

138 INT. KNOX BASEMENT ROOM -- NIGHT 138

The SOUND of SPLINTERING WOOD as Sergeant Mackenzie forces the lock and the door swings open.

The deep yellow light from his oil lantern slowly seeps into the room -- revealing the CAMERA OBSCURA that hangs over the empty slab.

139 INT. THEATRE -- NIGHT 139

Ginny (as Macbeth) sits at a banquet table surrounded by Mary (Lady Macbeth), Emma (Ross), Hannah (Lennox), Nicola (Lord), another Lord and two attendants.

GINNY
(as Macbeth)
If I stand here, I saw him.

MARY
(as Lady Macbeth)
Fie, for shame!

As Ginny delivers her lines Burke mouths them with her - as if this might help her get through it. But she nails it.

GINNY
(as Macbeth)
Blood hath been shed ere now, i'
th' olden time...

140 INT. KNOX BASEMENT ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 140

With only the flickering yellow OIL LANTERN for illumination...Nicephore's work room is an eerie and ominous place.

GINNY (O.S.)
(as Macbeth)
Ere humane statute purged the
gentle weal...

Sergeant Mackenzie holds the lantern low -- to guide the others past any obstacles on the ground.

GINNY (O.S.)
(as Macbeth)
Ay, and since too, murders have
been performed.
Too terrible for the ear...

When they reach the centre of the room the Sergeant raises his lantern to reveal the drying lines that crisscross the room. Dozens of fine copper sheets hang from these lines.

GINNY
(as Macbeth)
...The times have been
That, when the brains were out, the
man would die,
And there an end;...

Mackenzie raises the lantern to get a closer look at one of these sheets...and catches sight of the first photographic IMAGE of a DISMEMBERED CADAVER.

GINNY
(as Macbeth)
...but now they rise again.

141 INT. KNOX BASEMENT ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 141
A SECOND IMAGE. Fox gags noisily.

142 INT. THEATRE -- NIGHT 142

GINNY
(as Macbeth)
With twenty mortal murders on their
crowns...

143 INT. KNOX BASEMENT ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 143
Then a THIRD... then a FOURTH. Each one bloodier and more
gruesome than the last.

144 INT. THEATRE -- NIGHT 144

GINNY
(as Macbeth)
And push us from our stools.
This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

145 INT. KNOX BASEMENT ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 145

We recognize some of the 'victims': OLD DONALD, JOHN MARTIN,
THE OBESE MAN, THE OLD WOMAN.

Sergeant Mackenzie leans close to Captain McLintoch.

SERGEANT MACKENZIE
All our missing persons are here,
Captain.

We pull back to a wide shot of Captain McLintoch and Sergeant Mackenzie standing in a pool of smoky yellow light, surrounded by a hundred shimmering, fluttering, horrifying images of DEATH.

Suddenly the dark room door flies open and NICEPHORE enters -- carrying a lantern.

NICEPHORE
Qu'est ce que vous faites ici?

McLintoch puffs out his chest.

MCLINTOCH
Who did all this?

He gestures to the photographs -- Nicephore responds with pride.

NICEPHORE
(big smile)
C'est moi!

146 INT. THEATRE -- NIGHT 146

The audience ERUPTS with APPLAUSE.

Everybody goes crazy -- Burke smiles proudly. It's a hit. The inner curtain opens. The cast come back on stage. They push Ginny forward -- who swiftly takes a bow. Cries of 'bravo! Her face is aglow.

147 INT. THEATRE 147

Ginny is surrounded by a coterie of fawning male admirers. Burke stands alone on the other side of the room, sipping a drink, quietly watching her. She looks up. Their eyes meet. She smiles, crosses through the crowd to him.

BURKE
Well?

GINNY
I think they liked it.

BURKE
Five curtain calls and a standing ovation. I'd say it's a smash hit.

GINNY
This is everything I've ever dreamed of.

She suddenly realises that he looks a little sad.

GINNY
What's wrong, Willy? You should be happy.

BURKE
I'm happy for you, Gin. I really am. But I can't help feeling that after this...you don't really need me anymore.

GINNY
You're right. I don't need you.
(a beat)
But I do WANT you.

BURKE
Really?

She leans forward and kisses him on the lips, a real lingering kiss. A smile lights up his face.

GINNY
Maybe we can take the play to London?

BURKE
They could certainly do with something new in the West End.
(a beat)
Besides. Edinburgh has changed. People have changed.

He glances over at Hare and Lucky who are getting steadily drunker and noisier at the bar.

