

RKO RADIO PICTURES  
presents

THE BODY SNATCHER

BORIS KARLOFF as John Gray  
HENRY DANIELL as Dr. McFarland  
BELA LUGOSI as Joseph  
RUSSELL WADE as Dr. Donald Fettes  
EDITH ATWATER as Meg Camden  
RITA CORDAY as Mrs. Marsh  
SHARYN MOFFETT as Georgina Marsh  
DONNA LEE as The Street Singer  
ROBERT CLARKE as Richardson  
CARL KENT as Gilchrist  
BILL WILLIAMS as A Medical Student  
JACK WELCH as the Boy  
LARRY WHEAT as the Salesman  
MARY GORDON as Mrs. McBride  
JIM MORAN as the Horse Trader  
INA CONSTANT as the Maid

Directed by Robert Wise  
Screenplay by Philip MacDonald and Carlos Keith  
Based on the story by Robert Louis Stevenson  
Produced by Val Lewton  
Executive Producer: Jack L. Gross  
Music: Roy Webb  
Musical Director: C. Bakaleinikoff  
Songs: We'd Better Bide a Wee  
When Ye Gang Awa'  
Jamie  
Will Ye No Come Back Again  
Sung by the Street Singer  
The Spit Song  
Sung by the Boy  
Bonnie Dundee  
Sung by a male quartet

Photography: Robert De Grasse  
Art Directors: Albert D'Agostino and Walter E. Keller  
Set Decorators: Darrell Silvera & John Sturtevant  
Editor: J.R. Whitredge  
Costumes by Renee  
Asst. Director: Harry Scott  
Sound Recorded by Bailey Fesler  
Re-recording by Terry Kellum  
Release Date: May, 1945  
Running Time: 74 minutes

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S

"THE BODY SNATCHER"

Screen Play

by Philip MacDonald

FADE IN

THE MAIN AND CREDIT TITLES ARE IMPOSED ON a mezzotint of  
Edinburgh castle viewed from the Causeway. When the last  
credit title dissolves

DISSOLVE TO

STOP FRAME of STOCK SHOT showing Edinburgh castle. Over this  
is a title:

EDINBURG -- 1831

With the DISSOLVE of the words the stock shot comes to life  
with a carriage coming toward the CAMERA.

EXT. EDINBURGH STREET -- LATE AFTERNOON

FULL SPOT -- Down the lonely, almost deserted street comes a  
cab drawn by a bony white horse. This black and sepulchral  
vehicle passes through the long shadows and sharp gleams of  
the late afternoon sun. On the box, bunched over, almost  
lost in the folds of his triple-caped overcoat and with a  
battered beaver on his hand, is the cabman. The horse plods  
along, his hoof beats echoing with a hollow sound in the  
narrow street. At the corner the vehicle turns left.

EXT. GREYFRIAR'S CHURCHYARD -- LATE AFTERNOON

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The black cab drawn by the white horse goes slowly past a little cemetery. The driver turns his head and looks down as he goes past.

From his ANGLE, but not a MOVING SHOT, a pleasant little graveyard with mossy gravestones; old turf making a spot of green between the gray walls of the kirk and the blank stone wall of a large building.

Seated on a table stone is young Donald Fettes, a poor medical student, dressed in worn neat clothing with only a woolen scarf about his neck for warmth. He sits in such scanty sunlight as he can find, munching on a cold bannock and washing it down with thin ale from a round stone bottle.

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- Fettes. In the closer view it can be seen that he is looking at a small Cairn terrier who lies morosely guarding a newly-made grave. The dog, with his head down between his forepaws, occasionally glances over apprehensively at the young student. Fettes takes a bit of his bannock between his thumb and forefinger and leans forward toward the dog.

FETTES

Here, -- here's a bit of something for you.

The dog does not stir. Fettes leans further forward almost putting the morsel of food to the dog's nose. The dog growls savagely. Fettes draws back.

FETTES (cont'd)

Now, now, laddie -- I only wanted to be friendly.

It is at this moment that a shadow falls athwart him and looms up in the afternoon sunlight against the wall behind him. He looks up.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- Fettes looking over as Mrs. MacBride, a plump, motherly woman of middle-age, with a Tartan shawl over her head and carrying a pannikin of water and a bone with some meat on it, comes through the gate. She crosses over to the little dog, puts the water before him and starts shredding little pieces of meat from the bone to feed him. The dog laps avidly at the water, then gratefully takes the morsels of meat she gives him.

MED. FULL SHOT -- Fettes and Mrs. MacBride.

MRS. MACBRIDE

He'll not leave the grave -- not since Wednesday last when we buried the lad.

FETTES

Your son, ma'am? He must have been a fine boy for the wee dog to love him so.

Mrs. MacBride nods.

MRS. MACBRIDE

A great, kind lad, he was -- gentle with all things like Robbie.

She pauses, sighs and then goes on.

MRS. MACBRIDE (cont'd)

Now I can't get the dog to leave, here. Perhaps it is for the best. I've not money enough to afford a grave watcher.

FETTES

(looking about)

Not much danger here, ma'am, I wouldn't think -- right here in the heart of Edinburgh.

MRS. MACBRIDE

They're uncommon bold, the grave robbers -- and the daft doctors who drive them on.

FETTES

(a little uncomfortable; feeling he has to make the admission)

I'm by way of being a medical myself.

MRS. MACBRIDE

A doctor?

FETTES

A student. I'm studying under Dr.  
MacFarlane -- that is, I've been  
studying until today --

He starts to get up. At this moment in the street can be heard the clop-clop of a horse's hoofs and the rattle of iron wheels on the cobblestones. On the ground and gravestones appears and passes the monstrous shadow of a horse and cab, angular and distorted, the driver's shadow hunched and evil, now going from left to right.

**EXT. EDINBURGH STREET -- LATE AFTERNOON**

LONG SHOT -- a typical street scene of the time. A dog cart drawn by a smart tandem passes. It is driven by a young buck of the period; top-hatted, dandified, his whip held at a just so angle. On the sidewalk, a group of small boys follow a recruiting sergeant of the Seaforth Highlanders. A drummer walks at his heels. He stops at a wooden "Charlie", the rough police booth of that day, and begins to tack up his posters. The boys crowd around to watch. One of them backs up to a little trundle cart and surreptitiously filches a piece of the shortbread being sold from this portable store. At the other side of the "Charlie" stands a street singer, a beautiful girl of about nineteen, dressed in ragged Highland plaid. She is singing an old border ballad about two crows who sit waiting to pick the dead eyes out of a fallen knight. A shepherd, crook in hand, and faithfully attended by two handsome collies, stops a moment to hear her song, drops some coppers into the begging bowl she holds in her hands, then passes on.

Through the consonance of the street singer's song comes the dissonant beat of a horse's hoofs, the racking clatter of iron-shod wheels and then between the singer and the CAMERA there passes, very close, the white horse and the black cab. As it blocks her out of the scene

WIPE DISSOLVE

**EXT. MACFARLANE'S HOUSE -- LATE AFTERNOON**

FULL SHOT -- Before the imposing edifice which houses Dr. MacFarlane's living quarters as well as his school of anatomy, the cab, drawn by the white horse, pulls up. The driver begins to alight from the box. He climbs down, and starts for the cab door.

CLOSE SHOT -- Gray as he opens the door. Gray is a man of middle years with keen, darting eyes set in a face lined and furrowed by an evil life. The quick play of his features as he talks or smiles can form a moving and deceptive mask. So that now as he opens the door, smiling, to help his passengers alight, his face is cringing with good humor and servility.

From the cab steps a young and lovely woman dressed in becoming widow's weeds. This is Mrs. Marsh. She reaches the sidewalk, turns back for the other occupant of the cab. This is a little girl of about eight, dressed in a flower-sprigged Kate Greenway gown and a poke bonnet to match. Gray forestalls her.

GRAY

I'll get it, ma'am.

He touches his hat respectfully, reaches in and brings out a tiny wheel-chair, which he sets down. He reaches in again and takes the child up in his arms.

GRAY (cont'd)

(as he picks her up)

Come, little miss. Cabman Gray'll  
carry you safe enough.

With the child in his arms he starts toward his horse's head, talking as he goes.

GRAY (cont'd)

Give my horse a pat. He knows  
every little girl in Edinburgh.  
Some day when you're runnin' and  
playin' in the street he'll nicker  
at ye as we go by.

CLOSE SHOT -- The horse, Gray, and the little girl.

GEORGINA

I can't run and play.

GRAY

I'd forgotten that, lassie. All  
the more reason for Friend here  
bidding you a good-day.

Georgina smiles and pats the horse's nose.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- Featuring Mrs. Marsh as she smiles watching  
Gray and the child. He turns back toward her.

MRS. MARSH  
Would you mind carrying her up the  
steps?

Mrs. Marsh reaches for the wheel-chair.

FULL SHOT -- Mrs. Marsh takes the wheel-chair up the two  
steps. Gray follows carrying the child. He sets the child  
tenderly in the wheel-chair, smiling as he does so.

GRAY  
Back in your own wee cab.

GEORGINA  
Thank you.

In the meantime, Mrs. Marsh has fumbled through her purse for  
change. She hands this to Gray. He takes the money from his  
right hand, then removes his hat with his left hand, bobs his  
forelock with the right in a series of obsequious gestures.

GRAY  
Thank ye, ma'am. Thank ye.  
(to Georgina)  
You watch sharp, little miss for my  
horse to give you a "hello".

CLOSE SHOT -- Georgina looking at Gray with great pleased  
eyes. This has made a definite impression on her.

**EXT. MACFARLANE'S HOUSE -- DAY**

Mrs. Marsh has used the door knocker. Now in response the  
door is opened by a handsome woman of thirty-five, Meg  
Cameron.

MRS. MARSH  
I would like to see Dr. MacFarlane.

Meg gives Mrs. Marsh a quick look and then turns to look at  
Gray. A glance passes between them; a glance which tells of  
previous acquaintance, yet neither speaks. He turns and goes  
down the steps. Silently, Meg opens the door and allows Mrs.  
Marsh to push Georgina's wheel chair through into the hall.

**INT. MACFARLANE'S HALLWAY -- AFTERNOON**

Georgina's wheel chair is pushed into this gloomy and  
forbidding entry. Meg closes the door behind them, then  
without further word, strides down the hall. Mrs. Marsh and  
the little girl wait and look around.

CLOSE SHOT -- Georgina. With great wide eyes the child looks  
around at the antlered stag head, the cruel-looking walking  
sticks in the umbrella stand and the light-footed Mercury  
with caduceus upraised. The caduceus throws its patterned  
shadow across the child's face.

CLOSE TWO SHOT -- Georgina and Mrs. Marsh. Mrs. Marsh sees  
the fright in the child's face and reassuringly pats her  
shoulder. There is the sound of a door opening and they both  
look off in that direction.

MED. FULL SHOT -- The doorway to the sitting room, SHOOTING  
PAST Georgina and her mother. Framed in this doorway is the  
tall, robust figure of Dr. Douglas MacFarlane, a man in the  
prime of life, dressed with almost flamboyant foppishness and  
carrying himself with the assurance that the world is not  
only his oyster, but that he has it pinned on a fork and can  
swallow it and digest it with pleasure.

THREE SHOT -- Georgina, Mrs. Marsh and Dr. MacFarlane.

MRS. MARSH  
(rising)  
Dr. MacFarlane?

He half-bows in acknowledgment.

MRS. MARSH (cont'd)  
I'm Mrs. Marsh -- this is my  
daughter -- Georgina.

She fumbles in her reticule and pulls forth an unsealed

letter which she passes to the doctor.

MRS. MARSH (cont'd)  
Dr. Maximillian of Leyden asked me  
to present this to you. He thought  
you might examine my little girl.

While she is speaking, Dr. MacFarlane has opened the missive.

MACFARLANE  
(as he reads)  
Maximillian -- a very famous  
colleague of mine. I'm delighted  
to honor his request.

With an expansive gesture he points to a door. Mrs. Marsh  
pushes the wheel chair toward the living room door.

DOLLY SHOT -- the entrance to the sitting room.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
(over the child's head to  
Mrs. Marsh)  
Born paralyzed?

The little girl shrinks from him at the bluntness of this  
question.

MRS. MARSH  
No. It was an accident.

**INT. SITTING ROOM -- AFTERNOON**

Although it is late afternoon the lamps have been lit in this  
part of the house. Mrs. Marsh wheels the chair into the  
middle of the room and then stands to one side so that Dr.  
MacFarlane can examine the child. Meg Cameron stands by the  
window.

MACFARLANE  
Was the paralysis immediate?

MRS. MARSH  
No, Doctor. She seemed to get  
better, then about six months later  
she began to complain of pain in  
her back --

MACFARLANE  
How long after that was the  
paralysis complete?

MRS. MARSH  
Nearly a year.

MACFARLANE  
Any attacks of pain since?

MRS. MARSH  
Yes, Doctor.

MACFARLANE  
Is her pain sporadic or constant?

MRS. MARSH  
It comes at intervals. They used  
to be months apart -- but they've  
been growing more frequent --  
(catch in her voice)  
much more frequent.

MACFARLANE  
(directly to Georgina)  
See here, child, when you have this  
pain in your back, where is it?

GEORGINA  
(setting her jaw)  
I don't know.

MACFARLANE  
Point to where it hurts. You can  
at least do that, can't you?

GEORGINA  
I don't know.

MACFARLANE  
(angrily to Mrs. Marsh)  
This is useless, ma'am.

He leaves the sentence unfinished and goes toward the center  
of the room. Mrs. Marsh leans down beside the chair.

TWO SHOT -- Mrs. Marsh and Georgina.

MRS. MARSH  
Please, darling, don't be so  
stubborn.

Georgina darts a glance in MacFarlane's direction.

GEORGINA  
(whispering)  
Mother -- he frightens me.

MED. FULL SHOT -- the door in the background. There is a soft rap at the door and then almost immediately it opens and Fettes comes in. He looks about, sees the doctor busily engaged with a beautiful young woman and a sick child. He is embarrassed and tries to withdraw.

FETTES  
Excuse me, Dr. MacFarlane --

MACFARLANE  
Come in, boy -- come in.

Fettes closes the door behind him and stands rather shyly, not knowing what to do or say.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
Perhaps you can do something with  
this young lady. I can't get an  
aye, yes, or no out of her.

FETTES  
(protesting)  
But, Doctor, I only wanted to speak  
to you --

MACFARLANE  
(interrupting)  
Come -- it's a chance to try out  
your bedside manner, Fettes. Take  
a look at the child.

Fettes walks up shyly to the child.

TWO SHOT -- Fettes and Georgina. Fettes stands abashed and awkward before the clear-eyed glance of the little invalid. He smiles at her. The child smiles back.

GEORGINA  
Are you a doctor, too?

FETTES  
Not yet.

GEORGINA  
You'll be a good doctor. I know  
all about doctors.

Fettes smiles.

FETTES  
That's a nice chair you have.

He pushes it. It rolls a little.

FETTES (cont'd)  
Useful, too. Where did you get it?  
It isn't English, is it?

GEORGINA  
(studying him)  
What you really want to ask me is  
about my back, isn't it -- about  
where it hurts?

FETTES  
Why, yes.

GEORGINA  
Well --

She leans forward and reaches around with one hand.

GEORGINA (cont'd)  
It's sort of all around here --  
then down my legs -- it aches as if  
I had been walking an awfully long  
way --  
(looking up at Fettes)  
That's funny, isn't it -- because I  
can't walk at all.

FETTES

Would you mind very much if I  
lifted you --  
(pointing to a table in  
the other room)  
-- onto that table in there?

She holds out her arms to him. Fettes lifts her up and carries her into the other room.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Mrs. Marsh and MacFarlane watching Fettes and the child. They stand in the f.g. talking together while in the other room Fettes puts the child down on her stomach, opens her dress and examines her.

