

SUNSET DAWNING

A Short Film Screenplay

By

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SECOND DRAFT

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CLOSE ON: Tear filled blue eyes. Tears of pure sadness.

PULL BACK to REVEAL a GUN BARREL pressed against the temple.

PULL BACK FURTHER to REVEAL the face of FRANCY EGAN, mid 50s. A sad face. His eyes a window to his hollowed soul. A warm orange glow reflects in his pupils.

PULL BACK FINALLY to REVEAL Egan is on his knees, staring at the sunset. Around him is--

EXT. LONDON DOCKLANDS - SUNSET

Derelict buildings haunt the skyline. Beside Egan is a darkly dressed FIGURE holding the gun to his head. They are both dwarfed by the abandoned monuments to a bygone age.

Egan's mouth twitches from sadness to a smile. A warm realisation spreads across his face. His tears turn from ones of pain to ones of happiness. The FIGURE catches the smile on Egan's face.

FIGURE

What the fuck are you smiling about?

EGAN

Wouldn't you like to know.

FIGURE

Tell me...

EGAN

...Nah.

A BEAT...then TWO GUNSHOTS RING OUT--

INT. PRISON CELL - SUNSET

A cell door BASHES against the bunk bed frame.

The jolt wakes GUS GILLESPIE, mid 50s, on the top bunk. He is life-worn...cynical to his core. His face is a criss-cross of scars from an horrific injury. He turns to check out the FIGURE in the open door--

RASHID MOROGLU, mid 20s, eager and wiry is shoved into the cell. He carries his new prisoner bundle. The door slams behind him. He checks the cell...meets GILLESPIE's eyes.

MOROGLU

Hi. I'm Rashid Moroglu.

He holds out his hand. GILLESPIE ignores it, jumps down from the bunk, heads to the sink, splashes his face with water.

MOROGLU (CONT'D)

Is this the bit where we ask each other what we're in for?

GILLESPIE continues washing his face.

MOROGLU (CONT'D)

I'm in for armed robbery, five to seven. What're you in for?

GILLESPIE dries his face. Stares intently at MOROGLU.

GILLESPIE

I killed a cell mate for talking too much.

MOROGLU gulps...looks away from GILLESPIE, then twigs GILLESPIE is playing with him. He laughs nervously.

MOROGLU

Sarcasm, yeah? Gallows humour? Prison banter? I get it. That's funny.

GILLESPIE puts on shaving foam.

GILLESPIE

How many of your crew got caught?

GILLESPIE starts shaving, looking at MOROGLU in the mirror.

MOROGLU

Just me. Unlucky, eh? The rest of the gang got away.
(leans closer)
But they're holding my cut for me when I get out. The lawyers tried to make me take a deal to rat on the gang, but I kept shtum. Took the longer sentence. I'm loyal me. Loyal to the bone.

GILLESPIE

Where was the job?

MOROGLU

Natwest, Bethnal Green.

GILLESPIE stops shaving at the mention of Bethnal Green.

GILLESPIE
O'Gradys commission the job?

MOROGLU
How did you know?

GILLESPIE
You won't see a penny of that
money.

MOROGLU
How would you know?

GILLESPIE
The O'Gradys don't share with those
dumb enough to get caught.

MOROGLU
Have you actually met the O'Gradys?

GILLESPIE focuses back on his shaving.

MOROGLU (CONT'D)
You used to work for them?

GILLESPIE cuts himself with the razor. A blob of blood plops
in the foam filled sink.

GILLESPIE
Word of advice, kid. Don't talk so
much. It will only get you in
trouble in here.

MOROGLU nods, eagerly.

MOROGLU
Oh, yeah. Tips for the inside? I
get it. Keep my mouth zipped. Got
it. I'll be as silent as the
breeze.

GILLESPIE fires a warning look at MORGOGLU in the mirror.
MOROGLU finally makes a zipping motion on his mouth. He sits
on the bottom bunk and starts unpacking his prisoner bundle.

GILLESPIE stares at the blood in the water as it spreads
outward...turns the water pink. He swishes the blood into the
water with his razor.

INT. PRISON CANTEEN - DAY

FOOD is dumped onto a plastic tray. MOROGLU looks at it,
pulls a face of disgust.

He turns and scans the LARGE CANTEEN filled with PRISONERS at tables eating. MOROGLU spots GILLESPIE at a table on his own.

MOROGLU plonks his tray down, sits opposite GILLESPIE. The old man looks up and his shoulders slump at the sight of his cellmate.

MOROGLU

Hey, roomie. How's it going?

GILLESPIE continues eating.

MOROGLU (CONT'D)

Is the food always this good?

GILLESPIE doesn't look up.

MOROGLU (CONT'D)

Prison banter?

Still no response from GILLESPIE.

MOROGLU (CONT'D)

Hey, I meant to ask you. Have you worked for the O'Gradys? You seemed to know a lot about them?

GILLESPIE grabs MOROGLU by the lapel...pulls his face close to his.

GILLESPIE

Will you stop asking questions about the fucking O'Gradys! You sound like an undercover rozzer. And a shit one at that. Someone in here might get the idea to get a message to the O'Gradys that you're shooting your mouth off about them and asking questions. They'll be sure to send someone in to shut your fucking mouth...permanently.

GILLESPIE lets go of MOROGLU, takes his tray and leaves the table. MOROGLU is shaken by GILLESPIE's actions. He scans the CANTEEN.

DIFFERENT hard faced PRISONERS stare right back at MOROGLU. Now they NOTICE him. MOROGLU focuses on eating his lunch...feeling ALL the eyes on him.

At one table sit three PRISONERS, DAWKINS, burly, mid 30s, and his acolytes, BURTON and WALKER. They talk to each other whilst keeping their eyes on MOROGLU.

