

# **MAGNY**

**Screenplay**

**By**

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**Ver 2.1**

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## MAGNY

- EXT** Opening shot to **Megsdale Hospital** with blue **sign** out front. A **car** passes with an early **1960s** plate and the music blaring from it is the Beach Boys. Its sunny and a couple of **Highland James Deans** walk past with a bucket of sheep feed, a shepherds crook and a shovel.
- INT** Hospital **corridor**. A **nurse** welcomes and begins to lead **Magny** towards the ward where his dying father **Hamish** is lying in bed. Magny is scarred on the face and uses a beautiful stick to help with his heavy limp. His clothing, jewellery and grooming suggest he is a man of means. He is about 35 to 40 years old.
- Nurse** You must be awfully tired. Its good you came though. I'm afraid he's no very good. But where there's life there's hope.
- Magny** (North American accent)  
Yep.
- Sister** (Offering her hand to Magny)  
You must be Magny. Welcome to Megsdale.
- Magny** Thank you. I got a flight as soon as I could. It sounded serious.
- Sister** It is I'm afraid. He's had three strokes now and...aye...he's a very, very ill man...but he's comfortable now...its as if he's been waiting for you to come home. He can hardly speak...we miss his jokes.
- Nurse** And the charm!
- Magny** (Shuffling in shame and trying to sound vaguely local again)  
Aye
- INT** Hospital **ward**. Sister now leads Magny into the ward and up to his father's bed. There are others in the room and this undignified end, accentuated by old men coughing and wheezing and a woman from the other ward wailing, juxtaposes with Magny's obvious wealth. Magny sits at the side of the bed.
- Sister** Hamish. Hamish. (She tries to gently waken him). Its your Magny Hamish. Magny. All the way from America.
- INT** From his **bed**, Hamish opens his eyes. He stares at Magny. Magny tries to smile and looks away in shame.
- Sister** Ach well. You two boys'll be wanting to catch up. I'll leave you to it. If you need anything just press the bell.
- INT** Same **ward**. After **midnight**. Magny is still sitting by the bed.

Hamish is sleeping. Everyone else is sleeping. Hamish starts to fit. Its another **stroke**. Magny panics and presses the bell button. There is a faint ringing in the distance, a cup crashes to the floor and footsteps come quickly. Magny cradles his fitting father in his arms. Tears run down both their faces: Hamish oblivious to his crying; Magny self-consciously wiping his away on his dad's sleeve. The **nurse** runs in and shouts to the **auxiliary** to get the **doctor**.

**INT** Same **ward**. **Day** light streams across the bed. Magny opens his wallet and looks at a family photo. He kisses it.

**Magny** He's dying. Your papa is dying and you don't even know him. Dear God.

(Hamish takes Magny's hand meekly as he stirs from sleep. Magny is shocked by his father's touch and his father's piercing eyes. This is their first contact in 20 years.)

**Hamish** (Slowly, hesitantly and with a slur)

I'm sorry Magny.

**Magny** No Dad. Its me who should be sorry. I...

**Hamish** No!

(Hamish tries to hold up his limp hand but then weakly drops it)

I should have you about her...and her mother

**Cut to  
EXT** **Train** station. Suitcase on ground. Hamish standing at a distance. Woman (his **mother**) embracing Magny. **Black and white**. About 20 years ago.

**Mother** (whispering into his ear)

I have forgiven. You learn to. Love is not a badge of honour...it's the mark of shame.

(standing back before kissing him goodbye)

Remember my boy...never lose faith.

(Magny bends down to pick up the case. His mother steels herself)

**Cut to  
Hamish's  
eyes** Welling with tears under dark, well trimmed eyebrows.

**Cut to  
Hamish's  
eyes** Tear filled under grey, bushy, unkempt eyebrows. Camera pulls back to Hamish lying awkwardly in bed.

**Hamish** I wouldn't change a thi....

**Magny** Ssh...Dad

**Hamish** My beautiful boy. What did we do to...  
(Hamish slips into another sleepy coma)

**Cut to INT** All goes **black & white**. Camera sweeps along a **corridor** to a **door** sign that says 'Hamish Macrae – Dentist'

**INT** Inside the **dentist's** room. An erotic scene unfolds. A young man is making love to a half-naked woman on the dentist's **chair**. From the décor, the music and the woman's dress, including stockings, it is obviously **war-time**.  
  
All of a sudden, there is commotion from beyond the door with shouting, crashing glass and heavy footsteps. A **receptionist, Miss Crow**, comes bundling into the room trying to pull back a 19 year old. Hamish is the dentist. Magny is the unwanted visitor.