MACFARLANE

Child seems to take to the lad.  
What sort of an accident was it,  
Ma'am?

MRS. MARSH

A carriage overturned. My husband  
was killed and Georgina was hurt.

MACFARLANE

How long ago?

MRS. MARSH

Three years.

FETTES

(calling from the other  
room)  
Dr. MacFarlane --

MACFARLANE

(to Mrs. Marsh)  
Excuse me.

He strides forward. Mrs. Marsh remains where she is.

**INT. EXAMINATION ROOM -- DAY**

MacFarlane comes into the scene, bends over and examines the little girl's back. He feels the spine with first one hand, then the other. He nods to Fettes and turns away. Fettes begins to button up the little girl's dress.

**INT. SITTING ROOM -- DAY**

MacFarlane is walking back to where Mrs. Marsh stands. In the b.g. Fettes can be seen as he buttons up the little girl's dress, picks her up in his arms and brings her back to the wheel chair. MacFarlane comes over to Mrs. Marsh.

TRUCKING SHOT of MacFarlane.

MACFARLANE

Meg, give Fettes a hand there --  
help him wheel the little girl into  
the hall.

He turns back to Mrs. Marsh.

TWO SHOT -- Mrs. Marsh and MacFarlane. She is looking at him anxiously; waiting to hear his verdict. He glances at Dr. Maximillian's letter before speaking.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)

(tapping the letter in his  
hand)  
It seems that Dr. Maximillian is  
right. The violence of the  
accident must have disturbed the  
tissues and caused a traumatic  
tumor -- a sort of growth that  
presses against the nerve centers.

MRS. MARSH

But can anything be done for her?

MACFARLANE

Perhaps -- a delicate operation --  
an operation which has never been  
performed -- but it could be  
performed. I'm sure it could be --  
I could incise the columna dorsi --

He is quite excited as he speaks, almost as if challenging himself. Mrs. Marsh's interruption is ill-timed. It stops him in full tide of self-persuasion.

MRS. MARSH

(eagerly)  
And you will try -- you will

operate?

CLOSE SHOT -- MacFarlane. He is silent; thinking.

MED. FULL SHOT. MacFarlane silently turns away from Mrs. Marsh and goes to his desk. Having reached it, he turns and faces her again.

MACFARLANE

Not I, Madame.

She starts toward him impulsively as if to plead with him.

MRS. MARSH

But, Doctor, in Leyden -- in Paris -- wherever I've taken Georgina -- they've mentioned your name. I've come to think of you as our only hope.

MacFarlane looks at her, takes a step closer to her and speaks very sincerely.

MACFARLANE

Believe me, Madame, if I were only a doctor, I would undertake this operation at once. But I'm more dominie than doctor -- I've a school to run.

MRS. MARSH

But, Doctor, surely in a case like this -- a child -- a little child who can never walk or run --

MACFARLANE

I regret it, Ma'am, but I have the responsibility of training thirty other doctors to attend a thousand children like your own.

MRS. MARSH

There's nothing I can say for one small child?

MACFARLANE

I'm not heartless, Ma'am. I have every sympathy for you and for the little girl, but if I were to consent to every operation brought to me, I'd have no time for teaching -- and that's a great responsibility upon me, Ma'am -- a great responsibility.

They have reached the door. He bows in dismissal, and Mrs. Marsh exits. As she leaves, Fettes passes her coming from the hallway.

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- MacFarlane as he turns back into the room.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)

(to Fettes)

Well, Fettes -- what was it you wanted to see me about?

MED. TWO SHOT -- Fettes and MacFarlane.

FETTES

(shyly)

I'm afraid I'll have to give up medicine, Dr. MacFarlane.

MACFARLANE

(booming)

You're made for a doctor, young man!

FETTES

I'm afraid I have to, sir. You see, my father is vicar at Thrums -- it's a small parish -- not much of a living --

MACFARLANE

(after thinking this over a moment; very sincerely)

You're too good a man, Fettes -- I'll not let you quit.

(with a sudden thought)

I'll make an assistant of you -- that'll pay your keep and your tuition, too --

FETTES  
I thought only the best students  
were made assistants.

MACFARLANE  
Well? And are you not a good  
student?

FETTES  
(getting the idea)  
But Richardson?

MACFARLANE  
Richardson is a fine student. He's  
got a glib tongue, but you'll be a  
better doctor, Fettes. Come along  
now --

He links his arm through Fettes' and starts toward the door  
leading to the stairs.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
-- let's get to the anatomy room --  
I'll explain your new duties.

They have reached the door. Meg is standing there. As  
MacFarlane and Fettes start to pass her, Meg puts her hand on  
the doctor's arm. He pauses.

MEG  
A word with you, Dr. MacFarlane.

MacFarlane motions Fettes to proceed into the other room. He  
closes the door behind him.

MEG (cont'd)  
You're not having Fettes for your  
assistant?

MACFARLANE  
And why not? He's a good lad --  
bright and able.

MEG  
Aye. He's a good lad. That's why  
I ask you, MacFarlane.

MACFARLANE  
You think it'll spoil the boy, eh?  
Was I not assistant to Knox?

MEG  
(thoughtfully)  
Aye --

MACFARLANE  
Did it spoil me, Meg, my lass?

She looks directly at him without answering. MacFarlane  
grows uneasy.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
(walking up to her,  
putting an arm around her  
shoulders and tilting up  
her chin with his other  
hand)  
It will do the boy no harm.

He kisses her off-handedly. She wraps her arm around his  
neck and kisses him with fierce passion. He releases  
himself, goes on into the next room.

**INT. ANATOMY ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

The anatomy room is dim. Long level bars of light come  
through the wide windows to illuminate the bare austerity of  
this classroom. The long rows of tables have a sombre and  
empty look. Everything is meticulously clean.

At one of the tables is the hunched, dark and evil figure of  
Joseph, the janitor of the school. He is engaged in rubbing  
the surface of a marble-topped table. The door on the  
landing opens. MacFarlane and Fettes come through.  
MacFarlane still has his arm linked through that of his young  
friend and is listening to Fettes' gratitude with evident  
pleasure.

FETTES  
-- all my gratitude, sir -- I can  
never express it...

MED. FULL SHOT -- Fettes and MacFarlane as they descend the  
stairs.

MACFARLANE  
(lightly)  
They'll be satisfaction enough for  
me to know I've trained the great  
Dr. Fettes.

MED. SHOT to include Joseph in the f.g. and Fettes and MacFarlane as they reach the floor level of the anatomy room. Joseph, continuing his work, casts a sidelong glance at the doctor and student. It is evident he is listening to every word they say.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
Now -- as to your duties. It is up  
to you to keep the accounts and to  
distribute the specimens to the  
students. Also, inasmuch as you'll  
be living in the house --

He looks over and glances at Joseph and having noticed that Joseph is eavesdropping, breaks off short.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
(to Joseph)  
Joseph --

Joseph looks up.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
What are you doing, sneaking about  
here like a Redskin? Make a little  
noise, man. Let people know you're  
about --

JOSEPH  
(meekly)  
Yes, Doctor -- yes.

MACFARLANE  
-- otherwise I might get the idea  
you are trying to spy on me.

He takes Fettes' arm again and leads him off toward the other end of the anatomy room. The two medicals go out of earshot, with Joseph in the f.g.

**INT. THE ALCOVE -- LATE AFTERNOON**

This is the small out-cropping of the main room set a few feet lower in level. At one end is a heavy curtain of green baize.

MED. FULL SHOT. MacFarlane and Fettes descend the steps leading to the alcove. MacFarlane, with his hand on the elbow of the younger man, guides him to the curtain.

MACFARLANE  
You know how we get the specimens  
we use for dissection?

FETTES  
From the Municipal Council --  
they're the bodies of paupers --

The CAMERA BEGINS TO DOLLY SLOWLY TOWARD them.

MACFARLANE  
That's what the law stipulates but  
there are not enough of them,  
Fettes -- there are not enough of  
them --

MacFarlane pulls aside the curtain. He and Fettes pass through and the curtain falls into place behind them. The CAMERA CONTINUES TO TRUCK SLOWLY TOWARD the curtain.

SLOW DISSOLVE

**EXT. GREYFRIAR'S KIRKYARD -- NIGHT**

CLOSE SHOT. The little dog, Robbie, is lying on his master's grave. He lies with his muzzle on his forepaws but his eyes are open and alert. Out of the scene comes the plodding beat of a horse's hoofs and the rumbling of iron-shod wheels. The dog lifts his head.

The horse comes to a stop. There is the creak of springs as someone alights. The dog's hackles rise. He growls.

ANOTHER ANGLE. The great black shadow of a man in a caped overcoat and top hat with a spade over his shoulder is thrown onto the wall of Greyfriar's Kirk by the street lamp. The huge shadow looms high over the tiny dog. Robbie rises

valiantly to his feet, snarling. As he does so, the actual figure of the man, as black and indistinct as his own shadow, comes past the camera, blacking out the little dog. There is a deeper growl from Robbie. The man swings his spade down. As the spade drives home there is a little weak sound from the dog.

ANOTHER ANGLE. With his foot, Gray pushes the dead body of the little dog to one side, strikes the spade into the ground and starts to dig.

**INT. FETTES' ROOM -- NIGHT**

In a little attic room, Fettes is sleeping fitfully. The room is flooded with moonlight which comes in through a skylight window.

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- Fettes sleeping. Far away can be heard the plodding hoofbeats and creaking wheels of Gray's cab. There is a loud squeak as the cab takes the turn into the alleyway. Fettes wakens. He listens. There is a sound of the hoofbeats, the wheels and then silence when the horse comes to a stop. He sits up. From downstairs comes a stealthy knocking at the door. He gets up sleepily and starts to put on his worn bathrobe, crosses to the window and looks out.

**EXT. ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT**

HIGH ANGLE SHOT from Fettes' window. Gray, his cab and the white horse present a weird and funereal spectacle. Gray is fumbling with something inside the cab.

**INT. FETTES' ROOM -- NIGHT**

Fettes has turned from the window and starts toward the door. He opens it and goes out.

**EXT. ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT**

Gray is pulling a long, canvas-colored object of considerable weight from the cab. With a grunt he gets it up into his arms and starts across the sidewalk toward the postern door.

**INT. ANATOMY ROOM -- NIGHT**

It is dark except for a small oil lamp left burning as a nightlight. This casts its dim rays over a small portion of the room near the entrance door. Fettes comes through the door on the landing. He peers over the bannisters and then somewhat slowly, as if not too easy at the prospect before him, he begins to descend the stairs.

ANOTHER ANGLE. Fettes crosses the anatomy room looking apprehensively into the darkness at either end. At the door he pauses a moment, then passes through into the darkness of the entry and is lost to view.

**INT. ENTRYWAY -- NIGHT**

It is so dark that Fettes can barely be seen. The clank of the chain as he throws it off and the snap of the bolt are loud and frightening in this small enclosed space. He pulls the door open. Before him silhouetted against the dim radiance of the cab lamps is Gray. In his arms is a long, cloth-covered object.

CLOSE SHOT -- Fettes as he opens the door wider to give Gray entrance. Without a word, Gray carries the body past him into the anatomy room. Fettes closes the door and follows him.

**INT. ANATOMY ROOM -- NIGHT**

Gray comes in and stands waiting for Fettes to come up to him. Fettes comes out of the entry and takes a few steps toward Gray.

GRAY  
Here -- give me a hand -- this is heavy.

Fettes helps him. Gingerly he takes hold of the corpse and together they lay it down on a long marble-topped table in the center of the room, almost directly under the nightlight. Gray heaves a sigh of relief to be relieved of the weight.

GRAY (cont'd)  
You'll find the specimen in good condition. He was bright and cheerful as a thrush not a week long gone. A likely lad, I'm told.  
(glances at Fettes)

You're the new assistant?

Fettes nods.

FETTES  
(trying to remember his  
manners)  
I'm Donald Fettes.

GRAY  
I'm very pleased to know you,  
Master Fettes.

FETTES  
Mr. Gray?

GRAY  
That's right. Gray, the cabman.  
I've had a bit of dealing with  
MacFarlane in the past, you know.

Fettes nods.

GRAY (cont'd)  
And I've always gotten along with  
his assistants -- providing they  
understood my humble position.

He puts one hand on Fettes' arm. Fettes moves away from him.

FETTES  
Dr. MacFarlane said I should pay  
you --

GRAY  
(interrupting)  
Of course -- it's the soul of the  
business -- the pay --

Fettes shifts uneasily, confused and seemingly uncertain of  
his next step.

GRAY (cont'd)  
(prompting him)  
I have no doubt you have the key in  
your pocket --

Fettes reaches into his pocket and brings out a big iron key.

GRAY (cont'd)  
(pointing)  
And there is the box.

They start over toward it. Fettes opens the box.

GRAY (cont'd)  
My fee is as usual -- ten pounds.

Fettes counts out the money to him. Gray flips the last coin  
into the air and catches it with a gamin gesture which is  
surprising in a man of such sinister appearance. As Fettes  
still stands rather stupidly, Gray prompts him again.

GRAY (cont'd)  
And now, although it's none of my  
business, I would make the proper  
entry if I were you. "One specimen  
-- ten pounds -- received from --  
let us say -- "MacDuff" -- a royal  
name.

Fettes looks toward the desk.

GRAY (cont'd)  
(still prompting him)  
It's the little cloth-covered book  
in the drawer.

Fettes brings it out. Gray watches him while he writes. The  
pen scratches and squeaks over the paper. Then both turn and  
start toward the entry.

FETTES  
Good night, Mr. Gray.

As the door Gray tips his hat elegantly to Fettes.

GRAY  
My respects, Master Fettes, and may  
this be the first of many  
profitable meetings.

He leaves, disappearing in the darkness of the entryway. A  
second later the door can be heard closing behind him.

Fettes stands for a long moment looking at the dark entry, then from behind him comes a chuckle of laughter. He whirls abruptly.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- Fettes in the b.g. and above him on the landing, holding a candle, is Dr. MacFarlane in an elegant dressing gown.

MACFARLANE

Well, well, my boy. Your first meeting with the redoubtable Gray. You may count it as a milestone in your medical career.

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- Fettes as he looks from MacFarlane to the door.

FETTES

My medical career --

FADE OUT

FADE IN

**INT. ANATOMY SCHOOL -- DAY**

CLOSE SHOT -- skeleton. It is facing the camera, its stance a parody of that prize fighter of the period; left well extended, right held high, both knees bent. Over the shot comes a clamor of men's voices, cutting across which, suddenly, comes Fettes' voice.

FETTES

All right, gentleman -- that will do! Settle down!

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the interior of the school. In the f.g. is the dais, at one side of which is the skeleton. Fettes steps up onto the dais at the other side of the passing some dozen students, all young men in their early twenties. Two students, Gilchrist and Richardson, are prominent. Richardson is lean and sardonic.

FETTES (cont'd)

Dr. MacFarlane has asked me to review the points he has just discussed with you.

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- dais. The skeleton is to one side in the f.g. facing the students, o.s. Fettes has his back to it.

FETTES (cont'd)

He started with the construction of the ribs and the haemapophyses --

He turns toward the skeleton, then reacts sharply as he notices its ludicrous stance.

FETTES (cont'd)

(angrily)  
I suppose this was your doing, Richardson.

He starts rearranging the skeleton's limbs. Richardson grins. It is at this moment that Joseph comes sidling up to the group.

JOSEPH

Mr. Fettes --

Fettes looks over at him.

JOSEPH (cont'd)

A lady is asking for you.

FETTES

What lady, Joseph?

Joseph shrugs. Fettes, seeing that he'll get no enlightenment from him, turns to the students.

FETTES (cont'd)

If you gentleman will excuse me --

He starts for the stairs. There is a snicker of laughter. Richardson leans over and with two deft movements brings the arms of the skeleton back into fighting position.