INT. TOILETS - DAY

MOROGLU walks into the toilets, unzips at the urinal and starts urinating.

DAWKINS, BURTON and WALKER enter the toilets. They stand behind MOROGLU. SUDDENLY, they grab him from behind. They DRAG him into one of the STALLS.

DAWKINS shoves his head into the toilet bowl. BURTON pulls the flush. WALKER leans on MOROGLU'S BACK so he can't get up. MOROGLU splutters...INHALES water...then coughs it up through his nose and mouth. They drag him, out of the stall.

One Prisoner holds his arms behind his back. The other two prisoners take turns in punching him in the stomach. He collapses to the ground. They start kicking him. He curls into a ball. The PRISONERS stop. One leans close to his ear.

BURTON

Welcome to D Wing, shit-stick!

WALKER

We'll be visiting you again, real soon.

DAWKINS

Keep your diary clear.

DAWKINS spits on MOROGLU. They all leave. MOROGLU spits up some more toilet water.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

MOROGLU is alone in the cell with the door open. He is drying his hair with a towel.

GILLESPIE breezes in. He catches sight of a bruise on MOROGLU'S forehead.

GILLESPIE

Who was it?

MOROGLU

What?

GILLESPIE

Who was it?

MOROGLU

Nobody.

GILLESPIE lifts up MOROGLU'S shirt and sees horrific black BRUISES from his stomach to his sternum and ribs.

GILLESPIE
Who was it?

MOROGLU cannot hold GILLESPIE'S stare.

INT. DAWKINS' CELL - NIGHT

Dawkins washes his face in the mirror.

SUDDENLY...someone grabs his face--smashes it into the mirror, cracking it into pieces. The Hand pulls Dawkins' head back. Pieces of the mirror are embedded in his face, mashed up with blood and skin.

PULL BACK to REVEAL it's GILLESPIE who has hold of the back of DAWKINS' head.

GILLESPIE
Moroglu is with the O'Gradys...so
unless you want to end up with
permanent brain damage...you leave--
(smashes Dawkins' head
into the mirror)
--him
(smashes his head again
into the mirror again)
--be.

GILLESPIE smashes DAWKINS face into the broken mirror once last time, then walks out. Dawkins crumples to the floor, holding his mashed up face.

INT. GILLESPIE'S CELL - NIGHT

GILLESPIE slinks in...hops straight up onto the top bunk. MOROGLU is awake on the bottom bunk. The CELL DOOR slams shut and the jangle of keys locks it for the night.

MOROGLU
You okay?

GILLESPIE
You want have anymore trouble with
Dawkins.

MOROGLU
Oh. Thanks.

Gillespie turns over--a splash of MOONLIGHT falls across his face. He is disturbed by his actions against Dawkins. It's been a long time since he's released his inner beast like this.

INT. GILLESPIE'S CELL - LATER THAT NIGHT

MOROGLU is asleep. GILLESPIE is twitching in the bed in the throws of a nightmare.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A YOUNG GIRL screams in childbirth. It is the YOUNG GIRL in the photo in GILLESPIE'S cell. The BABY is born, screaming its lungs out.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. BUSY ROAD - NIGHT

The YOUNG GIRL carries the screaming BABY, now SIX MONTHS OLD, wrapped in a blanket. She weaves her way along the pavement, clearly out of her head on drugs.

She looks to the BUSY TRAFFIC on the road and smiles.

SUDDENLY...she steps OUT into the lane of traffic. Cars narrowly miss her, swerve to avoid her.

She gets to the middle of the road and plonks down cross legged on the white demarkation line.

She lays the baby on the line...watches the traffic whizz by on either side. She smiles and rocks side to side. The Baby screams in the blanket. A car horn BLARES--

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

--GILLESPIE awakes in a cold sweat. He screams out loud, waking MOROGLU.

MOROGLU

You okay?

(beat)

I get nightmares too.

GILLESPIE turns over, pulls up his blanket, MOROGLU shrugs and goes back to sleep.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

GILLESPIE and MOROGLU are mopping the floor together. MOROGLU is itching to talk to GILLESPIE.

MOROGLU

Thanks again for sorting out Dawkins.

(GILLESPIE continues mopping)

What'd you used to do for the O'Gradys?

(GILLESPIE's moppig gets quicker)

Were you one of their enforcers?

(GILLESPIE dunks the mop into the bucket)

Did you know Billy MCBAIN?

GILLESPIE'S mop strokes get more aggressive. MOROGLU doesn't sense GILLESPIE annoyance. He FOCUSES on GILLESPIE'S right hand...a scar on the skin.

MOROGLU (CONT'D)

Where'd you get that scar on your hand?

GILLESPIE

You've asked me four questions already. I'm going to limit you to one question a day?

MOROGLU

I'm sorry. I'm just psyched that you might be one of the O'Gradys inner circle.

(beat)

Okay, here's my one question for today. Do you know Billy McBain?

GILLESPIE carries on cleaning the floor.

MOROGLU (CONT'D)

I thought you said I could ask one question?

GILLESPIE

Yes. I said you could ask one question. I didn't say I would answer it.

GILLESPIE focuses back to the mopping the floor. MOROGLU looks at him crestfallen.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

MOROGLU is alone in the cell with the door open. He looks at some of GILLESPIE's things on the shelf by the bunk bed.

An assortment of trinkets. What stands out is a PHOTO of a YOUNG GIRL...holding A 6 MONTH OLD BABY. The same YOUNG GIRL who laid the same BABY in the middle of the road in GILLESPIE'S nightmare.

MOROGLU picks it up, studies it closely.

SUDDENLY--GILLESPIE breezes in...heads to the sink and starts washing his face.

MOROGLU quickly returns the photo to the shelf and walks across to the window....looks out at the sunset.

MOROGLU

Most people shave at the beginning
of the day?

