

THE VISIT

A television play

by

David Crystal

Running time: 50 mins.

Late 1982 or Early 1983

CHARACTERS

PAUL (Studio and film)
 JULIE (Studio)
 FR JOHNSON (Studio)
 DONALD (Film)
 TED (Film)
 MRS JERICHO (Studio)
 CITY GENT (Studio)
 PRIEST (Film)
 FR MORGAN (Studio and film)
 FR SMITH (Studio)
 TRAMP (Studio)
 MR GRIFFITHS (Studio)
 DEBORAH (Studio)

Small and non-speaking

YOUTH ON SKATES PASSERS-BY AT STATION
 POLICEMAN IN FRANCIS ST.
 THIEF
 PEOPLE IN CHURCH FOYER
 TICKET-SELLER IN CHURCH FOYER
 CHURCH CHOIR (MEN, LADIES, CONDUCTOR)
 2 PEOPLE IN TRAIN COMPARTMENT
 2 POLICEMEN IN AMBROSDEN AVE.

Heard-not-seen

FR BRYANT

Currently not in London; could transfer to any of the main cities.

*On TV: Pope John Paul II
 May 1982*

SETS

FIRST CHURCH: FOYER	}	COMPOSITE
CHOIR GALLERY		
ALTAR		
SECOND CHURCH: SACRISTY	}	COMPOSITE
INTERIOR		
FR JOHNSON'S HOUSE: HALLWAY	}	COMPOSITE
UPSTAIRS LANDING		
LOO		
BEDROOM		
FR MORGAN'S HOUSE: FRONT ROOM	}	COMPOSITE
HALL		
FRONT DOOR (INT./EXT.)		
KITCHEN		
WAITING ROOM		
PAUL'S BED-SIT		

FRONT OF FR MORGAN'S CAR (INT./EXT.)

TRAIN CARRIAGE: (INT./EXT.): A COMPARTMENT
 ANOTHER COMPARTMENT
 A CORRIDOR
 A TOILET COMPARTMENT
 A TOILET PAN
 A TOILET COMPARTMENT DOOR

)
 COMPOSITE

FILM

FIRST CATHOLIC CHURCH. DAY.
 A PRIEST'S HOUSE NEAR THIS CHURCH. DAY.
 A ROAD OUTSIDE THIS HOUSE. DAY.
 SECOND CATHOLIC CHURCH. DAY.
 A PRIEST'S HOUSE NEAR THIS CHURCH. DAY.
 A ROAD OUTSIDE THIS HOUSE. DAY.
 A TOWN SUBURBAN ROAD. DAY.
 ANOTHER SUBURBAN ROAD. DAY.
 A LONDON STREET. DAY. (Long shot)
 FRANCIS ST. LONDON. DAY.
 ANOTHER LONDON STREET. DAY. (Long shot)
 A SUBURBAN RAILWAY STATION. DAY.
 A SUBURBAN RAILWAY PLATFORM. DAY.
 A RAILWAY LINE AND TRAIN. DAY. (Long shot)
 A LONDON STATION PLATFORM. DAY.
 A LONDON STATION TICKET BARRIER. DAY.

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TELECINE 1A Catholic church. Day.

We see the church from the road, with the noticeboard advertising times of services, etc. prominent in foreground.

Opening credits.

Slow ZOOM IN on church, then CUT to:

SOUND: A choir is singing a hymn, as if from inside the church. ('Immortal, invisible...')

1. INT. CHURCH FOYER. DAY.

O/V THE CHURCH SERVICE IS COMING TO AN END. WE PAN ALONG THE FOYER, PASSING TWO OR THREE PEOPLE WHO ARE LOOKING INTO THE CHURCH AT THE SERVICE. ANOTHER PERSON IS SORTING SOME THINGS OUT ON A TABLE. WE PASS NOTICE-BOARDS, ADVERTISING TIMES AND EVENTS, AND THEN HOLD ON A LARGE POSTER, WHICH SAYS:

Papal visit. Coach for Coventry leaves 7.00 a.m. outside the church. Tickets available from presbytery.

THERE IS A LARGE PICTURE OF THE POPE NEXT TO THE POSTER. WE PAN FURTHER ALONG THE FOYER, UNTIL WE REACH SOME STAIRS OR A DOOR LEADING UP TO THE CHOIR.

SOUND: We hear the choir singing more loudly.

CUT TO:

2. INT. THE CHOIR GALLERY. DAY.

WE SEE THE CHOIR SINGING, TWO ROWS, LADIES IN FRONT, MEN BEHIND, ON A RAISED STEP, CONDUCTOR AT FRONT. THE SHOTS SHOULD BE FROM THE RIGHT, SO THAT THE PEOPLE AT THE LEFT-HAND END OF THE CHOIR CANNOT BE SEEN CLEARLY. CUT TO:

3. INT. THE CHOIR GALLERY. DAY.

FRONT VIEW OF THE LADY STANDING AT THE RIGHT-HAND END OF THE ROW. PAN SLOWLY ALONG THE ROW, FROM RIGHT TO LEFT. EACH LADY IS HOLDING A HYMN BOOK, EARNESTLY SINGING. THE BOOKS ARE BEING HELD AT WAIST LEVEL, SO THAT WE CLEARLY SEE EACH LADY'S CHEST. AS WE REACH THE END OF

THE ROW, JULIE COMES INTO VIEW, WITH A HAND, FINGERS SPLAYED, AROUND HER RIGHT BREAST. WE PAN PAST HER, THEN RETURN TO THE HAND.

JULIE IS IN HER LATE TEENS, PRETTY. SHE IS DESPERATELY TRYING TO REMAIN COMPOSED.

PAN UPWARDS TO SEE PAUL STANDING BEHIND HER, SMIRKING A BIT, ALSO WHILE SINGING.

PAUL IS ABOUT 25, CHEEKY FACE, HANDSOME AND KNOWS IT.

CUT TO:

4. INT. THE CHOIR GALLERY. DAY.

LS OF WHOLE CHOIR, AS HYMN COMES TO AN END. EVERYONE FINISHES TOGETHER, BUT JULIE'S VOICE CARRIES ON FOR A SECOND, QUAVERY, TURNING INTO A SQUEAK AS PAUL EVIDENTLY GIVES HER A BIT OF A SQUEEZE. WHOLE CHOIR TURNS IN HER DIRECTION. CUT TO:

5. INT. THE CHOIR GALLERY. DAY.

MS OF JULIE AND PAUL, WHO HAS REMOVED HIS HAND, AND IS LOOKING AS IF NOTHING HAS HAPPENED. JULIE VERY EMBARRASSED, NOT KNOWING WHERE TO LOOK.

SOUND: We hear the congregation sitting and the voice of the priest, Father Johnson, as he makes an announcement.

FR. JOHNSON (OOV): If you'd like to sit down for a moment, I won't keep you.

CUT TO:

6. INT. CHURCH ALTAR. DAY.

FR. JOHNSON IS ROBED FOR MASS. HE IS OLD, IRISH.

FR. JOHNSON: I've just been asked by the committee, who are organising the coaches for next week's visit to see the Holy Father, they've asked me to say that there are still a few places available, on the coaches. We were all very pleased that so many of you want to go, to see the Holy Father, in person, so as you know there are now two coaches going, and there are just a few seats left in one of them. So if you want to have one of these seats, there will be someone in the church porch now to - to fix you up. All the arrangements are on a notice in the porch, about when we're leaving and coming back. God bless you, now.

HE TURNS TO LEAVE THE ALTAR. CUT TO:

7.7. INT. CHURCH FOYER. DAY.

WE SEE JULIE COMING DOWN THE STAIRS FROM THE CHOIR GALLERY, FOLLOWED BY PAUL. A FEW PEOPLE MILLING AROUND. PAUL IS LAUGHING. JULIE NOT TOO PLEASED. SHE TURNS TO HIM, HALF-WHISPER.

JULIE: Now look here, Paul Heath, you do that again in front of everybody, and you'll be singing soprano next week.

PAUL: It wasn't in front of everybody.

JULIE: Near enough. They were all looking.

PAUL: But they didn't see anything, Julie.

JULIE: How do you know!

PAUL: I thought I was being very discreet.

JULIE: Like Heck! Just don't do it again.

PAUL: (TEASING) Never?

JULIE: You know what I mean. Not up there.

PAUL: Is down here alright then? (MOCK GROWL)

HE STARTS TO MOVE HIS HAND AROUND HER, BUT JUST AS HE DOES SO, FATHER JOHNSON COMES OUT OF THE CHURCH, AND SEES THE ATTEMPTED GROPE. PAUL FREEZES, AND DOESN'T KNOW WHERE TO PUT HIS HAND.

PAUL: (WEAKLY) Good morning, father.

HE MOVES APART FROM JULIE, WHO BUSIES HERSELF LOOKING AT THE NOTICES.

FR. JOHNSON: Well, now, will you be going to take one of the seats, then, er Derek?

PAUL: It's Paul, actually, father.

FR. JOHNSON: Ah, yes, of course.

PAUL: What seats are those, father?

FR. JOHNSON: What seats? Were you not listening to me a few moments ago?

PAUL: Oh, er, yes, but I was a bit busy, you see, er getting the books together, upstairs.

FR. JOHNSON: Was that you, making all the noise at the end of the hymn?

PAUL: Me? Oh, no. I think that was the organ - I mean the organist.

FR. JOHNSON: (TO PASSERS-BY, OOV) Morning, morning. (TO PAUL) Well, are you going, then?

PAUL: Where?

FR. JOHNSON: On the coach! To see the Pope!

PAUL: Oh! I'm not sure. I may not be able to get off work.

FR. JOHNSON: You'll not be working. 'Tis a Sunday. (TO PASSER-BY) Hello, John.

PAUL: Yeah, I mean, I may have to prepare something for Monday, you see ...

CUT TO:

8. INT. CHURCH FOYER. DAY.

ANOTHER ANGLE OF FR. JOHNSON AND PAUL, SO THAT WE CAN SEE JULIE APPROACHING PAUL FROM BEHIND.

PAUL: (CONTINUING) ... and it might take up quite a bit of time.

JULIE: Morning, father.

CUT TO:

9. INT. CHURCH FOYER. DAY.

BCU OF JULIE'S HAND GIVING PAUL'S BOTTOM A GRIP AS SHE MOVES PAST. CUT TO:

10. INT. CHURCH FOYER. DAY.

CU OF PAUL'S FACE, AS HE TRIES TO CONTROL HIS REACTION. A STRANGLERD NOISE. CUT TO:

11. INT. CHURCH FOYER. DAY.

2-SHOT OF FR. JOHNSON AND PAUL.