**INT. MACFARLANE HALLWAY -- DAY**

Mrs. Marsh sits there. Broad beams of sunlight flood in from the front windows. She is speaking with Meg Cameron. Meg is standing looking down at her.

MEG  
Why do you come here? The Doctor  
said he wouldn't operate.

MRS. MARSH  
I've already told you I didn't come  
to see Dr. MacFarlane.

MEG  
Then whom do you wish to see in  
MacFarlane's own house?

It is at this moment that the door opens and Fettes comes in.  
Meg takes one glance at him.

MEG (cont'd)  
(almost under her breath)  
So it is in that direction that the  
wind blows, eh? It will get you  
nothing.

With that she turns on her heel and goes off to a little door  
on the left.

MRS. MARSH  
(rising)  
Good morning, Mr. Fettes.

Fettes bows formally. It is obvious he is pleased, yet very  
puzzled to see her. He comes down and takes her hand.

FETTES  
You asked to see me, ma'am?

MRS. MARSH  
(impulsively)  
I want you to help my little girl.

FETTES  
I'm only a student.

MRS. MARSH  
Georgina told me how kind you were  
to her. It gave me hope you might  
intercede for us with Dr.  
MacFarlane.

FETTES  
I don't know that I can do that,  
Mrs. Marsh.

MRS. MARSH  
Did he tell you about Georgina?

Fettes nods.

MRS. MARSH (cont'd)  
Then he must have told you that  
this disease is progressive -- that  
it will grow worse -- that soon she  
will not be able to move at all.

Fettes nods again. Mrs. Marsh lays her hand on his arm and  
looks directly into his eyes.

MRS. MARSH (cont'd)  
And you won't ask him to help?

FETTES  
I didn't mean it that way. I meant  
only that I am not in a position to  
ask favors.

MRS. MARSH  
Ask this one favor --

FETTES  
(very much moved)  
Of course I will.

Mrs. Marsh smiles at him.

MRS. MARSH  
Georgina was right. You are a kind  
man.

She extends her hand and Fettes takes it.

FETTES  
I'll do what I can.

He walks with her to the door, lets her out, closes it behind  
her and then turns and starts back the way he came.

**INT. THE ANATOMY ROOM -- DAY**

MacFarlane is present and now in contrast to the disorder under Fettes the students are busy and absorbed. They are working at their tasks. MacFarlane, with two or three around him, is helping one of the students, Gilchrist.

MACFARLANE

(enthusiastically)

In an adult this muscle can apply more than one hundred seventy-five pounds of pressure? Double that and you get the full strength of the human jaw.

(jocularly)

That, gentlemen, is to chew our food and bite our enemies.

The students laugh; that peculiar laugh common to students and soldiers when a superior makes a joke. It is at this moment that Fettes starts down the stairs. MacFarlane looks up.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)

Here, Fettes, life can't be all skittles and ladies --

This sally provokes a low murmur of appreciative laughter from the students. Fettes, discomfited, joins the group.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)

(pulling a watch from his pocket)

It's time for our luncheon. I've a bit of beef to discuss and --

(bowing slightly)

I leave you all to whatever arrangements you have made to serve the inner man.

FULL SHOT -- Fettes as he takes up a small bundle wrapped in a handkerchief and starts for the door.

MED. SHOT -- MacFarlane as he starts for the stairs. He passes a table where Richardson is bent over his work, which is out of scene.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)

Well, I see you have that arm you've been yearning for, Richardson.

RICHARDSON

Yes, sir. This fellow must have been a great one at hurling the bar -- beautiful biceps. Burke and Hare would never have got the best of this fellow.

MacFarlane's head jerks up and he looks directly at Richardson.

MACFARLANE

What did you say?

RICHARDSON

I was making a joke, sir.

MACFARLANE

(passing on)

It's a poor subject for jest, Richardson -- particularly for a medical student.

He turns abruptly away and starts toward the stairs.

GILCHRIST

(to Richardson)

What did you say to His Imperial Highness?

RICHARDSON

Nothing but a merry word about Burke and Hare --

GILCHRIST

That's nothing for him to get upset about. They're dead and buried --

Richardson shrugs.

DISSOLVE

**EXT. GREYFRIAR'S CHURCHYARD -- DAY**

---

Fettes comes along the street toward the gateway. Suddenly he stops and looks at a small crowd which has gathered around the gate, all talking very excitedly and peering in over each other's shoulders. He stands and looks.

MED. FULL SHOT -- the crowd at the gate. The people draw back making way for Mrs. MacBride who comes out.

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- Mrs. MacBride as she makes her way through the crowd. She is crying and in her arms she carries the dead body of the little dog.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- SHOOTING FROM behind Fettes. Mrs. MacBride comes through the crowd and starts across the street toward him.

CLOSE SHOT -- Mrs. MacBride and Fettes. Fettes looks at her.

MRS. MACBRIDE  
(as she passes him)  
They killed his wee doggie too --  
little Robbie.  
(passes on)

CLOSE SHOT -- Fettes as he watches Mrs. MacBride. From behind him comes the sound of the street singer's song.

DISSOLVE

**INT. MACFARLANE'S STUDY -- LATE AFTERNOON**

MacFarlane is seated on a high stool at a work table. He has before him two large bones and is measuring these with a pair of dividers and marking down notations in a notebook. While he works he whistles "The Blue Bells of Scotland." There is a knock at the door.

MACFARLANE  
Come in!

He looks over his shoulder to see Fettes as he enters then turns back to his work. Fettes comes up and stands beside him. MacFarlane makes a notation in the notebook and then looks up.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
Well, Fettes -- where have you been? I didn't see you at the afternoon session.

FETTES  
I don't think I can go on, sir.

MACFARLANE  
(whirling around on the stool)  
What the devil do you mean? You have your lodgings, a certain stipend -- I thought I had arranged everything for you --

FETTES  
I saw the woman whose son's body was delivered last night.

MacFarlane nods.

FETTES (cont'd)  
That man took the body from Greyfriar's. I knew the woman. I knew the little dog on the grave. He killed the dog.

MACFARLANE  
And that's why you don't want to be a doctor, Fettes?

FETTES  
Not if I have to be party to things like that, Dr. MacFarlane.

MacFarlane studies him for a moment. He then gets up from the stool and puts his hand on the boy's shoulder.

MACFARLANE  
Fettes, I was an assistant once. I had to deal with men like Gray. Do you think I did it because I wanted to? Do you think I want to do it now? But I must and you must.

Fettes shakes his head. MacFarlane puts his other hand on Fettes' other shoulder.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
Ignorant men have dammed up the  
stream of medical progress with  
stupid and unjust laws. If that  
dam will not break, the other men  
of medicine have to find other  
courses. You understand me,  
Fettes?

Fettes nods.

FETTES  
But this woman -- and her son --

MACFARLANE  
I'm sorry for the woman, Fettes.  
But her son might be alive today  
had more doctors been given the  
opportunity to work on more human  
specimens. As for me, Fettes, I  
let no man stop me when I know I'm  
right -- when I know that I need  
those lifeless subjects for my  
student's enlightenment and for my  
own knowledge. And if you're a  
real man and want to be a good  
doctor, you'll see it as I see it.

There is a long pause. MacFarlane lets his hands drop to his  
sides.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
Well, boy?

Fettes nods. MacFarlane claps him jovially on the back.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
You're a good lad, Fettes.  
(looking at Fettes more  
closely)  
But you look a bit pale to me. I'm  
dining at Hobbs. Come along with  
me and have a bit of the joint and  
a glass of ale. It will put new  
life in you.

He takes the boy's arm and they start from the room.

**EXT. EDINBURGH STREET -- NIGHT**

The pavement is glistening from a recent rain and there is a  
hint of fog in the air. It is the dinner hour and the street  
is fairly well peopled. On one corner by the light of a  
flaring torch a pamphleteer is selling his wares. On the  
other corner the street singer stands chanting her ballad;  
the dolorous phrases reciting the tale of a dead knight  
deserted by his horse, his hound and his leman fair.

MED. FULL SHOT -- the singer. MacFarlane, with top hat, cape  
and carrying a cane swings briskly past her with Fettes, more  
soberly dressed, at his side. They stride out of scene.

**EXT. HOBBS PUBLIC HOUSE -- NIGHT**

MacFarlane with Fettes in tow comes breezing up. With a  
lordly gesture he ushers Fettes before him into the public  
house.

**INT. HOBBS PUBLIC HOUSE -- NIGHT**

It is bright, warm and cheerful. A huge fire is roaring in  
the fireplace and before it is a rack spit turned by a spit  
boy who sings as he turns. (Song to be supplied.) On the  
spit is a young porker with forelegs and hind legs stretched  
to elongate him before the fire. The porker has just  
recently been put on the spit so that he gleams pale white in  
the warm glow of the fire.

MED. FULL SHOT -- at the door. Fettes, followed by  
MacFarlane comes in. Fettes looks shyly around him while a  
man servant takes his hat. MacFarlane boldly flings his hat  
and cape to the attendant and strides forward toward the  
fireplace. He extends his hands and looks at the slowly  
turning porker.

MACFARLANE  
(to Fettes)  
We'll have a stiffener or two of  
hot rum and by then we will be able  
to meet this fellow on fairly equal  
terms of warmth, eh Fettes?

From behind them comes an insinuating voice.

GRAY'S VOICE

A fine "specimen" isn't he, Toddy  
MacFarlane?

They both twist around quickly.

REVERSE SHOT -- on the opposite side of the room where he has hidden from them by the high walls of the divan, a sort of inglenook built away from the fireplace, is Gray. This is "common" section of the inn. He sits with a loaf of coarse bread before him and a glass of stout at his elbow. He is grinning. Without rising, Gray beckons.

GRAY

Come, Toddy -- come. Sit down here  
with me.

MACFARLANE

Don't call me that confounded name.

GRAY

(still grinning)  
Well, then, Doctor MacFarlane --  
although I've known a time, Toddy,  
when you liked the name. Aye, and  
many are dead now who called you by  
it; rough and wild ones they were,  
too. But come Toddy, sit down here  
with your young friend.

Fettes looks in surprise from the doctor to the cabman,  
utterly confused at the familiarity of this man's address.

MACFARLANE

(coldly)  
Mr. Fettes and I have professional  
matters to discuss.

GRAY

Medicine? That'll keep. Sit down.

As MacFarlane hesitates, angry and most anxious to refuse,  
Gray lowers his tone to a sly confidential murmur.

GRAY (cont'd)

You wouldn't want it said of you  
that you refused a glass to an old  
friend.

MacFarlane shrugs.

MACFARLANE

We'll buy you a glass, Gray.

He motions to Fettes to sit down. Fettes takes a seat and  
MacFarlane sits down beside him. As Fettes sits down beside  
him, Gray turns to him in a confidential manner.

GRAY

I'm a pretty bad fellow myself, but  
MacFarlane is the boy -- Toddy  
MacFarlane --

He chuckles, shaking his head as if in appreciation of the  
most sinister sort of villainy. MacFarlane is angry. Fettes  
is confused and unable to orient himself in this strange  
relationship between the great anatomist and the lowly  
cabman. Gray turns to MacFarlane.

GRAY (cont'd)

Come, Toddy, order for your friend.

MacFarlane lifts his hand to beckon to the waiter.

GRAY (CONT'D)

No, on second thought, let me  
order.  
(as the waiter comes up)  
We'll have a bowl of hot punch and  
a cut off the loin from that fine  
porker.

The waiter looks at Gray dubiously, unused to such a  
sumptuous order from so humble a customer.

GRAY (cont'd)

(catching the look)  
You needn't worry, waiter, I'm with  
my friend -- the great Dr.  
MacFarlane -- he wants to sit here  
with the commonality.

The waiter nods, looks from MacFarlane's tense and angry face to Gray's grinning countenance, turns and makes off to the kitchen. For a moment the three men sit silently, MacFarlane encircled in the iron ring of his anger; Fettes tongue-tied and abashed and Gray gloating over the doctor's discomfiture. Finally Gray breaks the silence.

GRAY (cont'd)  
(to MacFarlane)  
Well, you were going to talk of medical matters. Don't let my humble presence stop you. Speak up, Toddy.

MacFarlane, goaded beyond the point of endurance, pounds his fist on the table.

MACFARLANE  
I will not have you use that name to me.

GRAY  
You will not have it?

The two men glare at each other, then very slowly MacFarlane averts his gaze. Fettes looks from one to the other and then trying to cover the defeat of his teacher, begins to speak.

FETTES  
Dr. MacFarlane -- you remember the lady who came to see you yesterday -- the lady with the little girl?

MACFARLANE  
I remember her.

FETTES  
She came again today. She wanted me to ask you if you would not break your rule and operate. She feels you are her only hope.

MACFARLANE  
So she told me. I'm a teacher -- not a practitioner.

MacFarlane shrugs as if this aspect of the conversation were closed. Gray looks over at him quizzically.

GRAY  
You're a teacher, eh? Maybe you're afraid to be a doctor, Toddy.

MACFARLANE  
Afraid of what?

GRAY  
Afraid you are not as good a doctor perhaps as you make out to be.

MACFARLANE  
I am the best man for the job.

GRAY  
Why don't you do it then?

He pauses and looks slyly at MacFarlane.

GRAY (cont'd)  
I'd like you to do the operation, Toddy.

MACFARLANE  
You? Why? Since when have you become the protector of little children?

GRAY  
I'm not concerned about the child, Toddy. It's you I'm thinking of, I'd like to see you prove that a lot of things I know haven't hurt Toddy MacFarlane any.

MACFARLANE  
I'll not do it, Gray.

GRAY  
Oh, yes, you will. You'll do it to oblige Fettes and myself.

MACFARLANE  
No.

GRAY

Maybe there's some private reason  
between you and me which will make  
you -- some long lost friend of  
ours.

(dropping his voice)

Say that you'll do it for me and my  
friend, Mr. Fettes, here.

The two men exchange glances for a moment.

MACFARLANE

(trying to cover up)

It might be an interesting case.

GRAY

That's a good boy, Toddy.

NOTE: The following line to be shot as protection for the  
content of this scene.

MACFARLANE

You only want me to do it because I  
don't want to. That's it, isn't  
it, Gray?

MacFarlane glares at him with hatred. Gray grins and turns  
to Fettes.

GRAY

Toddy hates me.

MACFARLANE

(muttering)

Don't call me that confounded name,  
I tell you.

GRAY

Hear him? Did you ever see the  
lads play knife?

He picks up the table knife and puts it across his knuckles,  
then with a sweep of his fist, tosses it into the loaf of  
bread.

GRAY (cont'd)

He would like to do that all over  
my body.

FETTES

(trying to make a joke)

We medicals have a better way than  
that. When we dislike a friend we  
dissect him.

MacFarlane looks up sharply. Gray glances at him and smiles.

GRAY

You'll never get rid of me that  
way, Toddy. You and I have two  
bodies -- aye, very different sorts  
of bodies -- but we're closer than  
if we were in the same skin -- for  
I saved that skin of yours once and  
you'll not forget it.

The waiter comes, bearing a steaming bowl of punch. He  
ladles out a glassful and puts it before MacFarlane.  
MacFarlane drinks thirstily, glad of this excuse to avoid  
Gray's penetrating glance.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

**EXT. THE RAMPARTS -- DAY**

The ramparts of the castle of Edinburgh are about thirty feet  
wide and overgrown with the grass of centuries. This forms a  
narrow lawn between two crenellated stone walls. From these  
battlements only a distant horizon line, a few spires and  
fleecy clouds above the town can be seen.

LONG SHOT -- a small group of children. The CAMERA PANS WITH  
these children as they run, laughing and shouting, across the  
lawn of the ramparts. When they run past the little  
wheelchair in which Georgina is seated, the CAMERA HOLDS ON  
Georgina. She turns her head to watch the children run off.  
Then she turns and looks the other way to where her mother  
and Fettes are standing by the ramparts, deep in  
conversation. The CAMERA PANS WITH her gaze. They are out  
of earshot of the child talking in low, confidential tones.