GILLESPIE

How insightful of you.

GILLESPIE puts on shaving foam.

GILLESPIE (CONT'D)

I can't let my beard hairs grow
beyond a day, otherwise they become
ingrown into my scars and I get
infections.

MOROGLU goes to ask a question.

GILLESPIE (CONT'D)

And before you ask, I got these
scars from a car accident. Forget
to put on my seatbelt. Went through
the windscreen at fifty miles an
hour. My face took most of the
glass with it. Took about five
surgeries to get the shards out.

(beat)

There you go...got an answer for
free, for a question you didn't
ask.

GILLESPIE focuses on his shaving. MOROGLU sits on the bunk, dejected.

MOROGLU

I know you think I'm sort of council estate chav who thinks he wants to be a gangsta. But you're wrong about me.

GILLESPIE

Oh yeah, how so?

MOROGLU

I grew up on the Shalcon Estate. If you know Bethnal Green, you know there's no prospects there. Nothing but the O'Grady gang.

GILLESPIE considers MOROGLU for a moment.

GILLESPIE

Yeah, I know the Shalcon Estate.

MOROGLU

When I was twelve, my brother started dealing on his own. Another gang got wind and sent someone to stop him. And they did. Permanently. Shot him three times in the face. My dad had to id him by a birthmark on his chest. The cops knew who it was. Some rival dealer called Mahmud. They arrested him, but had to drop charges due to lack of evidence. And just when we lost hope of getting any justice... Mahmud wound up dead out in the docklands. Three bullets to the face. Equal measure for what he did to my brother.

(beat)

I asked around about who might have done this. The word was...it was the O'Gradys...and the hitman was the Scorpion...Billy McBain. So, you see, I kind of owe the O'Gradys. They stood up for us. They gave us justice.

GILLESPIE looks at MOROGLU in the mirror.

GILLESPIE

That's not justice, Rashid.

MOROGLU

Whatever you say. But, ever since then I've wanted to meet McBain.

(MORE)

MOROGLU (CONT'D)

Shake his hand. But more importantly...he and the O'Gradys showed me what real power is. Power to right a wrong...Power To give people injustice. Billy McBain is a hero in my book.

GILLESPIE turns and points his razor at MOROGLU.

GILLESPIE

You shouldn't idolise such a piece of shit! He's a murderer. And murder is murder.

MOROGLU stares at GILLESPIE...watches his anger dissipate. GILLESPIE sees a twinge of fear in MOROGLU'S eyes. He turns back to the sink...continues shaving. MOROGLU'S eyes widen at a realisation.

MOROGLU

Shit! You do know Billy McBain!

GILLESPIE focuses on his shaving. Let's the question pass.

GILLESPIE

What does your dad do?

MOROGLU

He runs a newsagents on the estate. He always wanted me to take over the business, but I'm not interested. I don't want a life of selling fags and mags.

GILLESPIE

Hey, the daily grind is honourable work. That's where the real heroes are. Those who provide for their families without breaking the law. Stealing is just a cowards way out of doing honest work.

MOROGLU

What would you know about daily grind? You're in here like the rest of us. So, tell me what you were so dumb at that you got caught?

GILLESPIE is desperate to change MOROGLU'S perception of morality.

GILLESPIE

I'm in for fraud.

(beat)

(MORE)

GILLESPIE (CONT'D)

Don't be all starry eyed about the O'Gradys. There's nothing noble about working for a couple of geriatric farts who get rich off the misery of others. They would just as easily kill you if you get in their way.

MOROGLU is becoming more agitated at GILLESPIE'S tone.

MOROGLU

You're beginning to sound like my dad. He was always telling me how **he** wanted **me** to live **my** life. Just cos he was a failure doesn't give him the right to make me one.

GILLESPIE

You should be thankful you've got a dad who cares. Better a dad who gives a shit than one who doesn't.

MOROGLU

I don't want to be like my father. I want to be like Billy McBain.

GILLESPIE

You wanna be a murderer? You wanna feel powerful snuffing out the life of someone else? You wanna hurt people because you're too afraid to get hurt yourself?

GILLESPIE has hit a nerve with MOROGLU.

GILLESPIE (CONT'D)

You know what? I do know a story about Billy fucking McBain.

(sarcastic)

I'll tell what a '*real hero*' he was.

MOROGLU's ears prick up at the mention of MCBAIN. GILLESPIE looks out the barred window to the sun getting ready to set.

GILLESPIE (CONT'D)

Before McBain, there was the Shadow...Francy Egan. The O'Gradys' top hitman from the 60s onwards. Just like you, Egan went from school to gang in a matter of days.

IMAGE: A 20 year old FRANCY EGAN, fires his gun at the CAMERA.

GILLESPIE (V.O.)
He was ruthless. Never failed.

IMAGE: A 30 year old FRANCY EGAN, garrotes a VICTIM from behind until the body goes limp.

GILLESPIE (V.O.)
He worked for the O'Grady's through the 60s, 70s and 80s.

IMAGE: A 40 year old FRANCY EGAN rolls a DEAD BODY up in plastic tarpaulin.

GILLESPIE (V.O.)
He was loyal as a dog. But in '91, death caught up with Francy Egan.

IMAGE: A CONSULTANT shows a 55 year old FRANCY EGAN a scan of Francy's stomach tumour.

GILLESPIE (V.O.)
It wasn't a bullet or a knife that was going to kill Francy Egan. It was terminal stomach cancer.

IMAGE: Francy Egan sits in his back garden and stares into the setting sun.

GILLESPIE (V.O.)
He decided that he wanted a quiet short retirement. He thought he was owed that from the O'Gradys.

IMAGE: Egan sits opposite two shadows across the table in an office. The two Shadows, the O'Gradys shake their heads.

GILLESPIE (V.O.)
But they disagreed. They wanted him working up to his deathbed.

