

Father DERMOT (late 30s, eternal optimist - exactly the sort of kind, warm man who *should* be a priest) is on one side of the confessional, and behind a screen is CHRISTOPHER (18, bit of a lad). There is only enough light to see Dermot's face, which we see throughout.

CHRISTOPHER

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. It's been three weeks since my last confession.

DERMOT

Go ahead, son.

CHRISTOPHER

Ummm...well, I'm going away next week with my friends. To Holland. That's in the Netherlands.

DERMOT

Okay...

CHRISTOPHER

To Amsterdam. And...well...you know, while we're there...I think the plan is to smoke some hash.

DERMOT

I see. Well, that's quite serious.

CHRISTOPHER

That's not all, Father.

DERMOT

Oh?

CHRISTOPHER

I think we're also for heading to the red light district.

DERMOT

Ah...

CHRISTOPHER

To get hookers.

DERMOT

Well, I don't think we need to -

CHRISTOPHER

For sex.

DERMOT
Yep, understood.

CHRISTOPHER
So...is that an issue?

DERMOT
Consuming drugs and paying for sex?
Well, yes, that's a bit of an -

CHRISTOPHER
But in fairness, I'm doing the
right thing here, aren't I?

DERMOT
I'm sorry?

CHRISTOPHER
Well, I'm confessing before I even
do anything wrong. I have to get
some credit for that?

DERMOT
Uh, that's not quite how it works.
Don't you think the fact that
you're even confessing means that
you *know* these things are wrong?

CHRISTOPHER
To be honest, Father, the mind's
fairly made up.

DERMOT
So, there's nothing I can say?

CHRISTOPHER
No, but sure, I've confessed now,
so the deal is that I get penance
and all's forgiven, isn't it?

DERMOT
It's not really that simple. For
the forgiveness of sin, one has to
be truly repentant, *after* the fact.

CHRISTOPHER
Ah, I will be, Father. 100%. For
sure. So, what's the damage?

DERMOT
The damage?

CHRISTOPHER
How many Hail Marys?

DERMOT

I mean...drugs and prostitutes.
These are very grave sins. I'd say,
so long as you were *truly* sorry -

CHRISTOPHER

Oh God, aye. Very sorry, Father.

DERMOT

Well...perhaps two full Rosaries
may be a suitable penance, but -

CHRISTOPHER

Two?! Ah, come on. That's steep.

DERMOT

Really, son, given the nature of -

CHRISTOPHER

Father, I'm very pressed for time
before this trip. Now, I've made
the effort to come down here, and I
didn't have to do that, but I did.
But two's just not realistic. How
am I supposed to fit all that in?

DERMOT

I'm sorry, but really -

CHRISTOPHER

I can do you one.

DERMOT

Come again?

CHRISTOPHER

One full one today. In stages. I'll
do a bit now, and then wee bits
during the day when I find a
minute. And sure, if I feel the
need to punish myself after, I can
look at doing you the second.

DERMOT

Penance isn't about *punishment*,
son. It's about -

CHRISTOPHER

Of course. I hear you loud and
clear. So, will we lock one in, and
we'll play the second by ear?

DERMOT

I mean...really, I wish you'd reconsider. It's not too late to -

CHRISTOPHER

Father, I respect you too much to lie to you. It's definitely going to happen. Probably a lot. But I'm going to crack on with this Rosary here, and I'll be thinking about God the whole time I'm away. Okay?

DERMOT

I...well...right...

CHRISTOPHER

Good man, Father. Thanks very much now. Good luck to you.

DERMOT

Okay...bye.

TITLES: ALL HELL

2 EXT. CHURCH GROUNDS & PORTSHANNON VILLAGE - DAY 2

Dermot leaves the chapel, stepping out into a glorious spring day. He takes a deep breath, smiles, gets on his bike, and goes into the village. A montage of Dermot interacting with parishioners: smiling, waving to folk as he passes by, buying a paper in the local shop, petting a dog, being encouraged to feel a pregnant lady's bump (which he does somewhat reluctantly), and kicking a ball back to a group of kids.

3 EXT. PORTSHANNON VILLAGE - DAY 3

Dermot stops on his bike outside the village pub. MICHAEL (awkward, middle-aged, wearing clothes that are *slightly* too small for him) is putting up a poster for a quiz.

DERMOT

How are ye, Michael?

MICHAEL

Ah, how's about ye, Father? Well?

Michael holds up the poster.

DERMOT

It's...wow. That's a lot of exclamation marks.

Michael looks pleased.

MICHAEL
Thank you very much.

DERMOT
Do you think it needs all of them?

MICHAEL
Well, you know, it's supposed to make it more exciting.

DERMOT
Sure, definitely. I just wonder what it would look like if you removed even a couple?

MICHAEL
Well, to be honest, Father, I've printed 300 of these posters, and I don't think the printer can take any more. Spent a bucketload on printer ink, too. I maybe shouldn't have chosen a black background.

DERMOT
Well, it looks great. Keep up the good work, Michael!

MICHAEL
Good man, Father.

Michael turns and goes back inside the pub. As Dermot pushes off on his bike to go, a car suddenly clips him, and Dermot is knocked off. The car stops just ahead. Dermot gets up with visible scratches and cuts on his leg and elbow.

DERMOT
Oh my word, I'm so sorry! So sorry, that was completely my fault. I wasn't looking where I was going. Are you alright? I didn't scratch your car, did I? I'll take care of -

The door of the car opens, and out steps Dermot's estranged brother, EOGHAN (early 40s, not necessarily a 'hippy', but he sticks out like a sore thumb in Portshannon). Dermot is stunned. His trademark warmth immediately evaporates.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
Eoghan?

Eoghan smiles, and moves toward his brother.

