

VISITING SUNDAY

An Original Screenplay

by

James H. Krefft, Stephen J. Duplantier,
Lynn R. Krefft, & Kathleen B. Duplantier

www.visitingsunday.com

U.S. Copyright Office Registration Number PAu-946-857
Writers Guild of America (West) Registration Number 1065205

3414 East Jamison Place
Centennial, CO 80122-3523
303-771-4324
Visiting Sunday 2.1a.doc

"VISITING SUNDAY"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SAINT MARK SEMINARY - ABBEY CHURCH - NIGHT (MAY 1968)

Scary silhouette. Checkered light streams from stained-glass window above main doors: dead Christ in arms of Virgin Mary. "Piéta." Offscreen pair of sandals SCRAPES pavement.

SUPER Saint Mark Seminary, Visiting Sunday, May 1968

2 INT. SAINT MARK SEMINARY - AUDITORIUM - ONSTAGE - NIGHT

Hamlet. JOHN JONES, JR. (20, mixed race, athletic, conspiracy theorist) plays Hamlet, and DANIEL JOSEPH YEATS (D.J., 20, lean, six-footer, scholar) is Horatio. PORKY CLASSMATE plays Osric. CLASSMATES play other characters.

JOHN (as Hamlet)

Fortinbras has my dying voice. So tell him, with the occurrents, Which have solicited. The rest is silence.

SUPER Hamlet, Final Scene

D.J. (as Horatio)

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince; And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

3 EXT. ABBEY CHURCH WALKWAY - NIGHT

Sandals SCRAPE. FRANCIS MESSER (Frank, 19, stocky, goody-goody) comes into view. He slogs forward in black cassock, Roman Collar, and biretta. In one hand he rubs a large clear crystal rosary, and in the other his fingers open and close on a large metal crucifix. Sharp edges of crucifix gleam.

4 INT. AUDITORIUM - ONSTAGE - NIGHT

Horatio turns and speaks to the audience.

D.J. (as Horatio)

And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world How these things came about.

Play goes background. 50-SOMETHING D.J. speaks.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
 My name is Dan Yeats. In May 1968,
 twenty classmates and I graduated
 from Saint Mark's, a Catholic
 minor seminary. Our commencement
 should have been a celebration.
 But it was not. The story of why
 it was not has not yet been told.
 It has not yet been told because
 of shame and fear.

5 EXT. ABBEY CHURCH WALKWAY - NIGHT

Pained, Frank stares up at Christ's bleeding wrists.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
 It is time to tell that story. It
 is time to speak, as Horatio
 vowed, To the yet unknowing world
 How these things came about.

6 INT. AUDITORIUM - ONSTAGE/SEATS - NIGHT

Curtain falls. CAST, except D.J., runs onstage and takes
 bows. AUDIENCE stands and APPLAUDS.

7 INT. AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Background APPLAUSE. D.J. throws costume aside and puts on
 jeans, but he forgets to take off floppy stage hat. He
 checks a pocket for an item. He picks up a book and runs out
 backstage door. Door SLAMS behind him.

8 INT. AUDITORIUM - SEATS - NIGHT

WHISTLES. BRAVOS. APPLAUSE.

D.J.'s family CLAPS: JOY (forties, petite), DOUG (forties,
 burly), PEGGY (17, nubile), and ANGUS (10, runt).

SISTER FAITH MACLEAN (19, sensuously pretty, dreamer) is with
 them. In white habit with black knotted-rope cincture, she
 smiles and looks around nervously. As family congratulates
 PLAYERS, she slips out a side door, forgetting to close it.

9 EXT. GRAVEL ROAD BY ABBEY CHURCH - NIGHT

D.J.'s footsteps CRUNCH into gravel. He pauses and listens. He glances at church walkway and sees a shadow stumbling onto the steps. Faith's TINY FOOTSTEPS divert his attention. He hides the book behind his back and takes her shaking hand.

D.J.

Hey, you.

FAITH

Hey, yourself.

They run up sidewalk to the bell tower and enter quietly.

10 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - BELL TOWER FOYER - NIGHT

Bell ropes dangle down and pool on floor. Faith stops D.J.

FAITH

Do you have it?

D.J. nods and puts a finger to her lips. He takes her hand, and they start up stairs. At first landing, he releases her hand and vaults over the railing. He lands with SMACK.

FAITH

Daniel, what are you doing?

He removes floppy stage hat with a flourish.

D.J.

Juliet!

FAITH

Daniel, stop playing!

He takes Romeo and Juliet from behind his back, flips pages, and strikes a dramatic pose. Faith stands upright.

D.J.

She doth teach torches to burn
bright!

FAITH

Oh, Romeo!

Sandals FLOP outside on sidewalk to bell tower door.

FAITH

Daniel, someone's coming.

D.J. pretends to draw a sword.

D.J.

Who's Daniel? I'll slay him!

FAITH

You slay me, Romeo. Now, come on.

D.J.

Want to play with my sword?

FAITH

What sword? - Oh! Daniel! You're incorrigible. Now, come on.

He races to the landing, and they disappear up the stairs.

11 INT. AUDITORIUM - SEATS/ONSTAGE - NIGHT

CAST and CREW mix with audience. LOUD CONVERSATIONS. Movement. LAUGHTER. Joy, Doug, and John's mother TONI (fifties, white, weathered, in wheelchair) talk with John.

TONI

Son, you were marvelous, just marvelous. I love you so much!

JOHN

Thanks, mom. It was a lot of fun!

JOY

Yes, John. You were terrific, isn't that right, Douglas?

DOUG

Yes, dear. Outstanding, Johnny.

JOHN

Thanks, Mr. Yeats. It was a kick.

JOY

Where's Daniel?

JOHN

He's here somewhere, Mrs. Yeats.

John notices open side door through which Faith fled.

TONI

Joy, Daniel was simply splendid. I had my heart in my throat when he said, "Goodnight, sweet prince."

JOY

Thank you, Toni. Where is Daniel?

JOHN

He was having stomach problems. Probably in the john.

JOY

That boy and his queasy tummy.

SISTER PERPETUA (Perp, fifties, Valkyrie on steroids) charges in. She wears Barnabian brick red habit with black knotted-rope cincture. Her sleeves fall to the forearm, and her skirt drapes to the shin. She brandishes a bloodied riding crop.

SISTER PERPETUA

Have any of you people seen Sister Mary Faith?

JOHN

No, sister.

SISTER PERPETUA

Sir, have you seen her?

DOUG

Who's that, sister?

Perp CRACKS the riding crop against a leg. The group jumps.

SISTER PERPETUA

The pretty novice who was sitting with your family during the play!

TONI

Ladies room probably, sister.

SISTER PERPETUA

Well, tell her I'm looking for her.

ALL

Yes, sister.

Sister Perp storms off.

DOUG

I didn't like her much at lunch,
and I don't like her much now.

JOY

Dear! She's a nun. Honestly!

DOUG

She's a prune. Who is she?

JOHN

Sister Perpetua, the Novice
Mistress at Saint Monica's.

TONI

No wonder Faith wanted to sit with
you during the play.

JOHN

The novices call her 'Sister Perp.'

LAUGHTER. Frank's mother PAULINE (forties, uptight) joins.

PAULINE

Boys, where is Francis?

JOHN

He was a crewmember, Miss Pauline.
Most likely backstage cleaning up.

PAULINE

I've already checked backstage.

JOY

He and Daniel and Sister Faith seem
to have vanished. I wonder what's -

JOHN

I'll find them, and we'll meet you
at the after-party in the refectory.

John bounds onto stage, navigates the set, and runs out the
backstage door. Door SLAMS behind him.

12 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - BELL TOWER - NIGHT

D.J. and Faith disrobe each other. She pulls out votive
candles and arranges them around the bedding. Looking shy,
she gives him a book of matches. He lights the candles.

She takes out lipstick and compact and applies makeup. D.J. runs a hand through her cropped hair and SINGS.

D.J.

Gimme a head with hair, Short
beautiful hair, Shining, gleaming -

FAITH

Don't make fun, Daniel.

D.J.

I'm sorry. I really do love your
hair, face, body. Your EVERYTHING.
Faith, I'm wild about you.

FAITH

Me too. Divine love, Daniel -
limitless, timeless, senseless.

Door SLAMS. They peer down through the bell rope hole.

13 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - BELL TOWER FOYER - CONTINUOUS

BROTHER HILDEBERT (forties, androgynous) waddles in and parks a coffee mug on a step. Mug reads "World's Greatest Ringer." He rolls up sleeves (revealing huge forearms and biceps), uncoils a thick knotted rope, and signs himself.

He RINGS bell, gripping rope so tightly he is lifted up. He is naked beneath his habit as he shoots up into darkness.

14 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - BELL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The naked couple holds their hands over their ears.

FAITH

You sure we're safe here? I mean,
the monks'll be chanting Compline.

D.J.

Absolutely - like Poe's purloined
letter, hiding in plain sight.
Perfect for trysting the night away.

D.J. gets up and dances the Twist. Bell stops ringing.

FAITH

Poe and Chubby Checker in one
thought. Daniel, you're crazy!!!

D.J.

Yeah, crazy about you too.

FAITH

Thank you. I'm kinda sweet on
you. Now, let me see it, Daniel.

D.J. pulls out packaged condom and displays it the way a priest presents the Communion Host. They kiss and fondle each other, MOANING and BREATHING HEAVILY.

15 EXT. ABBEY CHURCH - PORTICO - NIGHT

Frank kneels, rosary and crucifix fused in his hands. A chastity belt circles his waist, his sandals lay on the steps, and the Roman Collar and biretta rest at his knees. A breeze blows the collar sideways, SCRAPING it eerily.

16 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - MONKS STALLS - NIGHT

Standing, occasionally bowing, MONKS CHANT Compline. ABBOT BARUCH (fifties, haughty) fingers his pectoral crucifix.

SUPER Divine Office of Compline

A Psalter rests on bench of an empty stall. On sheet of music protruding from hymnbook, a name: DISMAS.

17 EXT. GRAVEL ROAD BY ABBEY CHURCH - NIGHT

John runs, looking left and right. He HEARS SOUND in the direction of the portico and pauses to listen. The SOUND is muffled by the monks CHANTING Compline. The SOUND STOPS, and a brisk WIND picks up, RUSTLING through the trees.

18 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - MONKS STALLS - NIGHT

Pipe organ PLAYS. Monks INTONE canticle Nunc Dimittis.

MONKS

Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine.

19 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - BELL TOWER - NIGHT

With CANTICLE in background, D.J. and Faith go at it amid the circle of flickering votive candles. Faith INTONES her escalating pleasure in cadence. Her MOANS RISE and FALL.

20 EXT. ABBEY CHURCH - PORTICO - SAME TIME

ORGAN MUSIC in background. Frank "kneels out": arms outstretched laterally at the shoulder. He MUMBLES.

FRANK

Kyrie, eleison - ora pro nobis -
kai sarx egeneto - felix culpa -
Magnificat anima mea Dominum.

The WIND blows the Roman Collar CLATTERING down the steps.

FRANK

Christe, eleison - ecce, homo,
domine - logos et lux - ecce homo.

Monks conclude Nunc Dimittis. Frank bows his head.

FRANK

Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine.

SUPER Now dismiss your servant, Lord

Frank looks up at Christ in stained-glass window, signs himself, and saws at his wrist with the metal crucifix.

FRANK

Now - now - now.

21 INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - DAY (CONTEMPORARY - WINTER)

"Now, now, now" on flatscreen monitor. Desk chair SCRAPES as 50-SOMETHING D.J. pushes back and stares out at snow-covered mountains. He gets up, stretches, and heads for coffee pot. He pours a fresh cup. Mug reads "World's Greatest Granddad."

He walks to window and looks down: Frank's rosary. D.J. picks it up. He looks at screen: "Now, now, now."

He heads back to desk, sets the rosary to the side of the screen, and sits down. He SCRAPES the chair forward, takes a sip of coffee, and BANGS on the keyboard.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
 My friends and I had entered Saint
 Mark's Seminary in 1962, right
 after grade school. It was an age
 of idealism, of aspiration, of
 doing for your country and for
 your God rather than for yourself.
 We all believed we were going to
 spend our lives doing God's work.
 It was our vocation.

JUMP CUT TO:

22 EXT. SEMINARY WOODS - DAY (FALL 1962)

Sun rises. 14-year-old D.J., John, and WILLIAM DICKENSON
 (Billy, striking) run through thick woods along a creek.
 They carry wooden squirrel traps under arms.

SUPER First Class, Fall 1962

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
 For a Catholic like me, no calling
 was more worthy than becoming a
 priest. Saint Mark's was an idyllic
 place to begin this sacred journey.

The boys appear and disappear as they run among towering
 pines, sweet gums, and oaks. They CRASH down a bank into the
 creek bed and back up the bank again. They move in a blur.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
 In many ways it was moving, even
 magical, and it was just plain fun.

D.J. climbs a huge sweet gum and moments later shouts.

D.J.
 Got one! A flying squirrel, Billy.

D.J. removes sprung squirrel trap.

BILLY
 I caught one! I caught one!

JOHN
 Whatcha gonna name it, Billy?

BILLY
 Icarus. His name will be Icarus.

23 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - MONKS STALLS - DAY

Monks CHANT Lauds. FATHER DISMAS (Dis - pronounced 'Diz,' forties, bearded popinjay) bows in exaggerated fashion.

SUPER Divine Office of Lauds

Frank kneels by rack of votive candles near first pew and looks up at statue of the Virgin Mary. Hands folded around his rosary, he moves his lips in silent prayer.

24 INT. SEMINARY - HALLWAY - DAY

Toting a beat-up backpack, D.J. STOMPS with CLASSMATES past FATHER THEODORET (Theo, seventies, hunched) limping down hall. Theo moves his lips as he silently reads his breviary.

FATHER THEODORET

Little lambs, little lambs, little
lambs of Jesus.

25 INT./EXT. CLASSROOM/GRAVEL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

BOYS hustle to desks with books, notebooks, and pencil pouches. D.J. takes front desk by window. Frank sits next to him and takes out fieldbook on butterflies.

D.J.

Wow, Frank, that one's beautiful.

D.J. points to a Giant Swallowtail.

FRANK (O.S.)

It's a Giant Swallowtail.

D.J. (O.S.)

How big do they get?

Frank positions his hands about 6 inches apart.

FRANK

About so.

D.J.

Whoa! That's incredible. Think
we'll catch one around here?

FRANK

Johnny and I already have! I'll
show you after lunch.

CLOCK: 8:00. BELL RINGS.

Holding a coffee mug and smoking a corncob pipe, FATHER
COSMAS (Cosmic, forties, slow fused) enters. He slams the
door and parks the mug on the podium. "World's Greatest
Spiritual Director." He COUGHS and flips open his gradebook.

FATHER COSMAS

William Stephen Dickenson.

BILLY

Here, father.

FATHER COSMAS

John Jean Jones, Jr.

JOHN

Yo, father.