IMAGE: Egan has a kneeling victim in front of him. TOMMY BOYCE, late 20s, brashly dressed. He pleads for his life as Egan points a gun at him. But Egan pulls the trigger three times. Boyce drops dead.

IMAGE: Egan rolls the body into the River Thames with concrete weights on each limb.

IMAGE: Egan pops the lid to a briefcase...inside is neatly lined stacks of cash.

GILLESPIE (V.O.)
So, Egan decided to take matters into his own hands.
(MORE)

GILLESPIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He stole a lump of cash from a drug dealer called Tommy Boyce. Egan took the drug money which would fund his last months of life in comfort. Somewhere off the grid...somewhere only he knew.

INT. EGAN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY - 1991

ON THE TV: PAUL GASCOIGNE scores the screamer of a free-kick in the 1991 FA Cup Semi-Final between Tottenham Hotspur and Arsenal. The game is playing live. The roar of the crowd fills the room. The COMMENTATOR goes wild.

Egan stands at a small table. He piles the stacks of cash bundles into a leather suitcase INSIDE the lining.

Egan sews up the lining, expertly, with needle and thread.

Egan dumps clothes and a few extras in the main part...zips it up. He grabs a bottle and takes a swig. The Label reads: **ORAMORPH**, liquid morphine.

A CAR HORN BLARES outside. Egan grabs the case, stares around the room one last time, then leaves. Crosses to the window, peeks through:

EGAN'S POV: A CABBY mid 20s, is leaning against his Cab, parked outside the front gate, waiting.

EXT. EGAN'S HOUSE - DAY - 1991

Egan comes out the front door. The CABBY, sees Egan, quickly opens the boot. Egan lays the case in the boot.

CABBY

What's the score?

Egan ignores the Cabby and gets in the back seat.

INT. CAB - DAY

The Cabby gets in the driver's seat, fires up the engine and starts driving.

CABBY

Where we headed?

EGAN

Paddington train station.

CABBY

Off to see that fuzzy little bear
are we?

Egan ignores the Cabby. Looks out the window. Winces at a pain in his stomach.

CABBY (CONT'D)

Going anywhere nice?

Egan ignores the Cabby, who shrugs and focuses on the road.

EXT. NORTH CIRCULAR ROAD - DAY

The Cab pulls off at a SIGN for the DOCKLANDS.

INT. CAB, DRIVING - DAY - 1991

Egan notices they are turning off from the road.

EGAN

Hey, fuck-face! You're going the
wrong way.

The Cabby pulls the car over...turns to face Egan.

CABBY

What would scare you the most,
right at this very moment?

Egan's face hardens at the Cabby.

EGAN

I'm not afraid of anything.

CABBY

You know what would scare me to
death? That someone else might know
all my dirty secrets.

The Cabby pulls a GUN, points it at Egan. Egan's is surprised, then recovers, steels himself. The Cabby takes out a pair of handcuffs and tosses them to the Egan.

CABBY (CONT'D)

Cuff yourself to the grab handle.

Egan does as he is told.

EGAN

Where are you taking me?

CABBY

To the past, Francy. Back to the past.

Egan's face blanches with fear now. The Cabby starts up the car and drives on.

EXT. DOCKLANDS - DAY - 1991

A LARGE DERELICT WAREHOUSE sits amongst all the other industrial relics of abandoned, vandalised, derelict graffiti ridden buildings.

The Cab pulls up and stops. The Cabby gets out, grabs the suitcase from the boot. He uncuffs Egan, drags him towards a the WAREHOUSE.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - 1991

The Cabby dumps Egan in a chair, cuffs his hands behind him.

The Warehouse has a high vaulted ceiling that yawns above the two small men. A cathedral of old industrialized Britain. An echo of days now lost.

The Cabby dumps the suitcase on a nearby table, then hops onto it.

CABBY

Okay, Mister Egan. You are about to have a close encounter with the truth. I'm Detective Constable Paul Collins of the Met's Murder Squad. I'm arresting for the murder of Tommy Boyce.

EGAN

I don't know a Tommy Boyce.

COLLINS

Are you sure? Short, stocky guy? Buck teeth? Stupid grin? Drug dealer? Three bullets in his head. Last seen being pecked at by seagulls in a landfill near Tottenham.

IMAGE: TOMMY BOYCE is on his knees pleading to the CAMERA to spare his life. Then THREE QUICK GUNSHOTS--

DC Collins stares intently at Egan. Looking for any sign of guilt. Egan holds Collins stare. Gives nothing away.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Well, we lifted a bloody fingerprint...and, drumroll please...the fingerprint is yours. Now how in fuck's name did your fingerprint, imprinted in Tommy's blood, get there?

Egan looks away from Collins.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Now let's see what we have here?

Collins unzips the suitcase, feels around the sides, rips out the lining Egan sowed up...pulls out a stack of bills.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Now where would you get such a chunk of change, Francy?

EGAN

Listen, shit-stick, I've got terminal stomach cancer. You can take half of what's there if you let me go. I'll be dead in three to six months.

COLLINS

You're a dead man anyway, Francy. The O'Grady's know you bumped off ol' Tommy Boyce and took the drug money. It's a matter of time before they send someone like you to rub you out and get their money back.

Collins hops off the table, walks around Egan.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

People like you should not be allowed to die in comfort. You've been the O'Grady's top hitman for the last thirty years. Rumour has it, you've got over a hundred hits to your name.

(holds his finger up in the air)

But, can you hear that?

(leans next to Egan's ear)

That's the sound of all the people you've killed crying out for justice...crying out for revenge...crying out for you to pay for what you've done.

(stands up)

(MORE)

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Tell me...doesn't all that death
take a toll on your soul?