MRS. MARSH

You have his promise, then?

FETTES

Yes.

Mrs. Marsh looks over at Georgina, then back to Fettes.  
Fettes turns and looks over at Georgina.

FETTES (cont'd)

There will be great pain connected  
with it, ma'am. During the  
operation and afterward -- great  
pain and shock --

MRS. MARSH

(almost breathing the  
words)

-- pain -- and shock. She's brave  
enough, but I don't know about  
myself. Now that it seems so  
close, I wonder if I dare trust my  
child into any but God's hands.  
Maybe He knows best.

FETTES

Ma'am, is you'll allow me, I'd like  
to give you cause for courage --  
Dr. MacFarlane is a great man -- I  
think he's the greatest man in  
medicine. God would not have given  
him such gifts if they were not  
meant for Georgina's cure.

Mrs. Marsh looks at him gratefully.

MRS. MARSH

(sincerely)

Thank you, Mr. Fettes.

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- Georgina. Seated in her little wheel  
chair, she is cuddling a porcelain-faced doll of the period.  
Suddenly she hears something in the street far below. It is  
the clop-clop of horse's hoofs and the ringing of wheels on  
the cobble stones. She looks up and tries to raise herself  
in her wheel chair to see over the parapet. She is unable to  
do so. She calls out to her mother.

GEORGINA

Mommie! Mommie!

MED. FULL SHOT -- Georgina in the f.g. Fettes and Mrs. Marsh  
turn to go toward her.

GEORGINA (cont'd)

Push me to the wall, Mommie. I  
think I hear him.

Fettes takes a few long steps and comes up to the wheel  
chair.

FETTES

Hear him?

GEORGINA

The white horse. The horse that is  
going to greet me when he sees me.

FETTES

(as he starts to wheel the  
chair toward the parapet)  
An old acquaintance, eh?

Georgina nods. He gets her as far as the wall and she looks  
over. She peers down, then turns back with a look of  
disappointment on her face.

DOWN SHOT -- from the Ramparts. On the street below a  
carriage is passing drawn by a brown horse.

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- Georgina and Fettes.

GEORGINA

(disappointed)

It was a brown horse.

Mrs. Marsh comes up.

MRS. MARSH

A cabby told her his horse would  
say "hello" to her the next time he  
saw her. Georgina has been looking  
everywhere for that horse.

Fettes looks at the child, smiling, then leans down so as to

bring himself on a level with her.

FETTES  
Why do you want the white horse to  
bid you "good-day"?

GEORGINA  
He was a nice horse.

FETTES  
Maybe there's another reason.  
Maybe you haven't friends enough.  
Could that be it, Georgina?

Georgina looks at him, thinks a moment, then nods her head.

GEORGINA  
Of course -- I don't have friends.  
That's because I can't walk. I try  
to make myself used to it.

FETTES  
One shouldn't get used to the wrong  
things, Georgina. You want to walk  
and run and play.

MRS. MARSH  
(not knowing the direction  
or purpose of Fettes'  
conversation; breaks in)  
Really, Mr. Fettes -- I thought you  
at least would know how much  
Georgina wants that.

Fettes nods.

FETTES  
Aye, but I still wonder how much.

GEORGINA  
(with dreadful sincerity)  
I want it --

FETTES  
But you'll have to stand great  
pain, Georgina. Greater pain than  
you ever dreamed of in the worst  
time of your sickness. Do you want  
it that much?

Georgina nods.

FETTES (cont'd)  
Then, Dr. MacFarlane will make you  
well.

He smiles at her and although this direct conversation about  
her illness has brought tears to her eyes, Georgina smiles  
back at him and Mrs. Marsh, looking down at them, smiles too.  
In her eyes also are tears.

WIPE DISSOLVE

**INT. MACFARLANE'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY**

MacFarlane is seated in a wing chair before the fire.  
Although it is near noon, he still wears dressing gown and  
slippers. His hair is rumpled and his eyes bloodshot. He  
has a glass in his left hand and holds a poker in his right.  
With the poker he tries to push a big piece of cannel coal  
into the flames. It eludes the point of the poker and rolls  
back against the hobb. Again he pushes it forward. Again it  
rolls back. Suddenly, and with almost maniacal rage, he  
lifts up the poker and brings it crashing down on the coal.  
The soft coal splinters into a hundred pieces. Suddenly,  
from behind him comes a woman's soft and teasing laughter.  
He turns. Meg Cameron stands in the doorway behind him. She  
comes quickly across the room to him.

MEG  
(as she walks)  
Gray's head -- is that it, Teddy?  
Is that what broke just now under  
the poker. Broken it -- and have  
done with him forever.

By the time and she has finished her speech, Meg has reached  
him and before he has had a chance to even react to her  
teasing, mocking tones, she has flung herself down on her  
knees beside his chair, thrown her arms about his neck and  
kissed him passionately.

MEG (cont'd)  
My poor lad -- my poor, poor lad

that can never be free of him.

MACFARLANE

You're daft. What's Gray to me.  
He's only a man from whom I buy  
what I need when I need it -- the  
rest is forgotten.

MEG

You may deny the devil, Toddy, but  
you'll not rid yourself of him by  
saying the devil is dead.

MACFARLANE

Nonsense. You're a fey creature  
with mad ideas. But you have a  
wildness that holds me to you,  
lass.

MEG

(quite sure of her ground)  
No great lady will ever take my  
place?

MacFarlane shakes his head. He kisses her. She clings to  
him. It is at this moment that there is a knocking at the  
door. Meg rises quickly and adjusts her clothing.  
MacFarlane tries to seem more at ease.

MACFARLANE

Come in.

Fettes comes in.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)

I didn't expect to see you on  
Sunday, Fettes. What do you want,  
some powders for your aching head?  
That was a furious lot we drank  
last night -- and in bad company.

FETTES

It was about last night I wanted to  
talk to you -- about the operation  
on the little Marsh girl.

MACFARLANE

(loftily)  
You're a man of the world, Fettes,  
you wouldn't hold me to promise  
given in drink.

FETTES

But I -- well, you see, sir, I met  
Mrs. Marsh and told her.

MACFARLANE

(beginning to lose  
patience)  
Really, Fettes, you irk me with  
your lack of understanding.

FETTES

But you did promise.

MACFARLANE

Look here, Fettes. Not I nor  
anyone else knows enough about the  
spinal column and its intricacies  
to insure success in such an  
operation. I would have to study  
the matter. Have we any  
"subjects"?

FETTES

Wilmont used up the last spinal  
section.

MACFARLANE

You see, it is completely out of  
the question.

FETTES

(very disappointed)  
Yes, I suppose so.

MACFARLANE

Now you run off and see that pretty  
Mrs. Marsh and explain to her.

Fettes, dejected and disappointed, nods and slowly leaves the  
room. MacFarlane watches him go.

**INT. ANATOMY ROOM -- DAY**

CLOSE SHOT -- Joseph at the desk. He has the account book open before him and with index finger moving from letter to letter, he is laboriously but silently spelling out the words. Suddenly, he hears footsteps behind him on the stairs and quickly slams the book and begins dusting the desk.

FULL SHOT -- The anatomy room from Joseph's ANGLE. Fettes is coming down the stairs and crosses toward him.

FETTES

Joseph --

Joseph looks up.

FETTES (cont'd)

Would you know a spinal column if you saw one?

Joseph nods and grins.

FETTES (cont'd)

Do we have one?

Joseph shakes his head. Fettes shrugs. He stands thinking for a moment, then speaks to Joseph again.

FETTES (cont'd)

Joseph --

Joseph looks up again.

FETTES (cont'd)

-- do you happen to know where Gray, the cabman, lives?

Joseph nods.

FETTES (cont'd)

Well, tell me.

Joseph leans meditatively on the desk.

FETTES (cont'd)

What do you want me to do, bribe you? I'm cursed if I do. Tell me straight out. Where does he live?

JOSEPH

I'd gladly run with a message, sir, for a florin. It's not much, considering it's Sunday.

FETTES

I only want his address.

JOSEPH

He lives in the Westport --

Fettes nods.

JOSEPH (cont'd)

(in a last desperate effort)

I'd gladly go.

But Fettes has already passed into the entry way.

DISSOLVE OUT

**EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT**

It is a crooked, narrow alley. The only light comes from the ends. Fettes can begin to hear the ballad of the street singer from the street toward which he is going. He pauses a moment, listens, then walks forward into the darkness; the song almost seeming to guide him through the dark alley.

He comes to the darkest portion of the alley. A sound from the left attracts his attention. He comes to an abrupt halt as something white and mysterious moves on a window sill at his eye level. He takes a half step backward as a white cat leaps down and scurries noiselessly across his path. Fettes grins at his own fright and goes on. He passes through the darkness and comes out into the dim light of the other street. He comes to the street corner and on the corner stands the street singer. She is singing her little song and jingling a few coins in her begging bowl to attract the attention of the few people passing by in this dismal street. Fettes goes up to her. She stops singing.

FETTES

Do you know where Mr. Gray lives -- Gray, the cabman?

The girl shakes her head.

FETTES (cont'd)  
Well, thanks anyhow.

He takes a coin from his pocket and drops it into her bowl.  
He goes off and the CAMERA MOVES IN to a BIG CLOSEUP of the  
girl as she resumes her song.

LONG SHOT -- Fettes as he walks. This alley, like the other  
grows darker toward the center. There is an arch leading to  
a court. Fettes turns left under this arch.

**EXT. GRAY'S DWELLING AND STABLE -- NIGHT**

It is a tiny, narrow squalid building. He looks at it, sees  
the name, "John Gray -- Cabman" written on a board across the  
door, goes up to it and knocks. As there is no answer, he  
pushes the door open and steps into almost Stygian darkness.

**INT. GRAY'S STABLE -- NIGHT**

Fettes gropes his way along the wall toward the stairs.  
Suddenly from the darkness looms a tremendous white figure.  
It is the cabman's horse. His first momentary fright over,  
Fettes pats the horse's nose, passes on to the stairs, climbs  
the brief flight of steps leading to a door from under which  
comes a ray of light. Again he knocks. A voice shouts out  
to him.

GRAY'S VOICE  
Come in -- come in.

Fettes thrusts open the door and looks around to see the room  
in which he finds himself. It is a large loft-like room,  
furnished with odds and ends of poor furniture. The best  
pieces in the room are two dilapidated easy chairs that have  
obviously seen better days. On one wall some spare harness  
is hung. A great battered wardrobe contains Gray's clothes.  
The floor is covered with two worn Turkey carpets. There is  
a bed on which the bedclothes are untidily tumbled. There is  
a washstand and pitcher. Quite evidently Gray uses this  
chamber as a combined living, dining and bedroom as well as a  
kitchen. This last is the purpose to which it is being put  
as Fettes enters. Gray, in shirt sleeves, is crouched over  
the embers of the fire in the hearth, stirring some sausages  
in a frying pan. The kettle steams busily on the hob. On a  
small table near the fire is a loaf of bread, a jug of ale, a  
wooden trencher, a clasp knife and a fork. As Fettes enters,  
Gray rises and goes to meet him with the frying pan still in  
his left hand.

GRAY  
So it's the young doctor come to  
see me. I'm honored -- honored --

There is a curious, almost triumphant undertone in his voice.

GRAY (cont'd)  
Here, take this. It is the most  
comfortable chair.

He guides Fettes to a chair and Fettes, without removing his  
coat, sits down.

With quick servile civility he crosses to the taboret, gets a  
glass and bottle and brings it back with him. He pours a  
glass for Fettes.

Fettes takes a swallow.

GRAY (cont'd)  
And to what do I owe this honor of  
this visit? Some business, was it,  
of Dr. MacFarlane's?

FETTES  
Dr. MacFarlane didn't send me. I  
came of my own accord.

He breaks off, taking another swig from his glass.

FETTES (cont'd)  
What are the chances of your being  
able to get us a "subject"?

GRAY  
(shaking his head)  
It would be difficult -- very  
difficult. There was a dog that  
bothered me during the last job --  
people seem so concerned about dogs  
-- all in all it raised the very

mother and father of a row. I'm  
told the kirkyards are to be  
guarded.

(pausing)  
But I would not like to say that it  
would be impossible to get a  
"subject".

A look of relief comes over Fettes' face. He picks up his  
glass and drinks again.

FETTES  
(leaning forward)  
But how soon, man? Dr. MacFarlane  
is engaged in some very urgent  
research at present. He can't wait  
very long.

Again Gray smiles.

GRAY  
I fear he may have to.

FETTES  
But can't you give me any idea?

GRAY  
How could I? I will do my best.  
After all, you see, I am  
financially interested.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to a WIDER ANGLE as Fettes gets to his  
feet abruptly. Where comes very faintly over the shot from  
somewhere outside, the voice of the street singer, singing  
the same melody.

GRAY (cont'd)  
You may tell Toddy that I will do  
what I can, when I can -- as he  
knows I will.  
(sighing)  
But he must wait and see as the  
children do.

FETTES  
If that's your answer -- it'll have  
to do.

Fettes turns abruptly away and goes quickly out of scene  
toward the door. Gray sits for a moment, reflecting, then  
gets to his feet. The CAMERA PANS WITH him as he goes to the  
door and out.

**EXT. STREET -- NIGHT**

MED. FULL SHOT -- at the far side of the street, Fettes can  
be seen striding. At the nearer side, approaching slowly, is  
the street singer.

**INT. GRAY'S STABLE -- NIGHT**

CLOSE SHOT -- Gray. His head is turned in the direction of  
the voice. His hand comes up to his chin as he rubs at it  
reflectively, obviously seized by an idea. He makes up his  
mind and turns into the stable.

MED. SHOT. It is dark. In the f.g. is the white horse. It  
turns as Gray comes into scene and nuzzles him affectionately  
as he pats it.

GRAY  
Ah, Friend! There's bad news for  
you, boy -- bad news --

He pulls out a lump of sugar and gives it to the horse.

GRAY (cont'd)  
We have to go out again, Friend.

He turns away into the darkness, but is back in a moment  
bearing the horse's collar. As he slips the collar over the  
animal's head --

DISSOLVE

**EXT. STREET -- NIGHT**

It is a long deserted street. At the near end a lantern on a  
house wall casts a sphere of dim radiance. The CAMERA is  
FOCUSED DOWN the street which ends in Stygian darkness. From  
behind the camera comes the street singer, walking slowly,  
singing and rattling her begging bowl. She walks on. Just  
before her figure is lost in the darkness, from behind the

camera can be heard the clop-clop of hoofs, the creak of carriage springs, and the rolling wheels of Gray's cab. As the singer disappears completely into the darkness, the cab goes past the camera. It, too, disappears into the darkness. The CAMERA HOLDS. The sound of the carriage ceases. A moment later, the song of the street singer comes to an abrupt, choked end.

LONG DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

**INT. FETTES BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

At a small table, seated on a high stool, is Fettes. A little lamp burns dimly at his elbow and by its light he is studying. He turns the pages, checks some point in his reading with an anatomical chart spread over the table and with his pencil still poised over the anatomical chart, he pauses, listening. From some distance away comes the sound of a horse's hoofs and the banging of wheels. Fettes rises and crosses to the window. He draws the curtains aside and pushes open the casement. With the window open and sound of the horse's hoofs is louder. He looks down.

**EXT. ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT**

SHOOTING DOWNWARD as if from Fettes' viewpoint. Gray's cab pulled by the white horse comes into the scene and stops.

**INT. FETTES BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Fettes turns away from the window and starts for the door.

**EXT. ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT**

Gray gets off the cab.

**INT. ANATOMY ROOM -- NIGHT**

Fettes passing through.

**INT. THE ENTRY WAY -- NIGHT**

Fettes opens the door, admitting Gray. He comes in carrying the usual canvas-colored body, but this burden is lighter than the last. Without any difficulty he takes it into the adjoining room.