Through window D.J. sees laundry bags by gravel road.

FATHER COSMAS (O.S.)

Francis Marion Messer.

FRANK (O.S.)

Right here, father.

Cosmic DRONES in background. D.J. stares at stakebody truck
pulling up next to laundry bags. AMP (sixties, sinewy, easy)
dismounts and begins to swing up bags two at a time.

FATHER COSMAS

Daniel Joseph Yeats. MR. YEATS!

D.J.

Sorry, Father Cosmas. Here.

FATHER COSMAS

Thanks for joining the living.

LAUGHTER.

FATHER COSMAS

D.J., I've been meaning to ask you:
are you related to the Irish poet
and playwright, W. B. Yeats?

D.J.

My mom says 'yes,' and my dad, 'no.'

FATHER COSMAS

A definite 'maybe,' then?

D.J.

More like a probable 'certainty.'

LAUGHTER. Father Cosmic puffs and opens his Latin text.

FATHER COSMAS

Very good! Today, we conjugate the verb, 'ire,' "to go." John.

JOHN

Iro - iras - irat - iramus -

Cosmic SLAMS Latin textbook against the desk. Boys jump.

FATHER COSMAS

Billy, give it a try.

BILLY

Iro - ires - iret - iremus -

Cosmic flings eraser at Billy, who ducks, and hits Frank in the forehead, leaving a chalk mark. Frank rubs his forehead, picks up the eraser, and tosses it back to the teacher.

FATHER COSMAS

Thanks, Frank. I don't think you'll need to go to the infirmary. D.J.

D.J.

Eo, is, it, imus, itis, eunt.

GROANS. CLASSMATES hurl wads of paper. He bats them away.

26 INT. REFECTORY - LUNCH (WINTER 1963)

LECTOR stands at lectern and reads into STATIC-PRONE microphone while SEMINARIANS and PREFECTS eat in SILENCE.

LECTOR

The Book of Genesis, Chapter 19. The townspeople laid siege to the house, crying out, Where are thy visitors?

SERIES OF REFECTORY SHOTS AS LECTOR READS.

LECTOR (O.S.)

Bring them out so we might gratify
our lust. Lot said, No, brethren, do
not be guilty of such a wrong. I
have two daughters, and you can have
your way with them, but do these men
no harm. What, they said, wouldst
thou set thyself up as a judge?

A) PREFECTS TABLE: Rector, FATHER THADDEUS ('T,' forties,
handsome oyster), sits at head, puffs on a Meerschaum
pipe, and sips from mug. "World's Greatest Rector."

Around table: FATHER PETRONIUS (Pete, fifties, willowy
enforcer), Father Dismas, and TWO OTHER PREFECTS. Pete
smokes an unfiltered cigarette and Dis a cigarillo.

B) SEMINARIAN kneels out in front of the Prefects Table.

C) SERVERS hastily place serving bowls on 12-person tables,
and SEMINARIANS eagerly pass around the serving bowls.

D.J. and John sit by each other. LECTOR goes background.

D.J.

How come he's kneeling out?

JOHN

For that tray of dishes he dropped.

D.J.

Criminy! Kneeling out for dropping
dishes. How cheap is that.

JOHN

You know Father Pete. Nothing's
too trivial to kneel out for.

A SENIOR AT MIDTABLE leans in D.J. and John's direction.

SENIOR AT MIDTABLE

Shhhh, or you'll be kneeling out.

D.J. spoons daub of peanut butter onto his plate, douses it
with honey, and mixes them together. He spreads the gooey
blend on a slice of monks bread and takes a huge bite.

Brother Hildebert comes to the table, approaches the Senior
at Midtable, and gives him a pitcher of ice-cold milk.

SENIOR AT MIDTABLE

Thank you, Brother Hildebert.

Hildebert gives him a Holy Card. While the brother rubs his shoulders, the senior reads: "God loves all sinners."

LECTOR (O.S.)

Abraham looked out over Sodom and Gomorrah and saw nothing but smoke going up from the land.

27 INT. ABBEY CHURCH VESTIBULE - CONFSSIONAL - DAY

Nameplate over center section reads "FR. DISMAS." At head of queue of four friends, D.J. holds his stomach.

FRANK

You okay, Deege?

JOHN

Yeah, you look whiter than the average white boy. What's goin on?

D.J.

Confession makes me really nervous.

BILLY

Why? The priest can't tell anybody what you say in there. If he did, he'd go straight to hell and burn there like for a bazillion years.

Ashen D.J. rubs his stomach.

D.J.

I know. I - I can't explain it.

FRANK

Confessophobia, Deege?

JOHN

Maybe you should take a barf bag in there, just in case, I mean. Eeecth!

LAUGHTER. Father Dis pokes his head out and scowls. QUIET. PENITENT emerges. D.J. enters and kneels on the predieu. The privacy grate SCRAPES opens. D.J. signs himself.

D.J.

Bless me, father, for I have sinned.

FATHER DISMAS

How long since your last confession?

D.J.

I lose track, father.

FATHER DISMAS

My son, you should be going to confession at least once a week.

D.J.

Yes, father, I know. Since my last confession I cheated on a Latin test. Uh. Two Latin tests, really. Uh. Oh, and I had impure thoughts.

FATHER DISMAS

How often did you sin by thought?

D.J.

I lose track, father.

FATHER DISMAS

I can give you a special blessing to help you resist such carnal desires.

D.J.

What kind of blessing, father?

FATHER DISMAS

A special blessing for your penis.

D.J. shifts on the predieu and GULPS. He shifts again.

D.J.

Is there really such a blessing?

FATHER DISMAS

Yes, a benediction to protect you against temptations of the flesh.

D.J.

I - I - I don't think so, father.

FATHER DISMAS

Have you already acted impurely?

D.J.

What do you mean, father?

FATHER DISMAS

Have you touched yourself? Abused yourself? Have you - masturbated?

D.J.

Oh, no, father. I don't do that.

FATHER DISMAS

I think you're lying.

D.J.

Lying? About what, father?

FATHER DISMAS

You've masturbated and are now lying about it. Tell me the truth!

D.J. rubs his stomach faster than before.

D.J.

Father, I said, I don't do that.

FATHER DISMAS

Did you know that self-pollution can lead to suicide? I said, suicide.

D.J.

Really, father?

FATHER DISMAS

Yes. Absolutely it can. I know of many cases. Worse, self-defilement will damn your soul to the eternal unquenchable fires of hell.

D.J.

Hell, father?

FATHER DISMAS

Yes. Do you want to go to hell?

Almost choking, D.J. is unable to respond.

FATHER DISMAS

Well, do you want to burn forever?

D.J. covers his mouth with a hand.

FATHER DISMAS

Answer me! Do you want to burn in hell forever, in bitter, horrible,

unending agony, tormented by
Satan's legions of howling demons?

D.J.

NOOOOOOO!

D.J. projectile vomits, catching Dis in the face.

28 INT. INFIRMARY - DAY (SPRING 1963)

The guys crowd around as FATHER FABIAN (Fab, thirties, suave straight-shooter) tends to Icarus. On exam table: bandages, cotton swabs, and mug. "World's Greatest Infirmarian."

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)

Of all the monks at Saint Mark's,
Father Fabian had the biggest heart.
None of us could figure out why. We
guessed it was because he had served
as a medic in Korea and not been
ordained until his thirties.

The squirrel nips Fab, drawing blood.

FATHER FABIAN

Geronimo! He can still bite.

BILLY

Do whatever you can, father.

FATHER FABIAN

I will, Billy. Shit, now I've got
rabies to worry about.

BILLY

Sorry, father. He didn't mean it.

Icarus struggles, twitches, and dies.

BILLY

Thanks for trying, father. We'll
bury him in the woods.

FATHER FABIAN

Billy, I'll need his head to test.

Billy pulls the dead squirrel to his chest and glares back.

JOHN

Jeez, Billy, come on. Rabies!

John takes Icarus from Billy and hands the tiny corpse to Father Fabian, who disappears to the rear.

D.J.
I'm letting mine go.

JOHN
Let's bury him and let the rest go.

Fab returns with the headless corpse wrapped in bandages.

FRANK
He looks shorter.

GROANS.

29 EXT. SEMINARY WOODS - DAY

Heads bowed, the guys stand over a tiny grave into which Billy places the mummy-wrapped Icarus. As Billy splashes the carcass with Holy Water, the boys sign themselves in unison.

Billy tosses handful of dirt over Icarus. One by one, the other boys do same. Billy shoves pile of dirt into the grave and taps down the earth with a hand.

As Billy adjusts a crucifix fashioned from sticks, the others open up cages. Squirrels scamper out, dash in all directions, and sprint up trees, TWITTERING wildly.

Squirrels spring from branches, extending legs, and wheel against the blue afternoon sky. The squirrels crisscross above the boys. Then, the flying squirrels are gone.

30 INT. STUDY HALL - DAY

Dismas holds up "Activity Sign-Out" clipboard and reads. He strokes his beard, smirks, and bolts from the room.

31 EXT. WOODS AND WINDING FORK RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

Dis speeds towards river, knapsack in hand and binoculars around his neck. On same path, Father Pete reads breviary ahead of Dis, who sees him and takes shortcut to river.

Pete hears boys LAUGHING and zeroes in. Unseen by Pete, Dis takes up position to observe. In swimsuits, the guys swing on a rope and SPLASH into the water. Onshore with butterfly net, Frank closes in on a Monarch. Dis focuses binoculars on D.J and Billy's butts.

FATHER DISMAS

My, my, my, what have we here?

Dis takes leather-bound diary from knapsack, props it against a thigh, and makes entries. He resumes spying.

FRANK

Hey, guys. I got a Monarch!

D.J. digs out a clump of clay, cocks his arm, and announces.

D.J.

Clay fight!

D.J. splats Billy right between the shoulders. Billy turns.

BILLY

Clay fight! Clay fight!

Frank puts down net and runs towards river. Boys launch into "clay fight": they dig out clumps of clay, mold it into wads, and hurl lumps at each other. Father Dis locks on bare-chested D.J and Billy. Father Pete bursts out of the woods.

FATHER PETRONIUS

Tonight. All of you. Kneel out!

32 INT. REFECTORY - SUPPER - THAT NIGHT

Four pals kneel out, arms flagging. REFECTORY SOUNDS.

LECTOR (O.S.)

The Seven Storey Mountain. People immersed in sensual appetites and desires are not well prepared to handle abstract ideas. Purity of heart is required before an intellect can work out problems of metaphysics.

33 INT. FATHER COSMAS'S OFFICE - DAY (FALL 1963)

D.J. squirms as Cosmic reams out corncob pipe with pipe tool.

SUPER Second Class, Fall 1963

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
 Someone once said the only
 creature on God's green earth that
 thinks about sex more than a 14-
 year-old boy is a 15-year-old boy.
 In our second year at Saint
 Mark's, my friends and I did
 little to disprove that saying.

D.J. looks out the window. TWO BROTHERS hustle behind a line
 of cows, WHISTLING and CLAPPING HANDS.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
 As our spiritual overseers - and as
 relentless sentinels against carnal
 contagion - the Barnabians went to
 great lengths to browbeat us into
 keeping our corks in the bottle.

CLUNK, CLUNK as Cosmic BANGS pipe into a glass ashtray. He
 opens a tobacco pouch, grabs a pinch, and stuffs it into the
 pipe bowl. He tamps down tobacco, FLICKS a pipe lighter, and
 puffs feverishly. Clouds of smoke waft in D.J.'s direction.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
 They played their roles as shields
 against temptations with gusto. So
 harsh was their rule we called them,
 'Barbarians.' Counseling sessions
 were called 'Spiritual Direction,'
 but we came to learn not all their
 direction was spiritual.

FATHER COSMAS
 (pipe in mouth, garbled)
 You aren't masturbating, are you?

D.J.
 What's that, father?

FATHER COSMAS
 Mas-tur-ba-ting. You aren't, are you?

D.J.
 No, father. You mean now; no, of
 course not - I don't do that.

FATHER COSMAS

It can lead to suicide, you know.

D.J.

Yes, father.

FATHER COSMAS

Do you know anyone who is?

D.J.

Who is - who is what, father?

FATHER COSMAS

Masturbating, Daniel, masturbating.

D.J.

No, father, I don't - know anybody.

FATHER COSMAS

Daniel, you must tell me if you see or hear of anyone masturbating, anyone. Anyone, is that clear?

D.J.

Yes, father, I will.

34 EXT. PICNIC GROUNDS - DAY (VISITING SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1963)

Wintry day mirrors somber mood of nation. D.J.'s family sits around table filled with picnic delights. John sits next to AGE-12 PEGGY. AGE-5 ANGUS opens up foil-covered dish, filches a fried-chicken drumstick, and takes a bite.

JOY

Angus, wait for the blessing.

Angus drops drumstick. Everyone clasps hands and bows heads.

DOUG

Bless us, O Lord, for these thy gifts, which we are about to receive, through Christ Our Lord.

ALL

AMEN.

DOUG

Let's eat!

JOY

Not yet, Douglas.

DOUG

What now, dear?

JOY

We must pray for President Kennedy.

DOUG

Of course, dear.

Everyone clasps hands and bows heads. Joy nods to Doug.

DOUG

Now, let's eat!

Polite TALK and passing of dishes. Guys put too much on their plates and dig in as Joy beams. Doug pulls a beer from an ice chest, opens it with church key - WHOOSH, and downs a draught. Peggy nudges up against John.

DOUG

Glad you could join us, Johnny.

JOHN

Thank you, Mr. Yeats. This chicken's great, Mrs. Yeats, really delicious.

JOY

Why, thank you, John. Sorry your folks couldn't make it today. Is your mom feeling okay, better now?

JOHN

She's still really upset about the president being shot and all. She cries about it all the time.

JOY

I still can't believe it myself. I was washing dishes when I heard the news on the TV. I'm so glad Mr. Hoover says Oswald was a lone nut. I'd be more afraid if the Communists had done it.

Angus looks up from eating the dessert, a pink cake dotted with Maraschino cherries and frenetic ants.

D.J.

Mom, you don't really believe
Oswald acted alone, do you?

JOY

That's what the FBI said, Danny.

JOHN

The FBI? Some agents cheered when
they heard the president was shot.

DOUG

Johnny, that's absurd! Where in
tarnation did you hear such an
outrageous notion? It's nuts!

D.J.

From Big John - John's dad, I mean.
He was followed by the FBI for years.

JOY

Why on earth would they do that?

D.J.

He's a union organizer. He gave
the FBI a bunch of shit when they
accused him of being a Commie,
right, Johnny?

JOHN

Yep. Big John doesn't back down from
nobody, not even J. Edgar Hoover.

DOUG

Danny, watch your language.

D.J.

Sorry, dad. But Big John knows stuff.

Angus picks an ant off the pink cake and takes a bite.

DOUG

Is that right, Johnny?

JOHN

Yes, sir. He heard it from an Army
buddy who was fixing a mimeo
machine in an FBI office that day.