IMAGES: QUICK-FIRE IMAGES of the FACES of VARIOUS VICTIMS of Egan. Each punctuated by a GUNSHOT--

Egan is stabbed by the horror of all the death he has made...But, he quells the memories by instinct.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

And now you're near death, don't
you want to unburden yourself of
all that guilt...all that pain?

EGAN

I'll be dead before you can even
charge me. So, just let me go.

COLLINS

Shit, are you're actually asking
for mercy? Mercy for a dying
hitman? I didn't know you had a
sense of humour?

(grabs Egan's lapels)

Have you ever shown any mercy to
any of your hits? What about Tommy
Boyce? What about Snacks McMillan?
John 'The Bap' Baptiste?

EGAN

They were all bent businessmen,
drug dealers and pimps. Corrupt as
fuck. They didn't give a shit who
they hurt as long as they made a
profit. And they all had it coming?

COLLINS

As do you, my friend. And don't
forget, you were doing the killing
for these bent businessmen, so
don't make out you were part of
some social solution when you were
part of the problem. A big fucking
part. But putting aside all the
'bad' people you killed...what
about the innocent ones? Jason
Gagen? Glen Harwood?

(focuses on Egan's eyes)

Yvonne Mallender?

This last one hits Egan hard. Egan relives some horrific
moment in his memory--

IMAGE: YVONNE MALLENDER is on her knees, a bloody face from a beating. She pleads for her life.

--Egan shuts the memory down. Stares right back at Collins. Studies this so called cop...then realises Collins is not who he says he is.

EGAN

If you're a rozzer...why aren't we doing this at a police station?

Collins freezes for a second. Feigns shock....then bursts out laughing.

COLLINS

Ah, shit...you got me! I was wondering when you were going to twig...I'm not a cop.

(stops laughing)

The name's James Mallender...and you guessed it...I'm the son of Yvonne Mallender. The accountant you killed fifteen years ago. She found out about the illegal book keeping the O'Gradys were pulling.

A pulse of fear spreads through Egan. He tries to get out of the cuffs, but to no avail. MALLENDER takes out the gun and waves it around carelessly. This man's emotions veer from insane grief, euphoria and mania.

MALLENDER

I was twelve when you killed my mum. Well, tortured, mutilated, then killed my mum. Her body was so badly disfigured they couldn't actually work out the actual cause of death.

EGAN

The O'Gradys did most of the torturing.

MALLENDER

Oh, well that makes it okay, then. You think I should let you go because you just stood and watched?
(beat)

My dad wouldn't let me see her body. You know why? Because the undertakers, try as they might, couldn't cover up all her injuries.

Egan continues to try and wriggle out of the cuffs. MALLENDER punches Egan in the stomach. He stops writhing...doubles up in pain...then a coughing fit wracks his chest until he starts coughing up blood.

MALLENDER (CONT'D)

You know I tried every psychological trick to move on. I tried forgiving, I tried forgetting, I tried therapy, I tried alcohol, I tried cocaine. But none of them worked. So, all I had left...was revenge. I hope it's the one that finally brings me peace.

EGAN

Killing me won't bring you peace.

MALLENDER

Of course you would say that. But knowing that you suffered like my mother is going to feel a whole lot better than I've been feeling the last fifteen years. When you killed my mum, you made three sons motherless. My father a widower. You ruined us financially and mentally. You don't come back from a wound like that. It freezes you in time, like a caveman in the ice.

(taps his chest with the gun barrel)

But this little caveman has an itch for revenge. And now it's time to scratch it.

MALLENDER puts the gun to Egan's forehead. Finger tenses on the trigger...then...moves off it.

MALLENDER (CONT'D)

One thing that did come to mind with this whole revenge rigamarole is that I thought it mimicked an equation. And maths 101 says every equation must be balanced. So, a life for a life. All the pain must be equal on each side of the equation. That means you need to suffer as much as my mother did.

MALLENDER moves the gun from Egan's forehead to his shoulder and pulls the trigger. A bullet rips through Egan's shoulder, He scream in pain.

MALLENDER (CONT'D)

There we go. Now, that's a start.

Egan suddenly loses his patience.

EGAN

Will you stop playing with yourself
you little fucking whiny shit and
kill me already! If I was holding
you here I would have killed you
ages ago.

This stings MALLENDER into action. He levels the gun at Egan's head. Egan's steels himself for the end. He stares right at MALLENDER. Fierce eyes against those filled with doubt. MALLENDER'S hand shakes.

The FINGER on the TRIGGER TREMBLES. MALLENDER starts to cry, tears stream down his face. He can't do it. He bends over in grief. Egan stares at the tortured young man...a twinge of sympathy in his eyes for the boy whose life he ruined.

EGAN (CONT'D)

Hey, James. Look at me.

(Mallender looks at Egan)

You can take all that money and
start a new life. I'm going to die
very soon, you can be sure of that.
No need to stain your soul by
killing me. Let nature do that for
you. I know what it's like to take
a life. It stays with you. It never
leaves. You've been through enough
without the burden of someone's
death. Believe me...it's a burden
you don't want to carry.

MALLENDER'S whimpering soon turns to something chilling. He begins to laugh. Not a hearty a laugh, but a sneering, prideful, gloating laugh. Egan stares at the guffawing, confused as hell. MALLENDER still has tears running down his face, but these are tears of laughter.

MALLENDER

Oh, you should see your face,
Francy!

EGAN

You're not James Mallender?

MALLENDER

Give that man a cigar!

(sits on the table)

No, I'm not James Mallender.

(MORE)

MALLENDER (CONT'D)

He does exist...or did. He killed himself a couple of years ago. Never got over his mum's death. I guess you could say he was another one of your victims. Kind of like an assist.

EGAN

Who the fuck are you?

MALLENDER stares right into Egan's eyes.

MALLENDER

I'm Billy McBain, Francy.