BURKE
I've changed.

GINNY
Me too.

She puts her arms around him.

GINNY
I want us to be together, William.

BURKE
(hopeful)
Tonight?

GINNY
(smiles)
Tomorrow. After all the fuss has died down.

She walks away leaving Burke ecstatic.

148 INT. INTERROGATION CELL -- NIGHT

148

A nervous and confused NICEPHORE sits behind a bare wooden table. McLintoch enters with a stack of papers. Nicephore jumps to his feet.

NICEPHORE
I demand to be released forthwith.
Je connais mes droits. This wouldn't happen in my country. In France... I am French.

MCLINTOCH
Don't make things worse for yourself, sonny. Sit down.

Nicephore complies. McLintoch spreads out Fox's drawings of the missing persons.

MCLINTOCH
Do you recognize any of these people?

Nicephore looks over the drawings, matches them up against his horrifying photographs.

NICEPHORE

These are not bad, but as you can see, the heliograph is the future.

McLintoch slams his fist on the table, it hurts.

MCLINTOCH

Did you kill these people, Sir!

NICEPHORE

(horrified)

Of course not! They were all already...how do you say...chopped into pieces.

MCLINTOCH

You disgusting little French fop.

NICEPHORE

I was just doing what I was told.

MCLINTOCH

(leans in close)

What you were told? Told by whom?

149 INT. KNOX'S OFFICE -- DAY

149

Doctor Knox is standing in front of a mirror wearing an outfit more spectacular than any other we have seen him in. Patterson enters.

PATTERSON

We're all set and ready to depart, sir.

KNOX

How do I look Patterson?

PATTERSON

Like someone who is about to go down in history, Sir.

150 EXT. SURGEON'S SQUARE -- DAY

150

The militia march into Surgeon's square. McLintoch gestures for his two men to hold back as he strides up to Knox's door and raps hard. He squares his shoulders as Patterson appears.

PATTERSON

Yes?

MCLINTOCH

We have questions on urgent militia matters for Doctor Knox.

PATTERSON

He's not here.

He starts to shut the door. McLintoch inserts a highly polished boot in the doorway.

MCLINTOCH

Then I'd appreciate it if you could
tell me where we can find him?

PATTERSON

Well, if you must know, he is
making an official presentation at
Holyrood Palace.

McLintoch turns to his men.

MCLINTOCH

Sharpen up, men. We're going to pay
the King a visit.

151 EXT. HOLYROOD PALACE - ESTABLISHING -- DAY 151

As Doctor Knox's coach enters through the grand gates.

152 INT. HOLYROOD PALACE -- DAY 152

CLOSE ON the first of a line of five liveried Footmen -
walking crocodile fashion down a long, ornate, corridor in
the Palace. Each Footman carries a large glass jar. In each
jar is a pair of pickled feet. At the head of the line is a
very proud looking Professor Monroe.

A Courtier wearing a huge wig gestures for them to stop and
wait. He opens the big doors to the grand hall where the King
awaits. The Courtier announces in a booming voice.

COURTIER (O.S.)

Professor Alexander Monroe.

Monroe straightens his shoulders and heads inside.

153 INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY 153

Hare is at the breakfast table eating a huge bowl of
porridge...when a bleary eyed Burke appears - nursing an epic
hangover from the post play party.

HARE

Morning, Willy.

Burke forces a smile. Takes a seat.

HARE

I've been thinking about the
horses. For the funeral parlors.

(a beat)

We need to do something special
with the horses.

BURKE

There's something I've been meaning
to tell you William. End of this
week I'm going to London. To live.

HARE

I don't believe it.

(a beat)

(MORE)

HARE (cont'd)

Lucky and I have been thinking of
doing exactly the same thing.

This prospect confuses Burke who had been hoping to escape
from Edinburgh and death and Hare's influence.

HARE

(excited)

Funeral parlors make so much more
sense in London. Property prices
are through the roof here, but we
could get premises in the East End
for a few pounds.

(a beat)

And of course there's the mortality
rate to take into consideration.
You know they drop like flies down
there.

BURKE

William...I'm going with Ginny.

HARE

Holy mother of Jesus. She finally
gave it up.

BURKE

(shyly)

No, but I am fairly sure tonight is
the night.

HARE

I know this amazing trick you can
do with your tongue.

BURKE

Thank you, William.

He holds up his hand. He doesn't need any help.