FR. JOHNSON: (TO DEPARTING JULIE) Hello, my dear! (TO PAUL) Are you alright?

PAUL: Oh yes, yes. Just indigestion. Would you excuse me now, father, I must be going.

HE MOVES AWAY WITHOUT WAITING FOR AN ANSWER. FR. JOHNSON STARES AFTER HIM. WE FOLLOW PAUL ALONG THE FOYER, AS HE APPROACHES THE DOOR, HE'S STOPPED BY A TICKET SELLER. HE REFUSES TO BUY ANYTHING, AND LEAVES. CUT TO:

TELECINE 2

Outside the church. Day.

People are leaving the church.
Paul emerges and looks around. He sees DONALD and TED standing together, waiting for him. He walks over to them.

DONALD and TED are mid-twenties.
They're in their Sunday best. DONALD has a trace of Irish accent,

DONALD: Where've you been? You're usually out of there like a flash.

PAUL: I got caught up by the rev. Have you seen Julie?

TED: She just went by, going a fair lick. What did you do to her?

PAUL: Nothing. What she did to me, more like. Wait till I see her.

DONALD: What'd she do?

PAUL: Grabbed me behind while I was talking to the rev.

DONALD: No! What'd he say?

PAUL: I don't think he saw.

TED: You never know, with him.

They start to walk towards the road.

TED: (CONTINUING) What did he want, anyway?

PAUL: Oh, whether I was going on the trip next Sunday.

DONALD: Yeah, he was saying there's some seats left on the coach.

TED: I wouldn't go on a coach to see him. Not from here, anyway. Imagine who you'd be with.

DONALD: You could find yourself sitting next to Monica Ryan, for instance. Just imagine it. All the way to Coventry and back.

PAUL: (MOCK CHARLIE BROWN) Good grief! (PAUSE) It mightn't be too bad, though, if there was some talent going.

TED: Fat chance of that. (TO PAUL) You could take Julie.

PAUL: No. She wouldn't come. (MOCK THEATRICAL) Our relationship is purely professional.

TED: Professional?

PAUL: Yeah. We only grope each other in church.

DONALD: I often wondered why you joined the choir!

PAUL: Anyway, I've only been out with her a couple of times, apart from that.

TED: Well you're on, then. This coach trip. If you're going to see the Pope, it'd be a kind of extended church, wouldn't it. And there'd be singing, too. Bound to be, on the way back.

DONALD: Sounds awful.

PAUL: Too right.

CUT TO:

A suburban road. Day.

The three men walking along.

PAUL: I wouldn't mind seeing him in the flesh, though, wouldn't you?

DONALD: Flesh - where?

He looks around in mock excitement.

DONALD jumps up and down, trying to see into upstairs windows, using a small wall to reach higher. TED joins in, and there's a bit of horse play. They settle down.

TED: Not in this road, that's for sure. And certainly not on a Sunday.

DONALD: Oh, I don't know.

PAUL: Donald, has anyone ever told you the truth about your foul mind.

DONALD: Oh yes. Me dad, me brother, me Auntie Ann... Compliments from everyone.

PAUL: Yeah, well they're not far wrong. Anyway, listen, all I was saying was, it might be quite good, getting to see the Pope.

TED: Why?

PAUL: Well, I dunno... He's special, isn't he. I mean, not just him ... you know, the event, the occasion. It's never happened before, I read.

TED: What? You mean the Pope coming here?

PAUL: Yeah.

TED: It must have! There's bound to have been some pope or other who came this way.

PAUL: No, I'm sure I read it's the first time ever.

TED: Well, even if it is, what's so special about going to see him. I mean, you can see him often enough on the box, like when he gives all those people a blessing, at Easter, or somewhere around then - what do they call it? Pinky and Perky, or something.

DONALD: Urbi and orbi, dummy. Do you not know anything? It's Latin for -

TED: (CUTTING IN) Yeah, well whatever it's for, the point is you've seen him often enough. You don't have to be a catholic to know what the Pope looks like.

PAUL: No, but you don't get the atmosphere on the telly. I was reading, there's going to be thousands of people at the different places he's visiting. The atmosphere should be great.

TED: But that's the problem, isn't it. With all those people going, you wouldn't be able to see a thing. He'll just be a papal dot on the horizon.

DONALD: You'd get more sight of his flesh on the telly.

TED: That's true, that. It was the same with the Royal Wedding last year. Steve Cottrell was telling me, he went down to London for the day, and stood for hours on the Strand, or somewhere, and got a glimpse of Lady Di's left cheek on the way there, and her right one on the way back, and that was it. When he came home, the first thing he did was find out what had happened on his brother's video. They mightn't have got married at all, for all he knew.

PAUL: Yeah, but he had a good laugh as well. He met some great people, he told me. Even danced with a copper, he said. And went to about six street parties.

DONALD: However, I have a sneaking feeling that there won't be much of that going on at a Papal Mass.

PAUL: I know that. All I mean is that it'd be a great occasion to be in on. Sort of like a bit of history. (PAUSE)

They cross the road.

Anyway, I'd make jolly sure I did see him, if I went.

TED: You wouldn't have any choice. Some places it'll be tickets only. And there'd be stewards and barriers and things to keep back jobs like you. To get close, you'd have to be a copper - or a priest.

DONALD: You'd never get within a mile.

PAUL stops, so they all do.

PAUL: I bet I would. I bet I could get to within a few feet of him, if I wanted to.

DONALD: Like hell.

PAUL: I reckon I could even get to talk to him.

DONALD and TED pause, as they take this in.

DONALD: (MOCKING) Oh, sure! Take him out for a meal, maybe.

TED: Bring him home to meet your mum.

DONALD: He might even hear your confession.

TED: No, he wouldn't have time. He's only here a week!

PAUL: Har, har! No, look, I'm serious. I fancy going to see him, and I reckon I've got just as much a chance as anyone of getting close up. He's got to pass by some people, so why not me? I'm just as important as anyone else. Why shouldn't I strike lucky?

TED: Same reason as several million people don't win the pools every week.

DONALD: And if it's a matter of luck, well what do you think, Ted, do you reckon God would give some luck to a desperate, depraved choir-girl groper?

TED: Not a chance.

PAUL: Sods!

PAUL lunges for their private parts, in fun. They evade, laughing.

They have reached a street corner. TED and DONALD start to move off one way. PAUL prepares to go the other. They shout more, as the distance between them grows.

PAUL: I'll do it, just for that.

TED: Like heck!

PAUL: I will. And I bet you I meet him.

DONALD: Get out! I bet you don't get nearer than a mile.

PAUL: How much?

DONALD: Ten quid.

PAUL: You're on.

TED: And ten says you don't get within speaking distance.

PAUL: You're on as well.

DONALD: We'll want some proof, mind.

PAUL: You'll get it.

TED: Bring us back his autograph.

DONALD: We'll look out for you on the telly.

TED: Being arrested.

PAUL: Agh!

PAUL sends them several V-signs, and then turns down his road.

CUT TO:

Another road. Day.

PAUL comes round a corner and into a house. CUT TO:

12. INT. PAUL'S ROOM. DAY.

PAUL COMES INTO HIS ROOM, A SMALL BED-SIT, NOT VERY TIDY. HE RUMMAGES AROUND AND FINDS A NEWSPAPER. WRONG ONE. FINDS ANOTHER NEWSPAPER.

PAUL: Ah.

CUT TO:

13. INT. PAUL'S ROOM. DAY.

PART OF A NEWSPAPER, PAUL'S POV. A HEADING READS: 'Papal Visit Details: See Centre Pages'.

CUT TO:

14. INT. PAUL'S ROOM. DAY.

PAUL MLS. HE FINDS THE CENTRE PAGES, AND SEES WHAT HE IS LOOKING FOR. HE PUTS THE PAPER DOWN ON THE TABLE, AND LOOKS AROUND. SEES A NOTEBOOK (A4 SIZE) AND PUTS IT ON THE TABLE. HE SEARCHES FOR A PEN, MUTTERING.

PAUL: Pen, pen, pen...

HE FINDS ONE, IN A TEAPOT. SITS DOWN AT THE TABLE, PUSHING AWAY SOME ODDS AND ENDS, SOME OF WHICH FALL ON THE FLOOR. HE DOESN'T NOTICE. HE SETTLES DOWN TO COPY OUT DETAILS FROM THE PAPER.

15. INT. PAUL'S ROOM. DAY.

PAUL'S NOTEBOOK, HIS POV. HE IS WRITING AS HE SPEAKS: 'Arrives Gatwick, Friday morning, 8 a.m.'

PAUL: Gatwick ... Friday ... 8 o'clock.

CUT TO:

16. INT. PAUL'S ROOM. DAY.

MS, PAUL WRITING, REFERRING TO PAPER FOR DETAILS.

PAUL: London all day Friday ... That's possible ... Canterbury, Saturday morning ... Too tricky ... Back to London Saturday afternoon, Wembley ... Never get in to Wembley, though ... Crumbs, he's certainly getting about.

CUT TO:

17. INT. PAUL'S ROOM. DAY.

PAUL'S NOTEBOOK, HIS POV. HE DRAWS A ROUGH MAP OF ENGLAND, AND MARKS LONDON ON IT. THEN HE DRAWS A LINE IN THE VAGUE DIRECTION OF THE FOLLOWING PLACES, AS HE SPEAKS THEM.

PAUL: Sunday, Coventry ... then Liverpool ... then Manchester ... no that's Monday ... then York ... where the hell's York (HE PUTS IT UP TOWARDS SCOTLAND) ... then off to Scotland ... no thanks.

CUT TO:

18. INT. PAUL'S ROOM. DAY.

PAUL MS, LOOKING DOWN AT HIS WORK.

PAUL: Looks like London or Coventry. The church coach is going to Coventry. I'll try

London. On the Friday. But not at the airport. He won't be there long enough.

HE REFERS TO THE PAPER AGAIN.

(CONTINUING) Where's he going first? (PAUSE)
Oh yes ... Westminster Cathedral in the morning
... Southwark Cathedral in the afternoon ...
I wonder where he'll have lunch? ...

HE SITS BACK IN HIS CHAIR, AND THINKS.

Now, how to do it ... ?

MIX TO:

19. INT. PAUL'S ROOM. NIGHT.

MS PAUL IN BED, THINKING. HE HAS PAGES FROM HIS NOTEBOOK SCATTERED OVER THE BED, AND WE CAN SEE FROM THE CROSSINGS OUT THAT HE HAS BEEN PLOTTING, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS. WE PAN TO SEE TWO OF THE PAGES, AND READ WHAT IS ON THERE:

Faint as Pope's car goes past.

Threaten throw self off top of Cathedral.