JOY

Well, I refuse to believe such an outlandish accusation. Mr. Hoover is a national institution!

JOHN

He should be in an institution!
Excuse me. I gotta go set tables.

John storms off. Peggy pouts.

D.J.

Damn it, mom, you embarrassed John.

DOUG

Enough, Daniel! What Johnny was saying is disgraceful. Insulting.

D.J.

He also says Hoover wears dresses and has sex with men and boys.

JOY

DANIEL JOSEPH! THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH!

Billy's two cute sisters LUCY (14) and JUDY (13) tiptoe up behind D.J. Lucy covers his eyes with her hands.

LUCY

Hi, D.J. Guess who! Guess, guess!

D.J. gently grasps the soft girl hands.

D.J.

Lucy, right?

LUCY

Wanna come over for dessert? My mom brought her gooey chocolate éclairs.

D.J. turns and stares at her budding breasts.

D.J. (O.S.)

I'm going to Billy's for a while.

JOY (O.S.)

But you haven't eaten my cake yet.

D.J. (O.S.)

Mom, I'll be back. You know Billy's mom can use the company.

JOY

I suppose. Tell her hello for us.

The threesome head toward the river and a secluded path.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)

When Billy was four, his dad was killed in a dogfight in Korea. Billy used to tell us his mom cried a lot, especially on Visiting Sundays.

The three walk too closely together. D.J. can't help but smell Lucy's hair and sweet girl smells. His eyes fixate on the brassiere strap beneath her white blouse.

LUCY

D.J., why do you want to be a priest? If you do, everyone will call you 'Father What-a-Waste.'

D.J.

Lucy, I have a vocation to the priesthood. God has called me.

Judy spies their table and runs. Lucy grabs D.J.'s hand and pulls him to her for a slightly misplaced kiss on the lips.

Billy's mom VICTORIA (thirties, chesty, divine bottom) wears a red sweater with a plunging neckline. She CHEWS GUM. She goes up to D.J. and kisses him at length on the cheek.

Chocolate smeared on his lips, Billy gives D.J. an éclair. D.J. takes a bite. Goey cream oozes onto his lips.

Victoria SPITS OUT GUM, wipes pearly ooze from D.J.'s lips, and sticks a finger into her mouth. The finger loiters there and emerges slowly. She closes her eyes and SMACKS her lips.

VICTORIA

I love that stuff!

35 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - MONKS STALLS - DAY

Monks CHANT Prime, bowing occasionally.

SUPER Divine Office of Prime

Frank kneels by flickering votive candles, praying the rosary. He dreamily contemplates statue of Virgin Mary. Marv looks down on him with a beatific smile and tender eyes.

36 EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - DAY

SEMINARIANS pile into cars for Christmas vacation. Victoria bends over to put Billy's gear into the car trunk. D.J. and John put down their suitcases and stare.

D.J.

You can sure see where Billy's sisters get their fine looks.

The two ogle Victoria's divine bottom, swishing side to side.

JOHN (O.S.)

Oh, shit. That is one sexy ass.

D.J. (O.S.)

Criminy, Johnny, that's Billy's mom.

JOHN (O.S.)

Yeah!

D.J. (O.S.)

I wonder what it's like growing up in a house with all women.

JOHN

You think they made Billy play with dolls or wear dresses or put makeup on or something like that.

D.J.

Shit no. Billy wouldn't do that.

JOHN

Yeah. Billy ain't no queer.

Smoking his Meerschaum pipe, Father 'T' notices Victoria struggling and offers to help. He and Billy load the rest of the gear, while Victoria directs them. Frank joins the guys.

FRANK

What you dickheads staring at?

D.J.

Billy's mom's butt. Hot!

FRANK

Doesn't do it for me. But you can sure see where Billy gets his good looks. See you guys after Christmas.

JOHN

Yeah, Frank, see you next year.

Frank departs, while D.J. and John continue staring.

D.J. (O.S.)

She really is sexy, isn't she?

JOHN (O.S.)

Yeah!

37 EXT. SEMINARY WOODS - RUBBER ROAD - DAY (SPRING 1964)

Wearing work gloves, D.J., John, and Billy load logs onto a farm cart hitched to a tractor.

Frank stalks a Zebra Swallowtail along the road. He watches it light on a semen-filled condom hanging in a bush. The bush and the ground around it teem with used rubbers. Frank hoists a rubber high and grins.

FRANK

Yo, guys. Look what I found!

BILLY

Shit, Frank, that's disgusting.

D.J.

What the hell is it?

JOHN

Ignorant white boy!

The guys gather around the patch of used condoms and gawk.

BILLY

They look like Christmas ornaments.

JOHN

More like gigantic goobers.

D.J.

Are those prophylactics?

FRANK

Yes, ignoramus, they're rubbers.

They examine the rubbers closely with pinched faces.

BILLY

This must be 'Roober Road.'

FRANK

This one's huuuge! I wonder who
fit into it. King Kong! Moby Dick!

LAUGHTER. John picks out a rubber.

JOHN

I wonder how far I could hum one.

BILLY

Think we could hit that tractor?

D.J.

Let's find out.

Using gloved hands, each takes a condom. Billy backpedals,
cocks, and hurls a rubber. It SPLATS on the farm cart.
D.J.'s rubber lands a smidge short of the cart.

D.J.

SHIT! Shit, shit, shit!

Frank's rubber slips and sails by John's ear.

JOHN

Damn, Frank, you tryin' to knock
me up, or somethin'?

LAUGHTER. John backs up, runs forward, and catapults his
rubber skyward. The rubber clears both the farm cart and the
tractor and lands behind it out of sight WITHOUT SOUND.

FATHER PETRONIUS (O.S.)

What the hell is - JUDAS PRIEST!!

Father Pete pops out from behind the tractor, reaching back
to extract the rubber from his monk's cowl.

FATHER PETRONIUS

Kneel out, kneel out at supper,
all you little shits! Now hit the
showers. RUN! GO! NOW!

38 INT. SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Father Pete patrols the steamy aisle, a whistle between his lips and a stopwatch in one hand. Each wooden stall door is draped with a towel and bathrobe. Father Dis approaches.

FATHER DISMAS

I heard what those Second Classmen did. I thought you could use a hand.

FATHER PETRONIUS

Thanks, Dismas. It was filthy. Let's make sure they get really clean.

FATHER DISMAS

I'll make sure they get spic-and-span.

Dis moves to other end of shower room, RAPPING on stall doors as he goes and pushing several open. He pauses to stare into one before taking his post. He lights up a cigarillo.

In flipflops and robes, our four guys enter. Father Pete glances at stopwatch and BLOWS WHISTLE.

FATHER PETRONIUS

OUT, NOW. Next shift, get ready.

Towels fly, followed by bathrobes. Doors BURST open, and SEMINARIANS depart, flipflops FLAPPING. They bump into each other and dodge Pete and Dis.

FATHER PETRONIUS

Alright, next shift, IN, IN, NOW.

Father Dis watches D.J. enter a shower stall near him. D.J.'s door latch won't hold. He places his towel over the crack between the door and the jamb and flings his robe over the door. He puts his hands on the faucet handles.

Father Pete re-sets stopwatch and BLOWS WHISTLE.

FATHER PETRONIUS

WATER ON!

FATHER DISMAS

Time to get spic-and-span, men.
Cleanliness is next to godliness.

D.J. scrambles to wet himself. Steam rises from the stall. Pete checks stopwatch and BLOWS WHISTLE.

FATHER PETRONIUS
WATER OFF!

FATHER DISMAS
Wash out all those filthy cracks and
crevices, men! Clean off all those
disgusting members. SPIC-AND-SPAN!

D.J. soaps himself furiously. Dis nudges the door and peers
in. D.J. lathers his hair. Dis watches. CREAK. D.J. turns
to see the door closing and a cloud of smoke dissipating.

Pete glances at stopwatch and BLOWS WHISTLE.

FATHER PETRONIUS
WATER ON!

FATHER DISMAS
Clean, clean, clean, men. Spic-and-
span clean, men, SPIC-AND-SPAN!

D.J. shakes his head madly. He spins beneath the showerhead.
The stopwatch TICKS. Father Pete BLOWS WHISTLE.

FATHER PETRONIUS
Alright, OUT, OUT, NOW.

Towels fly, followed by bathrobes. Doors BURST open, and
D.J. and buddies depart, flipflops FLAPPING.

39 INT. REFECTORY - SUPPER THAT NIGHT

Four pals kneel out. REFECTORY NOISES. Servers walk by with
trays. Prefects TALK and LAUGH. Brother Hildebert goes by
with a pitcher of ice-cold milk and shakes a finger at them.

BROTHER HILDEBERT
Naughty, naughty, naughty, naughty.

40 INT. ABBEY CHURCH VESTIBULE - CONFESSIONALS - DAY

Billy is in middle of confession to Father Dismas.

FATHER DISMAS
Whom were you tempted to touch?

BILLY
I'm - I'm afraid to say, father.

FATHER DISMAS

The Seal of Confession protects you.
You must tell me, my son, or you
will face eternal damnation in the
unquenchable fires of hell. Was it a
pretty girl? Was it a girl?

BILLY

Not a girl, father.

FATHER DISMAS

Not a girl? A young man, then?

BILLY

I'm too afraid - I can't say - I -

FATHER DISMAS

It was a young man, wasn't it?

BILLY

Yes, father, a classmate, a friend.

FATHER DISMAS

My son, you must come see me for
spiritual direction on this matter.

BILLY

I'll come by tomorrow, father.

FATHER DISMAS

Not tomorrow. Tonight. And do not
despair. God loves all sinners.

41 INT. JUNIOR DORM - THAT NIGHT

While D.J., John, and Frank put folded laundry into lockers,
Father Pete, smoking, patrols among bunkbeds. John finds a
huge threadbare brassiere in his laundry and hoists it high.
LAUGHTER. Father Pete hustles over to retrieve the bra.

FATHER PETRONIUS

Kneel out at breakfast, Mr. Jones.

JOHN

Awww! Come on, Father Pete.

FATHER PETRONIUS

Would you like to try for lunch?

JOHN

No, father. Breakfast is fine.

Father Pete stows the brassiere under his habit and retreats.

D.J.

Hey, Johnny.

JOHN

Yeah, Deege.

D.J.

Where's Billy?

JOHN

Dunno. Yo, Frank, where's Billy?

FRANK

I think he's got spiritual direction or something with Father Dismas.

JOHN

Yeah. I remember. Billy told me.

D.J.

But Father Thaddeus is his spiritual director, isn't he? Right?

FRANK

Yeah, but Billy said Dis said Billy had to go see him tonight. Dis had to talk to him about something important before we go home for summer vacation.

JOHN

Fuckin' ay! Two weeks and we're outta here. Two, boys, count'em.

D.J.

Third Class here we come.

42 INT. FATHER DISMAS'S ROOM & OFFICE - SAME TIME

Billy SOBS in chair across from Dis. Dis smokes cigarillo and chugs wine behind desk filled with phallic plants. Full-length mirrors hang behind the door and on two walls.

Billy shudders, heaves, and tries to catch his breath. Dis unlocks desk drawer, withdraws diary, and opens it on desk. Billy wipes his eyes against a sleeve. Dis chugs wine.

BILLY

Father, am I going to burn in the fires of hell forever for having lustful thoughts about my friends?

FATHER DISMAS

Nonsense, Billy. What you're feeling is perfectly natural. Normal. All very normal for a teen-aged boy like you. It's just harmless affection.

BILLY

Are you sure, father? I thought it was a mortal sin for a guy to - to -

FATHER DISMAS

To touch another guy?

BILLY

Yes, father.

FATHER DISMAS

That's why we have confession, Billy. I have the power to forgive you your sins. My power descends directly from Our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. And the Seal of Confession prohibits me from telling anyone what you confess. God loves all sinners.

BILLY

So, I shouldn't worry about it - too much, I mean. Maybe a little. Right?

FATHER DISMAS

Not at all. Such longings are a gift from God, to be enjoyed. Why don't you throw water on your face before you head back to the dorm.

Dis puts down the cigarillo and chugs another glass of wine.

FATHER DISMAS

You can use my washbasin there.

Billy walks to basin and stares at himself in the mirror. As Billy washes, Dis disrobes, sneaks up, and pounces. Dis tears at Billy's clothing. Billy struggles and CRASHES into mirror behind the door. Glass TINKLES to the floor.

Through glass shards, WE SEE flickers of Dis raping Frank. "Guernica" rather than realistic details of sodomy.

43 INT. JUNIOR DORM - SAME TIME

Frank takes out flashlight and The Imitation of Christ from beneath his pillow and spreads pinecones on his bed. He wears a white chastity belt. D.J. stares.

D.J.

Frank, what are those pinecones for?

FRANK

To remind me how weak my flesh is.

D.J.

While you sleep?

FRANK

Yes. Penance for my sins. All the famous saints did it.

D.J.

Yeah, right. And what's that piece of string around your waist for?

FRANK

It's a religious chastity belt.

D.J.

A chastity belt? I've never heard of that. What's it for?

FRANK

It's a symbol of my pledge to live a life of celibacy and a reminder to resist all temptations of the flesh.

D.J.

Oh. Does it work?

44 INT. FATHER DISMAS'S ROOM & OFFICE - SAME TIME

Billy lies on the floor as faucet ECHOES: DRIP, DRIP, DRIP. Cigarillo on lips, Dis sips wine and makes an entry in his diary: "Saturday, May 23, 1964, BD: K, F, S. Yummy."

45 FACE INT. JUNIOR DORM - SAME TIME

LIGHTS GO OUT. LOCKER DOORS SLAM. BUNKS SQUEAK. D.J. climbs under covers and stares at bunk above. Frank flicks on flashlight and reads beneath covers.

FRANK (reading The Imitation)

When a man desires a thing too much, he at once becomes ill at ease. An unmortified man is quickly tempted and overcome by evil. His spirit is carnal and inclined to sensual things.

D.J. falls asleep and dreams of a teen-aged girl.

FRANK (V.O.)

True peace of heart is found in resisting passions, not in satisfying them. There is no peace in the carnal man, in the man given to vain and lustful attractions, but there is peace in the fervent and spiritual man.

D.J.'s DREAM: NAKED GIRL takes a shower. She turns her head enough to see only the edge of her smile. She faces him.

46 INT. REC ROOM - AFTERNOON (SEPTEMBER 1964)

DAVE BRUBECK in background. D.J., Frank, and John play Hearts and KIBITZ. Billy slouches on a couch, pouting.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)

By our third year the four of us had become inseparable.

SUPER Third Class, Fall 1964

JOHN

What the hell kind of party is this?

FRANK

What d'ya mean, John?

JOHN

No cake and ice cream.

D.J.

Cake and ice cream?

JOHN

Whatcha think, Billy? Could you go for cake and ice cream?

Billy sulks on the couch and says nothing.

FRANK

You dickheads are dreaming. Where we gonna get cake and ice cream?

D.J.

We could run to town for some.