**INT. ANATOMY ROOM -- NIGHT**

Gray lays his burden down upon the table.

GRAY  
(cheerfully)  
There, Master Fettes. Sooner than we had expected. A stoke of luck one might say.

FETTES  
Good.

He is still almost half asleep as he starts over toward the desk pulling the key from his pocket as he goes. As he does so, his eyes light on the face of the corpse, revealed on his side by the drooping canvas. He is startled; takes two steps nearer and looks again.

FETTES (cont'd)  
That's the street singer.

Gray says nothing; merely looks at him calmly.

FETTES (cont'd)  
(very much excited)  
I know her, I tell you! She was alive and hearty only this evening. It's impossible she can be dead.

He pauses. Then in a lower voice.

FETTES (cont'd)  
You could not have gotten this body fairly.

Gray looks at him with a cold, hard look.

GRAY  
You are entirely mistaken.

The two men stand facing each other. There is even a hint of physical violence in Gray's stooped crouch.

GRAY (cont'd)  
You had better give me my money and  
make the proper entry.

He stares Fettes down and the boy crosses over to the desk  
and hurriedly gets out the money. He crosses over and gives  
it to Gray. Gray looks at it and then at the boy.

GRAY (cont'd)  
Good night, Dr. Fettes.

He tips his hat and is quickly gone. Fettes goes back to the  
body and looks down at the dead face of the girl. He  
shudders.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

**INT. ANATOMY ROOM -- DAY**

CLOSE FULL SHOT -- the stairway. The door at the top of the  
stairs opens and MacFarlane comes through with an early  
morning shine upon his countenance; his hair sleek from  
brushing. He is adjusting his tie and is whistling a  
Scottish tune as he descends the stairs. He suddenly breaks  
off as he sees someone below him on the floor level of the  
anatomy room.

MACFARLANE  
(heartily)  
Well, well, good morning to you,  
young Master Fettes.

REVERSE SHOT. Fettes is completely dressed, but his haggard  
face and rumpled hair give evidence of a sleepless night.

FETTES  
Dr. MacFarlane, have you ever seen  
a street singer who sang "The Twa  
Corby"?

They start toward the table where the body lies. The CAMERA  
BEGINS TO TRUCK WITH them.

MACFARLANE  
Every street singer with a cracked  
voice gives tongue to that one.

FETTES  
This girl was beautiful -- a wild  
lassie from the Highlands.

MacFarlane shrugs.

MACFARLANE  
Beautiful, you say? It's a wonder I  
have not remarked her.

They have reached the table and both men look down.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
Oh, this girl.

He whistles a bar or two of her song.

**INT. RECESS NEAR BRINE VAT -- DAY**

Joseph, comfortably seated on a three-legged stool near the  
brine vat and contentedly sucking at an old clay pipe, hears  
the doctor's whistled tune. He leans forward without rising,  
parts the curtain to look out.

FETTES' VOICE  
She was murdered.

Joseph softly rises from his stool, taking care to let the  
legs of this seat go back quietly onto the floor. He puts  
himself into an attitude of intense listening.

**INT. ANATOMY ROOM -- DAY**

MED. CLOSE SHOT on MacFarlane and Fettes.

FETTES  
I went to see Gray last night. I  
asked him to bring us a specimen.  
On my way I saw this girl. I gave  
her alms money. She was alive and  
singing.

He points to her temple. MacFarlane looks down.

MACFARLANE  
Well --

FETTES  
Gray killed her.

MACFARLANE  
We can't be sure of that.

FETTES  
I am sure. I mean to report it.  
It's like Burke and Hare all over  
again.

MacFarlane studies him for a long moment.

MACFARLANE  
(very quietly)  
I wouldn't do that, Fettes. I  
wouldn't report it.

FETTES  
Grave robbing is one thing -- this  
is murder.

CLOSE SHOT -- Joseph at the curtain. He is turning away. He  
has heard enough, and the calculating look in his eyes has  
been replaced by one of triumphant decision.

MED. SHOT -- Fettes and MacFarlane.

MACFARLANE  
I don't know that -- neither do  
you. This subject may have been an  
epileptic -- thrown a fit -- fallen  
out of bed -- cracked her skull and  
killed herself -- there is  
everything explained -- the bruise  
on her head --

FETTES  
I can't believe that.

MACFARLANE  
Believe it or not. It's best for  
you to pretend that you do. After  
all, it was you who ordered this  
specimen, received it here, and  
paid for it. That makes you a  
party to murder.

Fettes looks at MacFarlane. The truth of what the doctor has  
said is borne in upon him. He is confused and bewildered.

FETTES  
But, I didn't ask him to kill.

MACFARLANE  
Who would believe that? And you  
know, someone else might recognize  
her. She was as well known as the  
Castle Rock.

MacFarlane looks over at him.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
I should advise complete  
dissection.

MacFarlane starts to pull back the canvas from the body.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
I'll help you, of course.

Fettes hesitates. MacFarlane throws back the canvas sheet.

MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT -- Fettes and MacFarlane.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
I want the whole centrum myself for  
spinal work -- you know why --

Fettes understands, smiles and moves forward to help the  
doctor lift the body.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

**INT. MACFARLANE'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY**

It is a bright afternoon and there is no fire on the hearth.  
Mrs. Marsh is seated on the sofa and Meg sits beside her. A  
tea service on a small table is between them. Georgina's

empty wheel-chair is in evidence.

MEG  
(pushing a cup of tea  
toward Mrs. Marsh)  
Have a drop -- it'll help.

Mrs. Marsh shakes her head. Between her hands is a handkerchief which she is twisting nervously.

MRS. MARSH  
I couldn't swallow it.

She makes a nervous desperate gesture with her handkerchief; glances wildly at the clock.

MRS. MARSH (cont'd)  
How long has it been?

Meg Cameron also glances at the clock.

MEG  
Only twenty minutes.

MRS. MARSH  
(desperately echoing)  
Only twenty minutes.

**INT. ANATOMY ROOM -- DAY**

LONG SHOT. The room no longer has its ordinary arrangements. The tables and benches have been pulled up around the central marble-topped table for use as an impromptu grandstands. Students are standing on the tables and benches, peering down in tense and silent excitement at something on the table. There is the sound of a child's groan; a gasp of pain.

CLOSE FULL SHOT -- the circle around the table. Georgina partially covered by a sheet, lies on the slab. MacFarlane in shirt sleeves and apron bends over her. Richardson and some other students are close around him. Fettes crouches at the head of the table; his face near that of the child. This is a very low camera setup which hides the actual business of the operation from the audience, but which allows them to see the reactions to it on the faces of the students.

MACFARLANE  
Here is where you must watch  
closely, gentleman -- closely -- it  
is the very heart of the matter --

FETTES  
Wait, Doctor -- wait! The child's  
fainting.

The two big students who are holding the tiny thin arms of the girl to hold her down look questioningly at MacFarlane.

MACFARLANE  
Give her some brandy if you want.

Fettes shakes his head.

FETTES  
She's unconscious.

MACFARLANE  
Pulse?

RICHARDSON  
Slow -- but not too alarming.

MACFARLANE  
Let us proceed.

He bends to his work again.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
(commenting as he goes)  
-- and the final step -- we push  
the ganglia to one side -- then we  
make the actual osseous incision  
here -- so -- it is done -- the  
repair is effected and nothing left  
to do but replace the tissue and  
let nature heal what is no longer a  
defect -- merely a wound --

RICHARDSON  
(softly; but with feeling)  
Bravo!

MACFARLANE  
(to Fettes)

I'll be finished with her in an instant. Then you can consider her your patient, Fettes.

Fettes looks his gratitude.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

**INT. ANATOMY ROOM -- DAY**

It is late afternoon and only MacFarlane is there working at his desk. Suddenly Joseph comes in from the entry on tiptoe. He gets up to within a few feet of MacFarlane before announcing himself.

JOSEPH

Doctor --

MacFarlane wheels around.

MACFARLANE

What the devil is the matter with you -- forever creeping about. What do you want?

JOSEPH

Mr. Gray --

MACFARLANE

I don't wish to see Mr. Gray.

Behind him Gray, grinning, comes out from the darkness of the entry way and stands listening. The doctor is unaware of his presence. He turns back to his work.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)

You tell him that there will be no more business between us.

Gray grins even more broadly, then he clears his throat with a rumbling cough. MacFarlane turns around.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)

Oh -- well, Joseph, it seems I will have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Gray myself. You can go.

Both men wait for Joseph to go into the alcove.

GRAY

Now that wasn't a friendly thing I heard, Toddy. Not at all friendly.

MACFARLANE

That has nothing to do with it. We've decided to do more lecturing and less dissection -- it's better for the students -- that's all there is to it.

GRAY

(starting to leave)

You know what you want and don't want -- so that's an end of business between us -- but we'll still be friends, Toddy. I'll be dropping by to see you and Meg once in a while -- for auld lang syne, you know.

MACFARLANE

I suppose we can't prevent that, Gray --  
(bitterly)  
-- for auld lang syne.

Gray turns very humbly and goes to the door, then he turns again and he is laughing.

GRAY

And do you think you're getting rid of me, Toddy?

MacFarlane, who has turned back to his desk, whirls about, but Gray has already disappeared into the darkness of the entry way and from thence comes his loud crowing laughter. The doctor's face clouds in anger. He turns back to his desk. The street door can be heard closing.

**EXT. MACFARLANE'S CLOSE -- DAY**

Gray, still laughing, comes out on the sidewalk to find

Joseph waiting for him. Chuckling to himself, Gray starts to cross to his cab. Joseph stops him.

JOSEPH  
I would like to speak to you.

Gray looks at him.

GRAY  
I presume you shall. This won't be my last visit here.

JOSEPH  
I want to speak to you alone. I saw something. I heard.

GRAY  
What did you hear?

JOSEPH  
I know --

He looks off and sees Fettes coming down the alley. Fettes is whistling to himself.

JOSEPH (cont'd)  
Maybe some other time --

GRAY  
(beginning to laugh again)  
Oh, you'll have ample opportunity -- ample --  
(to Fettes)  
Good morning, Dr. Fettes.

FETTES  
Good morning.

**INT. ANATOMY ROOM -- DAY**

The doctor turns as Fettes comes in.

FETTES  
I just saw Gray. What was he laughing at?

MACFARLANE  
He has his own idea of a joke. Perhaps his horse tickled him in the ribs.

FETTES  
I've just been to see Mrs. Marsh. Georgina is doing splendidly. The incision has healed -- clean and fine -- but she doesn't seem to have any desire to walk.

MACFARLANE  
When she's ready you bring her to me -- I'll show her how.

FETTES  
Dr. MacFarlane, I wonder if you know what happiness you've brought those people.

MACFARLANE  
That's only our duty, Fettes -- that's the end at which we aim with all this nasty business.

He makes a gesture to include the anatomy room.

FETTES  
(very sincerely)  
I suppose one must pass through this purgatory to the heaven of being a good doctor.

MACFARLANE  
(turning to his desk)  
That's the way of it, Fettes. You bring the lassie to me.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

**INT. DR. MACFARLANE'S STUDY -- DAY**

The doctor, Fettes, Mrs. Marsh and Georgina are all together. Georgina is seated in her little wheelchair. The doctor

stands before her, looming above her, glowering with ill concealed rage. Fettes kneels at the side of the wheelchair, while Mrs. Marsh sits nervously perched on the sofa.

FETTES

Don't you want to find the white horse, Georgina? You can't find him from a wheelchair. You have to walk and run to find him.

GEORGINA

I can't.

MACFARLANE

(thundering)

You can't -- can't!

(to Fettes)

Stop trying to bribe her with childishness about white horses. Let the child stand and walk -- her spine's all right. I know it's all right.

FETTES

But she must want to stand. She must want to walk.

MACFARLANE

(still in a towering rage)

Confound me, the child's a cripple, of course she wants to walk.

(to Georgina)

Child, I say to you get up out of that chair and walk.

Georgina bursts into tears. MacFarlane makes a disgusted gesture.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)

(trying to control himself)

I ask you, child, to do a simple thing -- raise yourself with your hands to a standing posture -- then step out with your left foot -- try it.

Georgina shakes her head.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)

I say, try it! Lift yourself up now!

Georgina lifts herself up by her hands to a semistanding posture.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)

Good. Now step out.

The child stands still.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)

Step out!

GEORGINA

I can't! I can't! My legs won't move.

MACFARLANE

(almost screaming)

Nonsense!

Mrs. Marsh rises from the sofa and comes to join them.

MRS. MARSH

I'm sorry, Doctor. Georgina's a good child -- a brave child -- you saw how she was during the operation -- but if she can't move, she can't move.

MACFARLANE

But she must be able to move. Everything is in place.

MRS. MARSH

(shaking her head)

She would if she could.

MACFARLANE

Then all my surgery is no good. There's something wrong with the child -- something I don't know -- something I can't define -- can't

diagnose.  
(pause)  
I can do nothing for her.

When he finishes his speech there is a long, dead silence.  
MacFarlane is the first to break it.

MACFARLANE (cont'd)  
You see Mrs. Marsh home, Fettes,  
I'm going to Hobbs'. You can join  
me there if you like.

Fettes nods. Picking up his hat MacFarlane starts from the  
door.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

**INT. HOBBS' PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT**

It is quite late and there are only a few patrons in the  
public house. At the bar, with his hat on his head and his  
whip in one hand, Gray sits on a stool drinking some hot  
liquid from a pewter tankard. The drawing-waiter is leaning  
on the bar talking to him.

GRAY  
(setting down the mug)  
Well, I'll be off -- unless you  
have a fare for me here -- some  
gentleman a little taken with wine.

WAITER  
Wait a bit and MacFarlane will  
be wanting to be freighted home.

GRAY  
The Doctor MacFarlane?

WAITER  
Aye. In the other room and  
getting stiffer than the bodies he  
demonstrates.

GRAY  
I'll look in on him.

Gray slouches across the room to the divan. He peers in.

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- MacFarlane in the divan FROM GRAY'S ANGLE.  
There is a squat bottle before him and two small glasses. He  
is hunched over. His hair is rumpled. He is brooding. From  
the entrance of the divan, Gray speaks to him.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
Toddy --

MacFarlane looks up.

MACFARLANE  
(with drunken  
friendliness)  
Oh, it's you, Gray. Well, come in.  
Sit down. Have a glass with me.

GRAY  
(removing his hat and  
sitting down)  
You're uncommon friendly tonight,  
Toddy. More like the old days.

MacFarlane drunkenly nods his head.

MACFARLANE  
I want someone to talk to. That  
Fettes -- all taken up with the  
widow. He never came back here.

He looks up at Gray.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)  
You know something about the human  
body, Gray.

GRAY  
I've had some experience.

MACFARLANE  
Then you can understand that the  
backbone is a lot of little  
blocks and those little blocks are  
all held together, so that it works  
like that whip of yours. You know

that, don't you?

GRAY  
I've never had it all explained  
that way to me by so learned a man.

MACFARLANE  
(disregarding the sarcasm)  
I set those blocks together,  
patched the muscles. I put the  
nerves where they should be -- I  
did it and I did it right -- and  
she won't walk --

GRAY  
(beginning to understand)  
Oh, it's the bit of a girl Fettes  
was talking about.

MACFARLANE  
(thumping his hand on the  
table)  
The same. Look here, Gray --

He picks up two glasses.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)  
I fitted them together like this --  
(he puts the two glasses  
together)  
-- so that it was right. Yet she  
won't walk.

Gray looks at him. He is grinning his malicious grin. With a sudden sweep of his hand across the table he knocks down the glasses.

GRAY  
You can't build life like you put  
together blocks, Toddy.

MACFARLANE  
What are you talking about? I am an  
anatomist. I know the body. I know  
how it works.