154 INT. HOLYROOD PALACE -- DAY

154

The door swings open and the Footmen bearing the jars of
pickled feet file out....followed by a dejected looking
Professor Monro accompanied by Lord Harrington.

LORD HARRINGTON

(to Monro)

Well....That could have been worse.

MONRO

You mean if he'd fallen asleep even
earlier.

One of the Footmen turns -- holds up his jar.

FOOTMAN

What shall we do with these, sir?

MONRO

(irritable)

Do whatever you want with them. I
don't care. Just get rid of the
damned things.

The Footman raises an eyebrow, but decides not to ask how.

The door at the other end of the long ornate corridor opens and Knox appears carrying his volume of photographs.

The two arch rivals stride in opposite directions down the corridor.

Harrington abandons the professor, turns and hurries alongside Knox.

LORD HARRINGTON

The King is looking forward to
seeing your map of the human body.

KNOX

Excellent.

LORD HARRINGTON

My advice is to keep the
presentation short. And don't ask
him to read too much.

KNOX

(condescending)
His Majesty can just look at the
pictures.

They approach the Courtier who announces new arrivals into the Royal Presence.

COURTIER (O.S.)

Doctor Robert Knox.

MCLINTOCH (O.S.)

(yells out)
Stop right there!

Knox and Harrington look at each other in shock. McLintoch, flanked by Fox and McKenzie, races towards them. Stops. Catches his breath.

MCLINTOCH

I demand that you hand over those
"photographs" in the name of the
Solicitor General!

LORD HARRINGTON

May I remind you Captain that I AM
the Solicitor General! What exactly
do you think you are doing here?

In the background we see that Monro has appeared to investigate the commotion.

MCLINTOCH

Solving a crime, sir.

LORD HARRINGTON

What on earth are you talking
about?

McLintoch points to Knox's volume.

MCLINTOCH

I'm talking about murder, Sir. That volume contains evidence of foul play.

Knox's face seethes with rage, catches sight of Monroe -- who is clearly enjoying every second of this scene.

KNOX

I don't know what this absurd little man is trying to prove, but he's making a mockery of our entire profession. I want him removed.

MONRO

It is you, Sir, who makes a mockery of the medical profession. And if there's one single shred of truth in this man's allegations then we shall all have to pay the price.

KNOX

The King has asked to see my work. I intend to fulfill his wishes. Out of my way.

He motions to go but Captain McIntoch steps in his way.

MCLINTOCH

Either you hand over the evidence Dr. Knox, or I shall be forced to arrest you.

Knox clutches his portfolio to his chest.

KNOX

(like a child)
You're not touching it.

155 INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - BURKE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 155

Burke is obsessively cleaning his room which is now filled with CANDLES that have been placed along the window sills and all around the room to create a romantic mood. Fresh cut flowers are in jars around the bed.

He straightens himself, glances around to make sure all is perfect. Tonight's the night. Everything he has invested is about to pay off.

156 INT. INTERROGATION CELL -- NIGHT 156

CLOSE ON an ashen Knox. Captain McIntoch looms over him, with an expression that matches his severe tone.

MCLINTOCH

I'll ask you again, Doctor.
(a beat)

In creating this book. This map of the human body. How many cadavers were used to create this portfolio?

KNOX

Sixteen.

Captain McIntoch can't help looking a little shocked by this number.

MCLINTOCH

And who supplied these sixteen
cadavers?

157 INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - BURKE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 157

Burke sits on the edge of a bed, having his shirt unbuttoned by Ginny. He has a broad smile on his face. This is it -- their relationship is finally going to be consummated.

158 EXT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE -- NIGHT 158

Sergeant McKenzie and Private Fox take up positions on either side of the doorway - NYPD style. A galvanized Captain McIntoch unholsters a huge, custom made, HAND-CANNON and enters Hare's home.

159 INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - BURKE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 159

Ginny's dress drops to the floor revealing her naked, sensual back. She is flawless in the candle light, perfect.

As Burke leans forward to kiss her...

The door CRASHES inward -- Sergeant McKenzie and Private Fox point their guns.

SERGEANT MCKENZIE

(shouts out)

Sterling Militia! Nobody moves!

BURKE

(utter disbelief)

For the love of Lord Jesus.

160 INT. HARE'S LODGING HOUSE - BEDROOM -- SAME TIME 160

Hare and Lucky are having loud, passionate sex.

The door suddenly BURSTS IN.

McIntoch raises his hand cannon and announces with due pomp.