FRANK

Bullshit! That's five miles away.

D.J.

So?

FRANK

You'll kneel out till we graduate.

JOHN

Come on, whitey, let's boogie.

47 EXT. WINDING FORK ROAD - SAME AFTERNOON

D.J. and John run to seminary with cake and ice cream. They race past Father Theo, moving his lips as he says breviary.

FATHER THEODORET

Little lambs, little lambs, little lambs of Jesus.

Holding contraband stiffly, they jog past Amp's place. Amp and wife OLA (sixties, country) see guys. Amp points, LAUGHS, and tips cap. Guys smile and step up pace.

48 INT. REC ROOM - SAME AFTERNOON

Much of cake icing is stuck to boxtop. Fingers streak toward the icing. They SLURP icing and LICK fingers. They serve huge slices of cake and gobs of runny ice cream.

FRANK

Painted houses over summer, John?

JOHN

Yessiree. Hard work, cold beer.

D.J.

What happened to the money?

JOHN

My mom made me give it to the pagan babies. All of it.

FRANK

Ah, those pagan babies. One day I'd like to meet some of them.

(acting out)

Hi, little pagan baby. What'd you do with all those coins we sent you? I hope you didn't buy dope with them.

D.J.

Forget the pagan babies. I'd like to meet some pagan babes!

LAUGHTER.

JOHN

Frank, what'd you do over summer?

FRANK

Helped packed medicines for the Abbey's mission in El Salvador. They're doing good work down there.

JOHN

If you say so. How about you, Billy?

BILLY

I've decided - I'm - I'm quitting.

D.J.

But - Billy - Jesus, we just got back.

BILLY

Yeah, I know.

FRANK

What happened, Billy?

BILLY

Nothing, okay! It's just - I don't
wanna talk about it, awright?

JOHN

Billy, what the fuck is going on?

BILLY

I'm just quitting, that's all, okay?

D.J.

Shit, Billy. What are you talking
about? Nobody quits first week back.

BILLY

Well, I did.

Billy gets up, spills cake and ice cream, and bolts out.

49 EXT. GRAVEL ROAD TO ABBEY CHURCH - NEXT DAY

Guys drop off laundry. Father Thaddeus talks with Victoria
near auditorium. Billy slouches in car to avoid his friends.

D.J.

I can't believe Billy's quitting.

JOHN

Me neither. Jesus, look at his mom.
Frank, you don't think she's sexy?

FRANK

Naw. She doesn't do it for me.

D.J.

But look at that divine ass - yummy.

Father 'T' PANTS and stares down her heaving cleavage.

FRANK

Looks like she's hitting on 'T.'

D.J.

Criminy. How can you think that?

JOHN
Frank may be right.

D.J.
You guys are nuts!

JOHN
Yeah, Deege, maybe; but maybe not.

Father 'T' helps Victoria into the car. She slowly drives off, looking back at him. 'T's' eyes fix on her.

50 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Father 'T' SPEAKS NONSTOP FRENCH while fixated on nude PHANTOM VICTORIA in back. She opens her textbook, crosses her legs, and asks a question in slaughtered French.

PHANTOM VICTORIA
Kiss-ka say, voodoo-voo, man Père?

D.J., Frank, and John watch Father 'T' engage the phantom.

FRANK
What's he doing?

D.J.
Dunno. Maybe it's a pop quiz.

JOHN
Maybe he sees a space alien.

D.J.
Maybe he is a space alien. Do Barbarians smoke dope?

JOHN
Maybe. Think he did some hash?

D.J.
Yeah, that, or he dropped bad acid.

FRANK
You guys are fucking crazy.

JOHN
Us crazy? Father 'T' is drooling over some invisible who the fuck knows what, and we're crazy?

D.J.

As Alice says, Things just keep getting curiouser and curiouser. Should we tell anyone?

FRANK

Who? Who would believe us?

JOHN

Nobody, goddamn nobody would.

Phantom Victoria looks up coyly at the hovering Father 'T.'

PHANTOM VICTORIA

Mare-see bucket, Père. Je, t-ame!

51 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - MONKS STALLS - MID-MORNING

Monks CHANT Terce, bowing occasionally.

SUPER Divine Office of Terce

Frank kneels by rack of votive candles, praying the rosary.

52 EXT. BRIDGE OVER WINDING FORK RIVER - NIGHT

D.J., Frank, and John huddle by a railing.

D.J.

Damn it, Frank. You better tell us.

JOHN

Yeah, Frank, why did Billy quit?

FRANK

Okay, okay. He was sodomized.

JOHN

Jesus Christ! As in Sodom and Gomorrah sodomized?

FRANK

Yes. Buggered, bung-holed, butt fucked.

JOHN

We get it, Frank. Who did it?

FRANK

Billy wouldn't say.

JOHN

Two to one it was Father Dismas.
That fucking prick is one weird cat.
We have to do something about him.

FRANK

Jesus, John, he's a priest. He's a
bit strange but not sicko strange.

JOHN

I'd bet my pagan baby money on it. We
have to do something about that
bastard. We need to nail his ass.

D.J.

What are you guys talking about?

FRANK

D.J., don't you know what sodomy is?

D.J.

Well, yeah, sure - sure I know.

FRANK

Okay, Mr. straight "A's," what is it?

JOHN

He doesn't know. Jesus.

FRANK

Deege?

D.J.

Okay, so I don't know, exactly. I
don't think about sex between guys
a lot, alright? So, just what is
it, doctors?

FRANK

In the ass, or mouth, your pick.

D.J. kicks at the bridge railing, and his shoe flies off.

D.J.

Aw, shiiiiit! Shit, shit, shit!

D.J. leans over railing and vomits as his shoe SPLASHES into the river. His shoe tumbles and twists in the current.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)

My shoe was gone; Billy was gone;
both swept away. What had happened
to Billy was beyond belief.

53 EXT. HANDBALL COURTS - DAY (FALL 1965)

The guys play doubles. THWOCKS of ricocheting handball.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)

A 15-year-old boy raped in a
seminary. No one would believe it,
no one. The rest of that year was
a haze. By the time I came out of
it, I was back for Fourth Class,
our senior year in high school.

SUPER Fourth Class, Fall 1965

D.J. runs back to get a long ball and knocks over Father Theodore. Theo winces and signs himself.

FATHER THEODORET

Little lambs, little lambs, little
lambs of Jesus.

D.J.

Ooops! Game over. Sorry, Father Theo.

D.J. helps him up, and Theo ambles off.

JOHN

What about The Cosmic replacing
Father Thaddeus as rector?

D.J.

More straaaange shit. I liked 'T.'

JOHN

Frank knows, don't 'cha Frank?

FRANK

I keep an ear to the ground.

D.J.

And your nose someplace else.

FRANK

Very funny, asshole!

JOHN

Frank, what happened to Father 'T'?

FRANK

He ran off with Billy's mom.

D.J.

Holy shit! You mean Father Thaddeus is now Billy's dad?

FRANK

Well, yeah, sort of. Of course, he's not Father Thaddeus any more, and he's only Billy's stepdad.

D.J.

I wonder how Father Thaddeus could forget his promises to God?

JOHN

Shit, Deege. You've seen Billy's mom's ass. She could get any priest to cash in his celibacy chips.

LAUGHTER goes background.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)

Father Thaddeus later received a papal dispensation from his monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience and then married Billy's mom. They now have three kids of their own.

54 INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

SEMINARIANS sit in clusters. Amp and Ola sit next to Father Pete near the front. D.J., Frank, and John sit in the back.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O. CONT)

Billy had a tough go of it. He got married, had two sons, became an alcoholic, and got divorced; then we lost touch with him.

Pointing with her riding crop, Sister Perp ushers in NOVICES and POSTULANTS. John spies a BLACK POSTULANT and elbows D.J.

JOHN

Check out the real sister.

She gives the faintest Mona Lisa smile to John.

D.J.

She's the only cute one this year.

JOHN

Yeah, it's been quite a dry spell for you horny white boys. Hi, darlin.

FRANK

Anybody know what the flick is?

D.J.

Bergman's The Silence.

FRANK

What? Are you sure?

D.J.

Yeah, Frank. Pretty sure. Why?

FRANK

Why? Well for one thing it's about the futility of faith in God, and love. Plus - you'll see why.

LATER. Film has been rolling. A sex scene comes on.

D.J. (O.S.)

Didn't Father Pete screen this flick?

JOHN (O.S.)

I'm guessing he missed this one.

Riotous audience HOOTS and CLAPS. Pete lunges to his feet.

FATHER PETRONIUS

STOP THE FILM! STOP THE FILM!

GROANS and WHISTLES. Film flickers to a halt, leaving a sex scene frozen on screen. Seminarians and young nuns drool. PROJECTION LAMP SLOWLY BURNS HOLE IN THE FRAME. Projection lamp goes out. Auditorium goes dark.

55 INT. DARKROOM - DAY

In dimness of red safelight, D.J. and John develop pictures.

D.J.
My-oh-my, Frank's sisters are three
mighty divine fine chicks.

FLASHBACK: John shoots Frank's THREE MINISKIRTED SISTERS with
35-mm camera with motorized drive: CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

D.J. holds a print up to the safelight.

JOHN
Holy shit, Deege! Is that?

D.J.
Maybe. Grab that magnifying glass.

John takes magnifying glass from shelf above the trays.

JOHN
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. It is!

D.J. wrestles magnifying glass from John and takes his time.

D.J.
Intense! God bless miniskirts!

D.J. sees a sister's legs wide open and no panties.

D.J.
Johnny, what are we doing here when
women like this are out there?

JOHN
Celibacy is the price we pay for
doing God's work. Anyway, Vatican II
is going to make celibacy voluntary.

D.J.
Sorry, Johnny. But the goddamn Curia
ain't gonna budge. They just won't.

JOHN
I'm committed for the long haul.

D.J.
You're a better man than me. Now,
do you want to hang around while I
blow up Sylvia's crotch?

JOHN

Totally. I'm not that committed yet.

56 EXT. POND IN WOODS - DAY (SPRING 1966)

D.J. and John spin cast from bank, and lures PLOP into water. Frank traipses through undergrowth, on trail of a Sulphur. Behind a tree, Father Pete watches them.

D.J

Okay, Stubb, let's get Moby Dick!

JOHN

Damn it, D.J. Be quiet. I'm fishin.

D.J.

Got Moby Dick already!

D.J. has a small bass. John reels in. An algae clump.

JOHN

I caught crap.

D.J. LAUGHS. Father Pete cannot contain himself any longer.

FATHER PETRONIUS

You sure have, Jones! What are the two of you doing out here?

D.J.

Fishing, father. Look what I caught.

FATHER PETRONIUS

Liars. We caught some of your kind out here last week. What are you two really doing here? I want the truth.

JOHN

He's got us, Deege.

D.J. looks blankly at John.

FATHER PETRONIUS

I knew it. I can smell out your kind a mile away. I want the TRUTH!

JOHN

Okay, Father Pete. The truth is -

(alien voice)

We alien races. We crush earthlings.
You is our beasts. We extract you
bodily fluids for science. We take
away you TVs and Hula Hoops.

D.J.

(alien voice)

You must down bow to us, we will
bake you duck like a quack, like a
duck quack. Quack, quack!

JOHN

Quaaaack, quack. Quaaaack, quack.

Frank emerges CRASHING from undergrowth with butterfly net
over his head, body contorting, arms moving robot-like.

FRANK

(alien voice)

I am you leeder, you leeder. You
weeel quack me. Quack, quack, quack.

D.J. and John fall to their knees and bow down to Frank.

D.J. AND JOHN

Quack, quack. Quack, quack, quack.

FATHER PETRONIUS

Oh, yeah, Curly, Larry, and Moe.
We'll see who 'quacks' first, you
little assholes.

57 INT. REFECTORY - BREAKFAST - NEXT DAY

The three kneel out. BUSTLE. CHATTER. Hildebert comes up
and inserts a Holy Card into each's back pocket.

BROTHER HILDEBERT

God loves all sinners. God loves all
sinners. God loves all sinners.

Father Pete smirks and nods. Three pals get up, shake out
arms, and stagger to nearby table.

58 EXT. ABBEY CHURCH - PORTICO - EVENING (SEPTEMBER 1966)

D.J. and John mill around before Sunday Vespers.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
In our fifth year, Frank and I
were appointed to the most coveted
duty of all at Saint Mark's.

SUPER Fifth Class, Fall 1966

JOHN

Frank says you and he are the new
guest refectory servers.

D.J.

Yeah. I'm looking forward to
showing hospitality to all guests.

JOHN

Bullshit! You just want to hit on the
new postulants. You horny bastard!

D.J.

Someone has to make them welcome.

JOHN

Yeah. Who knows? One of them could
someday be the second female pope.

D.J.

Johnny, what are you talking about?

JOHN

The first female pope. Popess Joan.

D.J.

A female pope? Are you kidding me?

JOHN

Nope. A Sixth Classman told Frank
if we want Father Theo to go
ballistic in Church History, we
should ask him about Popess Joan.

D.J.

Did she really exist? This isn't
one of your FBI plots, is it?

JOHN

Won't be anything on her in our
library, I'll guarantee you that.

D.J.

I'll get Frank to get into the monks'
library. Whoa, here they come.

ABBESS leads NUNS up walkway. Sister Perp, SLAPPING bloodied riding crop against a leg, brings up rear.

As procession climbs steps, D.J.'s eye catches Faith. His eyes follow her up steps, across portico, and into church. At the doors, she looks back at him and smiles.

59 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - NAVE - SHORTLY LATER

Sunday Vespers. Monks CHANT, with AIRY BLASTS OF PIPE ORGAN. D.J. sits across from Faith and sneaks glances at her. When she catches him looking, he looks away. When he looks again and catches her looking at him, she looks away.

60 INT. MONASTIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Frank searches in card catalog. D.J. follows twists and turns, climbs ladders, and burrows to inner bowels past a yellow and black Fallout Shelter sign. He notices an open trapdoor and pulls a string. A single bulb swings wildly.

D.J.

Yo, Frank, come see something.

FRANK

Okay, okay, gimme a minute.

Frank fingers through catalog cards. He stops and reads.

PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS, WITH
SPECIAL REFERENCE TO CONTRARY
SEXUAL INSTINCT
von Krafft-Ebbing, Richard, Dr.
FILED IN CONDEMNED STACKS (CAGE)

FRANK

D.J., where the fuck are you?

Frank sees D.J. descending a polished wood ladder and follows. They see a "cage" filled with books.

FRANK

What is it?

D.J.

The books the Church doesn't want us, or anyone else, to read. Ever.

FRANK

The "Cage." I've been looking for it.

D.J.

So many damned books, so little time.

Frank LAUGHS. D.J. notices locked door with tattered sign, "No Entry Without Abbot's Permission." Cage bars are far apart enough to let D.J. stick an arm in and pull out a volume: Rabelais's Gargantua and Pantagruel.

D.J. (translating out loud)

How Gargantua Caused to Be Built
for the Monk the Abbey of Theleme.