THE LINES ARE CROSSED OUT, BUT WE CAN STILL READ THEM. WE PAN BACK UP TO PAUL'S FACE. HE IS NODDING OFF. WE ZOOM IN ON PAUL'S FACE AS WE HEAR TED'S VOICE ECHOING:

TED: To get close, you'd have to be a copper - or a priest - (LOUDER ECHO) or a priest - (STILL LOUDER) a priest.

PAUL'S EYES JERK OPEN. HE SITS UPRIGHT.

PAUL: That's it. Brilliant! A priest.

CUT TO:

TELECINE 3

The same Catholic church as in T/C 1. Day.

We see PAUL arriving at the entrance to the grounds, looking a bit furtive. He walks up the path, which also leads to the priests' house. CUT TO:

The front of the priests' house. Day.

LS of PAUL approaching the front door. He rings the bell. He is looking nervous. The door is opened by a housekeeper. She is in her 60s, and a bit deaf. CUT TO:

CU of PAUL'S face.

PAUL: I've come to see Father Johnson.

CUT TO:

MS of housekeeper, MRS JERICHO.

MRS JERICHO: Eh?

CUT TO:

CU of PAUL's face.

PAUL: (LOUDLY) I've come to see Father Johnson.

CUT TO:

MS of ~~MRS~~ JERICHO.

MRS JERICHO: Have you got an appointment?

CUT TO:

PAUL and MRS JERICHO in doorway.

PAUL: Er, no, but I do need to see him. It's very urgent. It's an urgent personal matter.

MRS JERICHO: Well, come in a minute, and I'll see if he's free.

PAUL enters house, and door closes, during which we hear:

MRS JERICHO (CONTINUING): I think he's in the church.

CUT TO:

20. INT. HALLWAY OF PRIEST'S HOUSE. DAY.

PAUL IS SHOWN INTO A WAITING-ROOM OFF THE HALL. MRS JERICHO CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM AND WALKS OFF DOWN THE HALL, MUTTERING. A SHORT PAUSE, AND THEN THE DOOR OPENS AND PAUL'S HEAD PEERS OUT. HE LOOKS BOTH WAYS, LEAVES THE ROOM, AND TIP-TOES ALONG THE HALLWAY. CUT TO:

21. INT. HALLWAY OF PRIEST'S HOUSE. DAY.

PAUL APPROACHING A WINDOW AT THE END OF THE HALL, THROUGH WHICH WE SEE MRS JERICHO WALKING ALONG A PATH TOWARDS THE CHURCH. CUT TO:

22. INT. HALLWAY OF PRIEST'S HOUSE. DAY.

PAUL IN A HURRY, COMING BACK ALONG THE HALLWAY. HE TURNS UP THE STAIRS, TWO AT A TIME. CUT TO:

23. INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING OF PRIEST'S HOUSE. DAY.

PAUL, AT TOP OF STAIRS, LOOKS UNCERTAINLY AT THE DOORS OFF THE LANDING. OPENS ONE DOOR AT RANDOM. CUT TO:

24. INT. A LOO. DAY.

PAUL'S POV.

PAUL: (BENEATH HIS BREATH) Hell!

CUT TO:

25. INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING OF PRIEST'S HOUSE. DAY.

PAUL MOVES ACROSS THE LANDING TO ANOTHER DOOR, WHICH HE OPENS AND WE SEE IT IS AN AIRING-CUPBOARD. HE SHUTS THE DOOR IMPATIENTLY.

PAUL: Are there no bloody bedrooms in this place?

HE TRIES ANOTHER DOOR.

PAUL: Ah!

CUT TO:

26. INT. FR. JOHNSON'S BEDROOM. DAY.

IT IS A PRIEST'S BEDROOM, SPARSELY FURNISHED, WITH A FEW BOOKS, HOLY PICTURES ON THE WALL. ON A CHEST OF DRAWERS, THERE IS A LARGE STATUE OF JESUS LOOKING DOWN AT A SHEEP.

PAUL COMES IN, LOOKS AROUND, AND LOOKS IN VARIOUS PIECES OF FURNITURE, BEFORE HE SPOTS THE CHEST OF DRAWERS. HE OPENS THE TOP DRAWER AND FINDS NOTHING, THEN THE SECOND.

PAUL: Ah! Got you!

HE REACHES IN AND REVERENTLY LIFTS OUT A CLERICAL COLLAR. HE RUSHES OVER TO A MIRROR AND TRIES IT ON. HE'S SATISFIED. HE TRIES TO PUT IT IN HIS POCKET. IT STICKS OUT. TRIES THE INSIDE OF HIS JACKET. IT STICKS OUT. UP HIS SLEEVE? NO GOOD. LOOKS DOWN, AND TRIES IT ROUND THE TOP OF HIS LEG. IT FITS NICELY. HE DROPS HIS TROUSERS, AND FITS IT ON. PULLS UP HIS TROUSERS AND IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, WHEN HE NOTICES HE HAS LEFT THE DRAWERS OPEN. HE MOVES TO SHUT THEM AND SLAMS THEM SHUT, WOBBLING THE WHOLE PIECE OF FURNITURE. HE SEES THE STATUE FALLING, AND GRABS FOR IT, BUT IT FALLS ONTO THE FLOOR AND THERE IS A BREAKING SOUND. HE LOOKS DOWN.

CUT TO:

27. INT. FR. JOHNSON'S BEDROOM. DAY.

WE SEE THE STATUE ON THE FLOOR, PAUL'S POV. JESUS IS ALRIGHT, BUT THE SHEEP'S HEAD HAS PARTED FROM ITS BODY. CUT TO:

28. INT. FR. JOHNSON'S BEDROOM. DAY.

MS OF PAUL PICKING UP THE PIECES, NONPLUSSED.

PAUL: Oh, Lor'.

HE SETS JESUS BACK ON THE CHEST OF DRAWERS, THEN THE SHEEP'S BODY. HE LOOKS AT THE HEAD IN HIS HAND, THEN AT THE BODY, AND HAS AN IDEA. HE CAREFULLY BALANCES THE HEAD ON THE SHEEP'S BODY. IT BALANCES.

PAUL: Good as new!

HE BACKS AWAY, CAREFULLY. TURNS TOWARDS THE DOOR, AND LEAVES. CUT TO:

29. INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING OF PRIEST'S HOUSE. DAY.

PAUL APPROACHES THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, AND FREEZES AS HE HEARS VOICES BELOW. WE CAN'T HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING. HE PEERS FORWARDS CAUTIOUSLY. CUT TO:

30. INT. HALLWAY OF PRIEST'S HOUSE. DAY.

FR. JOHNSON AND MRS JERICHO ARE STANDING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS, NEAR THE WAITING-ROOM DOOR. WE SEE THEM FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, PAUL'S POV.

MRS JERICHO: Well I left him there, Father, I'm sure of it.

FR JOHNSON: Are you sure now? You'll remember that other time, when you thought you saw the Virgin Mary, and 'twas only yourself in the mirror? CUT TO:

31. INT. HALLWAY OF PRIEST'S HOUSE. DAY.

FR. JOHNSON AND MRS JERICHO AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS. WE SEE THE WHOLE OF THE STAIRS AND PAUL'S HEAD STICKING OUT AT THE TOP.

MRS JERICHO: Ah, sure, father, this was no vision. I let him in just now. He said it was urgent.

FR JOHNSON: Well perhaps we'd better have a look round. He might have been a burglar or something.

MRS JERICHO LOOKS UP THE STAIRS AND SEES PAUL'S HEAD. SHE SCREAMS. FR JOHNSON TURNS AND SEES IT.

FR JOHNSON: Glory be to Jesus!

CUT TO:

32. INT. HALLWAY OF PRIEST'S HOUSE. DAY.

FR JOHNSON AND MRS JERICHO AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS, PAUL'S POV. THEY ARE STARING UP THE STAIRS.

FR JOHNSON: What - what the divil are you doing up there? Who are you?

CUT TO:

33. INT. HALLWAY OF PRIEST'S HOUSE. DAY.

PAUL COMES DOWN THE STAIRS, LOOKING SHEEPISH. FR JOHNSON AND MRS JERICHO WAIT FOR HIM AT THE BOTTOM.

PAUL: Er, sorry father. I just had to find a toilet, that's all, and there was no-one around to ask.

FR JOHNSON: You should be more careful. You gave Mrs Jericho a terrible fright.

PAUL: I'm sorry. It was an accident. I didn't think you'd be back so - you weren't here, you see.

FR JOHNSON: Do you normally peer round walls like that?

PAUL: Only when I'm not sure of me way, father. I tripped on a loose stair rod once, you see, and I've always been a bit worried by stairs since.

FR JOHNSON: Well, well. (PAUSE) And what did you want anyway, now you're here.
(TO MRS JERICHO) That'll be fine now, Mrs Jericho. I'll deal with it.

MRS JERICHO WALKS DOWN THE HALL O/V, MUTTERING.

(TO PAUL) 'Tis Derek, isn't it?

PAUL: Paul, actually. Paul Harvey.

FR JOHNSON: Ah yes. Paul. From the choir.

A SICKLY SMILE FROM PAUL.

FR. JOHNSON: (CONTINUING) And what can I do for you, Derek?

PAUL: Er, I was just wondering if you could tell me if there were any seats left on the coach for the visit?

FR JOHNSON: For the visit? Ah no, no. They all went after Mass yesterday. There's not one seat left.

PAUL: Ah.

FR JOHNSON: Why? Were you thinking of coming?

PAUL: I thought I would, yes.

FR JOHNSON: Well, you're out of luck, I'm afraid. Unless someone cancels, of course. Mrs Grote has a seat, I think, but she's gone eight months, and I've got a feeling she might not be with us...

DURING THIS SPEECH, WHICH CONTINUES IN THE BACKGROUND AS FOLLOWS, WE ZOOM IN ON PAUL'S FACE, WHICH IS BEGINNING TO LOOK HORROR-STRUCK, AS HE REALISES THAT THE COLLAR IS SLIDING DOWN HIS LEG. HIS HAND REACHES DOWN FOR IT, BUT IT DOESN'T QUITE REACH. HIS KNEE BENDS, AND HIS BODY TWISTS ON ONE SIDE. HE WRIGGLES, CLUTCHES AT HIS TROUSER LEG. THE OUTLINE OF THE COLLAR IS CLEARLY VISIBLE BELOW HIS KNEE. FR JOHNSON'S VOICE TAILS AWAY AS HE NOTICES PAUL'S ANTICS.