MCLINTOCH

Mr. and Mrs. William Hare! By the powers invested in me by his Majesty King George the Fourth, I am arresting you both on suspicion of murder in the first degree!

161 EXT. JAIL -- DAY 161

A wretched, stone clad building, encased within high imposing walls.

162 INT. JAIL CELL -- LATER

162

William Burke is slumped on the floor of a small, dank, stone cell. Hare, by comparison, is somewhat confident and dismissive of their predicament.

HARE
(resolute)
We've got nothing to worry about
Willy. They've got absolutely
nothing on us.

BURKE
We did terrible things, William.

HARE
A man has a right to scratch out a
living. Nobody can blame us for
that.

BURKE
Ginny can.

HARE
Ah.

BURKE
She's going to find out, isn't she?
She'll know everything.

HARE
I won't lie to you, Willy...it is a
possibility.

Burke hangs his head.

163 INT. JAIL CELL -- LATER

163

Ginny paces back and forth in her cell. Her innocence fueling her anger. Lucky sits on a cold stone slab observing her.

GINNY
(incredulous)
This is unbelievable...
(guffaws)
I can see the headline: "Macbeth
accused of murder".

She laughs. Lucky stares at her.

LUCKY
(shakes her head)
You really have no idea do you?

A JAILER opens the door opens and Captain McIntoch enters.

GINNY
Captain, you have no right to keep
us here. I...

MCLINTOCH
(interrupts)
I have every right. Now sit down.

GINNY

Why have you arrested us?!

MCLINTOCH

I said sit down, Miss Hawkins!

GINNY

I will not sit down!

MCLINTOCH

Fine, then stand.

Captain Mclintoch turns to Lucky.

MCLINTOCH

Now Mrs. Hare, I have some questions I'd like to put to you.

LUCKY

I'm not saying anything, especially not to a Presbyterian.

MCLINTOCH

I'm half Jewish, Madam.

LUCKY

(outraged)

Mother of God! I'm being persecuted by a heathen! I'm not saying anything to a Christ killer. This is an outrage. I demand to see the Solicitor General. I demand to be released immediately.

MCLINTOCH

(firm)

Mrs. Hare.

LUCKY

I demand to speak to a Scotsman and a Catholic. I demand...

GINNY

You tell him Lucky! Who does he think he is?

MCLINTOCH

(interjects calmly)

Miss Hawkins, Mrs. Hare, either you will be quiet... or I will have you both shot.

Something in his tone finally frightens them into silence. They both sit.

MCLINTOCH

Now Mrs. Hare, what do you know of your husband's business?

LUCKY

I've told you. We work together.

(a beat)

Running a boarding house.

MCLINTOCH

I asked you, Mrs. Hare. What do you
know of your husband's other
business?

164 EXT. JAIL -- DAY

164

Dr. Knox is walked towards the prison gates, flanked by TWO
JAILERS. One unlocks the gate. Knox exits without saying a
word. Patterson is there waiting. He opens the coach door.

165 INT. JAIL -- CONTINUOUS

165

Hare paces back and forth. Burke is still on the floor. Hare
suddenly has an idea.

HARE

What about feathers?

Burke stares up at him with a blank expression.

HARE (CONT'D)

A giant plume of feathers, you
know, those ostrich feathers.
Black ostrich feathers on the head
of a jet black horse. Now that's
the kind of beast you'd want to
pull your coffin towards its final
resting place.

He looks down at his partner for approval, but Burke's
thoughts are elsewhere.

BURKE

I can't live with this on my
conscience. I have to confess.

Hare is horrified, but opts for another tactic.

HARE

Well...it's a good idea to get it
all off your chest.

(a beat)

The minute we're out of here we'll
find you a priest.

BURKE

There's no way to redeem myself in
the eyes of the Lord Almighty.

(a beat)

I have to confess to the proper
authorities.....here on earth.

HARE

(perturbed)

That's not such a good idea, Willy.
You'd be putting a noose around
your own neck.

BURKE

It's no more than I deserve.

HARE

Not to mention a noose around my neck.

Burke is silent. Implying that it's what they both deserve.

HARE

And Lucky's.
(then the clincher)
And Ginny's.

Burke suddenly looks up at Hare. Hare throws up his hands. That's what will happen if he confesses. There is the sound of a key in the lock.

HARE

Let me handle this.

The door opens and Captain Tam McLintoch struts in, accompanied by Fox who is carrying Knox's volume of photographs. Hare steps forward with a hand outstretched.

HARE

Pleasure to see you again, Captain.

