

FATHER I COMMITTED ADULTERY

By

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FADE IN

EXT. BOGSIDE AREA-N. IRELAND-1940-NIGHT

Smoke billows from the chimneys of the rows of whitewashed ramshackle houses in the Catholic slums of Derry.

An extravagant stately Cathedral centrally located lords over the subservient and deeply religious congregation

CUT TO:

FADE IN

EXT. POOR AREA-MORNING

ZOOMING IN TOWARDS ONE OF THE DILAPIDATED HOUSES

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM-MORNING

Two single beds are cramped together; one recently deserted with sheets and blankets ruffled over. A pair of bed bugs are seen disappearing under a sheet.

The 16 years old fair haired PADDY SNORES in the other bed against the wall. He squirms in his sleep and scratches himself. He is not quite six feet tall.

Holy pictures decorate the tattered papered walls of the drab back room.

A gas mantle with a white glow flickers shadowy images on to the ceiling.

A fly parade upside down on the low ceiling, others desperately struggle in vain to extricate themselves from several sticky fly catchers hanging from the ceiling.

Paddy, in night wear wakes and sits up. He stretches his medium sized muscular body while looking dazed. He yawns, he has little space to move around; he climbs over the two beds to get up.

He kneels down devoutly by the side of the bed.

He makes the sign of the cross; reverently joins his hands together.

PADDY

(North Irish accent)

In the name of the Father and of the
 Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen;
 Dear lord, I offer up the sufferings
 of this day in the hope that for once
 I'll receive a big surprise. I don't
 expect to get a Christmas gift
 because we are very poor. But maybe
 in the goodness of your heart, by
 some miracle, my father would
 surprise me with a special gift that
 I could appreciate; something that
 could come in handy once in a while.
 Your will be done lord, Amen.

He SNIFFS, stretches, makes the sign of the cross again and
 rises. He turns to a dresser and talks to his image in t he
 mirror.

PADDY (cont'd)

(Sighs and yawns)

Da often tells me to be careful what
 I pray for, he says I might just get
 it and regret it.

He throws water on his face from a basin.

He stares into the cracked mirror at hairs starting to grow
 on his face. He brushes his fair colored wavy hair back with
 his two hands. He scratches his backside; looks supremely
 relieved.

PADDY (cont'd)

(Yawning, deep breath)

Ah! I better get me some of that
 Preparation H, my itchy arse is
 killing me.

In a mini stupor; he gets dressed. He puts on his shirt and
 socks; he rummages through a pile of old clothes hanging in
 a clump on wall hooks.

PADDY (cont'd)

(Yelling towards the
 kitchen)

Da, where the hell are my trousers? I
 put them right here on the hook last
 night.

He walks towards a door that leads to the kitchen. He dodges
 a hanging fly catcher .

CUT TO:

FADE IN

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Paddy enters the shadows of the small low ceiling kitchen wearing his shirt and long john underwear.

His Father whom he calls DA sits at the kitchen table drinking Guinness

The four dilapidated papered walls display holy pictures and a crucifix.

The kitchen walls sweat with condensation and rags are stuffed around a solitary window to keep the cold air from penetrating the cracks.

A couple of holy statues straddle the mantelpiece; burning embers of coal reflect sinister flickering ghostly shadows against the walls.

Steam floats up from a black kettle on the hook over the fire. It WHISTLES to signal boiling water.

A mouse runs across the floor and disappears into a hole in the woodwork.

A black cat SPRINGS towards the hole but misses his prey.

Paddy approaches the cat with a loving touch; it purrs with delight.

PADDY

(Good naturedly)

Top of the morning Da, and a Merry Christmas; a Merry Christmas to you too Pussy. Da, I think the wee mouse is hungry. You should give it a wee bit of cheese
I'm hungry myself. Do you have anything good to eat on this special day?

Da is short and potbellied. He is also called PADDY. He sits at the kitchen table and sips his black Guinness; he licks his lips to savor the white frothy top. He ruffles his black hair and yawns. A white ring of foam surrounds his lips. A small piece of leftover fish and a few chips lie on a piece of newspaper on the table. Da pushes the leftovers towards Paddy.

PADDY (cont'd)

Aye! You can finish these off if you want. That's all we have in the house. The kettle is boiling, make some tea.

Paddy puts some loose tea leaves in a cup and pours hot water from the kettle; he grabs a few chips and chews heartily

DA

(Derry accent)

I'll put a wee bit of cheese on the mouse trap for the wee sucker's last meal. I hope he enjoys it before he croaks. In the meantime he can munch on a cockroach. There are plenty of them around here. They multiply faster than rabbits.