GRAY  
And you're a fool, Toddy -- and no  
doctor. It's only the dead ones  
that you know.

MACFARLANE  
I am a doctor. I teach medicine.

GRAY  
Like Knox taught you? Like I taught  
you? In cellars and graveyards? Did  
Knox teach you what makes the blood  
flow?

MACFARLANE  
The heart pumps it.

GRAY  
Did he tell you how thoughts come  
and how they go and why things are  
remembered and forgot?

MACFARLANE  
The nerve centers -- the brain --

GRAY  
But what makes a thought start?

MACFARLANE  
(fuzzily)  
In the brain, I tell you. I know.

GRAY  
You don't know and you'll never  
know or understand, Toddy. Not from  
me or from Knox would you learn  
those things. Look --

He points to a mirror behind MacFarlane's head. MacFarlane looks into it.

MIRROR SHOT showing MacFarlane looking at his own face and the evil face of Gray just behind him.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
Look at yourself, Toddy, could you  
be a doctor -- a healing man --  
with the things those eyes have

seen? There's a lot of knowledge in those eyes, but there's no understanding. You'd not get that from me.

MacFarlane whirls around.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MacFarlane facing Gray.

MACFARLANE

I am a doctor - a good doctor. I could make her walk, but she won't - she won't --

GRAY

(almost kindly, as he pours a drink)  
Here, have another glass, MacFarlane. I'll take you home and we'll be friends again -- now that you know that you're Knox's man and my friend -- aye, forever.

MacFarlane swallows the drink at a single draught.

MACFARLANE

I'm my own man and I'll have no more to do with you, Gray.

Gray lifts his eyebrows quizzically.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)

Why should I be afraid of you? What are you holding over me?

GRAY

I'll tell you what, Toddy. It's because I ran down the streets with the mud and the stones around my ears and the mob yelling for my blood. It's because you were afraid to face it -- and you're still afraid.

MACFARLANE

No, I'm not afraid. Tell! Shout it from the housetops! (dropping his voice)  
And remember this -- they hanged Burke -- they mobbed Hare -- but Dr. Knox is living like a gentleman in London.

MacFarlane rises drunkenly to his feet, There is a threat of physical violence in his manner.

GRAY

(somewhat placatingly; for the first time not completely master of the situation)  
Aye, Toddy, there is something in what you say.

MACFARLANE

There is much in what I say, Gray, and if you have any regard for your neck you'll leave now and stay away from my house, my school, and from me.

GRAY

I have no wish for a rope cravat. I've never liked the smell of hemp, so I'll bid you good night, Doctor MacFarlane.

Gray picks up his hat and starts off out of scene. MacFarlane slumps back into his seat. His hand reaches out for the whiskey bottle. He starts to pour another drink.

DISSOLVE

**INT. GRAY'S STABLE - NIGHT**

By the light of a single lantern, Gray is unharnessing his horse. He leads it out from between the shafts and into its stall. There is a furtive sound before him as the door to the street slowly moves open. He wheels quickly as a slight, hunched figure sidles through the door. Gray waits until the figure walks into the range of the lamp and is revealed as Joseph. Then he speaks.

GRAY

Ah -- Dr. MacFarlane's man -- A  
surprise visit, but come in -- come  
in.

He steps aside, and Joseph slowly moves over toward the  
stairway, looking around him.

MED. SHOT as Gray leads Joseph into the living quarters and  
looks curiously at Joseph, who returns the look with a sort  
of determined belligerence.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
You're welcome to my little  
nest, Joseph -- is it not? That's  
right -- you have something to say  
to me -- something very private.

JOSEPH  
Yes.

GRAY  
Now that is very interesting --  
(with a gesture)  
Take a chair, Joseph,

Joseph seats himself and Gray sits down opposite him. No  
sooner has he seated himself than the big white cat, his pet,  
comes and jumps upon his knee. Gray strokes it fondly.

JOSEPH  
(looking around)  
Can anyone hear what we say?

GRAY  
(indicating the cat)  
Only Brother.

JOSEPH  
(bending toward him)  
I know that you kill people to sell  
bodies.

Gray sits motionless except that the hand which rests upon  
the arm of his chair slowly tenses and that other hand which  
strokes the cat, stops at the cat's head. For a long moment  
he is silent, then he speaks very softly.

GRAY  
You say you've come here on your  
own account? No one knows you are  
here?

JOSEPH  
Give me money or I'll tell the  
police you murder the "subjects."

Again there is a silence as Gray studies him. By now, Gray's  
right hand relaxes. His left hand begins to stroke the cat.  
Finally, he smiles.

GRAY  
Well, you shall have money, Joseph.  
Why should you not?

Still smiling, he very carefully takes the cat from his lap,  
sits it on the floor and rises. Joseph follows him with his  
eyes.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
(crossing to the taboret  
for a bottle and two  
glasses)  
I don't suppose the great Dr.  
MacFarlane is too free with his  
pay, is he?

He has come back with the bottle and filled a glass with  
brandy for each. He passes a glass into Joseph's hands.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
Here -- have some of this.

They both drink. Immediately, Gray refills Joseph's glass.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
(as he pours)  
You want money and you shall have  
it.

He pulls a purse from his pocket and begins to count out  
notes and coins.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
Let me see -- five and five -- then

in gold -- six all together. Shall  
we say sixteen pounds, Joseph?

Joseph, with the glass still at his lips, nods his head. Gray looks about as if seeking a point of vantage; then carefully sets himself in a straight-backed chair, facing and a little to the side of Joseph's chair. Joseph is in a low-cushioned chair. Gray, being above him, almost seems to hover over him. Gray leans forward to give him the money.

JOSEPH  
I have made you give me money, but  
you smile. Aren't you angry?

GRAY  
No, Joseph. I'm not angry -- here --  
another glass of brandy --I'll  
wager it's better than the  
doctor's.

This time Gray fills Joseph's glass and drabbles a few drops into his own, but doesn't bother to pick it up.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
Drink up, man!

The liquor has begun to affect Joseph. He takes the third glass eagerly and drains it while Gray watches him in silence. As he puts the glass down, Gray begins to speak.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
I have an idea -- a splendid idea --  
such an excellent idea that we must  
drink on it.

He fills the fourth glass. Joseph takes it but does not drink, as he is interested to hear Gray's proposition,

GRAY (CONT'D)  
You see -- I admire you, Joseph.  
Coming here shows courage. I'm  
looking for such a man -- but --  
drink, Joseph, drink..

Joseph drinks. Again Gray keeps silent while he swallows the liquor. As Joseph puts down the glass, Gray hitches his chair forward an inch or two. Again he refills the glass; puts it into Joseph's unsteady hand.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
You and I should work together.

JOSEPH  
You mean we would sell the bodies  
to the doctors together? Dig them  
up?

GRAY  
(smiling)  
No digging Joseph. The churchyards  
are too well guarded. We will  
"Burke" them,

JOSEPH  
(puzzled)  
Burke them?

GRAY  
You are lately come to Scotland,  
Joseph?

JOSEPH  
I come from Lisbon.

GRAY  
But still you may have heard the  
peddlers of verse cry out their  
names on the streets.

He begins to sing in a rough croaking voice.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
"The ruffian dogs, the Hellish  
pair. The villain Burke, the  
meager Hare --"

JOSEPH  
I never heard that song. But what  
did they do?

GRAY  
Eighteen persons they killed and  
sold the bodies to Dr. Knox at ten  
pounds for a large and eight pounds

for a small. That's good business,  
Joseph.

Joseph nods appreciatively, then looks concerned.

JOSEPH  
But where did they get those  
people?

GRAY  
That was Hare's end. Ah, you should  
have seen him on the streets, when  
he saw some old beldam deep in  
drink how he cozened her!

He mimics, tipping an imaginary hat.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
"A good-day to you Madame Tosspot,  
and would you like a little glass  
of something before you take your  
rest? Come with me to my house and  
I'll make you my guest. You shall  
have quarts to drink if you like."  
(appreciatively)  
Ah, how he cozened them.

JOSEPH  
We could do that. But when he had  
them there, then what?

GRAY  
(beginning to sing again)  
"Nor did they handle axe or knife  
To take away their victim's life --  
No sooner done than in a chest  
They crammed their lately welcome  
guest."

Gray rubs his hands together.

JOSEPH  
I don't understand the song. Tell  
me plain how they did it.

GRAY  
(rising)  
I'll show you how it was done,  
Joseph. -- I'll show you how they  
"Burked" them.

He reaches out for Joseph's face. Joseph interposes his arm.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
No, put your hand down. How can I  
show you, man!

Joseph lets his hand swing to his lap. Gray clasps Joseph's  
nose between thumb and forefinger, cupping Joseph's chin hard  
against the heel of his palm.

CLOSE SHOT - Joseph with Gray's hand holding his nose and  
mouth.

GRAY'S VOICE  
This is how they did it, Joseph.

Suddenly his hand tenses. Joseph's eyes dilate with terror  
and his head jerks to one side violently as he attempts to  
tear his face from the grasp of Gray's hand.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Gray steadily clutching Joseph's face. He  
throws himself upon the other man and the chair slowly goes  
backward. ANOTHER ANGLE. The two men are on the floor. Gray  
is lying across the body of his victim, his hand still  
clutching Joseph's nose and mouth. Joseph struggles  
convulsively, throwing his arms and legs about, trying to get  
at Gray's body which lies athwart him. With his free hand  
Gray pins down Joseph's right hand. The man is helpless. The  
violence of his movements grows less and less. For a moment  
he is still; then he struggles again.

CLOSE SHOT - Joseph. He is making a final desperate effort  
to pull away from Gray's hand, then his face muscles relax.  
His eye's close.

CLOSE FULL SHOT - Gray and Joseph. Gray looks down at his  
victim. Joseph is at last unconscious. Gray gets to a  
kneeling posture, but still keeps his hand on Joseph's nose  
and mouth.

ANOTHER ANGLE. The cat walks up and rubs itself against  
Gray's left arm. He lets go of Joseph's hand and pats the  
cat, still keeping his grip on Joseph's mouth and nose.

CLOSE SHOT - Gray as he examines Joseph. Evidently, Joseph is dead enough to suit him and he lets go his grip.

FULL SHOT as Gray gets to his feet. He crosses the room to a cupboard, opens it and takes out a square of folded canvas. He starts back toward Joseph and stops on the way to pick up Joseph's glass from the taboret. He drinks the remainder of the liquor in it. Gray kneels down beside Joseph and begins to wrap the canvas about the body. Suddenly, a thought strikes him, and he puts his hand in Joseph's coat pocket. He fishes out the money he had given him. He begins wrapping the canvas around the body again.

DISSOLVE

**INT. ANATOMY SCHOOL - NIGHT**

FULL SHOT. The School is in darkness -- except for thin moonlight which filters through the shutters, making strange pattern with the shadows. There is no sound until, abruptly, a key turns in the lock of the outside door. It opens and through it comes the figure of Gray in his stove-pipe hat and caped coat. Over his shoulder he carries a long, limp and apparently heavy bundle wrapped in sacking. Cautiously, without a sound he carries his grim burden toward the curtained recess.

MED. SHOT at recess. Gray comes into shot. He pushes his way through the curtain, which falls back into place, hiding him from view. Sounds come from behind the curtain; bumping, shuffling sounds. Then Gray's hand appears momentarily as it throws out a bundle of sacking. After a grunt of effort comes a heavy splash as something is dropped into the big vat o.s.

FULL SHOT - Gray as he comes from the recess and starts across the anatomy room. When he reaches the stairs he pauses a moment, and then, instead of going toward the door, turns and starts up the stairs.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

**INT. MACFARLANE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A single lamp is burning. Meg, in negligee and mob cap, sits in an arm chair busily knitting. Opposite her, in a low chair sits Gray, his whip in his hand and his hat on the back of his head. He is lounging in the chair and he has a glass of ale on the floor beside him. He drinks from it and puts it back on the floor. Meg looks up.

GRAY

You've no need to be so anxious, Meg, MacFarlane's been drunk and away before. He'll be home in good time. Meanwhile, you've got me to keep you company.

MEG

I'd call that no good fortune.

GRAY

There was a time, lassie -- a time when I used to bring the dashing young doctor to your door -- when you didn't feel so uncommon cold to your old friend Gray.

MEG

Why must you be on him all the time? Why does it please you?

GRAY

He's my friend. I like to see my friends -- I like to visit them --

There is the sound of the front door opening. Both look up. Heavy dragging footsteps sound in the hall.

MEG

Well, he's come home -- you've no excuse now to bear me company.

Gray makes no move to get out of his chair. MacFarlane stands in the doorway. He sees Gray.

MACFARLANE

What are you going here? Have I not told you --

GRAY

Would you grudge me a glass with my old crony, Meg?

MEG  
Crony indeed!

MACFARLANE  
You can get out.

Gray rises leisurely..

GRAY  
I brought you something tonight, MacFarlane -- an interesting specimen -- in very good condition.

MACFARLANE  
I've ordered nothing from you.

GRAY  
This is a gift.

MACFARLANE  
I take no gifts from you.

GRAY  
This is a gift you'll not return.

MACFARLANE  
Get out of here!

GRAY  
Wait, Toddy. That's not hospitable. I want to discuss business.

MACFARLANE  
You are not to set foot in here again, Gray, for business or any other reason. And you're going out now!

He seizes Gray by the shoulder. Gray merely looks at him.

GRAY  
(calmly)  
I wouldn't do it, Toddy. I wouldn't be rough handed.

MacFarlane, somewhat taken aback by the calm and effrontery of the man, lets go of him.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
If you were to throw me out, it might become known that when the great Dr. MacFarlane finds his anatomy school without "subjects" -- he provides them himself and from the midst of his own household ---

ANGLE - THREE SHOT - Gray's manner, fully as much as his ambiguous speech, has put an end to all thought of violence.

MACFARLANE  
What the devil are you talking about?

Gray rises slowly.

GRAY  
Take a look downstairs. Toddy. Take a look.

He turns and walks quietly out of the room. MacFarlane stares after him; than slowly a thought comes to him.

MACFARLANE  
Fettes -- where is Fettes?

MEG  
I'll get him.

She leaves quickly. When she has left, MacFarlane passes his hand over his eyes, trying to clear his whiskey-muddled brain; then he turns and starts for the door of the anatomy room,

**INT. ANATOMY ROOM -- NIGHT**

The school is dark and empty; only moonlight enters from the windows. The night light is out. MacFarlane comes slowly down the stairs. As he reaches the foot of the steps, Fettes, in his bathrobe, comes to the head of the stairs, bearing a candle. MacFarlane turns to look at him.

MACFARLANE

Fettes, were you down here when  
Gray came?

Fettes shakes his head. MacFarlane starts for the alcove,  
and Fettes follows him. MacFarlane pulls the curtain aside.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)

Bring that candle over here.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - in the recess. It is very dark. The curtain  
is drawn back, and MacFarlane appears. The scene is suddenly  
illuminated as Fettes follows him, carrying the candle. The  
great vat is clearly visible as both men peer down into it.

CLOSE SHOT - the vat, SHOOTING DOWNWARD. Something is  
floating just beneath the liquid which comes nearly to the  
top of the vat. Light from the candle o.s, comes over the  
scene, and the thing below the surface is revealed as the  
dead face of Joseph.

TWO SHOT - MacFarlane, as he takes the candle from Fettes'  
hand.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)

(muttering)  
-- a member of his household --

MacFarlane turns to Fettes.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)

Fettes, the more things are wrong,  
the more we must act as if  
everything were right. You must do  
with Joseph as you did with, the  
street singer -- complete  
dissection -- a proper entry in the  
book --

FETTES

No.

MACFARLANE

What do you mean, Fettes?

FETTES

I'll have no more to do with it.  
I'll not put my neck into the  
noose, not even for your sake, Dr.  
MacFarlane.