McLintoch ignores the proffered hand.

HARE

Alright. Just tell us what we've supposed to have done. What are we accused of?

MCLINTOCH

Sixteen counts of first degree murder.

HARE

That does sound serious. Do you have any of the bodies? Do you have any eye witnesses? In fact do you have a single shred of evidence?

Fox hands Hare the book of photographs.

MCLINTOCH

It's all in there, laddie.

Hare opens the book to a photograph of a dissected man. He's clearly shocked as he recognizes many of their victims.

Sergeant McKenzie enters.

SERGEANT MCKENZIE

Captain, a message from Lord Harrington. He wants to see you sir, at your earliest convenience.
(a beat, indicating the book)
His Lordship also said to bring Dr Knox's portfolio with you.

McLintoch grabs the book from an ashen Hare and strides out.

166 INT. LORD MAYOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

166

Lord Harrington is taking tea with a dour elderly man, the LORD MAYOR of Edinburgh. A fire roars in the huge open fireplace. The door opens and Captain McIntoch enters.

LORD HARRINGTON
Captain, please take a seat.
(a beat)
Tea?

MCLINTOCH
Thank you M'lord.

LORD HARRINGTON
I asked the Lord Mayor to join us.
He's also very interested in how
we're doing on this case.

MCLINTOCH
At present I have Mr. Burke and Mr.
Hare under lock and key... along
with their common law wives.
(a beat)
So far they're not admitting
anything. But by the time I'm
through with them sir, they'll
crack. I'm sure of it..

Harrington hands McIntoch a cup of tea.

LORD HARRINGTON
But is that really what we want,
Captain?

MCLINTOCH
Excuse me, sir?

LORD MAYOR
This city is renowned for its
medical facilities. Students come
from all over the world to train at
our anatomy schools.
(a beat)
They bring a great deal of money
with them.

LORD HARRINGTON
Quite.
(a beat)
The point is, Captain...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
reputation of our esteemed Teaching
Hospitals.

Captain McIntoch can't quite believe what he's hearing.

MCLINTOCH
You're surely not suggesting I let
these men go free.

LORD HARRINGTON
No...no. By all means charge them
with trafficking in human remains.

LORD MAYOR
We will not abide resurrectionists.

LORD HARRINGTON
But let's drop all this talk about
murder. Especially when his Royal
Majesty is in residence in our fair
city.

McLintoch is about to protest when Lord Harrington adds.

LORD HARRINGTON
(continues)
The city will gladly show its
gratitude for your delicate
handling of this affair.

He ponders for a moment...Continues...

LORD HARRINGTON
In a city of this standing, the
militia should be commanded by....
a Major.

MAYOR
(eagerly)
Or even a Colonel.

Lord Harrington shoots the Mayor a look of disbelief.

LORD HARRINGTON
Indeed.

McLintoch can't believe his good fortune.

MCLINTOCH
Rest assured, my lord, er, my
lords, that the city can rely on me
to pursue and...

LORD HARRINGTON
(interrupts him)
That's settled then.

He rises. Extends a hand. Which McLintoch shakes vigorously.
He salutes smartly, then executes a military style turn on
his heels. Remembers something. Turns back and reaches for
Knox's book.

LORD HARRINGTON
We'll look after that, Colonel.

MCLINTOCH
Yes. My Lords.

NICEPHORE
Please Captain McLintoch...

MCLINTOCH
(corrects him)
Colonel McLintoch.

NICEPHORE
(confused)
Pardon moi?

MCLINTOCH
You are to address me as *Colonel McLintoch*.

NICEPHORE
Please mon Colonel...

MCLINTOCH
(increasingly annoyed)
I am not your Colonel you odious little Frog. Just what is it you want from me?

NICEPHORE
My heliographs. The paper images I did for Doctor Knox, where are they?

MCLINTOCH
They have been seized as evidence.

NICEPHORE
But I have spent many months creating them. They must be seen by the whole world.

168 INT. LORD MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY 168

The Lord Mayor watches approvingly as Lord Harrington drops the portfolio into the fireplace where it instantly bursts into flames.

169 INT. JAIL CELL -- DAY 169

Burke, in the depths of guilt and self-loathing, sits silently in the corner of the cell. Hare paces up and down - slowly working himself into a frenzy.

HARE
Talk about bad luck. We've been condemned by a machine that nobody else knows has been invented.