CLOSE ON A COUPLE OF COCKROACHES ENGAGED IN SEXUAL ACTIVITY

KITCHEN SAME

Da takes a long slug of Guinness and puts down the beer mug alongside an ashtray full of used cigarette butts. An empty packet of Woodbine cigarettes, a half full bottle of Irish Whiskey and a dozen empty bottles of Guinness sit in a cluster on the table.

Da picks up a pair of scissors. Paddy looks strangely at him, Da is tipsy and looks mischievously at Paddy.

PADDY

Da! What are you doing with those scissors why are you cutting my trousers?

Da places Paddy's trousers on his lap; He makes snipping noises with the scissors. He hums Jingle Bells as he goes along examining his work on the trousers .

DA

(A little tipsy)

Well son, this Christmas, we can't afford to buy you a gift; this is the best I can do. You are a growing lad and at sixteen years old I think you should have a manly gift.

PADDY

(Eyeballs his father)

What the hell do you mean, Da? Are you drunk? You better have a good reason for cutting my trousers. Those are my good Sunday trousers as well as my ONLY trousers even though they got a couple of patches on the knees.

DA

(Mollifying)

Son, since Santa never comes around this neighborhood I really want to make this a Christmas you'll appreciate for a long time. At your age you'll find this gift very handy at times. I'll call it the gift that keeps on giving.

Da pulls out the insides of the pockets of Paddy's trousers. He smiles deviously, sticks his tongue out the corner of his mouth and cuts away most of the material.

He triumphantly holds his arms out at full length and hands the trousers to Paddy.

DA (cont'd)

(Slurring his words a little)

Here's my gift to you, Merry Christmas son. I wish you a jolly good time and a prosperous New Year. You won't be disappointed, anyway it's the noblest thing a father can do for his son seeing as we are poor and its Christmas.

Paddy laughs and looks strangely at Da, he takes the trousers and puts them on.

He pulls the attached braces (or suspenders as they are known in the US) over his shoulders; he sticks his hands in his pockets.

PADDY

(Eyes rolling)

Wow! Da, this is a big Christmas present, I mean really big; you are a genius. This will keep my hands warm in the winter for sure. Thank you Da.

DA

I knew you would like it son

PADDY

I never have any money anyway, so a hole or two in my pockets won't be a bother. Merry Christmas, Da. I didn't expect any presents because you are out of work. I said a wee prayer this morning and my prayer has been answered. The lord works in strange ways. For the life of me I never thought he would give me something like this.

A knock at the door; Paddy opens it, Mickey, a tall dark haired lanky lad stumbles in like Kramer of Seinfeld fame.

Mickey trips over a loose board, loses balance; Paddy catches him in his arms and steadies him.

He shivers and folds his arms tightly at his chest. His breath steams at the lips.

MICKEY

(shivering)

Jezzes I'm freezing. When are you going to fix that bloody loose board?

Mickey removes his peaked cap and hooks it on the back of the door. He runs to the fireplace turns his back and bends down to warm up his ass.

PADDY

(Smiling)

Hello my good pal Mickey, did you have a nice trip? Da will get around to fixing that loose board one of these days. We'll have to borrow a hammer and a few nails from Aunt Maggie down the street. Hey I almost forgot, happy birthday, you are seventeen today; born on Christmas Day, just like Jesus.

MICKEY

(Pronounced Derry accent)

Aye! I was born on the same day as Jesus for sure and nearly under the same poor conditions. The only difference between me and Jesus is that I don't have a donkey and my Ma was not a virgin, although Da said he married a virgin.

(MORE)

MICKEY (cont'd)
I wonder why he always winks to her
when he says that!

PADDY
(Changing the subje)
What's the weather like outside,
Mickey?

Mickey rubs his hands together to warm them up while he
talks.

MICKEY
Its bleeping cold like hell outside,
the dampness goes right through you,
it is raining a wee bit as well. I
think I'll keep my arse to the fire
Paddy for a wee bit longer because it
feels bloody nice..

He continues warming his ass at the the coal fed fire.

Da interrupts while sipping on the Guinness

DA
A Merry Christmas Mickey and a happy
birthday, by the way, how's your Ma
doing? She is a right fine bit of
stuff.

MICKEY
Och! She's fine, she was asking about
you too. I think she wants to go out
with you.