Egan's jaw drops. He's heard of this name.

MCBAIN

O'Gradys put the hit out on you for killing Boyce and taking all that lovely drug money. I asked the O'Gradys for this job specifically. See, I've been a big fan of yours since I left school and joined the gang. I met you a couple of times. But I was a little spotty dickweed back then.

Egan furiously thinks back...then remembers the little boy he met years ago.

IMAGE: In a BAR, a younger BILLY MCBAIN shakes EGAN's hand. Egan is unimpressed by the starstruck youth.

--Egan stares at McBain full of anger at being toyed with.

EGAN

What the fuck is all this charade for? You're a hitman...just do the job. Get it over with.

MCBAIN

Hey, I've always admired your straightforward approach to killing. Get the contract, find the mark, set up the kill, complete the hit, then move on. It's simple, effective and totally, utterly, fucking boring! I have a theatric, poetic side to me. I think I get that from my mother.

EGAN

Why don't you do me a professional courtesy, take the money back to the O'Gradys, tell them you've killed me, but let me go and die in peace.

MCBAIN

You're still trying to bargain with death, Francy. That's the fourth stage of grief. You're progressing. Just one more leap to acceptance and you're done.

(beat)

But I can't let you live. You have a lot of dangerous secrets rattling around in that old head of yours. The O'Gradys don't want you wandering this Earth with all that info. You might spill it all in a moment of, dare I say, conscience. Imminent death tends to make us do rash things...like confessing our sins. And the O'Gradys can't have that possibility left on the table.

EGAN

I'm a professional. I would never break the code of silence on the O'Gradys. I have been loyal to them for fucking thirty years.

MCBAIN

Well you broke the code of not stealing from your boss when you offed Boyce and took this dosh.

EGAN

I asked them to let me retire in peace for my last few months and they said no. So, I had to take matters into my own hands.

MCBAIN

What the fuck is so special about you spending your last days in comfort?

EGAN

All I want to do is watch the sunset a few times before I die. When I stare at the sunset it's the only time that my mind is at peace. The only time my soul is quiet.

MCBAIN

After all the pain and anguish you have caused? Why do you get to sit on a beach somewhere, watching the sun set, then slowly slip into eternal sleep? You deserve to die screaming...begging for your life, like everyone you've killed.

EGAN

I'm not going to beg for my life. So, now's your chance to kill your hero. So, do it.

MCBAIN

They say you should never meet your heroes...I get to meet mine and kill him too. That's poetic.

MCBAIN lifts the gun to Egan's face. He pulls the trigger...and...CLICK! Egan's winces, then opens his eyes to see MCBAIN desperately holding in a laugh...only to blurt it out. He howls with laughter. Egan is sickened.

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

Oh, you should see your face again! It's classic!

Egan tries to kick out at MCBAIN in anger.

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

Alright, Francy. I'll stop messing with you. There is another motive I wanted this contract on you. And it's nothing to do with the O'Grady's.

Egan is intrigued at this.

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

It's about a girl called Maria.

Egan digs around in the recesses of his mind. Then the image of Maria comes into focus for him. MCBAIN sees Egan has Maria in his mind's eye--

IMAGE: Maria smiles at the CAMERA, as if this is EGAN'S POV.

--Egan looks off to the side, a raft of other memories flood his mind. MCBAIN sees Egan remembers MARIA.

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

Yes! THAT Maria! Maria Johanovich. Fled the communist state of Albania in 1965. Made it to England. Started doing menial jobs, learning English at a night school. She met a rogue and they fell in love. And, as all doomed love affairs go, she got pregnant. This was a deal breaker for her favourite love rat. He kicked her to the curb. She soon ended up on the streets.

Egan becomes uncomfortable as MCBAIN unfolds this story.

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

She had to start turning tricks to stay alive. She had the child. A baby boy. But now she had two to feed. The pressure pushed her over the edge and into the clutches of a vicious pimp in Camden Town. He got her hooked on meth and had her working the red light every night. That type of lifestyle creates a fracture in the soul. One day she walked out to the middle of a busy motorway...sat with her baby in the middle of the road, watched the cars whizzing past her and her boy. Social services soon swooped in and took her boy off her. In her despair...she threw herself off a multi-story car park. Needless to say, the poor boy ended up in social care. It's funny how kids who end up in **care**, because nobody cares about them. The boy ended up being adopted by a family by the name of McBain. And so the name of Billy McBain was born.

Egan is stunned at this revelation. He studies MCBAIN in front of him...scans His face for signs of familial similarity. The eyes, the nose, the mouth, the hair. Egan realises the man before him IS his SON.

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

Now I should've been born William Egan in a better, fairer world. But hey! We can't always get what we want. Growing up, I had no idea that I had you as my shit-stick of a dad.

(MORE)

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

My foster dad, Mr McBain tried to stop me getting involved with the O'Grady gang, but he wasn't much of a persuader. Preferred to use his fists, until I learnt how to use my mine. Then he stopped trying to persuade me.

Egan tries to process this bombshell.

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

I started doing a little digging about my family history once I joined the O'Gradys gang. Learnt that my mum, Maria, knocked about with you for a while before I was born. So, I guess this is where I say...Hi, Dad...nice to meet you.

Egan's mouth twitches to say something...nothing comes out.

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

When the contract on you came up, I jumped at the chance to meet my old man. I wish I wasn't such a cliché. But, hey, we are what we are. Now, I want you to pay for the all the despair and hurt you caused my mother, and the pain you saddled me with. I wish I could be more magnanimous and say....*I forgive you*...but I'd be lying. I can't forgive you. And I don't want to. I want to make you suffer. And I can't resist the poetic nature of your selfishness coming back to lap at your shore.

Egan is stabbed with a jolt of pain in his stomach. He doubles up and winces.