He glances over at Burke, gets no response. Continues:

HARE
Anyone who sees those images is going to feel sick and is going to want some form of revenge.
(a beat)
Jesus, I felt sick. I wanted revenge. And I killed those people.

He shakes his head in despair. Burke makes no comment on this irony either. Hare slams his fists into the wall. He's starting to lose it. He turns and faces Burke, an intense expression.

HARE
Those images will be the end of us,
Willy.
(beat)
You...me...Lucky.

We realise that tears are streaming down his face as he contemplates Lucky's fate.

HARE
That poor woman. She's only just
won her battle against the evils of
drink. And now she's going to end
up at the end of a rope.

And with that he loses it completely. Burke appears next to him, places a comforting arm around his partner's shoulder.

BURKE
Come on William. We'll find a way
to get through this.

Hare remains deep in his own dark thoughts.

170 INT. MARKET SQUARE -- DAY 170

NEWSPAPER SELLER
(shouting headlines)
Murder most foul in the West Port!
Killers apprehended! Murder most
foul in the West Port! Killers
apprehended!

171 INT. JAIL CELL -- CONTINUOUS 171

Burke is fast asleep and clearly having a nightmare. Hare lies on a straw filled mattress, listening with growing apprehension to the sounds of the mob that is forming outside.

172 EXT. MARKET SQUARE-- DAY 172

A large group of excited people have gathered around a LITERATE MAN who is reading aloud in a strong and outraged voice from the newspaper article. They react with increasing anger to what they are hearing.

LITERATE MAN
*Wee Captain Tam McClintock of the
Edinburgh Militia has apprehended
the perpetrators of the notorious
West Port Murders.*
(MORE)

LITERATE MAN (cont'd)

Two Irishmen, Mr. William Burke and Mr. William Hare are responsible for the barbarous and horrible killings of at least 16 men, women and children to sell their bodies to Doctor Robert Knox of the Barclay Anatomy School to use in his vile medical experiments. The list of Burke and Hare's victims include the freed slave John Martin of London, the child Daft Jamie of the West Port, Mrs. Susanna McCorkindale of Aberdeen, Mrs. Mary O'Toole of the New Town, Mr. James Spring...

As he reads, members of the crowd shout out things like "Hang them!" , "Those bastards!" and the like. The crowd is becoming a mob.

173 INT. JAIL CELL -- CONTINUOUS

173

The sounds from the mob are filtering down to the cell occupied by a worried looking Lucky and Ginny.

174 EXT. SURGEON'S SQUARE -- DAY

174

CLOSE ON the determined expression on Captain Tam McIntoch's face.

PULL BACK to reveal that he has stationed himself in the middle of the street. Private Fox and Sergeant McKenzie are one step behind. All have bayonets fixed to their guns.

MCLINTOCH

(screams out)

In the name of the law I demand
that you disperse immediately.

Reverse angle to reveal that the three inept militia men are facing a crowd of several hundred. Many of whom are armed with pitchforks and pick axe handles. They are in no mood to take orders. As they advance McIntoch shouts to his men.

MCLINTOCH

Stand fast, men.

Fox and McKenzie exchange a look. They glance out at the sea of angry faces advancing on them, simultaneously turn and run. McIntoch doesn't notice their departure.

MCLINTOCH

Advance on my command.

It is at this point he checks behind him....and releases that his two subordinates are nowhere to be seen.

MCLINTOCH

(quietly)

Oh shit.

He turns and runs away from the angry mob.

175 INT. LORD MAYOR'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON 175

Lord Harrington stares out of his windows at the large and unruly mob who have gathered outside. The Lord Mayor is sitting sipping yet another cup of tea.

175A EXT. LORD MAYOR'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON 175A

Lord Harrington's POV of the unruly mob.

UNRULY MOB

(Chanting)

Up the close,
And down the stair,
Up and down,
With Burke and Hare,
Burke's the Butcher,
Hare's The Thief,
Knox the man who buys,
The Beef!

176 INT. LORD MAYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 176

There is a knock on the door and Captain McLintoch enters - red faced and out of breath. Lord Mayor turns.

LORD MAYOR

I understood that maintaining civil order was your job, Colonel McLintoch.

MCLINTOCH

It's the Newspaper, sir. With the news that the West Port murderers have been apprehended, the people are outraged. They're demanding blood.

Harrington thinks for a beat. Shrugs.

LORD HARRINGTON

Then we shall have to give it to them.

(a beat)

I need someone to swing for these crimes. Frankly I don't care who.