Frank finds and searches through von Krafft-Ebbing.

D.J.

Catching up on Latin homework, Frank?

D.J. flips through pages of Rabelais and settles on one.

D.J.

Listen to this, Frank: Each monk was free to consort with one of the comely nuns, each of whom had sworn a sacred oath to satisfy his every carnal appetite and desire.

FRANK

Jesus, Deege, what's that?

D.J.

A monastery I'd be willing to join.

D.J. slips book into his backpack and wends his way back to desk. Frank stuffs his book into his briefcase and follows.

61 INT. GUEST REFECTORY - LUNCH (OCTOBER 1966)

D.J. and Frank serve POSTULANTS, including Faith and SISTERS ANASTASIA (20, ruddy, deep voice) and THECLA (20, pale, giggly). Miniature "Pieta" sits on nearby serving table.

As D.J. walks by with tray of dirty dishes, Faith drops her napkin skidding under the table. He puts down tray and gets on hands and knees. He sees Anastasia and Thecla playing footsy. He stares at Faith's legs and retrieves the napkin.

D.J

Here, sister - sister -

FAITH

I'm not a real 'sister' quite yet.
I'm only a postulant, uh -

D.J.

Oh, sorry. D.J. Yeats.

FAITH

'Yeats'? Like the Irish poet?

D.J.

Yes. Spelled the same. Yes.

FAITH

What's the 'D.J.' stand for?

D.J. extends the napkin.

D.J.

Daniel Joseph.

FAITH

Thank you, Daniel.

She squeezes his hand near her lap. Frank tugs his cassock.

FRANK

Hi. I'm Frank Messer.

FAITH

Hi, Frank. Charlene MacLean, but on
All Saints I become Sister Faith.

FRANK

So, is it okay to call you Faith?

FAITH

(whispering)

Actually, it's Faith either way.
My given middle name is Faith.

FRANK

But isn't that against nun law?

FAITH

Shhhhh. I told them a fib about it.

FRANK

First, the Flying Nun, and now, the Lying Nun! How lusciously ironic!

FAITH

Frank, is Daniel always so quiet?

D.J. fixes on Faith. Anastasia and Thecla eat heads down.

FRANK

He's Mr. Intense. But I've trained him to speak. Speak, D.J., speak!

FAITH

Frank, you're incorrigible.

FRANK

Faith, D.J. and I would like to invite you and your friends to join our families next Visiting Sunday.

FAITH

Thank you, but postulants aren't allowed out much. Once we become novices, we'd be delighted to.

D.J.

So, for Thanksgiving, right?

FAITH

Oh, he does speak, doesn't he? Yes, Daniel: Thanksgiving. We'll be here.

D.J. picks up the tray, looks back at Faith, and bumps into a chair. Dirty dishes CRASH to floor. Faith LAUGHS. Next door, seminarians APPLAUD. Father Pete bursts in, glares at D.J., and lifts his arms to the kneeling out position.

62 INT. REFECTORY - SUPPER

Arms quivering, D.J. kneels out as the LECTOR reads.

LECTOR (O.S.)

Damien the Leper. They regarded with awe his celibate life, for they believed that men who led

such lives possessed supernatural powers. And celibate he remained. But was he ever tempted to break his vows? He was a man and must have had such temptations.

63 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Father Theo pontificates.

FATHER THEODORET

Thus, when you ponder the academics and social champions, and their achievements: Who would dare gainsay that the Thirteenth Century stands out as the greatest? Yes, John.

JOHN

Was the Thirteenth Century great in Africa too?

FATHER THEODORET

What?

JOHN

Wasn't the Kingdom of Benin in subequatorial Africa as advanced an empire as any in Europe at the time?

FATHER THEODORET

Benin was Muslim and had only partial progress before missionaries arrived. Any more questions? Yes, Daniel.

D.J.

Are you saying that you have to be a Catholic to count for anything?

FATHER THEODORET

Extra ecclesiam, nulla salus. Pagans who did not find the one true Church may have been interesting, but outside the church there is no salvation.

John winks at D.J. D.J. raises his hand.

D.J.

Father, wasn't it Thirteenth Century scholars who first documented the reign of the Popess Joan?

The hunched Theo straightens up. Classroom falls QUIET.

D.J.

Is it true no one knew she was a woman until she gave birth on horseback during a procession?

Father Theo glowers, and his face reddens.

D.J.

Wasn't her portrait doctored to read 'Pope Zacharias' to hide the scandal?

JOHN

The FBI did that, for damn sure.

LAUGHTER.

FATHER THEODORET

The Popess Joan was a fraud.

D.J.

How do we know that, father?

FATHER THEODORET

Because the Church would never allow such a wicked ignominy to occur.

D.J.

But, father, what if she - did exist?

FATHER THEODORET

Popess Joan was a fake - an imposter - a hoax - a sham - a lie! A LIE!

WHOLE CLASS

YES, FATHER THEODORET!

64 EXT. PICNIC GROUNDS - DAY (VISITING SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1966)

THUNDER. Thick black clouds. D.J., Frank, and John's families enjoy Thanksgiving. Faith, Anastasia, and Thecla approach in new all-white novice habits. D.J. stumbles from bench and bolts to greet them. Faith walks ahead.

D.J.

Hey, you.

FAITH

Hey, yourself.

Anastasia and Thecla catch up to them at the picnic tables.

D.J.

Come on. Let me introduce you. Hey, everybody. This is Sister Faith and her friends Anastasia and Thecla. They're Barnabian novices at Saint Monica's Convent down the road.

FRANK

Hey, Faith. Glad y'all could come.

FAITH

Thanks, Frank. We're delighted to be here. You were kind to remember us.

JOY

Please, sisters. Sit, sit. Better be fast or these boys will leave you nothing but the wishbone.

LAUGHTER. Faith sits by D.J. and beckons her friends.

PAULINE

Yes, sisters. Sit down and dig in before the sky opens up on us.

THUNDER. Anastasia and Thecla take seats and dig in. D.J. edges closer to Faith and pours her a huge glass of wine. She takes a tiny sip, then another, another. CHATTER. LAUGHTER. CELEBRATION.

LATER: Drops of rain. DRIP, DRIP, DRIP. THUNDER. WIND.

DOUG

Uh, oh. Here it comes.

Rain. LAUGHTER. Everyone covers picnic goodies. WIND. It pours. Commotion. SHRIEKS. Everyone races for vehicles. Doug and Joy take front seat of station wagon, and Peggy and Angus jump into the second. Doors close: BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM.

D.J. folds down tailgate, puts hands on Faith's waist, and helps her step up into third seat. His hands linger on her sides as she turns to face him. She smiles. He plunges into the seat, nearly landing in her lap. She SHRIEKS.

WIND. Sheets of rain. D.J. SLAMS tailgate shut, closes window, and settles in. Faith reaches over and takes his hand. He scootches closer to her until their legs touch.

DOUG

Perfect afternoon for a nap.

JOY

I was thinking the same thing.

PEGGY

Boring. I'm going over to John's car. They have an 8-track and Otis Redding tapes.

ANGUS

Me too.

Peggy and Angus plunge into the rain and race for the Jones's car. SHRIEKS. Doug and Joy snuggle together and nod off.

D.J. strokes Faith's fingers. Rain BEATS. They whisper, looking only at each other. Back windows fog over. THUNDER.

65 INT. DORM - NIGHT

Father Dis pretends to check locks on wall lockers. "Yeats, Daniel J." Dis pulls out passkey, opens lock, and looks inside: books, notebooks, and debris. Dis pulls out thick manila envelope and puts it into in locker and closes door.

66 INT. DORM - SHORTLY LATER

D.J. opens locker, sees thick manila envelope, and opens it. He pulls out a purple rubber cock ring.

D.J.

Jesus! Jesus!

He pulls out black and white pornography of pubescent boys.

D.J.

Shit! This stuff is sick.

He puts sex stuff back into envelope. Frank enters.

D.J.
Frank, have you seen anyone up here?

FRANK
I saw Father Dis heading down the stairs a few minutes ago. Why?

D.J.
Oh, nothing, nothing.

67 INT. FATHER DISMAS'S ROOM & OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

D.J KNOCKS.

Dis opens door in briefs and open purple satin robe. Dis holds a potting fork and a phallic plant.

FATHER DISMAS
Come in, Daniel.

D.J.
No thanks, father.

FATHER DISMAS
Look at this amazing specimen. Isn't it grand that God could make a plant so - anatomical? I know you like Latin and literature, Daniel, but biology is fascinating. Oh, did you want to talk to me?

D.J.
Someone put this in my locker.

D.J. opens the manila envelope and thrusts it towards Father Dis. Dis peers into the envelope and signs himself.

FATHER DISMAS
That is certainly most revolting.

D.J.
I'm officially turning it in.

FATHER DISMAS
It's not mine. Why would you think it belongs to me? Probably one of your classmates playing a joke on you, don't you think? It's not mine.

D.J.

Aren't you going to take it, father?

FATHER DISMAS

Why should I? Find the prankster who gave it to you and give it back to him. It's not mine. Now, come, come. Come see more of my collection.

Father Dis picks up a scrotum-shaped bulb and caresses it.

FATHER DISMAS

I'm planting this one today.

D.J.

Not now, father. I'm not keeping this sex stuff. Have fun with it.

D.J. throws down the envelope and items spill out. Dis fondles the bulb. His gaze follows D.J. down the hall.

FATHER DISMAS

I will, Daniel, I will. And one day, my handsome lad, you will.

68 INT. CONVENT CHAPEL - DAY

Faith kneels at altar rail, awaiting Communion. She sticks out her sensuous wet tongue as far as it will go. D.J. puts Paten under her chin and stares down. As Father Fab goes to put the host on her tongue, her eyes drift upwards towards D.J., and the consecrated wafer tumbles onto the Paten.

FAITH

Sorry, father.

FATHER FABIAN

That's okay. Let's try again.

D.J. locks on Faith's lips and tongue. He GULPS. The priest puts the wafer firmly on her tongue. She signs herself. Father Fab turns to approach the NEXT NUN but bumps into D.J.

D.J.

Oh, sorry, father.

D.J. moves to next nun at altar rail, and Father Fabian gives her Holy Communion. D.J. watches Faith return to a pew, kneel, and - for an instant - look up at him.

69 INT. COLLEGIAN STUDY HALL - NIGHT

Frank reads from The Imitation of Christ.

FRANK (O.S.)

Be not intimate with any woman, but
commend all good women to God. The
greatest obstacle is that we are not
free from passions and lusts. Act as
if you were to die this very day.

70 EXT. ABBEY CEMETERY - AN OPEN GRAVE - DAY

Monks, seminarians, and nuns (MOURNERS) stand around grave.
As monks lower casket, abbot sprinkles it with Holy Water.

ABBOT BARUCH

In nomine Patris et Filii et
Spiritus Sancti.

Droplets of Holy Water trickle over the casket.

MOURNERS

AMEN!

The abbot throws a handful of dirt from the graveside above.

ABBOT BARUCH

Cineres cineribus, pulvis pulveri.

SUPER Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

CAMERA sees headstone.

Requiescat in Pace

Theodoret Schwartz

June 11, 1883 - February 22, 1967

Agnellus Dei

SUPER God's Littlest Lamb

D.J. inches next to Faith and inhales. She turns, grabs his
hand, and squeezes. Mourners CHANT Dies Irae in background.

D.J.

Will you be there Visiting Sunday?

FAITH

Yes, Daniel, I will be there.

Faith casts dirt. Then D.J. Then Frank.

71 EXT. PICNIC GROUNDS - DAY (VISITING SUNDAY, MARCH 1967)

Three families crowd around tables. Moms pass food and drink. Doug and John's dad BIG JOHN (black, towering) drink beer in lawn chairs. Frank shows Angus butterflies on a corkboard. Peggy teases John with pie on end of a fork.

D.J. and Faith exchange glances. CHATTER. D.J. nods and Faith excuses herself. CHATTER. D.J. backs away unnoticed. The two find a secluded spot near the river and hold hands.

D.J.

Hey, you.

FAITH

Hey, yourself.

She circles behind, clasps arms around his midsection, and squeezes. He puts his hands over hers, and pulls them gently away as he wheels to face her. He leans in; she leans in. He kisses her on one cheek, the other, on the lips.

FAITH

Mmmmmmmmm. I've got to go.

D.J.

Go? Go where? Stay for dessert.

FAITH

Daniel, my family's arriving at Saint Monica's at three.

D.J.

Can I go with you to meet them?

FAITH

No, no, Daniel. You - you - it would just be a bad idea. Believe me!

D.J.

Okay, okay. When can I see you again?

FAITH

I don't know yet, okay?

D.J.

Maybe I'll sneak into the convent and help you wash mv unmentionables.

FAITH
You're incorrigible, Daniel!

72 INT. SAINT MONICA CONVENT - VISITORS PARLOR - SAME DAY

Side tables with ornate statues of saints line walls. Faith sits in wingback chair in corner and stares alternately at disapproving saints and at her family across the room.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
Faith was not like her family. Her grandmother Faith had named each of her three sons 'Jude,' after the patron of hopeless causes. Faith's dad and uncles thus went by their middle names, each of which began with the letter 'V.'

Faith's anorexic father VALLIE sits in a wingback and NOISILY marks up a legal brief. GRANDFATHER CLOCK looms behind him.

Faith's huge alcoholic mother AGGIE sits on a sofa squeezed between Faith's two nincompoop uncles, VINCE and VIC. A flask on her lap, Aggie GNAWS at a bone. Vince NIBBLES on a turnip and Vic CHOMPS on a radish.

GRANDFATHER CLOCK: 3:17. Second hand drags. Faith imagines flying through the window behind the sofa.

AGGIE
Faith, do you want chicken? FAITH!

FAITH
Oh, no thanks, mom. I had a big lunch at Saint Mark's.

VINCE
Good gracious, girl, you're going to be nothing but skin and bones.

VIC
You're going to blow away if you don't put meat on those bones.

FAITH
I'm fine. My bones are fine.

Aggie sips from the flask.

AGGIE

Well, okay, but we're eating.
Vince, Vic, ready for more?

VINCE

Another turnip, please, Aggie.

VIC

Another radish, please, Aggie.

VALLIE

For Christ's sake, can't you keep it
down? This brief is due tomorrow!

VINCE

Watch your language, Vallie.

VIC

Watch your tongue, Vallie.

VINCE

Mother would be mortified.

VIC

Mother would be stupefied.

VINCE

Demoralized.

VIC

Scandalized.

AGGIE

Your mother was a scandal.

VALLIE

Mother was right about you!

AGGIE

Your mother was a goddamn liar!

VINCE

Mother was a goddamn quack!

VIC

Mother was a goddamn hypocrite!

VALLIE

For Christ's sake, I'm working here!

VINCE
Vallie's working here.

VIC
Vallie's working there.

AGGIE, VINCE, AND VIC
Vallie's working everywhere!

VALLIE
JESUS H. FUCKING CHRIST!