MACFARLANE

Don't be a fool. One can't begin  
and then stop -- and because that  
entry of the girl's body is in your  
hand, you'll do as I say. As for  
me, I'll tend to Gray.

MacFarlane turns and starts for the main portion of the  
anatomy room. At the curtain he stops, Meg is standing  
there, her eyes wide as she looks at the body of Joseph.

MEG

You're not going to Gray.

MACFARLANE

He must leave me alone.

He starts past her. She seizes hold of his arm, crying out.

MEG

No! No!

With a swoop of his arm he frees himself. Meg almost falls.  
She strikes against the wall, but recovers herself and starts  
after MacFarlane, but it is already too late. He is in the  
entryway, and a moment later there is the slam of the door.  
Meg stands trembling. Fettes comes up to her and takes her  
elbow to support her.

MEG (CONT'D)

Come, Mistress Cameron -- this is  
no place for you. I'll help you  
upstairs.

She lets him lead her to the stairway. CLOSE TWO SHOT -- on  
the stairway as Meg and Fettes start to ascend. Fettes is  
helping Meg. Suddenly she stops dead and stares into his  
face.

MEG (CONT'D)

You must leave this house.

FETTES

I can't do that -- you heard  
MacFarlane.

MEG  
Save yourself. Master Fettes look  
at MacFarlane and be warned.

FETTES  
He's a great doctor -- a great man --

MEG  
Is it a great man whom Gray can  
order to his bidding? Is it a great  
man who for very shame dare not  
acknowledge his own wife so that I  
must play maidservant for the  
world's sake and his success?

She makes a contemptuous gesture and goes on.

MEG (CONT'D)  
He could have been a great man -- a  
good man and a fine doctor, but  
there was always the shame of the  
old life and the old ways to hold  
him back -- and always Gray -- Gray  
to hound him to his death.

FETTES  
You're over-excited, Mistress  
Cameron.

MEG  
I'm cold as ice.

FETTES  
But Gray's only a cab driver -- a  
Resurrection Man who robs graves to  
make a bit of money now and again.

MEG  
If he were only that. The man's  
evil himself. Some day you'll know  
him as MacFarlane knows him -- for  
MacFarlane he was to Knox as you  
are to him. That brought him close  
to Gray, he roistered with him and  
drank with him. Aye, and Gray even  
brought him to my door and my love.  
There is all that between them and  
more -- Burke and Hare and Knox --

FETTES  
But that's long since. Gray can't  
threaten him with that.

MEG  
Gray has no need to threaten. You  
remember the trial?

FETTES  
I heard my parents speak of it in  
Thrums. It was a famous case.

MEG  
And did you hear them speak of the  
porter who testified against Burke?

FETTES  
Aye.

MEG  
They did not tell you how that  
porter cried out in the witness box  
when the Kings Counselor pressed  
him hard -- how he cried out that  
he was shielding a gentleman of  
consequence.

Fettes shakes his head.

MEG (CONT'D)  
That porter was Gray and the  
gentleman of consequence who  
couldn't swallow the shame of  
it -- who took my last paltry  
savings to hire Gray --

FETTES  
MacFarlane

They stand for a moment looking at each other then she turns  
wildly toward Fettes and seizes his coat lapels.

MEG

Listen to me, Fettes, I'm one part befuddled with drink, one part over-heels in love with MacFarlane, and one part fey. You're a lowlander, Fettes, and you have no way of knowing what we Highlanders call the second sight.

FETTES

I've heard of it.

MEG

It's a gift to my people -- and I see MacFarlane and Gray-- the pit yawns for them and the flames -- and I would have you away from them and safe out of the torment.--

The two stand facing each other, Meg crushing the boy's coat lapels in her hands.

DISSOLVE

**INT. GRAY'S LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT**

It is very dark as Gray opens the door. For a moment his distinctive silhouette is in the doorway. Then he closes the door behind him and the room is again plunged into darkness except for a glow from the embers in the hearth. Gray crosses to the hearth. He takes a spill from the mantle, blows on the coals and lights the spill. Its flaring light reveals MacFarlane standing watching him. After a first momentary check of surprise, Gray, without a word, transfers the flame from the spill to a candle. He blows out the spill and sets it back on the mantle.

MED. SHOT with Gray in the f.g. and MacFarlane coming toward him. Gray has recovered his composure.

GRAY

(very softly)

This is unexpected, Toddy.

MacFarlane comes to a halt facing Gray. The CAMERA BEGINS TO CHEAT IN ON the pair.

MACFARLANE

(toneless)

I wanted to see you. You weren't here -- so I waited.

The two men survey each other in absolute silence. From o.s. near at hand, the cat mews.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SLIGHTLY WIDER ANGLE as Gray turns away, seating himself upon the arm of a chair. The cat comes into the shot and jumps up beside him.

MACFARLANE.

(drawing closer)

What do you want of me. Gray?

GRAY

(smiling)

Want of you, Toddy? I want nothing of you.

TWO SHOT - Gray and MacFarlane. MacFarlane is tense, motionless. He stares down at Gray who sits at his ease stroking the cat, now purring on his knee.

MacFarlane makes an obvious effort to control himself, to speak calmly.

MACFARLANE

Gray, I must rid myself of you -- you've become a cancer -- a malignant, evil cancer -- rotting my mind.

GRAY

(pouring a drink for MacFarlane)

So, Toddy, you've made me a disease, eh?

MACFARLANE

(disregarding this sarcasm, but taking the proffered glass)

I can't understand your hurt to me -- but I must cut you out.

He drinks, sets down the glass. Gray watches him, gets up from his chair and stands before him.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)

I will not leave here until I have finished with you. Gray. One way or another -- I must be sure that I am rid of you.

He pauses and looks at Gray.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)

And if there is no other way --

Gray looks at MacFarlane, big and bulky in the small chair. He moves nervously.

GRAY

Surely you are not threatening an old friend, Toddy.

MACFARLANE

We have never been friends.

Gray moves over to the chair on which he sat when he "Burked" Joseph. He bends forward over the taboret and refills the doctor's glass.

GRAY

Have another glass of something good, Toddy.

MACFARLANE

I've drunk enough tonight.

GRAY

(putting the glass down on the taboret)

Another little drop'll never do you any harm.

Almost as if unconscious of his action, MacFarlane picks up the glass, sips, then drinks. Gray smiles. MacFarlane sets down the glass. Gray immediately refills it. And again MacFarlane reaches for it, takes it into his hand.

GRAY (CONT'D)

(softly)

Drink --

MacFarlane, without thought, brings the glass to his lips.

MACFARLANE

You're getting old, Gray, and it's a hard life driving a cab through these wet and windy streets of Edinburgh --

GRAY

I have other means of sustenance.

MACFARLANE

The Resurrection business? That may end sooner than you think. New laws may come.

Gray shrugs.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)

What I was going to say is this -- wouldn't you be more comfortable at Leith in a neat little house?

GRAY

Would you bribe me to leave you be?

MACFARLANE

I would make you rich.

GRAY

It wouldn't be half so much fun for me. Toddy, as to have you come here and beg --

MACFARLANE

(cutting in)

Beg -- beg of you! You crawling graveyard rat!

He chokes off the last speech and glares at Gray. He is almost trembling with the effort to control himself.

GRAY

Aye -- that is my pleasure.

As he speaks he is refilling MacFarlane's glass.

MACFARLANE

Well then -- I beg you -- I beseech  
you --

GRAY

(shaking, his head and  
grinning)

But then I wouldn't have the fun of  
having you come here and beg again,  
Toddy.

They look at each other. MacFarlane bends over in his chair.  
Gray hitches himself forward a little on the table, ready,  
waiting, then relaxes as MacFarlane begins to speak.

MACFARLANE

But why, Gray? Why?

GRAY

Because it would be a hurt to me to  
see you no more, Toddy. You're a  
pleasure to me.

MACFARLANE

A pleasure to torment me?

GRAY

No -- a pride to know that I can  
force you to my will. I'm a small  
man -- a humble man -- and being  
poor, I've had to do much that I  
did not want to do. But so long as  
the great Dr. MacFarlane jumps at  
my whistle, that long am I a man --  
and if I have not that, I have  
nothing. Then I am only a cabman  
and a grave-robber.

MacFarlane looks at him. As he looks, he realizes he has  
heard the truth and that Gray will never leave him in peace.  
Now he, in turn, attempts cunning. He moves forward in his  
chair as if wishing to put forth a convincing argument.  
MacFarlane starts to rise; his mind made up. Gray sees there  
is no longer any hope of forestalling violence. He throws  
himself forward and seizes him as he seized Joseph.

MED. FULL SHOT - MacFarlane and Gray. As MacFarlane rises  
Gray clings to him and gets his other arm about MacFarlane's  
neck. MacFarlane tries to shake him off; tries to twist away  
from him. The effort makes him lose his footing. They fall  
together.

CLOSE SHOT - MacFarlane and Gray on the floor near the  
hearth. Gray still clings to him, every muscle tense.  
MacFarlane, with his hands under Gray's shoulders, heaves up  
trying to push the man off. He heaves once, twice, a third  
time and then lets his arms relax from the futile, enormous  
effort.

TWO HEAD CLOSEUP - Gray and MacFarlane.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Let be, Toddy. Let be. I have no  
wish to hurt you.

MacFarlane's eyes grow huge and fierce with anger. Now he  
tries to pummel Gray in order to free himself; raining blows  
on his back, his head and into his side, Gray grunts with  
each punishing blow, but never for a moment relaxes his grip.  
Finally the piston-like blows grow weaker, the flailing arms  
fail and MacFarlane drops his hands to the floor at his side,  
limp and relaxed.

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- MacFarlane and Gray as MacFarlane, with  
great effort, throws his body to the left, toward the  
fireplace. The boiling kettle is upset and the steaming  
water thrown on both of them.

CLOSE SHOT -- MacFarlane in agony as the water spurts over  
him.

CLOSE SHOT -- Gray. His face is twisted in torment and steam  
rises from his scalded flesh.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Stay, Toddy -- don't force me to  
kill you -- I have need of you --  
the great need of my pride.

TWO SHOT -- Gray and MacFarlane. MacFarlane's arms again  
relax. Gray smiles through the pain of his scalding.

GRAY (CONT'D)

That's better Toddy. That's more reasonable,

He lets go his grip on MacFarlane's face. No sooner has he done so than MacFarlane throws him off with a violent movement. Both men scramble to their feet and face each other.

THE CAMERA SWINGS AWAY FROM the two men and FOCUSES ON the wall above a lowboy on which the white cat is sitting. The cat's great, round eyes seem to be surveying the struggle while above its head the shadows of the two men can be seen meeting, struggling, breaking off, rushing together again, and all the while there can be heard the sound of blows, hoarse breathing, gasps and hard ejaculations of breath. Then one indistinguishable figure picks up a chair. The chair breaks with a crash over the head of the other figure and that figure falls out of scene. Only one upright shadow remains above the head of the cat. That shadow picks up a cloak and top hat, puts them on and bends to pick up a body. The shadow of one man carrying the body of the other comes toward the cat, the shadow growing huge and out-figure on the wall. The cat's fur bristles. It arches its back and snarls.

DISSOLVE

**INT. ANATOMY SCHOOL - NIGHT**

Only the night light is burning over the door at the entry way. The school is lit by its swinging light. Out in the street can be heard the familiar clop-clop of Gray's horse and the ringing of the iron wheels on the roadway.

The CAMERA on DOLLY TRACK MOVES SLOWLY TOWARD the entry door. The outer door can be heard opening. There is rustle and noise in the dark entryway. By this time the CAMERA is CLOSEUP on the door as MacFarlane with a canvas-wrapped bundle on his shoulder comes through the doorway, and goes to a FULL CLOSEUP of his face. He starts forward.

MED. FULL SHOT - MacFarlane as he throws the body down onto the table. He stands there for a moment looking down at it, then the noise of a door opening on the stair landing causes him to turn and look up.

MED. FULL SHOT - the stairway. Meg is seen at the head of the stairs, looking down.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MacFarlane is seen from Meg's viewpoint.

MACFARLANE

Where is Fettes?

MED. FULL SHOT - the stairway as Meg begins to descend.

MEG

He's gone. I sent him away. I'll not see another boy harried and torn and made miserable like you, Toddy.

MacFarlane looks at her as she descends the stairs. There is silence as she crosses the room. She comes to stand beside the table.

MEG (CONT'D)

(pointing to the bundle)  
You've been with Gray again.

MACFARLANE

Aye.

Meg turns away as if to start for the stairs. He stops her.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)

You'd better look at the face.

She looks at him.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)

You'd, better.

Meg resolutely walks up to the table, lifts the canvas and looks down at the face.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)

I'm rid of him forever.

Meg looks at him.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)

He'll not come here again --  
sneaking and whining and bullying.

Meg is still silent.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)  
Now he'll serve a good purpose --  
and tomorrow when the last bit of  
him is dissected, demonstrated and  
detailed in the students'  
notebooks, then at last there's an  
end to him.

Meg still looks at him silently and thoughtfully, then with a  
slight shake of her head she starts away.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)  
(rubbing his hands  
together)  
Next day I'll take his horse and  
cab to sell at the Pennycuick fair.  
(pauses; then makes an  
expansive movement with  
his hands)  
Then not a trace left -- rid of him  
forever.

At the foot of the stairs, Meg turns to him.

MEG  
You're not rid of him.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

**EXT. THE RAMPARTS -- DAY**

A little boy rolling a hoop goes past the camera. Behind him  
come running a little convoy of children, laughing and  
shouting. When they have passed the camera, Fettes enters the  
scene. He is dejected. His hands are in his pockets and his  
head is down as he walks toward Georgina and her mother.  
Georgina is in her wheelchair. Her head is turned as she  
watches the children run out of sight.

FETTES  
Good morning, Mrs. Marsh.

MRS. MARSH  
Good morning, Mr. Fettes.

GEORGINA  
I thought this was a school day.

FETTES  
I am not at the school anymore.  
I left last night.

Mrs. Marsh looks at him.

MRS. MARSH  
Left Dr. MacFarlane?

Fettes nods. Mrs. Marsh looks at him and then takes his  
elbow.

MRS. MARSH (CONT'D)  
(to Georgina)  
Play by yourself a little. I'd  
like' to speak to Mr. Fettes.

DOLLY SHOT - as Fettes and Mrs. Marsh walk slowly away from  
Georgina.

MRS. MARSH  
This is serious, Donald. What has  
happened?

Fettes shakes his head.

MRS. MARSH  
It's not because of Georgina --  
because of Dr. MacFarlane's  
failure?

FETTES  
It's not the failure. I feel that  
MacFarlane has taught me nothing.  
He taught me the mathematics of  
anatomy but he couldn't teach me  
the poetry of medicine.

MED. FULL SHOT -- Georgina. She is playing with her doll.

Suddenly, from far below her she hears the clop-clop of a horse's hoofs and the rumble of iron wheels. She looks up and listens.

MED. FULL SHOT - Fettes and Mrs. Marsh.

FETTES (CONT'D)

That's why I don't want to go on. I feel MacFarlane had me on the wrong road -- a road that led to knowledge but not to healing. If there had been any healing in the man, Georgina would be walking now.

SHOT - Georgina. She is listening intently. The hoof beats are right underneath her at the base of the castle wall. She tries to look over the parapet; cannot. She calls out.

GEORGINA

Mommie! Mommie!

FULL SHOT - Mrs. Marsh and Fettes. They are talking intently together. Mrs. Marsh is holding her parasol in such a way that it is between her and Georgina. Georgina's call comes very faintly over their conversation. Neither of them turns toward the child.

MRS. MARSH

I think it was the pain of the operation more than anything else -- she's afraid that if she stands the pain will come again. Nothing Dr. MacFarlane could ever do would take that out of her mind.

CLOSE SHOT - Georgina. The hoof beats are beginning to recede. There is a slight wind blowing. She turns around to look at her mother and calls again.