FR JOHNSON: (CONTINUING) on the other hand I think her mother and father are coming to stay with her for a while, to look after the other children, and one of them might take her ticket. I'd really have to have a look at the list, to see who's on it. I think it might be a good idea to get up a sort of waiting-list,

a reserve list, just in case, and I could put you on it... (PAUSE) Are you ill?

PAUL STRAIGHTENS UP.

PAUL: Oh no, father, er, that is, it's me back playing up a bit - me leg, you know, bit of cramp. It'll be alright in a minute. Often comes on. The stairs probably did it. Don't like stairs.

FR JOHNSON: Would you like to sit down for a bit?

PAUL: No, I'll be fine, thanks. I'll just be on my way. The fresh air will help. I'll be alright, really.

THE COLLAR EVIDENTLY SLIPS SOME MORE. PAUL GRABS FOR HIS ANKLE. FR JOHNSON STARTS BACK IN ALARM. PAUL MOVES TOWARDS THE DOOR, CLUTCHING HIS ANKLE. HE REACHES UP FOR THE KNOB, BUT CAN'T REACH WITHOUT LETTING GO OF HIS TROUSER BOTTOM, WHICH HE DOESN'T WANT TO DO. HE WAITS. FR JOHNSON STARES IN AMAZEMENT, COMES TO, AND MOVES GINGERLY ROUND TO OPEN THE DOOR. PAUL LOOKS UP.

PAUL: Thanks very much, father. Sorry to be a nuisance. Put me on your waiting list if you like, but I'll try and get there another way. Good morning to you.

HE HOBBLER OUT OF THE DOOR. CUT TO:

TELECINE 4

The front of the priests' house. Day.

PAUL is hobbling down the path, one hand clutching his ankle. Behind him, we see FR JOHNSON in the doorway, still amazed. MRS JERICHO comes up behind him, also amazed. CUT TO:

MS of FR JOHNSON and MRS JERICHO in the doorway. They look at each other.

MRS JERICHO: Lord preserve us!

CUT TO:

PAUL hobbling away from the house, down the path, their POV. PAUL turns into the road behind a wall. He is out of sight for a moment, then his head pops up over the wall, and then down again.

CUT TO:

The road outside the priests' house. Day.

PAUL is crouched down beside the wall, so that he can't be seen from the house. He gets the collar out of his trouser leg, and laughs melodramatically. Then he walks along beside the wall, in a squatting position until he's out of sight of the house. He straightens up, and jauntily walks off.

CUT TO:

34. INT. HALLWAY OF PRIESTS' HOUSE. DAY.

FR JOHNSON SHAKES HIS HEAD AND TURNS TO WALK UPSTAIRS. MRS JERICHO WALKS BACK ALONG THE HALL O/V. WE FOLLOW FR JOHNSON. CUT TO:

35. INT. FR JOHNSON'S BEDROOM. DAY.

WE SEE FR JOHNSON ENTERING THE ROOM, FROM ~~THE~~ BEHIND THE STATUE ON THE CHEST OF DRAWERS. HE SHUTS THE DOOR WITH A BIT OF A BANG, AND THE VIBRATION MAKES THE SHEEP'S HEAD FALL OFF. FR JOHNSON AMAZED, MAKES SIGN OF CROSS.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP

TELECINE 5

A suburban railway station. Day.

PAUL arriving early morning at the station. He buys a paper from the bookstall. As he looks at it, we see clearly that it is Friday 28th May, and a headline about the Pope's visit, e.g. back page of Guardian that day 'Special Branch Men Will Guard the Pope'.

PAUL is wearing a black suit, black shirt, tie, and carrying a parcel, in which he has a black hat and the priest's collar.

CUT TO:

The station platform. Day.

PAUL walks along the platform. He looks up at the station clock, which says 10 to 7. He checks his watch. A train arrives, and he gets on it.

CUT TO:

36. INT./EXT. A TRAIN COMPARTMENT. DAY.

PAUL IS SITTING AT A WINDOW. THERE ARE A COUPLE OF OTHER PEOPLE IN THE COMPARTMENT, READING NEWSPAPERS. HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. CUT TO:

37. INT./EXT. A TRAIN COMPARTMENT. DAY.

C/U OF PAUL'S WATCH, SHOWING 7.10. CUT TO:

38. INT./EXT. A TRAIN COMPARTMENT. DAY.

PAUL GETS UP, A BIT FURTIVELY, CARRYING HIS PARCEL. HE LEAVES THE COMPARTMENT. CUT TO:

39. INT./EXT. A TRAIN CORRIDOR. DAY.

PAUL WALKS ALONG THE CORRIDOR, UNTIL HE REACHES THE TOILET. HE LOOKS BOTH WAYS, FURTIVELY, AND GOES IN. CUT TO:

40. INT./EXT. THE TOILET COMPARTMENT. DAY.

PAUL LOCKS THE DOOR. HE PUTS HIS PARCEL ON THE SINK AND OPENS IT. THERE IS A LOT OF NOISY BROWN PAPER TO UNWRAP. HE TAKES OFF HIS JACKET, AND HIS TIE. HE LOOKS IN THE MIRROR, AND PUTS ON THE COLLAR AROUND HIS NECK, HOLDING THE BIT AT THE BACK WITH ONE HAND. HE TAKES THE COLLAR STUD OUT OF THE PARCEL, AND TRIES TO FIT IT IN AT THE BACK OF HIS NECK. IT SLIPS FROM HIS HANDS, AND THERE IS THE SOUND OF A 'PLOP'. PAUL LOOKS ROUND AND DOWN SLOWLY.

PAUL: Oh bleeding heck!

CUT TO:

41. INT./EXT. A TOILET PAN. DAY.

C/U OF THE PAN, WITH THE STUD RESTING PEACEFULLY AT THE BOTTOM.

CUT TO:

42. INT./EXT. THE TOILET COMPARTMENT. DAY.

PAUL WRINKLES HIS FACE. HE TAKES OFF THE COLLAR AND PUTS IT ON THE SINK. HE ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVE, KNEELS DOWN AND GINGERLY PUTS HIS ARM IN. AS HE IS GROPING, THE DOOR HANDLE RATTLES. PAUL LOOKS UP.

CUT TO:

43. INT./EXT. THE TOILET COMPARTMENT. DAY.

C/U OF THE DOOR HANDLE, PAUL'S POV. IT IS MOVING UP AND DOWN.

CUT TO:

44. INT./EXT. THE TRAIN CORRIDOR. DAY.

A CITY GENT IS IMPATIENTLY WAITING OUTSIDE THE TOILET COMPARTMENT.

CUT TO:

45. INT./EXT. THE TOILET COMPARTMENT. DAY.

PAUL CONTINUES GROPING. AS HE DOES SO, WE SEE HIS KNEE COME DOWN HARD ON THE FLOOR FLUSH BUTTON. THE TOILET FLUSHES.

PAUL: (LOUDLY) Oh bloody hell!

CUT TO:

TRAINING 7

The train corridor. Day.

The City Gent reacts in surprise to the noise. He listens at the door.

CUT TO:

46. INT./EXT. THE TRAIN CORRIDOR. DAY.

THE CITY GENT REACTS IN SURPRISE TO THE NOISE. HE LISTENS AT THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

47. INT./EXT. THE TOILET COMPARTMENT. DAY.

PAUL WAITS FOR THE WATER TO SETTLE. HE SHAKES EXCESS WATER OFF HIS ARM. HE PEERS IN.

CUT TO:

48. INT./EXT. THE TOILET PAN. DAY.

C/U OF THE PAN. IT IS EMPTY.

PAUL: (LOUD, ALMOST CHANTING) Oh He-e-ell!
HE LIFTS THE SEAT AND BANGS IT DOWN HARD, CROSSLY.

CUT TO:

49. INT./EXT. THE TRAIN CORRIDOR. DAY.

THE CITY GENT JUMPS BACK AT THE NOISE OF THE SEAT COMING DOWN. HE TAKES OUT A HANDKERCHIEF AND MOPS HIS BROW.

CUT TO:

50. INT./EXT. THE TOILET COMPARTMENT. DAY.

PAUL IS SITTING BACK ON HIS HEELS, WONDERING WHAT TO DO. HE PEERS INTO THE PAN AGAIN.

CUT TO:

51. INT./EXT. THE TOILET PAN. DAY.

C/U OF THE PAN. THE STUD SLOWLY SLIDES BACK INTO VIEW.

CUT TO:

52. INT./EXT. THE TOILET COMPARTMENT. DAY.

PAUL IS DELIGHTED.

PAUL: Ah, the Lord looks after his own!

HE REACHES IN CAREFULLY, AND PICKS IT OUT. HE GETS UP, DRIES IT ON A TOWEL, AND WASHES HIS ARM, WRINKLING HIS FACE AGAIN. SNIFFS HIS ARM IN DISGUST. PUTS ON THE COLLAR AND TRIES AGAIN, THIS TIME PUTTING THE STUD IN FIRST. HE FASTENS IT SUCCESSFULLY THIS TIME. HE LOOKS AT HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR. A PIECE OF HIS SHIRT COLLAR IS STICKING OUT AWKWARDLY.

PAUL: Bleeding heck! What now!

CUT TO:

53. INT./EXT. THE TRAIN CORRIDOR. DAY.

THE CITY GENT IS NERVOUSLY LOOKING UP AT THE COMMUNICATION CORD, AND GENERALLY NOT KNOWING WHAT TO DO.

CUT TO:

54. INT./EXT. THE TOILET COMPARTMENT. DAY.

PAUL TRIES TO STUFF THE SHIRT COLLAR BEHIND THE PRIEST'S COLLAR. HE GETS HIS FINGERS STUCK AND NEARLY CHOKES HIMSELF. HE GETS HIS FINGERS OUT, BUT THE COLLAR IS STILL SHOWING. HE PULLS HIS SHIRT DOWNWARDS, AND GRADUALLY THE OFFENDING COLLAR MOVES OUT OF SIGHT. THERE IS THE SOUND OF THE DOOR HANDLE RATTLING AND THE VOICE OUTSIDE:

CITY GENT: I say, are you alright?

PAUL PAUSES, LOOKS AT THE DOOR, IGNORES THE VOICE. HE PUTS HIS JACKET BACK ON, GETS THE HAT OUT OF THE PARCEL, PUTS THAT ON, STUFFS HIS TIE INTO HIS POCKET, ROLLS UP HIS PARCEL PAPER VERY NOISILY. CUT TO:

55. INT./EXT. THE TRAIN CORRIDOR. DAY.

THE CITY GENT HAS STOPPED RATTLING THE HANDLE, AS HE HEARS THE NOISE OF THE PAPER. THEN HE JUMPS BACK, AS HE HEARS THE DOOR UNLOCK. HE STARES AT THE DOOR. CUT TO:

56. INT./EXT. THE TOILET DOOR. DAY.

C/U OF THE SIGN, CHANGING FROM 'ENGAGED' TO 'VACANT'. CUT TO:

57. INT./EXT. THE TOILET DOOR. DAY.

THE DOOR OPENS, AND PAUL, LOOKING EVERY INCH A PRIEST, IS FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY. HE IS HOLDING HIS BROWN PAPER PARCEL UNDER HIS ARM. HE SMILES.