The four launch into an insult free-for-all. QUARRELING goes background. Saints seem to scowl at Faith. She looks out window and flies again, habit being torn from her body. Over Saint Mark's she sees D.J. at a picnic table, looking up.

73 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - MONKS STALLS - DAY

The monks CHANT None, bowing occasionally.

SUPER Divine Office of None

Frank kneels by votive candles near first pew, looks at a statue of the Virgin Mary, and fingers his rosary.

74 INT. CONVENT CHAPEL - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

Faith is in middle of confession to Father Fabian.

FATHER FABIAN
You did what, Sister Faith?

FAITH
I bit a host. Actually, I chewed it.

FATHER FABIAN
Faith, biting or chewing. It doesn't matter. It's not a mortal sin.

FAITH
But Novice Mistress says if any particles get caught in my teeth, I might spit them out when brushing.

FATHER FABIAN
And Jesus gurgles down the drain with the fluoride toothpaste?

FAITH

Yes, father. He would.

FATHER FABIAN

Mirabile dictu! No wonder Luther
nailed his theses to the church door.

FAITH

What's that, father?

FATHER FABIAN

Nothing, sister. Anything else?

FAITH

Yes, father.

Faith shifts on the predieu.

FAITH

A boy kissed me.

FATHER FABIAN

He kissed you?

FAITH

Well, we sort of kissed each other.

FATHER FABIAN

A seminarian, I take it?

FAITH

Yes, father.

FATHER FABIAN

Did he force himself on you?

FAITH

Oh, no, father. He's a gentleman!

FATHER FABIAN

I'm sure he is - but, Faith, this boy
is a near occasion of sin for you.

FAITH

Yes, father.

FATHER FABIAN

Do you not feel God is calling you
to the religious life?

FAITH

Yes, father, I believe with all my heart I am being called to serve God as a sister of Saint Barnabus.

FATHER FABIAN

Then you must not see this boy again.

FAITH

Yes, father. I understand. I will tell him I cannot see him again.

75 INT. CONVENT LIBRARY - NIGHT

Faith hunches over a library desk, writing.

FAITH (V.O.)

Dear Daniel,

Thank you for inviting us again for Visiting Sunday. It was nice to walk with you, but you should NOT have kissed me. We must resist such carnal temptation. In God's name, we must protect our blessed vocations. Daniel, I cannot see you again. I simply cannot. I know you will understand. Please do.

In Christ Jesus Our Lord,
Sister Mary Faith

76 INT. LAVATORY - DAY

D.J. and John sling wet mops across the lavatory floor.

JOHN

But how'd she get the letter to you?

D.J.

In my clean laundry.

JOHN

Well, goddamn. Sexy and sneaky. I like that girl. What'd she say?

D.J.

That she can't see me anymore.

JOHN

Bummer, buddy. She's a sweetheart.
What 'cha gonna do?

D.J.

Jesus, Johnny. How the hell should
I know. Shit! What do you think?

JOHN

Let her go, Deege. She wants to
become a nun for Christ's sake. And,
Jesus, that family of hers makes the
Munsters look like a church choir.
If you want to quit, well, shit, go
ahead and quit. Chase after one of
Frank's sexpot sisters, or one of
Billy's. Lucy's got the hots for
you, you know that.

D.J.

Yeah, I suppose. But -

JOHN

Whoa, there, bro. No 'buts,' okay?

D.J.

Right, Johnny. I really thought I
wanted to be a priest, but now -
well, fuck, I don't know anymore.

77 EXT. STATE PARK - DAY (MAY 1967)

MONTAGE: Annual picnic: students play sports, listen to
music, barbeque, play cards, drink beer, smoke, and so on.

D.J. and John help Frank hunt butterflies. Frank has
gathered several specimens. They stumble across TWO DRUNK
SEMINARIANS, passed out, lying on top of one another.

D.J.

What's up with these two?

JOHN

Still ignorant, Deege?

D.J.

What d'ya mean?

FRANK

You really don't know, do you?

D.J. shakes his head, "No." Frank and John LAUGH.

JOHN

Let's get them off each other.

FRANK

They already got off, on each other.

LAUGHTER, except for D.J., who chugs his beer. Frank empties his beer on the two drunks. John pulls one drunk off the other. The two drunks SCREECH at Frank.

DRUNK #1

You have nerve, you faggot!

DRUNK #2

You're a three-dollar bill yourself!

As the two drunks bounce off, D.J. turns to Frank.

D.J.

Frank, are you a - homosexual?

78 INT. SCHOOL BUS - LATER SAME DAY

SEMINARIANS PRAY rosary in background. D.J. nods off. John reads Mad Magazine. Frank kneels in aisle and fingers his rosary. Dis looks back at tired seminarians half-heartedly mouthing the rosary. He sees D.J. asleep and ogles him.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)

I didn't want to think about what Frank had said by saying nothing. He was my friend, but suddenly I was feeling repulsed by him. I was gripped by an image of him in the clutches of Satan's minions.

FADE TO:

79 INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - DAY (CONTEMPORARY - EARLY SPRING)

50-SOMETHING D.J. reads to himself.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (O.S.)
As suddenly, I was ashamed of ever
thinking he was bound for Hell.

Chair SCRAPES. He heads for a window and looks out. Part of
the garden is draped in fine-mesh netting. The 50-SOMETHING
FAITH wraps arms around his midsection.

50-SOMETHING D.J.
Hey, you.

50-SOMETHING FAITH
Hey, yourself.

50-SOMETHING FAITH
How's the writing going?

50-SOMETHING D.J.
Great.

50-SOMETHING FAITH
Wonderful. You going to finish
before their visit next month?

50-SOMETHING D.J.
Yes, I've got to.

50-SOMETHING FAITH
You will, baby, you will.

He returns to the desk, SCRAPES the chair forward, and TYPES.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (O.S.)
I am still ashamed I ever asked him.

FADE TO:

80 EXT. SEMINARY - DAY (SEPTEMBER 1967)

Wind BLOWS hard under dark sky. D.J., Frank, and John hang
out on benches. MUSICAL TYPES practice GREGORIAN CHANT.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
Frank and John returned eagerly
for Sixth Class. In a year they'd
be going on to Saint Ephrem's
major seminary. I came back for a
different reason.

SUPER Sixth Class, Fall 1967

JOHN

Yep. Seems my pastor has been fooling around with his secretary for years. Our new assistant found out because he wondered why the pastor made him leave every Friday evening before supper, and not come back until noon Saturday.

D.J.

How'd he find out?

JOHN

One Friday night he snuck back into the rectory and hid in a closet. He caught them naked, screwing on the dining room table.

FRANK

Ugh!

D.J.

How do they get away with this?

JOHN

D.J., think. Everybody is in on it. The bishops must know. They put up with it because they need Sunday collections. It's about the money.

FRANK

Speaking of screwing around, I guess you read about Pope Paul's encyclical upholding celibacy?

D.J.

Shit, John. I told you the goddamn Curia wasn't going to budge.

FRANK

For the sake of the Kingdom of Heaven is what the Holy Father said.

D.J.

For the sake of bullshit is what I say. Pisses the hell out of me.

Church bells RING, announcing Vespers.

FRANK

Okay, guys, time for Vespers.

Father Fab runs toward them, habit blowing in the wind.

FATHER FABIAN

The hurricane is heading right for us. Vespers is cancelled. Local people will be staying in the gym. Meet in the Rec Room in five minutes.

81 INT. REC ROOM - MINUTES LATER

TV BLARES news report on hurricane. Father Pete enters, brandishing a blackboard pointer. Pentagon briefing.

FATHER FABIAN

Okay, okay, PIPE DOWN. The Head Prefect has some announcements.

FATHER PETRONIUS

Thank you, Father Fabian. Men, I need everyone's help. We're turning the gym into an evacuation shelter. Collegians will set it up and staff it. We'll use the Army-surplus cots and blankets stored in the gym attic. The nuns will help with women and children. They're on their way.

Anxious seminarians move restlessly.

FATHER FABIAN

Collegians, you've got your orders.

Father Pete WHACKS the desk with his pointer.

FATHER PETRONIUS

GO...NOW!

D.J., Frank, and John hustle out of the room.

FRANK

Deege, you think Faith will be coming over to help out tonight?

D.J.

God, I hope so.

JOHN

Deege, you moron, didn't she tell you last spring to - oh, I remember now - to fuck off?

D.J.

Yeah, yeah, I know. But I'm hoping to hell she's changed her mind.

FRANK

Shit! That's why you came back this year. You're hell bent on getting into her big white panties, aren't you? You want to diddle a virgin bride of Christ.

D.J.

Fuck off, Frank. Just fuck off!

JOHN

Well, try not to hump her on a refectory table, okay?

LAUGHTER.

82 INT. GYM - THAT NIGHT

WIND. COLLEGIANS set up cots. Perp flings open gym doors. Blowing leaves turn everyone's heads. NUNS enter. OLDER NUNS are in habits, but NOVICES and POSTULANTS wear civvies. Perp SLAPS her bloodied riding crop against a leg.

SISTER PERPETUA

Okay, sisters, let's get to work.

D.J. spots Faith in a purple football jersey and tight blue jeans, with a red bandanna do-rag on her head.

JOHN

Damn, Deege. She looks fine tonight.

D.J.

Shhhsh, you dickhead.

(louder)

Sister Mary Faith, could you help me put blankets on these cots?

FAITH

Oh, hi, Daniel. I'd be happy to help.

The two thread through the crowding gym to a pile of Army blankets and pull out a few to fold. They each take opposite ends, LAUGHING as they mismatch the corners. They shake the blanket and match the corners. D.J. shakes too hard and Faith loses her grip. The dust makes her SNEEZE.

D.J.

Bless you. Army-surplus dust!

When they join corners, their hands touch, and linger. Their faces are a foot apart. The gym is utter commotion. A FAT MOTHER and CHILDREN enter with DAD carrying shopping bags.

83 INT. GYM - LATER

WIND SCREAMS. SNORES. COUGHS. BABY CRIES. D.J. and Faith sit on a cot, leaning together, legs touching. HUGE CRASH as a tree snaps. Faith jumps and grabs D.J. around neck. He kisses her square on lips. She SLAPS his face.

D.J.

Sorry. I didn't know what -

FAITH

Well, I do know what.

She looks deeply into his eyes.

FAITH

Daniel, I told you we couldn't see each other. The temptations are too strong. Our flesh is too weak. You must promise not to kiss me ever again, ever, do you understand?

D.J.

Okay, if that's how you want it.

FAITH

Yes, that's how I want it. Now, come on. Let's make rounds.

MOAN comes from nearby. Startled, they look at each other.

FAITH

What's that?

D.J.

I don't know. Let's find out.

84 INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

D.J. shines flashlight through a doorway, the exit of a staircase. They see a figure perched outside the railing 20 feet above the ground. Frank. D.J. runs up the stairs three at a time, grabs him, and pulls him back.

D.J.

Frank, what the hell happened?

Faith reaches them and hugs Frank. Frank SOBS.

FAITH

Get him something to drink.

LATER: D.J. runs up stairs with cup of coffee. Faith holds Frank, who takes the cup and drinks.

D.J.

Frank, tell us what happened.

FRANK

I was - raped - sodomized.

D.J.

What the hell! Who? When?

FRANK

He - raped - me. He raped me!

D.J.

Frank, tell us who did it.

FRANK

I can't. That son of a bitch won't let me. He said he'd get me kicked out. He'd make sure I don't go on to Saint Ephrem's. The bastard said I'd never ever become a priest, ever.

D.J.

Dismas - that prick! Goddamn Dis! Shit! Johnny's been right about him all along. Shit, shit, shit.

FRANK

I didn't tell you. I didn't, did I?

FAITH

Oh, my God. Oh, my God. I'm going to
be sick. Oh, my God. Oh, my God.

Faith breaks down, releases Frank, and runs down stairs.

FRANK

Deege, he has a book.

D.J.

A book? What kind of book, Frank?

FRANK

Some kind of sex diary or
schedule, I think.

D.J.

You mean the bastard keeps score?

FRANK

Yes. I saw Billy's name and -

D.J.

What, Frank? Come on. What?

FRANK

Your name. Your name is after mine.

Lightening. THUNDER. Gym goes black.

85 INT. DARKROOM - NEXT DAY

D.J. and John huddle in the eerie red glow.

JOHN

You mean the fucker keeps score?

D.J.

Yeah, and my name is next.

JOHN

Jesus H. Christ, Deege. Jesus, Jesus.
What the fuck are we going to do?

D.J.

I'll see if Fab will go to the abbot.

JOHN

That's kinda risky, isn't it?

D.J.

Naw, I'd trust Fabian with my life.

JOHN

If you trust him, it's okay by me. But you have to make him promise not to give up Frank. I'm really serious, man. We have to cover Frank.

D.J.

I'll use the Seal of Confession.

JOHN

What if Baruch doesn't believe Fab? Worse, what if he believes him but refuses to do anything about Dis.

D.J.

Fuck, Johnny, he'd have to.

JOHN

Wrong, Deege. The abbot is a feudal lord, and all the monks have vowed to obey him. We need a backup plan.

D.J.

Absolutely, but what?

JOHN

I have an idea. You've heard about fragging in Vietnam, right?

D.J.

Jesus H. Christ, Johnny, murder?

JOHN

No, no. We aren't going to kill Dis, but we are going to neutralize him.

D.J.

I'm in.

JOHN

Great. We know you're on his list, so you'll be the bait, okay?

D.J.

Anything, Johnny, anything to get that son of a bitch. Anything!

86 INT. CONVENT CHAPEL - DAY

Faith enters confessional and kneels on predieu.

FAITH

Bless me, father, for I have sinned.

FATHER FABIAN

How long since your last confession?

FAITH

Father, I just needed to talk. I have a strong attraction to a boy.

FATHER FABIAN

Daniel, I presume.

FAITH

Yes, father. Daniel.

FATHER FABIAN

Faith, your feelings are perfectly normal. But your sacred vocation prevents you from acting on them.

FAITH

I know, father. What should I do?

FATHER FABIAN

Pray. Meditate. Reflect. Seek the counsel of those you trust and love.

FAITH

But, father, I saw him at the gym during the hurricane, and - I think I've - fallen in love with him.

FATHER FABIAN

Then maybe you should talk with him.

FAITH

Yes, father. I know. I know.

87 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

D.J. walks with Fab in animated discussion. Fab paces, and his arms fly around. Fab gives D.J. a two-handed handshake.

88 EXT. ABBEY CHURCH - NAVE - SUNDAY EVENING VESPERS

D.J. sits by himself in last pew of seminarians. Faith sits in pew behind him, close to side aisle.

LOUD THONK. D.J. turns to see a new postulant, IOLANA (18, exotic), clutching a forearm. D.J. gawks. She approaches D.J.'s pew, genuflects, and takes a seat. CRYING SOFTLY, she glances over at D.J., who slides toward her.

D.J.
You okay?

IOLANA
Yes, I'm fine.