**Miss Crow** Please! No! Magny! No!

**Hamish** What the hell is...

**INT** The half-naked woman screams and pushes Hamish off. Magny staggers to the chair. He has a wide gash across his face and his leg is bloodied and appears to be mangled with a gunshot wound. Magny grabs the half-naked woman and throws her to the floor.

**Magny** Dad! I've been shot.

**Hamish** (pulling himself together)  
  
Get me hot water and bandages! Miss Crow, get the doctor...quickly!  
  
(He grabs the scarf from the half-naked woman's neck, revealing her beautiful breasts, and he begins to wrap it around Magny's leg. The radio music is interrupted by a war-correspondent)

**Radio** We interrupt this broadcast to announce that our allies have crossed the Rhine. God Save the Queen and all our brave young men.

**Magny** I...I...

**Hamish** Ssh. Not now son. Not now.

**Magny** (Begins to slip into a coma. As he does we hear him voice-over)  
  
We were out on the Headland when...

**Cut to** **Cliffs** and headland. Back to full **colour**. Magny is on his knees

**EXT** screaming for mercy. Behind him stands a **masked man** holding a **shotgun** to Magny's head. A beautiful **young woman** is standing in front of Magny with what appears to be a gold-hilted **sword** with red handles. The man's **mask** is not military but ritualistic. The beautiful young woman is dressed in a priestesses **robe with an apron and large triangular jewel around her neck**. In the background a **cottage** is burning and in ruins.

**Magny** ...but I do love you.

**Woman** (in a calm and collected voice)  
You say you do. But now we know the truth.

**Magny** Honest. As God is my witness I did not even see them...so how could I speak to them? And as for Ellen...I haven't seen her since the last time.

**Woman** (Now hysterical and screaming)  
They were supposed to come ashore last night! They've been to the Acendais and the Arrans. And then they are warned off. Why? And by who? Who else knew but her? And only you could have told her. You betrayed me. We're fighting a war for Christ's sake...and losing...everything we've worked for...and all you can say is I love you. You think love can win wars.  
I wish you were dead.

**Magny** Please...no.

**Woman** (She nods to the man to back-off)  
Check there's nothing left in that bitch's house. The whore'll know better in the future than to...  
(She turns to Magny as the man walks round the back of the cottage. She crouches and looks deep into his eyes)  
I should kill you.  
(She grabs him and they kiss. As they do, he takes the hair from the nape of her neck and low down on her shoulder is a small **cultish** tattoo)

**Cut to EXT** Subliminal, micro-second frame shots of **men with aprons and large triangular jewels around their necks** being pushed onto a flesh-train **carriage**, helped up by Concentration Camp **Jews**.

**Magny** (gasping)

Please...I love you.

(He kisses her neck and his mouth covers the tattoo)

Subliminal, micro-second frame shot again.

**Woman** (She takes hold of herself; then screams at him...)

Love?

(She swings the sword at his face and he goes into a **slow motion** fall. As he falls over, we see he has already been shot in the leg. As she raises the bloodied sword again, the sunlight catches the gold hilt and blinds us with white light)

**Smash to INT** Camera draws back from light above the **dentist's chair**. The woman is pulling on her clothes very sensually as Magny moans in the chair. Blood is seeping from his leg and Hamish is attending to the gash across his face. As the woman pulls on her jacket a **photo** of her daughter falls out of her pocket. It is a portrait of the beautiful young woman who slashed Magny.

The camera moves in on the photo. The radio becomes apparent again.

**Radio** ...and the Home Office confirmed today that intelligence sources are hinting that in addition to the Welsh and Irish Nationalists, a breakaway group in Scotland has made contact with the Third Reich. Asked to comment, the Minister...

**INT** The radio fades. The camera focuses on the portrait until it blurs and begins to go brown and yellow in the midst of the black and white shot.

**Cut to INT** Camera pulls back and focuses on an old photo: the aged portrait from the dentist's room. As the camera draws back slowly, the photo is being held in Hamish's limp old hand in the hospital **ward**. All is full **colour**. Magny is sitting on the edge of the bed. Tears are rolling down Hamish's jaundiced cheeks. As the camera pans out, the **doctor** is checking Hamish's pulse, then his eyes and then uses his stethoscope. The doctor shakes his head.

Magny begins to shake.

Magny moves forward and kisses his father's forehead. He then wraps himself around Hamish and grabs his father's hand which in turn holds the faded portrait. The camera hovers on the two hands and crumpled portrait.

**Fade** End