PAUL: Good morning!

CUT TO:

58. INT./EXT. THE TRAIN CORRIDOR. DAY.

THE CITY GENT IS STARING IN AMAZEMENT AT PAUL. HE TRIES TO SPEAK, BUT CAN ONLY SPLUTTER. HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE PARCEL, UP AT PAUL. PAUL RAISES HIS HAT, AND WALKS OFF ALONG THE CORRIDOR. THE CITY GENT STARES AFTER HIM. CUT TO:

59. INT./EXT. A DIFFERENT TRAIN COMPARTMENT. DAY.

PAUL ENTERS AND SITS DOWN, RELIEVED.

CUT TO:

TELECINE 6

A railway line. Day.

We see PAUL's train speeding towards London.

CUT TO:

A London station platform. Day.

PAUL's train arrives, and people get out. We see him leave the train, and walk somewhat self-consciously along the platform.

CUT TO:

Outside the ticket barrier. Day.

PAUL comes through the ticket-barrier and is immediately run into by a young lad on roller skates, who can't stop in time.

PAUL: Bloody hell!

People nearby look up in amazement. The youth skates away, calling back as he does so.

YOUTH: Now, now, reverend! Language!

PAUL rubs his stomach and looks after him balefully. Walks off towards underground.

CUT TO:

A busy London street. Day.

PAUL is walking along a street. He stops someone to ask the way, and we see him directed. He walks off.

CUT TO:

Francis Street, London. Day.

PAUL is walking along this street towards Westminster Cathedral, at a point where he is not yet in sight of the Cathedral. He is walking fairly slowly, not quite knowing where he is, and another priest overtakes him.

PAUL: Er, excuse me, father -

The priest looks back, slows down.

PRIEST: Hello, there.

PAUL: Can you tell me, am I right for the Cathedral?

PRIEST: Sure, it's just ahead of you. You'll see it in a few moments. You're not from these parts, then?

PAUL: No, I'm a country boy, just up for the day.

PRIEST: 'Tis a wonderful day, indeed. There were crowds here last night, you know. And everyone's in such good humour. A great relief, after all the uncertainty.

PAUL: Yes. I was wondering also - can you tell me where he'll be having lunch?

PRIEST: His lunch? Ah, that'll be at Archbishop's House, with the Cardinal.

PAUL: Where's that?

PRIEST: Just along here, behind the Cathedral. You can't miss it. But you must excuse me. I don't want to be late. It's nearly 10. He'll be at Victoria by now. Nice talking with you.

PAUL: Er, yes - and also with you.

The priest rushes away. PAUL walks on slowly. ANOTHER ANGLE, as he approaches Morpeth Terrace, and the Cathedral moves majestically into his view. PAUL stops at the corner, and looks up at the tower. We ZOOM IN on the tower, so that we see it PAUL'S POV, then follow his view, PAN right along the roof and down onto the buildings at the back, and thus onto Francis Street. We see the back of Archbishop's House, and a policeman standing outside.

CUT TO:

Francis Street, London. Day.

PAUL walks slowly towards the back entrance to Archbishop's House, L/S.

CUT TO:

Francis Street, London. Day.

The back entrance approaches, PAUL'S POV. As we pass the entrance, PAN left to see the sign saying Archbishop's House Tradesman's Entrance. HOLD on the sign for a moment, then PAN right as we see the policeman look at camera and smile.

POLICEMAN: Morning, father.

CUT TO:

Francis Street, London. Day.

MLS of PAUL walking towards camera, just passing the policeman. He acknowledges a bit weakly.

PAUL: Er, good morning - er, my son.

He makes a Chinese face as he walks away from the policeman. He reaches ~~the~~ corner of Francis Street and Ambrosden Avenue, and looks down it. We PAN right to look down the Avenue. We see some policemen on duty outside the front entrance to Archbishop's House. There is the noise of crowds in the distance.

CUT TO:

Francis Street, London. Day.

PAUL standing at the corner, LS, bit uncertain what to do. He turns and walks very slowly back towards the rear entrance. Stops a safe distance from the policeman, and turns towards the road, as if he were waiting for someone.

A car, in a bit of a hurry, comes along and stops in front of him, some way out from the kerb. A priest, FATHER MORGAN (early 50s) is driving. He cranes across the passenger seat and beckons to PAUL, who doesn't see him at first.

CUT TO:

Francis Street, London. Day.

MS of FR MORGAN beckoning from the driving seat. His radio is on loud, Radio 4. He shouts above it.

FR MORGAN: Father! Father Bryant!

CUT TO:

Francis Street, London. Day.

MS of PAUL - a 'who, me?' reaction.

CUT TO:

Francis Street, London. Day.

MS of FR MORGAN, who nods, smiles, beckons again.

FR MORGAN: I'm Father Morgan. I'm sorry I'm late. The traffic's been awful. Just as well Monsignor suggested we meet round the back. Jump in.

CUT TO:

Francis Street, London. Day.

MS of PAUL, nonplussed.

PAUL: But - I think -

A car horn interrupts him. He looks up.

CUT TO:

Francis Street, London. Day.

MLS of FR MORGAN's car. Another car has come up and can't get past. The policeman looking interested. FR MORGAN looks behind, gets flustered.

FR MORGAN: Come on, quick now, we're blocking the road.

PAUL sees the policeman approaching, so gets in quickly. The car takes off along Francis Street, passes Ambrosden Avenue, screeches to a halt, making the car behind hoot angrily again and swerve. The car reverses badly into the Avenue, and then rushes off down Francis Street again.

CUT TO:

60. INT./EXT. FRONT OF FR MORGAN'S CAR. DAY.

2-SHOT OF FR MORGAN AND PAUL.

FR MORGAN: Did you see the Holy Father?

PAUL: See him?

FR MORGAN: I got a glimpse of the cars back there. Listen! 'Twill be on the radio now.

CUT TO:

61. INT./EXT. FRONT OF FR MORGAN'S CAR. DAY.

C/U OF CAR RADIO. IT IS JUST 10 O'CLOCK, AND THE RADIO 4 COMMENTATOR IS DESCRIBING THE POPE'S ARRIVAL IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL FOR MASS.

CUT TO:

TELECINE 7.

Francis Street, London. Day.

The car passes the top of Morpeth Terrace.

CUT TO:

Francis Street, London. Day.

LS of Westminster Cathedral, PAUL's POV, as it gradually disappears behind the buildings of Francis Street. Archbishop's House recedes in the distance.

CUT TO:

62. INT./EXT. FRONT OF FR MORGAN'S CAR. DAY.

2-SHOT OF FR MORGAN AND PAUL.

FR MORGAN: It really is very kind of you to help us out like this.

PAUL: Oh. Yes.

FR MORGAN: When I rang up, I wasn't expecting to find anybody free - not today, of all days. Are you sure you don't mind?

PAUL: No, not at all.

FR MORGAN: I expect you young fellas at the Cathedral are used to great things going on all the time. Probably gets a bit boring, I shouldn't wonder.

PAUL OPENS HIS MOUTH, BUT NOTHING COMES OUT.

CUT TO:

TELECINE 8A London street. Day.

The car turns a corner at great speed.

CUT TO:63. INT./EXT. FRONT OF FR MORGAN'S CAR. DAY.

2-SHOT OF FR MORGAN AND PAUL.

PAUL: Is it far?

FR MORGAN LOOKS AT HIM ODDLY.

FR MORGAN: Surely you've been to St. Joe's before?PAUL: Oh yes, of course. But I've not been this way.FR MORGAN: Not too far, now.HE REACHES DOWN AND TURNS UP THE VOLUME, AS SINGING STARTS.FR MORGAN: Ah, listen to that, now.CUT TO:TELECINE 9Another London street. Day.

The car arrives outside the priests' house. The church is seen nearby. It pulls up, and they get out. FR MORGAN ushers PAUL into the house.

CUT TO:64. INT. FRONT ROOM OF FR MORGAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

THE ROOM MUST CONTAIN A TELEVISION, AN ARMCHAIR, A DRINKS CABINET, A PICTURE OF A CHURCH - EVERYTHING ELSE OPTIONAL.

FR SMITH (MID-20s) IS SITTING IN THE ARMCHAIR WATCHING THE TELEVISION, WHICH IS SHOWING THE MASS IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. HE GETS UP AS THEY COME IN.

FR SMITH: Ah, you got him.FR MORGAN: Yes, it was easy. There he was, at the back door, no crowds or anything.FR SMITH: I expect they were all round the front.FR MORGAN: Father Smith - Father Bryant. You've not met before?FR SMITH: No, no. It's very good of you to come. (TO FR MORGAN) Did you see anything?FR MORGAN: I saw some of the cars in the distance, just before he arrived at the Cathedral, but that was it.FR SMITH: Ah well, there'll be a chance later.

THEIR ATTENTION IS TAKEN UP BY THE TELEVISION. DURING ALL THIS, PAUL IS LOOKING A BIT DAZED, STILL TRYING TO WORK OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING. FR MORGAN'S NEXT WORDS JERK HIM OUT OF IT.

FR MORGAN: (TO PAUL) Now, I'm sure you'll feel at home. If you need anything, Mrs Barrow is our housekeeper, and she lives next door. She'll be in all day.

HE WALKS ACROSS THE ROOM TO PICK UP A SMALL BRIEFCASE.

FR MORGAN: (CONTINUING) There's nothing official to do, of course. You might get the odd visitor.

FR SMITH AND FR MORGAN GET READY TO LEAVE.

FR MORGAN: (CONTINUING) There's some lunch all ready in the fridge. (PAUSE) Oh, and I'd be grateful if you'd pop into the church every now and then. We've had a few prowlers recently - after the money in the boxes.

FR SMITH: Not that they'd survive for long on what's in there! (LAUGHS) (TO PAUL) Goodbye, now

FR MORGAN: No, but the damage they cause is very expensive to put right.

FR SMITH LEAVES THE ROOM.

FR MORGAN: Sorry, we have to rush, but that traffic - and it'll be just as bad getting across to Southwark.

PAUL: (HOARSE) To - to Southwark?

FR MORGAN: Yes, of course. Didn't Monsignor say?

PAUL: Well he - I didn't catch all of it.