D.J.
Let me take a look.

Iolana coyly extends her hand. D.J. folds it into his, pulls gently, and looks at a nasty welt on her forearm.

D.J.
Ouch! I can take you to the infirmary to get it cleaned up.

IOLANA
Oh, no thank you. It's nothing compared to Our Lord's pain.

D.J.
You sure? Don't be a martyr.

IOLANA
Yes, I'll be fine.

Faith takes notice. CONGREGATION stands as MONKS file in. D.J. sees Iolana struggle to hold the hefty Psalter. He edges closer and takes the hymnbook from her.

D.J.
Let me hold it for you.

IOLANA
Bless you, uh -

D.J.
D.J.

IOLANA
Hi, D.J. I'm Iolana.

Vespers starts. D.J. and Iolana CHANT with the assembly. She edges closer to him, touching him. Faith fumes.

89 INT. STUDY HALL - NIGHT

D.J. sneaks an envelope onto Prefect's desk and scuttles back to his desk. BELL RINGS. SEMINARIANS stampede in. Dis swaggers in. Fab hides outside the doors to the study hall.

FATHER DISMAS

Get to work, all you wicked sinners!

D.J. waves Dis to his desk. Cigarillo in hand, Dis bends over and puts an arm around D.J. D.J. allows it and hands a term paper to Dis. Dis returns to Prefect's desk, finds note, and opens it. Dis looks around. Fab sees sneakiness.

LATER: 10:00 PM bell RINGS. Study hall empties.

FATHER DISMAS

Good night, sinful boys. Sleep well.
Say a prayer for us poor monks.

Dis pulls out note. Fab has been lurking and walks up and grabs it. Dis rears up and snatches it back.

FATHER FABIAN

What are you doing here, Dismas?
Your perversion is destroying lives.

FATHER DISMAS

My "perversion"? Pardon me, but
these queer boys are the perverts.

FATHER FABIAN

What did you do to Frank Messer?

FATHER DISMAS

You mean, what did Frank Messer try
to do to me? That homo came on to me!

FATHER FABIAN

That's not the way I heard it. You
raped that boy, you sanctimonious
bastard. You raped him!

FATHER DISMAS

He asked me for queer sex, and when I said, 'No,' he said he'd accuse me of rape if I didn't consent.

FATHER FABIAN

You lying son of a bitch. The abbot is going to hear about this.

FATHER DISMAS

Baruch would never believe one of these rabble-rousers. Besides, if the bishops thought there was that kind of trouble here, they'd stop sending their seminarians, and the abbot wouldn't be able to balance the abbey books, now, would he, Father Fabian?

Dis walks off. Fab boils over.

FATHER FABIAN

YOU SON OF A BITCH!

Fab grabs Dis by the shoulder, spins him around, and gives him a right to the jaw. Dis crumples in a red heap.

90 INT. FATHER DISMAS'S ROOM & OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Dis uses spritz bottle to mist phallic plants. He pours huge glass of wine and lights up a cigarillo. He chugs wine and pours another. Puffing, he picks up D.J.'s anonymous note.

FATHER DISMAS (reading to himself)

Father Dismas, I'm ashamed of my feelings for you, but I enjoy them. I don't know what to do. I need to confess my sins. Would you hear my confession? If so, begin your Easter homily with, 'God loves all sinners.'

91 INT. ABBEY VISITORS PARLOR - DAY

Statues of saints sit on claw-footed tables. Sister Perp and Father Cosmic sit in Victorian side chairs.

FATHER COSMAS

Sister, your proposal to have the novices learn Latin is -

SISTER PERPETUA

Imperative for our sisters in formation. Vatican II is leaving our younger nuns troubled and confused.

FATHER COSMAS

We can help out. We have fine Latin scholars among our seminarians.

SISTER PERPETUA

Of course you must make sure the seminarian you send is virtuous.

FATHER COSMAS

The one I have in mind is an expert linguist, and well respected by all.

SISTER PERPETUA

I want to interview him. His name?

FATHER COSMAS

Daniel Yeats.

SISTER PERPETUA

Y-e-a-t-s, like the Irish poet?

FATHER COSMAS

Yes. And he's a fine writer himself. I'll have him drop by tomorrow.

92 INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT

D.J. and John plot with Father Fabian.

FATHER FABIAN

Jesus Christ, guys, I know how you feel, but I need hard evidence before going to the abbot. Father Dismas denies it all and blames Frank.

D.J.

He has a book.

FATHER FABIAN

A book? Daniel, what kind of book?

JOHN

Some kind of sex diary, father. He put Billy and Frank's names in it. Probably others.

FATHER FABIAN

You mean the bastard keeps score.

D.J.

Yes, father, he does. My name's next.

FATHER FABIAN

Jesus H. Christ. We have to stop him.

D.J.

We'll get you that diary, father.

JOHN

I have a plan.

Fab covers his ears, dances around, and SINGS nonsense.

JOHN

Yes, father. And we were never here.

93 INT. CONVENT LOBBY - DAY

D.J. eyes one of the life-sized statues. RATTLE OF BUCKET. Faith enters and starts mopping with exaggerated strokes.

D.J.

Hey, you.

FAITH

What do you want?

D.J.

I'm here to meet Sister Perpetua about Latin class for the novices.

FAITH

Not that. What do you want, Daniel?

D.J.

Faith, what are you talking about?

FAITH

You know what I'm talking about.

D.J.
Faith, I don't.

She stops mopping and stares up at him.

FAITH
Your talking with Iolana at Vespers
is what I'm talking about.

D.J.
Oh, that. That was nothing.

FAITH
Daniel! You were flirting with her.

D.J.
No, I wasn't. I was being thoughtful.

FAITH
Baloney! You were flirting. You
smiled at her. You hurt my feelings!

D.J.
Your feelings? What does it matter to
you? Faith, you told me we couldn't
see each other, that you're committed
to becoming a nun, to serving God.

FAITH
But what about you and your vocation?
A seminarian shouldn't be flirting
with a postulant. Or with any girl.
And in Vespers, Daniel, of all
places. In Vespers. What a sacrilege.

D.J.
It was innocent. Harmless. I was
being sensitive and charitable.

FAITH
AAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!

Faith cocks mop and swings. D.J. sees mop head streaking for
his face. Mop SMACKS him and topples him. As he scurries
for Visitors Parlor, a second strike SPLATS his butt. He
SLAMS door shut. A third strike BANGS against the door.

FAITH
That's right, you flirt. Be a
sniveling coward too. AAAAGGGGGGH.

94 INT. CONVENT LOBBY - VISITORS PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

D.J. PANTS and wipes his face with his cassock. He takes a deep breath and looks up to see the statues scowling at him.

FAITH (O.S.)

Daniel, open the door. Now, you coward. What are you afraid of?

D.J.

The fucking mop.

FAITH (O.S.)

Watch your language, Daniel. Now, open the door. I just want to talk.

D.J.

Does the mop want to talk too?

FAITH (O.S.)

No, Daniel. I just need to talk with you before Sister Perpetua comes out.

D.J.

Okay. Remember, you promised, no damn mop. Sorry, I mean, no mop, okay? I'm opening the door. Faith, you promised. No mop.

D.J. opens parlor door and sees mop head streaking for his face. She SMACKS him, and he topples to floor.

D.J.

You lied!

FAITH

It was worth the three Hail Marys
Father Fabian will give me as
penance.

D.J.

Yeah, I suppose. Are you done?

FAITH

Done?

D.J.

Yeah. Sister Saint Michael with your
terrible swift mop of vengeance.

Faith LAUGHS. She drops the mop and folds her arms.

FAITH
I'm not done being mad at you.

D.J.
Criminy, Faith. What's going on here?

She plops into a sofa and puts her face in her hands.

FAITH
Daniel, I think I'm falling in love
with you. And I'm scared to death.

95 INT. ABBEY CHURCH VESTIBULE - CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

Frank kneels on predieu. Dis squirms behind privacy grate.

FATHER DISMAS
What sins do you wish to confess
this evening, my son?

FRANK
What goddamn sins do you have to
confess, my fucking father?

FATHER DISMAS
Don't curse in the confessional!
You are liable for your actions.
You may not like what happened,
but your lust caused it. Scripture
says your kind is an abomination.
You're the guilty one.

FRANK
Guilty? Me? I didn't want -

FATHER DISMAS
You did want it. Admit it, you
sinful pervert! You did want it!

FRANK
No, father. I did not want it. I
have battled my carnal desires. I
wear a chastity belt. Every day I
pray the rosary. Through the grace
of Our Lord and the intercession
of the Blessed Mother, I remained
chaste until you -

FATHER DISMAS

Forget it, queer boy. I've gone to confession, and God has forgiven me. If I died this moment, God would welcome me into Heaven. If you died right now, you'd be condemned to burn in the eternal unquenchable fires of hell.

FRANK

Maybe I should switch confessors.

FATHER DISMAS

NO! God would not forgive you if you broke the Seal of Confession.

FRANK

But that's what you have to obey.

FATHER DISMAS

Listen, you little faggot, if I do not recommend you, you will not be allowed to go to major seminary, and you will never ever become a priest, never, ever, do you understand that?

FRANK

What - what can I do?

FATHER DISMAS

God loves all sinners, my son. There is a special cleansing ritual I can perform: Benedictio Membris Sordidae, the "blessing of the soiled member."

FRANK

What is that, father?

FATHER DISMAS

I'm going to bless your penis, Frank, and you will be forgiven. After I remove the grate, put your penis through, and I will anoint it.

Dis pulls at the grate. Frank bolts out of the confessional.

96 INT. CONVENT CLASSROOM - DAY (JANUARY 1968)

D.J. teaches Latin to NOVICES. Faith sits front row center.

D.J.
 Conjugate all regular '-are' verbs
 the same: 'ambulo,' I walk;
 'ambulas,' you walk; 'ambulat,' he
 walks, and so on. Let's try
 'amare,' to love.

The giggling Thecla raises a hand.

D.J.
 Yes, Sister Thecla.

THECLA
 Amo, amas, amat, ama-, ama-?

D.J.
 Sister Anastasia?

ANASTASIA
 Amamamus? - amatitis? - amamamant?

D.J.
 Very close, sister. Sister Faith?

FAITH
 Amamus, amatis, amant.

ANASTASIA
 Show-off!

THECLA
 Now, sister! No envy, please.

The novices LAUGH, but in a reticent way.

D.J.
 Next time we'll work on -ere verbs,
 and refresh first-declension nouns.

Novices exit in orderly manner. Faith stays, pretending to
 make final notes. D.J. sits in the desk next to her.

D.J.
 Hey, you.

FAITH
 Hey, yourself.

D.J.
 I've been thinking about what you
 told me in the Visitors Parlor.

FAITH

Daniel, I'm so confused. You. My vocation. What happened to Frank. I'm not sure of anything right now, okay?

D.J.

Faith, I need to tell you how I feel.

FAITH

No, Daniel. I'm not ready for that. For now - let's just be good friends?

D.J.

But -

FAITH

Please, Daniel. Good friends, okay?

D.J.

Sure, sure, if that's what you want. Hey, you're doing great with Latin.

FAITH

Thanks. I'd love to do extra work.

D.J.

I could come early and tutor you.

SERIES: The two sit side-by-side "studying" Latin over several weeks, nudging ever closer but not crossing the line.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)

I was amazed no one popped in on us. I later learned our privacy was no accident: Anastasia and Thecla had posted themselves as pickets and shooed away all early-bird scholars.

SERIES: Anastasia and Thecla capably chase off other novices.

97

INT. CONVENT CHAPEL - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

Faith is in middle of confession to Father Fabian.

FATHER FABIAN

You have promised, Faith, that you would stop seeing Daniel.

FAITH

I know, father. But I cannot stop thinking about him. I have tried. It's as if I'm - I'm - flying.

FATHER FABIAN

And what about God's calling?

FAITH

He stopped calling me. I'm quitting.

FATHER FABIAN

Have you discussed this decision with the Novice Mistress?

FAITH

No, father. She has no compassion, no understanding of my heart. Father, I had no idea, no idea love between a woman and a man could be so -

FATHER FABIAN

Divine?

FAITH

Yes. How did you know, father?

FATHER FABIAN

Ahhh, that is a long, long story.

FAITH

Father, you were once so in love.

FATHER FABIAN

Yes, yes, Faith, long ago. Ours was a limitless, timeless, senseless love, a love that was, that is -

FAITH

Divine?

FATHER FABIAN

Yes, Faith. Divine. Because it was - it is a manifestation of God Himself. God is love, and He made all of us in His image, and so we too are love - designed for love, created to be loved, given life to love.

FAITH

What happened, father?

FATHER FABIAN

One day God took her from me. We were working together in a field hospital in Korea, and our unit was shelled.

Faith takes out a handkerchief to dry her eyes.

FAITH

I am so, so sorry you lost her. Did you not find another after her?

FATHER FABIAN

After I met her, there was no 'before'; after I lost her, there was no 'after'; after her, there could be no other. Now, enough about me. If you are serious about leaving the convent, you must talk at least with the abbess.

FAITH

Yes, father. I will.

FATHER FABIAN

Faith, one more thing.

FAITH

Yes, father.

FATHER FABIAN

The two of you, you and Daniel - you haven't had any kind of sexual relations, have you?

FAITH

Oh, no, father. We don't do that.

98 EXT. PICNIC GROUNDS - DAY (VISITING SUNDAY, MARCH 1968)

Pauline and Toni have laid out a sumptuous picnic lunch for their families and Faith, Anastasia, and Thecla.

PAULINE

So, John, you won't be going on to Saint Ephrem's in the fall?

JOHN

No, Mrs. Messer. I first spend a year as a Barnabian novice.

PAULINE

Toni, you're okay with John entering the monastery?

TONI

It's what he's chosen for himself, Pauline, and I support him fully.

PAULINE

What ever possessed you to become a monk? Don't they lead a life that is, well - sparse?

FRANK

Sparse doesn't begin to describe it, mother. How about destitute?

JOHN

I'm not being locked up in a dungeon.

FRANK

Damn close, though.

PAULINE

What about you sisters? Do those old biddies lock you up at night?

ANASTASIA

Only if we've been naughty.

THECLA

Or nice!

LAUGHTER.

FRANK

With Faith, it would be for being nice and naughty!

FAITH

Frank, you're incorrigible.

D.J. approaches the picnickers.

FRANK

Say, D.J. Would you say Sister Mary Faith is nice and naughty?

D.J.
Dunno. Have you asked her?

FRANK
She doesn't kiss and tell.

PAULINE
Francis, behave.

FRANK
Yes, mother.

TONI
Daniel, you aren't going to become
a monk like John, are you?

D.J.
No, Mrs. Jones.

PAULINE
So, you'll be joining Frank at
Saint Ephrem's in the fall?

Faith turns towards D.J.

D.J.
Yes, Miss Pauline. I'll be there.

Frank and John FEIGN CHOKING. Faith glares.

TONI
What did you boys try to swallow?