EOGHAN
Fancy running into you!

Dermot stares, dumbfounded.

EOGHAN (CONT'D)
Or, you know...over you. Are you
alright? You're not going to sue
me, are you?

DERMOT
Eoghan...how did you...

Dermot can't quite find the words. Eoghan is a bit confused.

EOGHAN
Seriously, though, are you actually
alright? You didn't bang your head,
did you? Should I bang it again and
see if you come back online?

DERMOT
Why are you here?

EOGHAN
Well, I found myself in the area,
and I thought I'd call by and see
my favourite brother.

DERMOT
I'm your only brother.

EOGHAN
You're still my favourite!

DERMOT
Not a peep in three years. Now you
just *happen* to be in Portshannon?

EOGHAN
Well, I was...passing through.

DERMOT
Why?

EOGHAN
Jesus, D. If I were paranoid, I'd
think you weren't happy to see me.

DERMOT
I'm not. You nearly killed me.

EOGHAN
You said it was your fault!

DERMOT
I didn't know it was you!

EOGHAN
What difference does that make?!

DERMOT
Because it's you! You could be
drunk for all I know. Or high.

EOGHAN
Charming.

Dermot is dabbing with a handkerchief at his elbow and knee.

DERMOT
I'm sorry, what is it you want,
Eoghan? I don't have any money.

EOGHAN
Oh, that is a *super* classy
greeting, bro. Thanks for that. I
don't want your money. I
just...wanted to see you.

DERMOT
Right, well, clearly that's
bullshit. What are you not telling
me? Actually, stop. Not here.

EOGHAN
What, you're not going to challenge
me to a cage fight, are you? Cause
I'm not sure I've got the stamina
to go five rounds with you.

DERMOT
My house is around the corner.

EOGHAN
Fair enough. Do you want a lift?

DERMOT
No, thank you. I'll cycle. You
follow behind. Just try not to hit
me.

EOGHAN
Don't worry. I'll keep a safe
distance. You try not to swerve
into the middle of the road again.

DERMOT
I did no such...just follow me.

Dermot gets on his bike, straightens things up and cycles up the road. Eoghan smiles, gets back in his car, and follows.

4

EXT. PAROCHIAL HOUSE - FRONT GARDEN - DAY

4

Dermot arrives on his bike, and Eoghan pulls up in the car behind him. Dermot removes his helmet, and leans the bike against the wall of the house. Eoghan gets out with a duffel bag, which Dermot notices with eyebrows raised.

DERMOT

That's a bag. You have a bag. Why do you have a bag?

EOGHAN

Well, it's funny. I used to just carry all my things around in my arms. But everything kept falling, so someone suggested a bag to hold things in, and it's actually worked surprisingly well.

DERMOT

You're not thinking that you're staying *here*...?

EOGHAN

Well, I'll take the warm invitation as implied. If I could just -

DERMOT

Hold on. Get inside.

Eoghan picks up his bag. Dermot fumbles for his keys, opens the door, and ushers Eoghan inside. Dermot looks to ensure nobody has seen them, then enters, closing the door.

5

INT. PAROCHIAL HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

5

Inside, Eoghan puts his bag down. Dermot steps past him and opens the door to the living room, where Dermot's five-month-old Irish wolfhound pup, Cú Chulainn, is very happy to see Dermot. He then notices Eoghan, and sniffs all around him.

EOGHAN

Well, look at you! Hello!

DERMOT

What is going on, Eoghan?
Seriously. Why are you here?

EOGHAN

"How are you, Eoghan? It's been so long! God, you're looking well!"

DERMOT

Alright.

EOGHAN

"Have you lost weight?"

DERMOT

Alright, Eoghan! Alright.

Awkward silence. Eoghan looks at the dog.

EOGHAN

At least *someone's* happy to see me.

DERMOT

He doesn't know you. Cookie, come.

Cú Chulainn goes to Dermot and sits. Dermot strokes his head.

EOGHAN

Cookie?

DERMOT

Cú Chulainn. I sometimes call him Cookie. It's a pet name.

EOGHAN

Cú Chulainn. Good, strong dog name.

More awkward silence.

EOGHAN (CONT'D)

So, is your kettle broken or are you just a terrible host?

DERMOT

Eoghan, I have -

From upstairs, AOIFE (mid 30s, tired, kind, shy), calls.

AOIFE (O.S.)

Father Dermot? Is that you back?
Sorry, I'm almost done here.

Dermot looks nervous.

DERMOT

Ah, shit.

EOGHAN
Do you have a mistress?!

DERMOT
Shut up. Do not say a fucking word.

Dermot gets up and calls from the doorway.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
Sorry, Aoife. Yes, hi. It's just me. Listen, you just head off.

AOIFE (O.S.)
Sorry, I know you have your meeting shortly.

Dermot closes his eyes in frustration. He'd forgotten about his meeting.

DERMOT
Yes, of course. Yep. Honestly, you can just leave whatever's left.

Aoife comes downstairs, holding a cloth. She sees Dermot's cuts and is shocked.

AOIFE
Oh my God, Father! Are you alright?

DERMOT
Fine, Aoife. Thank you. You just -

Eoghan stands and approaches. Dermot hears him and closes his eyes, dreading what is about to come. Aoife looks a bit taken aback by this handsome stranger, and doesn't quite know what to make of him.

EOGHAN
Aren't you going to introduce me?

DERMOT
I'm so sorry, Aoife. I totally forgot you'd be here today. This is my...friend.

Dermot doesn't sound convincing, and Eoghan is surprised. He steps forward, holding out his hand to Aoife.

EOGHAN
Yes, old friends. My mother knew his father through marriage. I'm Eoghan, Dermot's older and much more attractive brother.