MCBAIN rummages in the suitcase and bring out the bottle of Oramorph. Egan nods to him that we would like a swig.

MCBAIN unscrews the lid, holds it up, tantalizingly close to Egan's lips, but too far away for him to touch it. He tips the bottle up and the liquid pours out on the floor until it is empty.

Egan stares in despair at the precious liquid as it mixes with the dirt on the ground. MCBAIN throws the bottle away...then grabs Egan by the lapels...gets into his face.

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

Because of you, I have no idea who I am...or who I could have been. That's one fucked up legacy you gave me. I have no background, no roots, nothing to build my character on. All I have is hate...hate for you. I guess I should thank you...because you've made me into a perfect killing machine. Like Father...like son.

MCBAIN lets go of Egan, turns away and screams at the ceiling of the warehouse...his voice ECHOES until it dissipates.

EGAN

I'm your first kill, aren't I, Billy?

MCBAIN shoulders slump at Egan's words.

EGAN (CONT'D)

Your graduation kill?

McBain's silences confirms Egan's point.

EGAN (CONT'D)

Listen. You can walk away right now and save yourself. Once you pull that trigger...there's no going back. I've worked for the O'Grady's all my life. Been killing since I was your age. I have hulled my soul for the O'Grady's benefit and this is how they repay me. Send my son to kill me. They will do the same to you when your time comes, Billy.

MCBAIN turns...points the gun at Egan's head. Finger trembles on the trigger. Egan's breathing quickens.

EGAN (CONT'D)

Billy...son...one final favour?

MCBAIN is about to pull the trigger--

EXT. DOCKLANDS - SUNSET

The SUN hangs just above the horizon. It's fading orange glory bathes the Docklands in a warm hue.

MCBAIN drags Egan across the weed pocked wasteland between the warehouse and the river.

He forces Egan to his knees facing the setting sun. Egan stares into the orange ball that hangs just above the horizon. Tears begin to form. Tears of sadness at a life wasted doing all kinds of wrong.

MCBAIN presses the gun to Egan's temple. On MCBAIN'S wrist is a small tattoo of a SCORPION. Egan catches sight of it.

EGAN

What's with the tattoo?

MCBAIN

A Scorpion. Kind of my nickname.

EGAN

Wow. You really are committed to this kind of life. Got it all mapped out, eh?

This disconcerts MCBAIN...like EGAN knows something he doesn't.

MCBAIN

Just out of curiosity, dad. Could you tell me who you really are? Like deep down, who you really are?

Egan thinks for a LONG moment...but nothing comes to him.

EGAN

You know what? I have no idea.
(laughs to himself)
I did want to be a singer for a while...but that got lost along the way. I got lost along the way.
(looks up at MCBAIN)
The same will happen to you.

MCBAIN

I'm nothing like you.

Egan stares back at the sunset. Basking in the final rays of warmth he will feel on his Earth.

EGAN

It doesn't matter. The O'Gradys will use you up. They'll hollow you out until you're of no more use. Then they'll do the same to you that they've done to me.

MCBAIN

Yeah, yeah. You can tell the Devil
all about it when you see him. Time
to say goodbye now.

MCBAIN cocks the hammer back. Egan holds up his finger up,
asking for a few more seconds to soak in the sunset.

MCBAIN moves around so that he can see Egan's eyes. He
studies them closely.

Egan FOCUSES on the sunset...his eyes change from sadness to
a twinge of joy. His mouth twitches into a smile. An inner
epiphany spreads across his face. His tears turn from ones of
pain to ones of happiness.

MCBAIN cannot work out what is going in Egan's mind.

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you smiling
about?

EGAN

Wouldn't you like to know.

MCBAIN

Tell me...

EGAN

...Nah.

MCBAIN is angered by Egan's refusal to share. He hardens his
heart....SQUEEZES the TRIGGER.

TWO QUICK GUNSHOTS RING OUT--the ECHO rolls around the empty
docklands...

Egan's body jerks and falls to the ground. MCBAIN stands over
his murdered father. He studies the dying Egan as he tries to
say something with blood streaming from his mouth...his brain
working out that there's two huge holes in it. His mouth
stops moving...his eyes fix and dilate. Francy Egan is dead.

MOMENTS LATER: MCBAIN ties the last concrete block to Egan's
arm, three other blocks are tied to his remaining limbs.
MCBAIN forces one of the blocks over the edge of the dock and
into the water. Gravity does the rest--all three blocks pull
Egan's body into the dirty dock water.

MCBAIN stares at the last rays of the sunset. Shakes his
head, walks back to his car and drives away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - SUNSET - PRESENT DAY

GILLESPIE finishes his story. The import of the story hangs in the air for a BEAT.

MOROGLU looks shaken by the nature of the story. He gets up and looks at the photo of the woman...then to GILLESPIE.

MOROGLU

Your mum was beautiful. Shame how it all ended with her. Her name's Maria, right...

MOROGLU turns from the photo to face GILLESPIE. But he has lost the innocence of MOROGLU. He wears a knowing smile.

MOROGLU (CONT'D)

--Billy?

GILLESPIE stares at MOROGLU...he knows why MOROGLU is here.

GILLESPIE turns to look into the mirror. He studies his own face--shakes his shoulders. A physical change comes over him to change him from GILLESPIE to BILLY MCBAIN, mid 50s, worn out. He scratches his chin--his sleeve drops to reveal the blotched skin where his SCORPION TATTOO used to be. MOROGLU catches sight of it.

MOROGLU (CONT'D)

I see you got rid of your scorpion tattoo. That's a shame. What about all the scars on the face?

MCBAIN

Plastic surgeon...did a good job. I thought it better to go for scars. Throw people off my scent.

MCBAIN looks at MOROGLU in the mirror.

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

Is this your graduation kill?