GEORGINA

Mommie! Mommie!

There is no answer. She turns her head back toward the battlements; tries to peer over them and fails. Then, placing a hand on each arm of her little chair, she lifts herself to a sort of standing-sitting position. She tries to look over the wall again. Again she fails. She turns to call to her mother.

GEORGINA (CONT'D)

Mommie -- the white horse --  
I'm sure it's the white horse --

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Fettes and Mrs. Marsh.

FETTES

Even so, I could never think of going on -- I've got to find some other profession.

MRS. MARSH

It is a pity.

SHOT - Georgina. She has gotten herself to the same semi erect position she had been before and now in her desperate effort to see over the battlement, she suddenly straightens her knees; her hands lift off the arms of the chair. Without knowing it, she is standing. She tries again to look over the wall and again the height and distance is too much for her. Completely unconscious of what she is doing, she takes a forward step and from this vantage point she can look over the wall. She turns back with disappointment on her face. She calls to her mother.

GEORGINA

Mommie! It was another horse.

CLOSE FULL SHOT -- Fettes and Mrs. Marsh with the child in the b.g. They see the child standing. Mrs. Marsh makes a wordless exclamation of joy. She doesn't even dare to move for fear this might be a vision.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- Fettes, Mrs. Marsh and Georgina. Mrs. Marsh and Fettes run in. CLOSE FULL SHOT-- of the three.

FETTES

You're standing, Georgina.

The child looks down, sees that she is standing and almost instantly grabs at the chair for support. Very gently Fettes pulls it away.

FETTES (CONT'D)

You'll not need that again,

Georgina.

GEORGINA  
(excited and almost in  
tears)

I wanted to see the white horse --

Fettes and Mrs. Marsh kneel down close to the child. Mrs. Marsh takes her into her arms. Fettes rises to his feet, his face is full of enthusiasm and excitement. His voice trembles with the keenness of accomplishment.

FETTES  
(wildly excited)  
I've got to tell Dr. MacFarlane.  
I've got to tell him.

DISSOLVE

**INT. MACFARLANE'S HALLWAY -- DAY**

There is the ringing of a doorbell. Meg comes down the stairs. She crosses the hall and opens the door. Fettes stands there. Meg holds the door open for him to enter and closes it behind him.

FETTES  
Mistress Cameron -- you'll not believe it, but the child has walked -- stood and walked. I must tell Dr. MacFarlane.

He starts forward as if to go on into the study. Meg stops him with her hand on his arm.

MEG  
He's not home.

FETTES  
Where can I find him?

MEG  
You don't want to find him. Your news will keep until I tell him.

FETTES  
But I must tell him -- he must know of it. Please -- tell me where he is.

MEG  
There's no standing between a fool and his folly. If you must babble your news to him he's at the Fisherman's Tryst. It's the inn at Pennycuik. You can use MacFarlane's horse and gig to get there. He'll welcome the ride back.

FETTES  
(already starting to turn;  
still very much excited)  
At Pennycuik. I know the inn. I can be there in an hour.

MEG  
(bitterly)  
And back with MacFarlane and all that he stands for the next day.

She opens the door for Fettes and closes it after him.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

**INT. INN OF THE FISHERMAN'S TRYST -- NIGHT**

It is a long, low-raftered room with a fire of logs burning on the hearth. Outside the wind can be heard blowing and shrilling. A considerable company has gathered for warmth and food.

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- an amiable rustic, a horse dealer, who stands, booted with whip in hand, talking to several fellow bumpkins while the maidservant of the inn serves them ale from a large wooden tray. Their wet clothes are steaming from the heat of the fire.

HORSE DEALER  
A sound horse and a closed carriage -- and after I'd talked with him a bit I had his price down to four pounds and then.

He laughs.

HORSE DEALER (CONT'D)  
And worth every bit or ten pounds.

He lifts a tankard from the tray.

MAIDSERVANT  
Surely, Angus, a man who had won so  
great a victory in a horse deal  
would buy the poor loser a drink.

HORSE DEALER  
(taking it big as he  
throws a coin onto the  
tray)  
Take him a pot of ale.

MAIDSERVANT  
Ale for a Gentleman? It's only  
French brandy he'd be drinking, and  
that will be two more shillings,  
Angus.

Very reluctantly Angus takes out the additional money. The  
girl starts out of scene and the CAMERA PANS WITH her to show  
MacFarlane seated at a small table at the other side of the  
hearth. He has just finished dinner and is pushing his plate  
away from him. The maidservant comes up to him.

MAIDSERVANT (CONT'D)  
The man who bought your horse  
would like you to have a glass  
of French brandy at his charge.

MACFARLANE  
Now that's very civil of him.

At the other side of the hearth the louts around the horse  
dealer strike up a song. Outside there is the sound of a  
horse clattering into the courtyard, then the muffled shouts  
as the driver reins the horse in and the hostler goes to his  
head. Both MacFarlane and the maidservant listen and look  
toward the door. The door swings open and Fettes stands  
there, his clothes drenched with rain. As he enters, he  
shakes the water from his hat. He sees MacFarlane and goes  
over to him quickly, excited and smiling.

FETTES  
Doctor -- the little Marsh girl  
stood and walked -- really stood  
and walked --

MacFarlane makes way for Fettes on the settle -- Fettes sits  
down quickly.

MACFARLANE  
What's that you say?

FETTES  
The little girl -- she couldn't  
walk far -- the muscles are too  
weak -- but she did stand and she  
took a step or two.

MACFARLANE  
(very excited)  
I know it -- I know it -- The  
moment I was rid of him --

FETTES  
What?

MACFARLANE  
Gray -- I'm rid of him --

Fettes looks at him, puzzled.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)  
(guarding his thoughts)  
Just that -- just that -- I've  
managed to get him to leave  
Edinburgh -- he'll bother me no  
more.

He rubs his hands together.

The maidservant has returned with a bottle of brandy and two  
glasses. MacFarlane pours one for himself and Fettes.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)  
Drink.

Fettes picks up his glass.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)  
Here's to a good riddance.

They both drink.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)  
Now that he's gone I'll be a new  
man, Fettes, and a better teacher.  
The doctors from my school will  
perform miracles --

The door opens and a party of five people dressed in rough  
mourning come in out of the weather. The maidservant, with a  
show of solicitude, ushers them to a table at the far end of  
the inn, then crosses quickly to where the horse dealer is.

MAIDSERVANT  
Sh-h-h! Still your song, lads --  
the MacCreadys are here and they've  
come from burying the old woman in  
Glencorse Kirkyard.

They stop singing and look over with sympathetic glances at  
the burial party.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Fettes and MacFarlane. MacFarlane looks  
from the boys around the fire to the burial party.

MACFARLANE  
See that, Fettes?

FETTES  
A burial party -- poor people --  
it's hard to bury a loved one on a  
rainy day when the churchyard is so  
cold and lonely.

MACFARLANE  
Glencorse -- that's a lonely  
cemetery, Fettes, not a soul  
around for miles.

FETTES  
They'll be thinking of that, too.

MACFARLANE  
Tosh! Fettes! It's not their  
grief I'm worrying about -- I'm  
talking of our own end --

FETTES  
You've no thought of going there?

MACFARLANE  
Did you think Gray was the only one  
who could handle a mattock and  
shovel? I've had some practice in  
the art.

FETTES  
(protesting)  
You couldn't do that, Doctor.

MACFARLANE  
(rising)  
I pass up no opportunities, I've a  
whole course of lectures in mind  
for you fellows. We'll need  
subjects to demonstrate. Come  
along.

FETTES  
No.

MACFARLANE  
Why not? I must have subjects. It's  
the only way I can teach. It's the  
only way you can learn. The  
stupidity of the people the idiocy  
of their laws will not stop no --  
nor will they force me to deal with  
such reptilian creatures as Gray.  
We can do our own dirty work -- and  
we must.

Fettes shakes his head. MacFarlane starts for the door and  
after a little pause, Fettes rises and follows him.

DISSOLVE

**EXT. COUNTRY GRAVEYARD - NIGHT**

FULL SHOT. The thunder increases in volume throughout the scene. In extreme b.g. two figures can be seen intermittently.

CLOSE SHOT - grave. The headstone is brand new but the mound beneath it has been demolished, leaving a ragged gaping hole. A spade comes down into picture with vicious force. As it is raised with its burden of earth:

MACFARLANE'S VOICE  
(triumphant)  
So we can't do without Mister Gray  
- So I'd never be rid of him, eh?

CLOSE SHOT - MacFarlane and Fettes as they work over the grave. MacFarlane's spade thumps against wood.

MACFARLANE  
A-ah!

He jumps down into the grave, the CAMERA TILTING DOWN CUTTING OUT Fettes. MacFarlane is levering up the edge of the coffin with his spade. As the wood gives, there is a tremendous clap of thunder immediately overhead, followed by a solid deluge of rain.

**EXT. ROAD - NEAR CEMETERY - NIGHT**

MED. FULL SHOT. The storm is raging. In the f.g. is MacFarlane's carriage, the horse tethered to the fence. Whickering, intensely nervous, he is looking o.s. toward the cemetery. Shuffling footsteps come over shot and the horse's fear increases.

MED. SHOT - at side of carriage is MacFarlane and Fettes come into scene carrying a heavy burden, wrapped in canvas.

FETTES  
(hoarsely)  
Where shall we put it? In the back?

MACFARLANE  
No room there. We'll have to set it  
between us.

QUICK DISSOLVE

**EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT**

FULL SHOT - The storm is continuing unabated. A narrow, twisting road runs down the hillside, and the terrain is desolate and rocky. Horse's hooves are heard and MacFarlane's carriage comes into the scene, going down the hill.

**INT. CARRIAGE -- NIGHT -- (PROCESS)**

CLOSE SHOT - MacFarlane. He is driving, his head thrust forward to see the road. The CAMERA PANS, VERY SLIGHTLY to show what is next to him; something wrapped in a thin sheet of canvas; something which sits limply; something which shows the unmistakable shape of a human body beneath its covering. It is held by Fettes' hand which is just in shot. The CAMERA PANS again to show Fettes. His teeth are clenched; his eyes closed.

MED. SHOT - showing both men and the thing between them. The horse is trotting fast and as the carriage turns a bend, the thing lunges heavily against MacFarlane's shoulder.

MACFARLANE  
(savagely)  
Keep it off me, will you!

**EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT**

FULL SHOT - Still the storm - even fiercer. MacFarlane's carriage, the horse galloping, comes down the hill, swaying and lurching. The pace is much too fast for the going.

**INT. CARRIAGE - NIGHT - (PROCESS)**

MED. SHOT. It is very dark. MacFarlane is hauling at the reins with all his strength.

MACFARLANE  
(savage)  
What's got into this animal!

CLOSE SHOT - Fettes. He is still holding the thing o.s.

THREE SHOT. The carriage sways violently and the thing between the men, its outlines barely distinguishable, seems to twist out of Fettes' grip. It sags against MacFarlane.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)

Keep it off me!

Forced to keep both hands on the reins, MacFarlane tries to thrust the thing away with his shoulder. But it still keeps falling against him.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Keep it off me, I say!

Fettes makes an effort to hold on to the corpse.

MED. FULL SHOT -- the carriage going along the road; the horse proceeding at a hard trot. The hoof beats ring out rhythmically.

THREE SHOT -- PROCESS -- Fettes, MacFarlane and the corpse. The rhythmic hoof beats sound very loud as the two men drive on in silence. Fettes makes a desperate effort to hold the corpse away from MacFarlane, but it keeps bumping into the doctor. Through the hoof beats and in the same rhythm comes the voice of Gray on the sound track.

GRAY'S VOICE

You'll not get rid of me that way --  
that way -- that way -- that way --

MacFarlane shakes his head as if to clear it of this remembered voice; these well-remembered words.

CLOSE SHOT -- MacFarlane. His eyes are wide with apprehension and fear. He glances down at the wrapped corpse as it bumps against him. He draws away, shivering. Over the sound track Gray's voice still sounds beating on the ear with the same rhythm as the hoofs on the road. MacFarlane pulls up on the reins.

THREE SHOT - as MacFarlane turns to Fettes the carriage comes to a halt.

MACFARLANE

(making an effort to  
arrive at speech)

Fettes -- for Mercy's sake, let's  
have a light!

Fettes looks over at his companion. He has never seen MacFarlane in this state before and the younger man is puzzled.

FETTES

All right.

He climbs over the sill into the roadway.

MED. FULL SHOT - the carriage as Fettes tries to strike a light in the pouring rain and howling wind. He finally gets a taper going and touches it to the lamp wick. The lamp flares for a moment.

TWO SHOT -- MacFarlane and the corpse.

MACFARLANE

It's changed! I swear it!  
It's changed, Fettes!

REVERSE SHOT - Fettes as he looks up puzzled.

FETTES

Changed? Changed, to what?

HIGH ANGLE SHOT - MacFarlane and the corpse with Fettes at a lower level.

MACFARLANE

Let's have that lamp.

Fettes undoes it from the dashboard and lifts it up over his head to cast a light on the corpse.

MACFARLANE (CONT'D)

(looking down at the  
bundle)

This is not a woman!

FETTES

(matter-of-factly)

It was a woman when we put her in.

MACFARLANE

(somewhat wildly)

Hold that lamp up -- I must see her

face.

He tears open the sacking.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT of Fettes. He is looking up holding the lantern high over his head, but is unable to see anything over the high dashboard except MacFarlane's face. Suddenly, MacFarlane pulls back and on his face there is such a look of anguish and terror that Fettes cries out in alarm.

FETTES

Dr. MacFarlane?

REVERSE SHOT - Now the face of the dead woman can be seen with MacFarlane looking down at it in horror as slowly it turns to the dark, well-moulded features and smooth-shaven cheeks of the familiar countenance of Gray. A wild yell breaks from MacFarlane's lips.

MACFARLANE

Gray -- Gray --

MED. FULL SHOT - the horse and carriage. The nervous horse bolts. Fettes tries to dodge out of the way. The lamp falls and breaks and in the darkness the carriage goes bounding past his and away. He stands looking after it, then breaks into a run, following the runaway.

CLOSE SHOT - MacFarlane. He is fighting to control the horse. But, as the carriage rocks, the thing against his shoulder moves; either by reason of the violent motion or of some frightful volition of its own.

The canvas wrapping slips, slides away and reveals again the head and naked torso of Gray.

The pace increases even more. MacFarlane sees the dreadful metamorphosis and a strangled cry breaks from his throat.

The carriage sways again and the arms come free from the canvas. Another swerve, another lurch and they have fallen limply around MacFarlane's neck.

**EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT**

FULL SHOT - a hairpin turn, with cliff-wall to one side, a sheer drop to the other. The carriage, the horse beyond control, cannot take it at the speed. It strikes the cliff, a wheel breaks loose, the braces tear apart, the horse staggers, runs on free, the carriage tilts sickeningly, stands on end, rolls over the edge and plunges down to destruction.

**EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT**

Fettes has managed to get the lamp going again and is running along the road, following the wheel tracks in the rain-soaked earth. He comes upon a bit of wreckage and stops. He listens, then walks over to the edge of the cliff. He holds his lantern well over the edge and peers down. Then he starts down the cliff side.

**EXT. THE CLIFF SIDE - NIGHT**

MED. FULL SHOT - Fettes as he scrambles down, holding the lantern at arm's length to protect it from the rough rocks and the heather. He comes to a slightly more level space and stops. He looks down.

MED. SHOT - SHOOTING DOWNWARD FROM Fettes' viewpoint. MacFarlane's body, obviously without life, is lying flat on its back, arms and legs outspread. And, lying against his chest, is something wrapped in canvas. The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY DOWN UNTIL IT IS CLOSE, showing beyond all doubt that not only has the canvas never been disturbed, but also that it is the woman's body which it covers.

FADE OUT

**THE END**