FR MORGAN: I'm participating in the afternoon service at St George's - the service for the sick. I'm supposed to be there by noon.

PAUL: Will you be - is that - you'll be with the Pope, then?

FR MORGAN: Well of course, man! That's the whole point. (GRASPS PAUL'S HAND) And I'm really very grateful to you for making it possible for my young colleague to get away as well. It'll be a tremendous experience for him. Indeed, for all of us. Sit yourself down, now. Make yourself at home.

HE LEAVES. PAUL STARES AFTER HIM. THEN FR MORGAN'S HEAD REAPPEARS ROUND THE DOOR.

FR MORGAN: If there are any sick calls, there's a map in the top drawer, by the telephone, and a bike in the garage. Or get a taxi, if it's far. Goodbye again.

THE HEAD DISAPPEARS. WE FOLLOW PAUL, AS HE SIGHS, SCRATCHES HEAD, AND GENERALLY TRIES TO COME TO TERMS WITH HIS LOT. HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE TELEVISION, AND WE PAN TO THE SET. THE POPE IS AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS HOMILY, AND WE SEE HIM SAY:

My brothers and sisters, with heartfelt gratitude and love I thank our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ that he has given me the grace of coming among you today. Today, for the first time in history, a Bishop of Rome sets foot on English soil.

THE SCREEN GOES BLANK.

CUT TO:

65. INT. FRONT ROOM OF FR MORGAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

MLS OF PAUL TURNING OFF THE TELEVISION, IN DISGUST. HE LOOKS AROUND, WALKS OVER TO THE DRINKS CABINET AND LOOKS INSIDE.

CUT TO:

66. INT. FRONT ROOM OF FR MORGAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

C/U OF PAUL'S FACE, BREAKING INTO A SMILE.

CUT TO:

67. INT. FRONT ROOM OF FR MORGAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

C/U OF DRINKS CABINET, DOOR OPEN, PAUL'S POV. THERE ARE SEVERAL BOTTLES OF WHISKEY.

CUT TO:

68. INT. FRONT ROOM OF FR MORGAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

MLS OF PAUL GETTING OUT A BOTTLE, ADMIRING IT. HE FINDS A GLASS AND POURS OUT A LARGE TOT.

PAUL: Feel at home, he said.

HE TOASTS AN IMAGINARY HEALTH, AND IS JUST ABOUT TO SIT DOWN WHEN THE PHONE RINGS. HE LOOKS AROUND, AND REALISES IT'S IN THE HALL. WALKS TOWARDS THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

69. INT. THE HALL OF FR MORGAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

THE TELEPHONE IS ON A SMALL TABLE WITH A DRAWER IN IT. PAUL APPROACHES IT TENTATIVELY. GRABS THE RECEIVER AND LISTENS.

FR BRYANT:(FILTER) Hello. This is Fr Bryant speaking.

PAUL'S FACE HORROR-STRUCK. HE MOUTHS, AND THEN, FLASH OF INSPIRATION. PUTS ON A FALSE VOICE, IMITATING FR MORGAN.

PAUL: (INTO PHONE) This is a recorded message. None of the priests are available at the moment, but if you leave your name and number, they will phone you back as soon as they can. Please leave your message after you hear the tone. Beep.

HE WAITS, ON TENTERHOOKS.

FR BRYANT: (FILTER) Oh, er, this is Father Bryant, Father Bryant. We seem to have missed each other this morning. Will you give me a ring here, if you still want me.

WE HEAR HIM PUT THE PHONE DOWN. PAUL PUTS HIS RECEIVER DOWN.

PAUL: Phew!

HE RETURNS TO THE FRONT ROOM. CUT TO:

70. INT. FRONT ROOM OF FR MORGAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

PAUL COLLAPSES INTO THE ARMCHAIR, TURNS ON THE TELEVISION, AND SAVOURS HIS DRINK. HE LEANS BACK AND WATCHES. MIX TO ANOTHER ANGLE WHERE WE SEE PAUL ASLEEP AND THE SERVICE COMING TO AN END. ZOOM IN ON PAUL'S FACE. HE IS JERKED AWAKE BY THE SOUND OF THE FRONT DOORBELL. HE DOESN'T REALISE WHERE HE IS FOR A MOMENT. THEN HE SEARCHES FOR THE BELL. CUT TO:

71. INT. THE HALL OF FR MORGAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

MS OF FRONT DOOR, WHICH HAS OPAQUE GLASS, THROUGH WHICH WE CAN DIMLY SEE THE FIGURE OF A CALLER. THE BELL RINGS AGAIN.

PAUL EMERGES FROM THE FRONT ROOM. HE STARES AT THE FRONT DOOR, THEN APPROACHES IT, AND OPENS IT. CUT TO:

72. INT./EXT. FR MORGAN'S FRONT DOOR. DAY.

MS OF IRISH TRAMP, 50s, PAUL'S POV.

TRAMP: Ah good day to you, father. I was wondering whether you'd be able to let me have a few pence for a meal, now. Or perhaps a cup of tea.

CUT TO:

73. INT./EXT. FR MORGAN'S FRONT DOOR. DAY.

PAUL MS IN DOORWAY, TRAMP'S POV. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY FOR A SECOND, THEN:

PAUL: Oh, I suppose so. Come in.

CUT TO:

74. INT./EXT. FR. MORGAN'S FRONT DOOR. DAY.

TRAMP MS, PAUL'S POV. THE TRAMP CAN'T BELIEVE HIS EARS.

TRAMP: Come in? Gladly, gladly.

HE MOVES FORWARD WITH ALACRITY, AS IF BEFORE PAUL CAN CHANGE HIS MIND, HALF PUSHING PAUL OUT OF THE WAY. CUT TO:

75. INT. THE HALL OF FR MORGAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

THE TRAMP PUSHING PAST PAUL, WHO IS A BIT SURPRISED. HE SHUTS THE DOOR. THE TRAMP IS LOOKING AROUND.

TRAMP: Well, now, this is very nice.

PAUL: Er, what can I do for you?

TRAMP: Shall I just find me way to the kitchen?

PAUL: Oh, the kitchen.

HE LOOKS AROUND VAGUELY. THE TRAMP NOTICES THIS.

TRAMP: Would you be a visitor here yourself, father?

PAUL: Well, yes, actually. I'm just here for the day.

TRAMP: Ah I thought so. I thought I didn't recognise you. I come here quite often myself, you see. Me and Father, er - the parish priest are old friends, and he always looks after me well. I won't be bothering you at all. I'll just help meself to me usual, and then be getting along.

PAUL: (RELIEVED) That's fine, that's fine.

THE TRAMP MOVES OFF DOWN THE HALL, IN SEARCH OF THE KITCHEN. PAUL PAUSES, THEN FOLLOWS. CUT TO:

76. INT. FR MORGAN'S KITCHEN. DAY.

AS PAUL ENTERS THE KITCHEN, THE TRAMP IS ALREADY WELL ON THE WAY TO TAKING IT APART, IN SEARCH OF FOOD. HE WATCHES, AMAZED, AS THE TRAMP EXPERTLY GUESSES WHERE THINGS ARE, AND ORGANISES HIMSELF A MEAL ON THE KITCHEN TABLE. MILK FROM THE FRIDGE, WHERE HE FINDS SEVERAL SLICES OF HAM, SALAD, ETC, AND A LARGE FLANKET ALL COMES OUT ONTO THE TABLE. HE TAKES OUT BREAD FROM THE BREAD BIN, FINDS BUTTER AND LOOKS FOR THE CUTLERY DRAWER. GETS OUT A KNIFE, AND MAKES A SANDWICH USING UP ALL THE HAM IN ONE GO. HE TAKES THE TOP OFF THE MILK AND DRINKS FROM THE BOTTLE, THEN BITES HUNGRILY INTO THE SANDWICH. HE EYES PAUL.

TRAMP: Very nice.

PAUL SMILES WEAKLY.

TRAMP: Will you be eating yourself, father? This ham is very good.

PAUL: I think I will have something. I was up very early this morning.

HE MOVES TO THE TABLE, TAKES A PIECE OF BREAD AND LOOKS FOR A KNIFE. THE TRAMP WIPES HIS ON HIS SLEEVE AND PASSES IT OVER. PAUL LOOKS ILL, AND GETS ANOTHER FROM THE DRAWER. HE BUTTERS THE BREAD, THEN LOOKS IN THE FRIDGE.

PAUL: There doesn't seem to be any more ham.

TRAMP: Ah well now, I've got masses here. Have some of this.

HE OPENS HIS SANDWICH, AND PEELS OFF THE TOP TWO SLICES OF HAM, WITH A LARGE BITE-MARK IN THEM, AND LAYS THEM ON PAUL'S BREAD. PAUL LOOKS ILL AGAIN. HE PUSHES THE SANDWICH TO ONE SIDE. CUTS A PIECE OF FLAN INSTEAD, AND IS JUST ABOUT TO EAT IT WHEN THE FRONT DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN. PAUL FREEZES. THE TRAMP LOOKS UP.

TRAMP: That's the front door, father.

PAUL: Oh yes, yes. I'm just going.

TRAMP: I'll be alright.

PAUL GETS UP AND WE FOLLOW HIM AS HE LEAVES. PAN BACK TO TRAMP, WHO STUFFS THE REST OF HIS SANDWICH INTO HIS MOUTH, AND LOOKS AT THE FLAN. HE WONDERS WHETHER TO CUT THE FLAN INTO SMALLER PIECES, AND DECIDES NOT TO. HE PICKS IT ALL UP AT ONCE, ~~GETS UP~~ AND EATS AS HE LEAVES THE KITCHEN. CUT TO:

77. INT. THE HALL OF FR MORGAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

PAUL IS OPENING THE DOOR. WE SEE MR. GRIFFITHS IN THE DOORWAY, WELSH, MIDDLE-AGED, HAIR THINNING, HARRASSED.

MR GRIFFITHS: Good afternoon, father. I'm sorry to trouble you, but I wanted to see Father Morgan.

PAUL: I'm afraid he's not in. He's gone to Southwark, to see the Pope.

MR GRIFFITHS: Oh, I see. (PAUSE) Is Father Smith in, then?

PAUL: He's gone with him.

MR GRIFFITHS: Oh dear, this is a problem. (PAUSE) I don't suppose - would you be free yourself for a few minutes, Father? I need some advice, urgently, you see.

PAUL: Me?

MR GRIFFITHS: Well, if you've got a few minutes.

PAUL: You'd better come in, then.