177 INT. JAIL CELL -- DAY 177

Hare is sitting on the floor, staring into space. Burke levels with Captain McLintoch, a sense of calm.

BURKE

So let me get this straight, Captain.

MCLINTOCH

(corrects him)

Colonel.

HARE

Colonel. If one of us confesses to
having committed these terrible
crimes...the others will walk free.

MCLINTOCH

Precisely.

HARE

That's outrageous. We're all
innocent. Nobody is going to
confess to a crime they didn't
commit just to make you popular
with the mob out there.

BURKE

(cuts him off)
It's okay, William.
(a beat)
This is a chance for one of us to
do the decent thing.

HARE

(shakes his head)
You call that decent?
(a beat)
What kind of man would do such a
thing?

BURKE

I will.

Hare turns away. Looks up to the heavens. Presses his hands
together, Offers up a quiet prayer.

HARE

Thank you God.

BURKE

On one condition.

On McLintoch and Hare's interested expressions, we

CUT TO:

178 INT. JAIL - NICER CELL -- LATER

178

Burke is in a new cell, less dungeon like.

We hear the sound of a key in the lock. The door swings
open...and Ginny enters. Burke looks up at her - eyes wide
with unconditional adoration. A Guard closes and locks the
door behind her.

GINNY

I know what you did.

Tears well up in her eyes. Burke's head drops...

BURKE

I'm so sorry Ginny. I don't expect
you to forgive me.

But she doesn't appear to be listening. He steals a glance in her direction. Just in time to see her rush towards him.

GINNY

It's just so romantic.

Burke is momentarily at a loss. She throws her arms around him.

GINNY

Confessing to save the life of your lover.

She kisses him on the lips.

GINNY

It's like Shakespeare.

Another kiss.

GINNY

"For never was a story of such woe,
As of Ginny and her Romeo."

She reaches down and starts to unbutton his pants.

179 INT. JAIL - ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

179

Burke and Ginny are making urgent, passionate love. Their naked, entwined, bodies seem to glow in the candlelight. Ginny begins to tremble with exquisite pleasure.

Push into Burke's face as he approaches a moment of sublime (and long awaited) satisfaction.

DISSOLVE TO:

180 EXT. MARKET SQUARE- DAY

180

Pan across the crowded market square. An almost exact repeat of the scene that opened this film. We catch sight of several familiar characters. We pass a tout holding a live rat by the tail.

TOUT

This is positively your last chance
to see the last of the great
Bosjemans devour the heads of...

We move on to see Danny McTavish's lieutenant, Fergus, climbing into the luxurious black coach. Now clearly the top dog.

The camera keeps on moving. Past a group of dignitaries in a special cordoned off section at the front. These include the Lord Mayor, Lord Harrington and a proud, newly promoted, Colonel McLintoch with Private Fox and Sergeant Mackenzie standing to attention.

The black hooded Hangman puts the noose around Burke's neck.

The Magistrate starts his announcement to the crowd.

MAGISTRATE

William Burke of the West Port,
formerly of County Donegal in
Ireland, you stand convicted of the
heinous crimes of grave robbery and
multiple murder.

This incites a series of disapproving shouts from the mob.
The Magistrate continues.

MAGISTRATE

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

The crowd falls silent as Burke straightens up. His eyes scan
the crowd and pick out Ginny. She has a shawl over her head
and tears in her eyes. Burke straightens his shoulders and
announces:

BURKE

Only this...
(a beat)
I did it for love.

CLOSE ON: the smile on Burke's face. Ginny responds in kind.

The Hangman pulls the lever.

Burke drops through the trap door. The crowd roars it's
approval. The Hangman removes his hood. As before, he's our
ANGUS.

ANGUS

You can't feel too sorry for him.
He did have it coming.

He carries on speaking as he heads beneath the gallows and
stands in front of Burke's swinging corpse.

ANGUS

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.

He cuts the rope. The body drops to the ground. A STUDENT
appears and helps Angus load the body into a wheelbarrow.

ANGUS

But he did kill all those people
just for money.

The man hands the Angus a small purse filled with coins. He
pockets it.

ANGUS

And that's just evil.

As the Man wheels Burke's body across the square Angus steps
out into the open, continues...

ANGUS

As for the rest of them. Doctor
Knox left town in a hurry.

The Doctor's luxurious coach clatters past. We catch a glimpse of the good doctor in the window.

ANGUS

And ended up in the New World.
Well, it's hardly surprising. After
all, anything goes over there and
if you head west there's never a
shortage of bodies.