Mickey realizes what he just said.

MICKEY (cont'd)
(rubbing his ass)
I'm only kidding Paddy; Da would kill
her if he knew she had a crush on
you. A Merry Christmas to you both.
I'll tell Ma you were asking about
her when Da is not around.
Ah! The heat from the coal fire
feels grand on my arse. Do you have
any of that Preparation H stuff
handy? My itchy arse is driving me
crazy?

He continues rubbing his backside, he sighs at the
comforting warmth of the fire.

DA

I'm off to mass. I'll stop at the pub on the way back for a bit. I'm going to wish all my friends Merry Christmas. I've scraped up a few pennies to give a little extra to the church seeing it is Christmas. Charity is good for the soul; Father Murphy says it earns indulgences that help us sinners get in to heaven when we die. Don't forget you two better go to the next Mass as well. You both could use a good sermon.

Da heads for the door.

He unhooks his raincoat from the back of the door.

1950 dress styles Northern Ireland (Derry)

He puts on his coat and dips his hand into a little holy water font near the door. He Burps.

He makes the sign of the cross with his right hand.

He puts on his peaked cap and totters a bit off balance with a wave of the hand as he prepares to head out to the chapel.

DA (cont'd)

(Burp)

So long lads; maybe you could go down the street and wish your aunt Maggie a Merry Christmas. She might give you something to eat. Cheerio and God Bless.

Mickey turns around and rakes the coals with a poker

MICKEY

That's a great fire in the grate. Where did you get the money for the coal, Paddy?

PADDY

Oh! I got it for free. I followed the coal cart around town yesterday and I picked up all the pieces that fell off the cart when it hit the bumps in the street. I got enough for another hour or so.

MICKEY

Och! You are living the life of luxury Paddy. Did you get any Christmas presents?

PADDY

Only one Mickey, Da cut some holes in my pockets so that I can play with myself. I think he was drunk and a wee bit out of his mind. I said a prayer this morning hoping to receive a present. I think Jesus inspired him. He's going to wonder what he did when he sobers up. Now, every time I put my hands in my pockets I get funny feelings, it is like a BLOODY EARTHQUAKE; I shake all over.

MICKEY

(Disbelieving)

You're not kidding Paddy?

PADDY

(Emphatically)

No! I'm not kidding! Put your hand in my pocket and see for yourself.

MICKEY

(Eyes rolling)

Wow! You got a handful there Paddy.

Mickey grimaces he jerks his hand out quickly showing repugnance.

He runs over to a small water basin and scrubs his hands.

PADDY

Mickey, you are a bit of an actor, you know.

MICKEY

(Sarcastically)

I don't know about that, you have cockroaches and bedbugs here, how do I know you don't have crabs too.

PADDY

You know very well Mickey I don't have crabs. People who have crabs scratch themselves all day, besides I think you have to make love to a woman before you can get crabs.

MICKEY

Boy! Paddy you don't know much. You can get crabs from a dirty toilet seat, even if you don't sit on the seat. Do you know what I saw written on the wall in the toilet down town.

PADDY

No! What did you see on the wall?

MICKEY

It was written by a poet; these were his very words, "Don't think it's safe to stand on the seat, the crabs in here can jump six feet."

PADDY

Very funny, Mickey, what else is new?

MICKEY

My father walked into the scullery and caught me playing with myself the other day.

PADDY

Aye did he now, and what did he say?

MICKEY

Och! He asked me a stupid question

PADDY

A stupid question! Like what?

MICKEY

He said, "What are you doing? Are you playing with yourself?"

PADDY

Aye that was a stupid question all right, especially if he already caught you with your hand in the cookie jar, and what did you answer?

MICKEY

I said I was just getting ready to pee

PADDY

And then what did he say?

MICKEY

He told me if I have to pee I didn't have to pump it. Do you know what else Da told me?

PADDY

No what did your Da tell you?

MICKEY

He said if you whack off too much you will go blind.

PADDY

(Laughing))

I believe it; My Da has three pairs of glasses.

MICKEY

(Excited)

My Da too; not only that, he uses a magnifying glass to read the newspaper in the morning; I wonder what he was up to in his young days.

PADDY

I guess our Das aren't angels Mickey. They'll never get into heaven, but I can't imagine Da wanking off. It's gruesome.

MICKEY

The problem is, Paddy, We are in big trouble; we are Catholics, I don't know what Jesus was thinking when he answered your prayer. Maybe he is testing you! Father Murphy lets it be known at mass that unchaste touching of oneself is a mortal sin and we have to confess our sins to a priest or we'll go to hell if we die with that awful sin on our souls. I feel as guilty as the devil himself each time I do it. But I can't stop myself. What the hell are we going to do Paddy ?

PADDY

(Worried look)

I don't know Mickey! I don't want to go to Hell for my sins.

(MORE)

PADDY (cont'd)

Me too! If I start playing with myself now that I have holes in my pockets I'll have to go to confession often to get it off my chest and stay good for as long as I can before the urge gets the better of me again. But how do I tell Father Murphy when I am in the confession box what I am doing? I don't know any fancy words to describe playing with myself. I don't want to go to confession and sound too vulgar.

MICKEY

Well you can't very well tell Father Murphy that you play with yourself; you need a fancy word that doesn't sound too vulgar. You don't want to scandalize Father Murphy

PADDY

Aye, you are right Mickey but right now I can't think of a fancy word. Da tells me I should always be polite when I speak to a priest. I don't think Father Murphy would appreciate it if I said I was wanking off.

MICKEY

(making a face)

Oh! No, Paddy, Father Murphy will be mortified, maybe you could say you were playing solitaire, there is a nice ring to that, Or maybe you could say you were doing your washing by hand.

PADDY

No! He might think I was playing cards or doing the laundry. I think he is a bit dumb in that respect. Do you think I could say I was pulling my wire?

MICKEY

No! The priest is a holy man he won't have a clue. He won't know what you are talking about. Only electricians or telephone installers can pull their wires; that's their job.

PADDY

What bothers me Mickey is that the bible says it is a sin to waste your seeds by the wayside.

But I can't help myself; my libido is always pointed to the high heavens and I have no control over my fingers.

They just go there on their own, then I get excited and my hand shakes.

MICKEY

Aye! You are right Paddy; my hormones are raging all the time too and it is hard to stop.

A young lad should never waste his seeds by the wayside.

Father Murphy has been known to say that a few times from the pulpit along with the usual Sunday bullshit.

PADDY

Did you ever have a wet dream Mickey? It's not a sin if you have a wet dream because it is a bit of an accident and you don't really enjoy it because it is over before you know what happened.

MICKEY

Aye! I had a wet dream the other night.

PADDY

Did you now?

MICKEY

Aye! I would have had another one but I fell asleep.

PADDY

(Wagging his finger)

Oh! That wasn't a wet dream Mickey; you were whacking off. A wet dream is when you are sleeping; it is the only time you can whack off that it is not a mortal sin because you can't help it.

All of a sudden Mickey changes the subject; his eyes light up.

MICKEY

(Inspired)

I got it, the PERFECT word. Tell the priest you committed adultery. For sure he will know what you are talking about.

PADDY

(Nodding)

Aye! You are right Mickey. That's a brilliant Idea. You are a genius.

MICKEY

That's what friends are for Paddy, We have to pull together in times of need, do you agree.

PADDY

Aye! How right you are Mickey, excuse the pun, but we do have to pull together, you know.

CUT TO:

FADE IN

ON SCREEN TEXT ONE WEEK LATER

EXT. POOR AREA-STREET SCENES-DAY

CLOSE ON SCENES OF WHITE DILAPIDATED ROW HOUSES LEADING TO A MAGNIFICENT CATHEDRAL

CUT TO:

FADE IN

INT. ST EUGENE'S CATHEDRAL-DAY

PHOTO SHOTS inside the cathedral show religious extravagance with stained glass windows, lifelike statues and elegant decor, ending at the confessional.

The confessional consists of three compartments, one each side for the sinners and the middle one for the priest.

INT. CATHEDRAL-CONFESSIONAL-DIM LIGHT

Paddy enters the dark confessional. He waits on his knees and solemnly makes the sign of the cross.

Suddenly, the little sliding window in the confessional opens and Paddy comes face to face with the Silver haired Father Murphy.

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER MURPHY'S COMPARTMENT- DIM

Tall Father Murphy sits with his ear to the little window, he wears a white collar and confessional robes. He represents an intimidating presence.

FR.MURPHY
 (Deep voice, Irish
 brogue)
 Oh, no! Not you again.

Father Murphy has a glint in his eye.

FR.MURPHY (cont'd)
 (Sternly)
 And what kind of trouble did you get
 yourself into this time my lad.

INTERCUT FATHER MURPHY AND PADDY

PADDY
 (Reverently)
 Bless me father for I have sinned.
 Father it has been one week since my
 last confession and I am really sorry
 for my sins.

FR.MURPHY
 Tell me your sins my son so that I
 can give you absolution and keep you
 from going to hell.

PADDY
 Father, I committed adultery

Father I Committed Adultery

FR.MURPHY
 (raised voice)
 You did what?

Father Murphy falls over in his seat and disappears out of Paddy's sight to stifle a fit of giggles. He pulls himself together and reappears moments later looking serious.

PADDY

(Visibly concerned)

Are you OK father, I hope you are not having a heart attack and drop dead before I finish my confession.

FR.MURPHY

(Nods affirmatively)

I'm OK my son. By the way, who were you with when you committed this awful sin of adultery?

PADDY

(reverently)

I was alone Father,

Father Murphy disappears again out of Paddy's sight laughing his head off struggling not to let paddy hear him.

Paddy leans closer to the little window

PADDY (cont'd)

Are you sure you are all right father? Maybe we should get a doctor. I didn't realize my sins could give you a heart attack.

Father Murphy comes into Paddy's view again as he regains his composure

FR.MURPHY

(Conciliatory.)

I'll be OK my son. Just tell me how many times you committed This awful sin?

Paddy is frustrated by this unexpected question.

PADDY

(scratching his head)

I don't know Father, I lost count after the first couple days, a couple of dozen should cover it, give or take a few.

Father Murphy disappears again out of Paddy's sight with his fist up against his mouth to stifle an outburst.

PADDY (cont'd)
 Are you sure you are all right
 father, do you need a doctor?

FR.MURPHY
 (reassuring)
 I'm fine my boy, I was just tying my
 shoelaces.

PADDY
 (reverently, lowering
 his head)
 Father I have another sin to confess,
 I told some lies to my Da this week.

FR.MURPHY
 (Admonishing)
 You told lies, God forgive you my
 son! Well my boy I advise you not to
 tell lies; it is dishonest to mislead
 people. You must never tell a lie
 under any circumstances. I caution
 you as well not to commit adultery
 with yourself any more. It is a
 terrible sin, and you can go to hell
 if you die with it on your soul. For
 your penance I want you to say the
 Rosary and do the Stations of the
 Cross.

PADDY
 (Repeats in shock)
 The Rosary! And do the STATIONS OF
 THE CROSS! All that many prayers for
 my penance father, isn't that a bit
 harsh? I was hoping you would give me
 only three Hail Mary's for my
 penance.

FR.MURPHY
 Good heavens lad, you committed
 adultery over a dozen times in the
 past week. I should be giving you one
 hundred rosaries for your penance. As
 it is I am letting you off lightly.

(MORE)

FR.MURPHY (cont'd)

You must realize my lad that the church considers telling lies and committing adultery are very serious transgressions, especially if you are alone when you commit adultery, but I'll give you a break this time, just say twenty Hail Mary's and tell God you are sorry for having offended him. Make sure before you say your penance you make a good act of contrition.

PADDY

(Sighs with relief)

Thank you father, I will do that and I will try to do better.

Paddy gets off his knees; as he exits father Murphy cautions him

FR.MURPHY

Try to avoid temptation, my lad; don't think any bad thoughts and you will be all right. If you are tempted to commit adultery again, I suggest that you keep your hands in your pockets instead.

Paddy looks stunned with mouth open

PADDY

(Feigning innocence)

Aye! Father, I'll do that. I'll keep my hands in my pockets and try to stay out of trouble.

INT. CATHEDRAL-DAY

He proceeds to kneel down at a pew. He makes the sign of the cross, bows his head and silently starts to say the twenty Hail Mary's for his confession obligation.

Suddenly his pal Mickey appears and nudges up close to him.

MICKEY

(Whispering)

Did you go to confession Paddy?

PADDY

Aye! But I can't talk now I have to say my penance or I won't get absolution for my sins.

MICKEY

Oh come on, do your penance later
and tell me what Father Murphy said.

Paddy lifts his head towards Mickey and smiles gleefully

PADDY

(smirking)

He told me to keep my hands in my
pockets.

MICKEY

(Mickey squeaks)

What? You're joking.

He puts his hand over his mouth. He breaks up and tries
feverishly to stop laughing out loud.

Members of the congregation turn admonishing gazes towards
Mickey

Mickey bows his head and feigns praying while giggling
silently.

END