HE STEPS BACK AND MR GRIFFITHS ENTERS. PAUL SHUTS THE DOOR, AND THEN LEADS MR GRIFFITHS TO THE FRONT ROOM. HE OPENS THE DOOR, AS IF TO GO IN. WE SEE THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR THE TRAMP SITTING IN THE ARM-CHAIR, FEET UP, WATCHING THE TELEVISION, BOTTLE OF WHISKEY IN ONE HAND, REMAINS OF FLAN IN THE OTHER. HE RAISES THE BOTTLE APPRECIATIVELY. PAUL HASTILY SHUTS THE DOOR.

PAUL: No, not in there. Let's go in here.

HE OPENS THE OPPOSITE DOOR, AND FINDS IT IS A TOILET. HE CLOSES IT. MR GRIFFITHS LOOKS SURPRISED.

PAUL: Er, sorry. Not very familiar with the lay-out of this place.

HE TRIES ANOTHER DOOR, AND FINDS IT IS A SMALL WAITING-ROOM - BASICALLY JUST A TABLE AND CHAIRS. THERE'S AN OLD CLOCK ON THE WALL, WHICH TICKS LOUDLY. HE SHOWS MR GRIFFITHS IN.

CUT TO:

78. INT. THE WAITING ROOM OF FR MORGAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

THEY COME IN AND SIT DOWN.

PAUL: Well now...

MR GRIFFITHS: It's difficult to know where to begin. I belong to this parish, you see. I live in Alvar Road, not far away. Oh, I didn't introduce myself, did I - I'm John Griffiths.

THEY SHAKE HANDS.

PAUL: How do you do. I'm Father Bryant.

MR GRIFFITHS: I'm very pleased to meet you, and I really am sorry to trouble you, but Father Morgan did say I might call by, you see, if things at home got any worse, and I'm afraid they have. It's Tilly, you see. She's changed her mind again, and - Oh, but you don't know, do you. I'd better give you some of the background. We've been together a long time, you see, since before the War...

DURING THIS MONOLOGUE, WE ZOOM IN ON PAUL'S FACE, AS HE HALF-LISTENS, AND MR GRIFFITHS' VOICE BECOMES A BACKGROUND DRONE. HIS EYES LOOK UP AT THE CLOCK AND BACK AT MR GRIFFITHS. WE SLOWLY PAN ACROSS THE TABLE TO MR GRIFFITHS' FACE, THEN SLOWLY UP TO THE CLOCK, WHICH IS SHOWING 2.10. THE TICK GETS LOUDER AND DROWNS MR GRIFFITHS VOICE.

MR GRIFFITHS: (TO BE USED AS REQUIRED) ... I'd known her when we were kids together, back in Anglesey, and we'd had, well, quite a tempestuous relationship, you might say... Then things cooled when I left the area for a while, but when I came back, it was as if nothing had changed, nothing. Well (AD LIB) ...

MIX TO:

THE CLOCK NOW SHOWING 4.30, THE TICK RETURNING TO NORMAL LOUDNESS, SO THAT WE HEAR MR GRIFFITHS' VOICE AGAIN, AS WE PAN DOWN TO SEE HIS FACE, AND THEN BACK ACROSS THE TABLE TO SEE PAUL, STILL BRAVELY LISTENING.

MR GRIFFITHS: ... and all of this would never have happened. I don't know. I suppose I'll just have to be patient, and try and control myself. But it's very difficult, after all these years. (PAUSE) I don't suppose that sort of problem affects you very much, father.

PAUL: Oh, I don't know.

WE PULL BACK TO A 2-SHOT.

MR GRIFFITHS: You are very understanding, father. But, good heavens, is that the time (LOOKING UP AT THE CLOCK). I really must be going. It was very good of you to let me take up so much of your time.

PAUL: That's alright. I don't think I was any help, though.

MR GRIFFITHS: Oh, not at all, not at all. It's wonderful to find someone who's willing to listen to your problems. It's a great gift. Just talking about it all helps enormously. It's not easy, you know, to find someone with time to listen. I tried my doctor once. He's a very nice man, and very sympathetic, but as soon as you go in, you know you've only got five minutes or so, and that's useless. He says, 'Take your time', of course, but you can't really. You know that in the room outside there are other people waiting their turn, and you just can't go on and on. Anyway, I don't think my problems are medical ones, so I'm not sure how much help he'd be, even if he had the time. No, I value your help more, I really do, just by listening. I suppose it's a bit like going to confession.

PAUL: (ALARMED) You don't want to do that, though?

MR GRIFFITHS: Oh no, I was just thinking. Anyway, I must rush, now. Will you tell Father Morgan I called?

PAUL: Of course.

THEY GET UP, AND MOVE TOWARDS THE DOOR.

MR GRIFFITHS: Are you staying at St. Joseph's for long?

PAUL: No. I'll be gone this evening. (TO SELF) I hope.

MR GRIFFITHS: Ah well, thanks again.

CUT TO:

79. INT. THE HALL OF FR MORGAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

PAUL HAS JUST SHOWN MR GRIFFITHS OUT OF THE FRONT DOOR, AND IS LEANING BACK AGAINST IT, EXHAUSTED. HE REMEMBERS THE TRAMP, AND WALKS TO THE FRONT ROOM. HE GENTLY OPENS THE DOOR AND PEERS IN. THROUGH IT WE SEE THE TRAMP, FLAT OUT IN THE ARMCHAIR, SNORING LOUDLY, CRUMBS, EMPTY WHISKEY BOTTLES, ETC. THE TV IS STILL ON, NOW SHOWING A LAUREL AND HARDY FILM. CUT TO:

80. INT. FRONT ROOM OF FR MORGAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

PAUL COMES ACROSS TO THE TRAMP, AND SHAKES HIM. GRUNTS, BUT NO OTHER RESPONSE. HE PICKS UP THE WHISKEY BOTTLE, LOOKS AT IT AND PUTS IT DOWN. TURNS TO THE TV. HE SEES A TYPICAL PIECE OF LAUREL & HARDY DIALOGUE, AND HEARS 'This is another fine mess you got me into'. PAUL RAISES HIS EYES TO HEAVEN.

PAUL: Too right!

HE TURNS THE TV OFF, AND LOOKS ROUND. HE SEES THE PICTURE OF A CHURCH ON THE WALL. HE REMEMBERS.

PAUL: Oh, crumbs! I'm supposed to be looking after the church.

HE LOOKS AGAIN AT THE TRAMP, SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS, AND WALKS OUT OF THE ROOM. CUT TO:

TELECINE 10Outside Fr Morgan's church. Day.

PAUL is seen walking from Fr Morgan's house towards the church. He enters it.

CUT TO:

81. INT. A CHURCH SACRISTY. DAY.

PAUL GINGERLY OPENING THE SACRISTY DOOR, AND PEERING IN. HE ENTERS AND LOOKS AROUND. HE OPENS A CUPBOARD AND SEES A ROW OF CASSOCKS.

PAUL: Hmm.

HE TAKES ONE OUT AND MEASURES IT AGAINST HIMSELF. HE PUTS IT ON. IT IS MUCH TOO LONG. HE LOOKS IN THE MIRROR.

PAUL: Not bad, not bad. Maybe I'd be quite good at this business after all.

HE SHUFFLES AROUND. OPENS THE DOOR WHICH LEADS INTO THE CHURCH. CUT TO:

82. INT. A CHURCH INTERIOR. DAY.

WE SEE THE WHOLE OF THE CHURCH FROM THE BACK. IT SEEMS EMPTY AT FIRST, THEN WE SEE PAUL'S FIGURE EMERGE FROM THE SACRISTY DOOR, AND LOOK UP AND AROUND. HE WALKS OUT. IT IS SILENT FOR A MOMENT, THEN WE HEAR SOME BANGING AND SCRAPING. CUT TO:

83. INT. A CHURCH INTERIOR. DAY.

C/U OF PAUL'S FACE, AS HE LOOKS ABOUT FOR THE SOURCE OF THE NOISE. CUT TO:

84. INT. A CHURCH INTERIOR. DAY.

PAN ROUND THE CHURCH, PAUL'S POV. HOLD ON THE BACK OF THE CHURCH, WHERE WE SEE A FIGURE BEHIND A PILLAR (OR PARTITION). ZOOM IN ON THIS FIGURE, WHICH IS A SHIFTY-LOOKING MAN OF ABOUT 20. HE IS ATTACKING ONE OF THE CHURCH BOXES. CUT TO:

85. INT. A CHURCH INTERIOR. DAY.

C/U OF PAUL'S FACE. HE FROWNS AND SHOUTS.

PAUL: Hey!

CUT TO:

86. INT. A CHURCH INTERIOR. DAY.

L/S THE MAN LOOKS UP IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CAMERA. HE GRABS FOR HIS THINGS. CUT TO:

87. INT. A CHURCH INTERIOR. DAY.

PAUL L/S, STARTING FORWARD.

PAUL: Hey! Stop that!

HE TRIES TO RUN FORWARD, AND MANAGES A FEW STEPS, BUT THEN GETS TANGLES UP IN HIS CASSOCK AND FALLS OVER NOISILY. HE GETS UP, IN PAIN, AS HE'S TWISTED HIS ANKLE. HE HOBBOLES TO THE BACK OF THE CHURCH, AND LOOKS AROUND. THERE ARE SIGNS OF DAMAGE, BUT THE MAN HAS GONE. HE HOBBOLES FORWARD A BIT MORE, TOWARDS THE DOOR. AS HE NEARS IT, IT OPENS, AND IN WALKS A LUSCIOUS BROWNIE LEADER, IN UNIFORM, BLONDE, WELL-ENDOWED, EARLY 20s, DEBORAH.

DEBORAH: Good afternoon, father.

CUT TO:

88. INT. A CHURCH INTERIOR. DAY.

C/U PAUL'S FACE, AMAZED AT THIS VISION. HE OPENS HIS MOUTH, BUT NOTHING COMES OUT FOR A MOMENT. THEN:

PAUL: Er, did you see anyone leaving just now?

89. INT. A CHURCH INTERIOR. DAY.

PAUL AND DEBORAH, 2-SHOT.

DEBORAH: Well, yes, a man just ran past me out there.

PAUL: Ah, he's gone, then.

DEBORAH: Who was it?

PAUL: Someone having a go at these boxes, by the look of it.

DEBORAH: Oh gosh. Did he get anything?

PAUL: I don't think so. I think I surprised him in time.

HE STEPS FORWARD, BUT HIS LEG GIVES WAY. HE WINCES AND FALLS A BIT, BUT DEBORAH CATCHES HIM. CUT TO:

90. INT. A CHURCH INTERIOR. DAY.

C/U OF PAUL'S FACE SQUASHED UP AGAINST DEBORAH'S BOSOM, HIS EYES WIDE. CUT TO:

91. INT. A CHURCH INTERIOR. DAY.

PAUL AND DEBORAH, 2-SHOT. PAUL STRAIGHTENS UP. DEBORAH HOLDS ON TO HIS ARM IN SUPPORT.