MOROGLU

Yep. I kill you and take your place on the payroll with the O'Gradys. Just like you were...before you disappeared. Out of curiosity...what was the reason behind your Houdini act?

MCBAIN

(turns to face MOROGLU)
I was tired of the job.
(MORE)

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

The cycle of the job, the hunt, the killing...it all catches up with you in the end. The O'Gradys would never let me sail into the sunset. They wouldn't let my dad go, why would they make an exception for me?

MOROGLU

I'm surprised they didn't. You are an exceptional talent.

MCBAIN

I was. But, hey...you get to start your career killing the great Billy McBain. You must have a stiffy about that.

MOROGLU

Almost.

MCBAIN

How'd you track me down?

MOROGLU

That plastic surgeon who fucked up your face for you. You paid him through a shell company. The director was a former associate of yours. I tracked him down...and he talked. Told me about your Gus Gillespie identity. You should have killed him.

MCBAIN

I know I should...but I was tired of killing.

MOROGLU

Spare one life to lose your own? Kind of poetic...that's how you like it, eh?

MCBAIN

All the shite about your dad real?

MOROGLU

Oh yes. He's always trying to get me to change my ways. Be a good citizen. My real name's Medar Caliskan.

MCBAIN

The O'Gradys pay the guards to smuggle you in?

MOROGLU

Yep. And after I'm done with you...I get to walk right out the prison gates. Go get myself a nice hot meal. I've had enough of this shitty prison grub.

MCBAIN

Got a nickname?

MOROGLU

I think most people are calling me the Young Turk. It's a bit hammy. Will think of something better in the future.

MCBAIN looks out the window at the setting sun.

MCBAIN

So, how'd you want to do this?

MOROGLU

I already have.

MCBAIN stares at the sink--CLOSE IN on his razor.

MCBAIN

Poison on the razor? Very good.

MOROGLU nods at MCBAIN'S compliment. MCBAIN is hit with the irony of his scars being his downfall.

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

Shit...should've grown a beard.

MOROGLU

(checks watch)

You've got about a minute before it takes effect. Any last requests?

MCBAIN

Nah, I'm fine right here. I'm going to look at the sunset before I go. See if I can find what the fuck my dad was crying about.

MCBAIN stands at the window, focuses on the SUNSET.

MOROGLU

The O'Gradys send their regards.
And maybe, if there is an after
life...you can hook up with your
dad for a chat.

MCBAIN

I don't think we'll be chatting.
(beat)
Well, congratulations, Medar.
Welcome to the darkness.

MCBAIN's breath begins to quicken. The poison is taking effect. He clutches his chest.

MOROGLU

I'm sorry about this Billy. You
really were my hero.

MCBAIN

(struggling for breath)
Before I go, I got a little sting
in the tale for you. You know the
guy you think killed your
brother...it wasn't him. It was me.
The O'Gradys sent me to kill him
for dealing on their territory. So,
in some ways, I'm the reason you've
become who you are.

MOROGLU processes MCBAIN's last statement. Realises that this is the man who killed his brother. The focus of all his hatred has been on an innocent man. The real culprit of his brother's death and all his grief is his hero, dying right in front of him.

MCBAIN (CONT'D)

(struggling to speak)
Kind of poetic, don't you think?

MCBAIN'S face contorts as the first pangs of pain begin. He focuses on the sunset. MOROGLU moves behind MCBAIN...puts his arms under McBain's--holds the back of his head as MCBAIN begins fitting. Foam pours out of his mouth.

MOROGLU

(whispers; full of anger)
You fucking piece of shit!

CLOSE ON: MCBAIN'S FACE as a smile spreads across his face despite all the agony surging through his body.

McBain's convulsions PEAK...then SUBSIDE. His body goes LIMP. MOROGLU lays McBain's lifeless body on the floor. He catches sight of his eyes. They have a calmness and peace about them.

MOROGLU stares at his one-time hero, now his most hated enemy. He spits on McBain's face. The spittle slowly drips down McBain's cheek.

MOROGLU stands up, psychs himself up into a frenzy of panic. Starts banging on the cell door.

MOROGLU (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Help! Help! There's something wrong
with Gillespie. Cell 215!

A MOMENT PASSES--

The cell door FLIES OPEN--BANGS against the bunk bed--

--TWO PRISON GUARDS rush in...push past MOROGLU and kneel down to attend to MCBAIN. MOROGLU slips out the cell.

INT. PRISON MESS HALL - DAY

MOROGLU slinks his way through the GROUPS of PRISONERS unnoticed.

SUDDENLY the ALARM is triggered for a medical emergency. PRISON OFFICERS rush towards the cell where MCBAIN lies dead.

A GROUP of PRISONERS SWARM to the cell entrance, desperately trying to get a glimpse of the dead MCBAIN.

INT. PRISON PROCESSING DESK - DAY

MOROGLU stands at the counter. The DESK OFFICER shoves a plastic package of MOROGLU'S belongings into the exchange tray and pushes it through.

MOROGLU grabs the bag--drops a small tube into the tray in one smooth movement.

The DESK OFFICER pops open the lid of the tube--inside is a tightly wound MONEY ROLL.

The Desk Officer nods...MOROGLU nods back...then walks away.

EXT. PRISON EXIT - SUNSET

The Exit GUARD smiles as MOROGLU approaches, now in civilian clothes.

MOROGLU passes a roll of bills into the Guard's hand as the Exit door opens and MOROGLU walks out the prison.

EXT. PRISON - CAR PARK - SUNSET

MOROGLU gets into his car. He looks up and STARES into the setting sun. Concentrates. Really concentrates. Looking for something to catch his eye. But nothing does. He shakes his head, starts the engine and drives off.

HOLD ON the SUNSET as it throws it dying rays up into the sky, then disappears below the horizon, letting the darkness take its place.

FADE OUT: