

1. EOGHAN ARRIVES AT DERMOT'S

LIGHTS UP ON A COSY LIVING ROOM. FATHER DERMOT IS SITTING IN AN ARMCHAIR READING A BOOK, WITH CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYING ON A RADIO IN THE BACKGROUND. THERE IS AN ELECTRIC FIREPLACE GLOWING UNDERNEATH THE MANTLEPIECE. THERE IS A TV IN THE CORNER, BUT IT IS TURNED OFF.

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE FRONT DOOR. FATHER DERMOT LOOKS AT HIS WATCH, THEN AT THE DOOR. A CLOCK ON THE MANTLEPIECE SHOWS IT IS AFTER 11.40PM. THE DOOR IS KNOCKED AGAIN, AND FATHER DERMOT GOES TO ANSWER IT. HE LOOKS THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE AND IS CLEARLY SHOCKED BY THE PERSON ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR. THE DOOR IS KNOCKED YET AGAIN.

EOGHAN

Come on, Dermo! I know you're at home. I can hear the radio.

FATHER DERMOT OPENS THE DOOR, AND IN THE DOORWAY IS STOOD EOGHAN, HIS BROTHER. HE IS DRIPPING WET AND CARRYING A DUFFLE BAG.

DERMOT

Eoghan...what are you doing here?

EOGHAN

Good to see you, too, hermano. Are you going to invite me in?

DERMOT

Uh...yeah. I mean, of course, yes. Come in.

EOGHAN COMES IN, AND DROPS THE DUFFLE BAG BESIDE THE DOOR, THEN STROLLS INTO THE LIVING ROOM. FATHER DERMOT CLOSSES THE DOOR, AND WATCHES AS EOGHAN STROLLS OVER TO THE ELECTRIC FIRE.

EOGHAN

This is a cosy wee setup you've got here, Dermo. Is it all rent-free?

DERMOT

What are you doing here, Eoghan?

EOGHAN

Can't a man just call in to see his favourite brother?

DERMOT

I'm your only brother.

EOGHAN

But you're still my favourite!

DERMOT

Eoghan –

EOGHAN

Listen, I was in the area and I thought it would be good to come by and say hello.

DERMOT

You were in the area?

EOGHAN

That's right.

FATHER DERMOT

With an overnight bag?

EOGHAN

Well, I was...passing through.

DERMOT

And where were you going?

EOGHAN

Jesus, Dee. All these questions – if I were paranoid, I'd think you weren't happy to see me!

DERMOT

I'm just...surprised. It's late. Why didn't you call?

EOGHAN

I didn't know your number.

DERMOT

Well, I'm sure you could have looked up the parish office.

EOGHAN

"How are you, Eoghan? It's been so long! God, you're looking well. What have you been up to?"

DERMOT

Alright.

EOGHAN

"Have you lost weight?"

DERMOT

Alright, Eoghan! Alright.

A LONG PAUSE.

EOGHAN

Seriously, though. I'm soaked to the bone, and you haven't even offered to get me a towel.

DERMOT

Right. Sorry.

FATHER DERMOT OPENS A DOOR TO A DOWNSTAIRS TOILET AND GRABS A TOWEL, THEN HANDS IT TO EOGHAN. EOGHAN STARTS DRYING HIS HAIR.

DERMOT

Do you want a cup of tea or anything?

EOGHAN

I wouldn't say no to an Irish coffee.

DERMOT

Right.

EOGHAN

Although if a coffee's too much trouble, sure you could just give me the Irish part.

DERMOT

So you just want whiskey?

EOGHAN

Well, if you're offering.

FATHER DERMOT CROSSES TO A DRINKS CABINET AND LIFTS OUT A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY AND A GLASS. EOGHAN SITS.

EOGHAN

Just the one glass? Aren't you going to join me?

DERMOT

Not this evening, no.

FATHER DERMOT POURS THE WHISKEY AND GIVES IT TO EOGHAN.

EOGHAN

Sláinte.

EOGHAN TAKES A SIP. FATHER DERMOT SITS AND LOOKS AT HIS BROTHER.

DERMOT

What are you doing here, Eoghan?

EOGHAN SIGHS.

EOGHAN

Things aren't going too well for me, Dermo.

DERMOT

What's wrong? Are you in trouble?

EOGHAN

You always assume the worst.

DERMOT

I'm not assuming anything, Eoghan. I asked if you're in trouble and you are yet to deny it.

EOGHAN

No, I am not in trouble.

DERMOT

Then what's the problem? I don't have any money.

EOGHAN

Super classy response there, bro. I don't want or need your money.

DERMOT

Then what –

EOGHAN

How about you just keep schtum and let me speak? Hmm?

FATHER DERMOT PAUSES, THEN SITS BACK IN HIS CHAIR.

EOGHAN

Well, you know about my removals business.

DERMOT

What removals business?

EOGHAN

My removals business.

DERMOT

Just repeating the words doesn't make it any clearer, Eoghan.

EOGHAN

For God's sake, Dee. I told you about it in the Christmas card.

DERMOT

You've never sent me a Christmas card.

EOGHAN

What?! Of course I've sent you Christmas cards.

DERMOT

Well they've never arrived here.

EOGHAN

Well, that'll be the postman. Laziest people in Ireland. You're in the arse-end of nowhere – clearly they couldn't be bothered bringing the post all the way out here.

DERMOT

Funny, I seem to receive all my other mail.

EOGHAN

Sure how would you know? You only know about the post you receive. For all you know, there could be hundreds of letters and Christmas cards addressed to you languishing at the bottom of some old mail bag. Did you get my birthday card last month?

DERMOT

My birthday was three months ago.

EOGHAN

Well, same difference. Did you not get the card?

DERMOT

Another unfortunate postal mishap, eh?

EOGHAN

You don't believe me, do you?

DERMOT

Eoghan, you have a...what will we call it? A problematic relationship with the truth. Do I think you sent me a birthday card? No. Why would you change the habit of a lifetime? Do I think you sent me a Christmas card? Of course not. Do I think you were just passing through this evening? Obviously not. It's late, and I've got an early start tomorrow, so could you please tell me what is going on?

EOGHAN

I had a business. I was in partnership with a friend – well...ex-friend, and I didn't realise he was diddling the books. I lost everything. That and...Sarah left me.

FATHER DERMOT STARES AT HIS BROTHER, WHO ISN'T LOOKING AT HIM.

DERMOT

Sarah?

EOGHAN

Yeah.

DERMOT

Sarah left you?

EOGHAN

Yep.

DERMOT

Eoghan, you say that like I know who that is. Who's Sarah?

EOGHAN

What? Come on! You know who Sarah is!

DERMOT

Is she your wife?

EOGHAN

Wife?! Come on, Dermo, you know I don't believe in that rubbish.

DERMOT

You don't believe in wives?

EOGHAN

Marriage! Sure look at Mum and Dad.

DERMOT

They were married for 50 years before Dad died.

EOGHAN

But were they happy?

DERMOT

Yes. Who is Sarah?

EOGHAN

You know who Sarah is!

DERMOT

I can safely say I have absolutely no idea who Sarah is.

EOGHAN

Sure did you never wonder who Sarah was when I signed the Christmas cards 'From Eoghan and Sarah'?

DERMOT

We're going in circles here, but let me see if I can cut to the chase. You had a business. You got cheated out of it. You had a...girlfriend?

EOGHAN SHRUGS AND DRINKS.

DERMOT (cont.)

And she left you. Then you arrive on my doorstep in the middle of the night soaking wet and what? What is the plan, Eoghan?

EOGHAN

I have to admit, your bedside manner is pretty shocking, Padre. Would you talk to me like this if I were one of your flock? Do you utilise this tough love approach often, or do you save it for your own flesh and blood?!

DERMOT

Eoghan, it's late, and I haven't seen hide nor hair from you since Dad died. I'm sorry if the greeting to your surprise visit hasn't been the red carpet affair you'd been expecting, but I am yet to find out why you're here or what you want. Could you *please* just put me out of my misery and answer that?

EOGHAN FINISHES OFF HIS WHISKEY AND STANDS.

EOGHAN

Forget it. I thought if there was one person left in the world that I could rely on, it would be my own brother. My own *priest* brother! But clearly I'm as welcome as piles, so I'll get out of your hair. I'm very sorry to have inconvenienced you with the untimely manner of my arrival. I didn't exactly plan on any of this myself, you know?

EOGHAN PICKS UP HIS BAG AND HEADS FOR THE FRONT DOOR. FATHER DERMOT STANDS.

DERMOT

Eoghan, just...just hold on, will you? I'm sorry, alright? You're right. I was just taken a bit off-guard. I mean, you just arrive out of nowhere and expect things to be normal? Come on, O. That's hardly realistic.

EOGHAN

If you don't want me here, I'll go elsewhere.

DERMOT

I didn't say that. Put your bag down.

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER. EOGHAN PUTS THE BAG DOWN.

DERMOT (cont.)

Could you please just tell me what is going on?

EOGHAN

I have nowhere else to go, Dermo. Literally nowhere else. I thought maybe you'd put up with me for a few nights while I try to figure things out. I know I've not been the best brother, and I'm sorry, okay? I am sorry. I've just...things are so fucked up, and I didn't know where else to turn.

THE CLOCK CHIMES FOR MIDNIGHT.

DERMOT

Look, I've got mass in the morning, so I have to go to bed.

EOGHAN

I'll come with you! It'll be fun to see my wee brother doing his thing.

DERMOT

It's at seven o'clock.

EOGHAN

Well...maybe we'll do it another time.

DERMOT

You can sleep on the couch, and we'll talk tomorrow when I'm home. I have to go to the hospital straight after mass, so I won't be home until later in the afternoon.

EOGHAN

Jesus, Dermo...are you alright?

DERMOT

What? Oh, no...I'm going to visit patients.

EOGHAN

Oh right.

DERMOT

I'll go and get you some sheets.

EOGHAN

You're a good brother, Father.

DERMOT HALF-SMILES, THEN EXITS THE ROOM. EOGHAN LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM, AND WALKS OVER TO A PICTURE OF JESUS HANGING OVER THE ELECTRIC FIREPLACE.

EOGHAN

How are ye?

EOGHAN WALKS TO THE BOOKSHELF AND PICKS UP A PICTURE OF HIS PARENTS. FATHER DERMOT COMES BACK IN CARRYING A DUVET AND A PILLOW.

DERMOT

You can take the back cushions off the sofa to give you a bit more space.

EOGHAN

Thank you, Dermot. Really.

DERMOT

Just...well, we'll chat tomorrow. Goodnight, Eoghan.

FATHER DERMOT LEAVES THE ROOM, AND EOGHAN MAKES HIS BED UP ON THE SOFA. HE SWITCHES OFF THE ELECTRIC FIRE, CLIMBS UNDER THE SHEET, LOOKS AROUND THE LIVING ROOM, THEN TURNS OUT THE LAMP BY THE SOFA.