DEBORAH: What's the matter, father?

PAUL: I'm afraid I hurt my leg in the chase.

DEBORAH: Oh dear. It's not broken, is it?

PAUL: Oh no. Just sprained, I think.

DEBORAH: Let me help. You'd better rest it for a while. It'll probably need something round it.

SHE HELPS HIM UP THE CHURCH. CUT TO:

92. INT. FR MORGAN'S KITCHEN. DAY.

PAUL IS SITTING ON A CHAIR, NEAR THE SINK, TAKING OFF HIS CASSOCK. DEBORAH HELPING TO MAKE HIM COMFORTABLE.

DEBORAH: Now, let me have a look at that leg.

SHE LIFTS HIS LEG ONTO ANOTHER CHAIR, UNDOES HIS SHOE LACES AND CAREFULLY ROLLS HIS SOCK DOWN AND HIS TROUSER LEG UP. AS SHE DOES THE LATTER, PAUL'S FACE DISPLAYS AN AGONY OF INDECISION, ABOUT WHETHER TO ENJOY THE EXPERIENCE OR NOT. AS DEBORAH PROBES GENTLY TOWARDS HIS KNEE, HE DECIDES TO ENJOY IT, AND THEN, AS SHE TOUCHES HIS ANKLE:

PAUL: Ow!

DEBORAH: Sorry. Yes, it's a bad sprain. You'll have to take it easy. Hold on, now.

SHE BUSIES HERSELF, FINDING A PIECE OF LINEN IN A DRAWER, SOAKING IT AND WRAPPING IT ROUND PAUL'S ANKLE. CUT TO:

93. INT. FR MORGAN'S KITCHEN. DAY.

C/U OF DEBORAH ROLLING DOWN PAUL'S TROUSER LEG.

DEBORAH: There.

PULL BACK TO 2-SHOT.

PAUL: Thanks very much.

DEBORAH: Oh, it's a pleasure.

SHE STARTS TO TIDY UP.

PAUL: What's your name?

DEBORAH: Deborah. Deborah Moyer.

PAUL: Hello. I'm Paul - er, Father Bryant.

DEBORAH: Are you new here, father?

PAUL: Oh, I'm just up here for the day, while the others are in town.

DEBORAH: Oh yes, they've gone to the Cathedral, haven't they. Father Morgan was so excited about it.

PAUL: (GLUMLY) I know.

DEBORAH: And it's our turn tomorrow. My pack is going to be on the roadside at Wembley. We should get a lovely view.

PAUL: I can imagine.

DEBORAH: Have you seen the Pope?

PAUL: I was hoping to, but I don't think I'll manage it now, with this leg.

DEBORAH: It is a shame.

PAUSE.

PAUL: (OFF-HAND) You have a lovely touch, you know.

DEBORAH: Ooh father, you shouldn't say things like that.

PAUL: Why not?

DEBORAH: (BLUSHING) Well, you're a priest.

PAUL: What's that got to do with it? A priest can still appreciate the gentle touch of a charming nurse, can't he?

DEBORAH: Father, don't tease.

PAUL: I'm not. You really did that very well.
(PAUSE) Your husband's a lucky man.

DEBORAH: Oh, I'm not married, father.

PAUL: Your boyfriend, then.

DEBORAH: I haven't a boyfriend, either. Well (SIMPERS), not a regular one, anyway. I did have until last month, but it got broken off.

PAUL: (TRYING TO HIDE DELIGHT) Oh, I'm sorry. What happened? You don't mind me asking?

DEBORAH: Oh, no. I mean, you're different, aren't you, father. I mean, you're a priest. Priests are safe.

PAUL CHOKES. DEBORAH LEANS OVER AND PATS HIS BACK, AGAIN HER BOSOM COMING CLOSE TO HIM.

DEBORAH: Oh dear. There.

PAUL: (RECOVERING) Thank you. Oh, you're quite right there. That's what my brother says too.

DEBORAH: Does he?

PAUL: Yes, er, my twin brother.

CUT TO:

94. INT. FR MORGAN'S KITCHEN. DAY.

C/U OF PAUL'S HANDS, BESIDE THE CHAIR. HE IS CROSSING HIS FINGERS. CUT TO:

95. INT. FR MORGAN'S KITCHEN. DAY.

DEBORAH AND PAUL, 2-SHOT.

DEBORAH: Your twin?

PAUL: Absolutely identical. Apart from my collar, you'd really not be able to tell us apart.

DEBORAH: Ooh.

PAUL: He's very different from me, though. In behaviour. A great one for the girls.

DEBORAH: Sounds interesting. (RECOLLECTS HERSELF) Oh, I beg your pardon, father.

PAUL: That's all right, er, my child. I'm very open-minded about these things.

DEBORAH: It's so nice to talk to a priest who understands.

PAUL: Understands what?

DEBORAH: About a girl's desires - about her deepest needs.

CUT TO:

96. INT. FR MORGAN'S KITCHEN. DAY.

C/U OF PAUL, LICKING DRY LIPS. CUT TO:

97. INT. FR MORGAN'S KITCHEN. DAY.

DEBORAH AND PAUL, 2-SHOT.

PAUL: My - my twin is good at that too. He really is.

DEBORAH: I'd love to meet him sometime.

PAUL: You - you would?

DEBORAH: Ooh yes. And if he looks just like you - well, I mean -

PAUL: (CUTTING IN) Well I don't see why you shouldn't. I can really recommend him. He's a charming lad. Very sympathetic. Lots of interests. He likes brownies, too - I mean, the organisation. And - and - (SADLY) and he's not long lost a girl-friend, too. You'd have a great deal in common.

DEBORAH: Oh yes.

PAUL: (CASUAL) Why don't you leave me a note of your address and telephone number, and I'll ask him to phone you next week.

DEBORAH: Lovely. I'll write it down.

SHE TAKES OUT A PEN AND NOTEBOOK, WRITES, AND TEARS OFF A SHEET, PASSES IT TO PAUL, WHO CRADLES IT.

PAUL: Ah, that's wonderful. He'll be thrilled. I'll be seeing him this evening, and I'll pass it on.

DEBORAH: Thank you so much. (PAUSE) Well, I must be going, father. I only intended to pop in for a moment. If you'll be alright, that is.

PAUL: (CONTENTED) I'll be fine, just fine.

DEBORAH: You stay there, then. I'll see myself out. 'Bye.

PAUL: 'Bye. And thanks again.

DEBORAH: That's alright. 'Bye.

SHE LEAVES. ZOOM IN ON PAUL, WHO LEANS BACK, SMUG.
CUT TO:

98. INT. FR MORGAN'S KITCHEN. DAY.

FR MORGAN AND FR SMITH ARE SITTING AT THE KITCHEN TABLE WITH PAUL.

FR MORGAN: I'll take you back to the Cathedral, then?

PAUL: (HASTILY) Oh, no thanks, Waterloo Station would be better. I have to travel to Reading tonight. To visit my mother.

FR MORGAN: Certainly, certainly. Let me give you a hand.

HE HELPS PAUL UP.

FR MORGAN: (CONTINUING) I'm so sorry you've crocked yourself like this. Very lucky you arrived on time. We'll really have to start thinking about keeping the church locked. A shame that'd be, though. What's the point of having a church, if it's locked all the time. Still -

FR MORGAN AND PAUL WALK TOWARDS THE DOOR, WHICH FR SMITH OPENS FOR THEM.

FR MORGAN: (CONTINUING) ((TO FR SMITH)) Will you get something ready for us to eat when I come back, father? Some of that nice ham will do.

FR SMITH: Surely.

FR MORGAN AND PAUL LEAVE. FR SMITH STARTS POTTERING AROUND. HE LOOKS IN THE FRIDGE FOR THE HAM, AND PULLS OUT AN EMPTY PLATE. PUZZLED. HE SEES THE EMPTY PLATES ON THE TABLE. SHAKES HEAD. WALKS

OUT OF THE ROOM. CUT TO:

99. INT. THE HALL OF FR MORGAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

FR SMITH IS WALKING ALONG THE HALL, AND IS ABOUT TO TURN UP THE STAIRS, WHEN HE HEARS A NOISE OF BOTTLES CLINKING FROM THE FRONT ROOM. HE LISTENS, THEN OPENS THE DOOR. HE SEES THE GENERAL MESS, WITH THE TRAMP OPENING A FURTHER BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.

TRAMP: Good - good day, father.

CUT TO:

100. INT. THE FRONT ROOM OF FR MORGAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

M/S OF FR SMITH IN DOORWAY, AMAZED. CUT TO:

TELECINE 11

A London station platform. Day.

FR MORGAN is helping PAUL get onto the train.

CUT TO:

101. INT./EXT. A TRAIN COMPARTMENT. DAY.

PAUL AND FR MORGAN, 2-SHOT. FR MORGAN AT THE WINDOW.

FR MORGAN: There we are. Have a good journey, now.

PAUL: Thank you.

FR MORGAN: Oh gosh, I nearly forgot.

HE REACHES INTO HIS POCKET, AND PULLS OUT A LITTLE PRAYER BOOK. HE PASSES IT ACROSS TO PAUL.

FR MORGAN: (CONTINUING) I have this for you.

PAUL: What's this?

FR MORGAN: Just a little present, for all your help. 'Tis a tiny memento of the Holy Father's visit. He gave us one each today, and I managed to get hold of another one for you. He blessed it himself. Look after it. 'Twill be worth something one day.

THE TRAIN STARTS TO MOVE OFF.

FR MORGAN: (WAVING) Goodbye, now.

PAUL: Goodbye.

HE LEANS BACK IN HIS SEAT AND LAUGHS. HE PULLS OFF HIS COLLAR, AND PUTS IT ON THE SEAT. HE LOOKS AT THE BOOK.

PAUL: That's worth at least 20 quid right now, if you only knew.

HE PUTS HIS HAND IN HIS POCKET, AND PULLS OUT THE SLIP OF PAPER WITH DEBORAH'S NUMBER ON. HE KISSES IT.

PAUL: To you, Deborah, my child!

HE BALANCES THE TWO MEMENTOS, ONE IN EACH HAND,
AND KISSES THEM BOTH. HE CLOSES HIS EYES, AND
LEANS BACK, WITH A HAPPY SMILE.

TELECINE 12

A London station platform. Day.

As the train leaves the end of the
platform, we see a priest's collar
thrown out of a window. The train
gathers speed.

FADE OUT. CREDITS.