181 INT. SALOON- DAY

181

Knox is lecturing to a packed and rowdy crowd in the American West. He is flanked by two showgirls who act like magician's 'helpers'. There is a large card on a tripod to the side of the stage that reads, "Dr. Knox, The Greatest Surgeon In The World". Dr. Knox is dressed splendidly, wearing a tall top hat as he dissects the body laid on a table before him. Patterson, wearing a derby is playing an upright piano. He plays a fanfare as Dr. Knox holds up the organ he's taken out the corpse. The showgirls make a dramatic gesture. The crowd of rowdy cowboys whoop and cheer, firing their Six Shooters into the air.

182 EXT. MARKET SQUARE -- DAY

182

Angus continues through the square past NICEPHORE who is loading his equipment onto a horse drawn wagon.

ANGUS

Our French friend here also became
a minor celebrity. He returned to
Paris and continued his work...

183 INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO -- DAY

183

A Parisian family group poses in front of a painted backdrop of the Eiffel Tower. A large box camera is on a tri-pod in front of them. Jospeh Nicephore emerges from beneath the hood.

NICEPHORE

Say cheese!

FRENCH FAMILY

Fromage!

FLASH!

ANGUS (O.S.)

...and is widely credited as one of
the inventors of photography.

184 EXT. ROYAL COLLEGE -- DAY

184

Monro's assistant Charles emerges from the Royal College carrying a suitcase.

ANGUS (V.O.)
But the real star was Professor
Monroe's young assistant, Charles
Darwin.
(a beat)
He went on to write a book that
sold almost as well as the bible.

185 INT. STUDY - NIGHT 185

CLOSE ON: A hand writing. He puts down the pen and closes a manuscript entitled "The Origin of Species".

ANGUS (V.O.)
It said that only the fittest
survive.

186 EXT. MARKET SQUARE - DAY 186

CLOSE ON: Ginny - still distraught, still streaming tears.

ANGUS (V.O.)
And living proof of that is young
Ginny. She finally overcome her
grief and ended up on the London
stage.

187 INT. THEATRE - NIGHT 187

Ginny is taking a bow on stage.

ANGUS (O.S.)
Never one to set her sights low,
she ended up having a child with a
member of the Royal Family.

She blows a kiss to the occupant of the Royal Box.

188 EXT. MARKET SQUARE - DAY 188

The crowds are starting to dissipate. Our narrator continues...

ANGUS
As for our two heroes, William Hare
followed his dream...

189 EXT. POSH LONDON STREET - DAY 189

Close on William Hare - walking dressed all in black; black gloves, black silk top hat, and wearing a solemn expression.

Behind him, following at walking pace, is a black hearse that is being drawn by two black horses. Each horse has giant plumes of black ostrich feathers on its head.

The hearse itself carries a single coffin, visible through it's wide glass windows. The words painted on the side of the hearse read: HARE'S FUNERAL PARLORS.

Beneath the company name are the words: 'BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA' next to the Royal Seal.

ANGUS

(V.O.)

In the end only Hare got the Royal Seal.

190 EXT MARKET SQUARE - DAY

190

ANGUS

And William Burke ended up in the same place as his victims.

191 INT. ROYAL COLLEGE - LECTURE HALL -- DAY.

191

We're in Doctor Monro's dissection theatre which is, for the first time, filled to bursting with eager medical students.

They applaud as Monro approaches the mortuary slab. He pulls back a sheet to reveal the body of...WILLIAM BURKE.

He turns to his students.

MONRO

Gentlemen. The most important quality a surgeon can possess...

He selects a surgical saw from a gleaming array of medical instruments.

MONRO

...is a strong right arm.

The students lean forward in anticipation.

MONRO

Where shall I start...I think the feet!

192 INT. UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH SCHOOL OF ANATOMY - PRESENT DAY

We go through the Iron Gates past the elephant skeletons and into the museum's main hall.

Past row upon row of shelves filled with macabre exhibits from several centuries.

ANGUS (V.O.)

Now these days William Burke is on public display, in the museum the university keeps for its' anatomy students.

We arrive at the end of the row where on a steel rod hangs the skeleton of William Burke.

ANGUS (V.O.)

There are those who will tell you that Burke and Hare were the most evil men in Scottish history. But WE know better don't we?

Burke & Hare 6th January 2010, SHOOTING SCRIPT 104.

The camera pushes in on Burke's grinning skull. Burke's face appears over his skull and he smiles right at camera and winks!

END CREDITS