D.J.'s pals LAUGH so hard they CRY.

TONI
You boys are impossible.

FAITH
I'm stuffed. Anyone for a walk?

ANASTASIA AND THECLA
Sure!

D.J.
I'll walk with you all for a bit.
Anybody else up for a walk?

D.J. casts a steely glare at his buddies.

FRANK AND JOHN

No, no, no.

99 EXT. RUBBER ROAD - MINUTES LATER

D.J. and Faith hold hands as they walk.

FAITH

I've decided. I'm giving you a new nickname - it's "understanding."

D.J.

Why? What are you talking about?

FAITH

Last night I read that Saint Anselm defined theology as, "Faith seeking understanding."

D.J.

I like your theology. Mine is theology is also "understanding" seeking Faith.

They near the patch of used rubbers.

D.J.

I can't believe they ditched us.

FAITH

They had friends to visit.

D.J.

Them too? Tell me who, Faith.

Faith smiles. D.J. knows she's not going to tell.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)

I later found out who Faith's two friends had visited that Sunday.

They arrive at the rubbers, and Faith drifts towards them.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)

That Sunday Anastasia and Thecla were spending time with each other.

FLASHBACK: Anastasia and Thecla lock in a big wet kiss.

FAITH

Daniel, you aren't really going on to Saint Ephrem's in the fall, are you?

D.J.

What if I am?

FAITH

Daniel! After what I told you.

D.J.

No, no. I'm quitting. I'm wild crazy about you, Faith. Bonkers about you. Nuts. I'm madly, madly in love with everything about you.

She wraps her arms around him and kisses him passionately. As he tries to grope her, she stares at the condoms and flashes her eyebrows suggestively at him. He nods, "Yes."

100 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - DAY (EASTER SUNDAY)

ORGAN MUSIC. Lilies cover altar; pedestal crucifix is draped in white linen; Paschal Candle burns. D.J., Frank, and John sit in front of nuns. D.J. and Faith exchange smiles.

CHURCHGOERS CHANT elaborate ALLELUIA as Father Dis completes Gospel. He kisses page, closes book, and sets it aside. Congregation sits and sends CASCADE OF CREAKS tumbling through church. Father Dis picks up an index card.

FATHER DISMAS

Two announcements. The special collection today is for San Luis Ocotopeque, our mission in El Salvador. Second, we are dedicating Vespers this evening to the memory of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Father Dismas puts down the index card.

FATHER DISMAS

God loves all sinners.

D.J. and John tilt up their heads.

101 INT. CONVENT CLASSROOM - DAY

NOVICES translate Latin sentences written on blackboard.
Faith, front row center, raises her hand.

D.J.
Yes, Sister Faith.

FAITH
Daniel, would you check my work?

D.J.
Of course, sister.

He glances at her notebook: "Condoms?"

D.J. (O.S.)
Not exactly, Sister Faith.

She writes: "When?!"

D.J. (O.S.)
Yes, sister, that's a hard one.

She writes: "I'll get them!"

D.J. (O.S.)
Perfect, Sister Faith, just perfect.

102 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

D.J. is in middle of confession to Father Dismas.

FATHER DISMAS
You must confess all your sins, my
son, or face eternal damnation.

D.J.
Yes, father. When I do it -

FATHER DISMAS
When you masturbate?

D.J.
Yes, father. I've tried to fight it -
I have fought it - but when I do it,
I like to think about someone.

FATHER DISMAS
A pretty girl?

D.J.

It's - it's - not a girl, father.

FATHER DISMAS

Not a girl. A young man, then?

D.J.

I've fought it. I'm so, so ashamed.

FATHER DISMAS

My son, do you want to burn in hell?

D.J.

No, father. I'm afraid of hell.

FATHER DISMAS

Tell me, then, tell me NOW.

D.J.

It's - it's - you, father.

103 INT. CONVENT CHAPEL - DAY

QUIET. Lit only by votive candles. Main doors CREAK open and CLICK closed. CAMERA BECOMES person who has entered.

To CLICK OF TINY FOOTSTEPS, person walks up aisle to front, genuflects, and looks down. A hand makes the Sign of the Cross. Person rises and approaches votive candles.

Next to rack is gray metal box with wide slot and card taped to top: "FOR PAGAN BABIES." Small hand wedges metal crucifix under lid and pries at top. FRUSTRATED EXHALATIONS.

Top POPS open. Box contains mostly change. Few singles. One fiver. Tiny hand extracts coins. Hand closes box.

Person genuflects and looks down. Hand makes Sign of the Cross. To CLICK OF TINY FOOTSTEPS, person walks back to main doors. Doors CREAK open and CLICK closed. FOOTSTEPS FADE.

104 INT. FATHER DISMAS'S ROOM & OFFICE - NIGHT

Cigarillo on his lips, Dis writes in diary.

FATHER DISMAS (V.O.)

'DY' is coming to see me. This queer boy wants sex from me, further proof

that seminarians are the ones who
initiate these sinful encounters.

KNOCK. Dis slides diary to side and checks himself in mirror.

FATHER DISMAS

Come in.

D.J. enters, notes diary, and sits. Dis pours two glasses of
wine, moves in behind D.J., and rubs his shoulders.

D.J.

Father.

FATHER DISMAS

Danny, my boy, no need to call me
'father.' Call me, Dismas.

D.J.

Father - Dismas, I mean, I've been
having these erotic fantasies.

FATHER DISMAS

Erotic fantasies? Sexually explicit?

D.J.

Yes. I've been having thoughts
about - seeing what you look like.

FATHER DISMAS

What I look like, Danny?

D.J.

Yes, Dismas, what your, you know,
what your you-know-what looks like.

FATHER DISMAS

Ah, what I look like. Would you
like to see what my you-know-what
looks like?

D.J.

I'm so ashamed to admit it.

FATHER DISMAS

No, no, Danny, we need never be
ashamed of the sacred gifts God
has endowed us with.

D.J.

So, my desires - are - okay?

FATHER DISMAS

Perfectly normal. Would you like to?

D.J.

Yes, will I go to hell for that?

FATHER DISMAS

No, not at all. I'll hear your confession and absolve you.

Dis disrobes, peers into mirrors, and poses so D.J. can see him from every angle. D.J. reaches back and opens the door.

D.J.

NOW!!!

HOLLERING, John springs in with motorized 35-mm camera and shoots naked monk nonstop: CLICK, CLICK, CLICK. D.J. grabs his stomach and gags. John shoots Dis in various poses.

FATHER DISMAS

You'll never get away with this, you little perverts! Give me that camera!

JOHN

Done, let's boogie.

FATHER DISMAS

Give me that camera! NOW!

JOHN

D.J.! Come on, man! BOOGIE!

D.J. jumps up and clobbers Dis in the eye, sending him CRASHING to floor. D.J. retches and vomits on the prostrate monk. D.J. grabs the diary and sweeps an arm across the desk, sending books, plants, and two glasses of wine CRASHING to floor. He races from the office.

105 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - MONKS STALLS - SAME NIGHT

As monks CHANT Compline, Abbot Baruch fondles his pectoral crucifix. Monks occasionally bow.

SUPER Divine Office of Compline

106 INT. ABBOT BARUCH'S OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Over Father Fabian's shoulder, across mammoth oak desk, WE SEE abbot flipping through pages of Father Dismas's diary.

ABBOT BARUCH

This so-called diary proves nothing, Father Fabian. How can I be sure, 100% sure, it belongs to Father Dismas? Anyone could have written it.

FATHER FABIAN (O.S.)

Father Abbot, it's his handwriting.

ABBOT BARUCH

Lots of people's handwriting looks the same. This diary could be a forgery crafted by vengeful seminarians intent on ruining Father Dismas's fine reputation. Anyone could have written it. Anyone. How did you come by this?

FATHER FABIAN (O.S.)

Father Abbot, I'm sworn to secrecy. But it did come from his office. By all that is holy, I swear to that.

ABBOT BARUCH

I'm sorry, but it's not enough. What other proof do you have of this alleged impropriety? Solid proof, father, that will stand up in a court of law. Give me the name of this alleged recent victim.

FATHER FABIAN (O.S.)

Father Abbot, I've sworn an oath that I wouldn't divulge his name.

ABBOT BARUCH

But why won't he come forward?

FATHER FABIAN (O.S.)

He's afraid of retaliation.

ABBOT BARUCH

What kind of retaliation?

FATHER FABIAN (O.S.)
He fears the faculty would block
his entry into Saint Ephrem's.

ABBOT BARUCH
But I cannot act without firm proof.
I will not ruin a man's good name,
especially a holy monk of God.

FATHER FABIAN (O.S.)
For Christ's sake, Father Abbot,
you're sticking your head in the
sand. You know others have made these
kinds of charges before. This man is
a predator. A criminal. A cancer.

ABBOT BARUCH
That's enough, Father Fabian.

FATHER FABIAN (O.S.)
No, it isn't goddamn near enough.
Jesus H. Christ, I treated him for
gonorrhoea last year. The clap,
Father Abbot, the clap!

ABBOT BARUCH
He explained how he got that disease.

FATHER FABIAN (O.S.)
From a toilet seat at a gas station!
And you believed that crock of shit?

ABBOT BARUCH
Out, Father Fabian. Get out. Out.

FATHER FABIAN (O.S.)
I apologize, Father Abbot. But you
have to do something about Dismas.

ABBOT BARUCH
I will not allow this monastery's
good name to be sullied based on
rumors and hearsay about Father
Dismas. Now, get out. GET OUT!

Fab's face is wrought, desperate, enraged. He stands, KNOCKS
over the chair, and storms from the office. He SLAMS the
door so hard that the wall shakes.

107 EXT. CONVENT GARDEN - JUST BEFORE LUNCH

Amp prunes in rose garden. Butterflies flit about. Faith approaches, strolling as if praying. Butterflies scatter.

FAITH

Mr. Amp, did you get the - item?

AMP

You know how curious I am, right?

FAITH

I do, Mr. Amp. And I appreciate your -

AMP

Discretion?

FAITH

Yes, thank you, thank you so much.

Amp pulls out small brown bag folded closed at top. Faith reaches into her pocket and withdraws handful of change.

AMP

No, no, sister, I couldn't.

FAITH

Mr. Amp, I insist. Please!

AMP

No. Why don't you put your money in the Pagan Baby box in the chapel?

Faith COUGHS, turns to side, and COUGHS again.

FAITH

Thank you, Mr. Amp, but it's important to me to pay you.

AMP

Alright, sister, on one condition.

FAITH

Anything.

Amp cuts a magnificent yellow rose for her.

AMP

You accept this rose as a way of remembering Miss Ola and me.

FAITH

Oh, Mr. Amp, thank you so much, thank
you both so much for all your
kindnesses over the last two years.

Faith kisses Amp on cheek. He tips his grungy cap. She
strides back toward lobby. As she nears doors, WE SEE window
to side. Sister Perpetua is watching.

108 INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

Father Fabian debriefs D.J. and John.

FATHER FABIAN

Sorry, guys. He won't do anything
unless Frank comes forward.

D.J.

What about the diary, father?

FATHER FABIAN

He said it could be a forgery.

D.J.

Jesus H. Christ! Oops, sorry, father.

FATHER FABIAN

Good thing you guys didn't hear me in
there. I don't know what else to do.

JOHN

No sweat, father. We've got a
backup plan and we're going to -

Fab covers his ears, dances around, and SINGS nonsense.

D.J.

Yes, father. And we were never here.

109 INT. MONASTERY - ABBOT'S CELL - NIGHT

Abbot sees envelope on floor: "ABBOT BARUCH. URGENT. OPEN
AT ONCE." He rips it open and flips through photos. He
drops photos and runs into hallway.

110 INT. MONASTERY - CHAPEL-LIKE ALCOVE - CONTINUOUS

Abbot throws himself against life-sized realistic crucifix with bloodied Christus. His head falls on crotch. He SOBS.

111 INT. REFECTORY - LUNCH

Father Cosmas puts down still-smoking Meerschaum pipe, gets up from prefects table, and moves to lectern. He TAPS on mike a couple of times, and refectory goes SILENT.

FATHER COSMAS

I have a couple of wonderful
announcements. First, John Jones -
Johnny - Johnny - where are you?

John sits with D.J. and Frank.

FATHER COSMAS

There you are. Stand up, please.

His pals boost up reluctant John.

FATHER COSMAS

After graduating next week, John
will enter our Abbey, and, God
willing, go on to become a
lifelong member of our monastic
community. Give him a hand.

Seminarians CLAP. D.J. and Frank stand and HOOT. Father Cosmas TAPS mike several times.

FATHER COSMAS

Okay. He's not an Apollo astronaut.

LAUGHTER.

FATHER COSMAS

Second, Father Dismas is leaving
Saint Mark's to become Director of
Youth at San Luis Ocotopeque.

Father Dis smokes a cigarillo and rubs his shiner.

FATHER COSMAS (O.S.)

He's departing tonight. We thank
him for his service. Hasta la
vista, padre! Give him a hand.

APPLAUSE. Three pals flash "thumbs ups" to each other.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
 We later heard Father Dis died under
 mysterious circumstances near the
 abbey mission in Central America.

SERIES OF STILLs: Dis on horse in Central American mountains;
 surrounded by little boys; holding child on his lap.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
 The monastery press release spoke
 of an accident, said he was thrown
 by a horse on a mountain trail and
 fell to his death. None of us
 believed that official story.

112 INT. CONVENT HALLWAY - AFTER LUNCH SAME DAY

Faith walks back to her cell.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
 John later told us Father Dismas
 was macheted by villagers who
 caught him raping a little boy.
 John said his last words were said
 to be, God loves all sinners.

113 INT. CONVENT - FAITH'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Perp ransacks Faith cell. Scattered books, smashed Holy
 Water font, bedding on floor. Perp rips through underthings.
 Faith glances at yellow rose in small vase on windowsill.

FAITH
 Novice Mistress! How dare you!

Sister Perp stops, labors to breathe, and rears up.

SISTER PERPETUA
 Where is it?

FAITH
 Where is what, Novice Mistress?

SISTER PERPETUA
 You know what, sister. That small
 brown paper bag Mr. Amp gave you.

FAITH

Sister, the only thing Mr. Amp gave me is that yellow rose.

Perp glances at yellow rose in windowsill.

SISTER PERPETUA

Don't sin more by lying to me.

FAITH

Novice Mistress, are you okay?

SISTER PERPETUA

I'm just fine. What was in that bag? Was it drugs? Are you a dope fiend? Are you, God forbid, a hippie?

Faith picks up bedding from floor.

SISTER PERPETUA

So, that's it. You're one of those Hippie pothead flower children. I knew it from the start. Your kind is a blight on the religious life.

Unruffled, Faith gathers her underthings.

SISTER PERPETUA

I will find that brown bag, you dope fiend! I will find it. Where is it?

FAITH

Novice Mistress, we must be in chapel in a few minutes. We'll be late.

SISTER PERPETUA

I WANT THOSE DRUGS, SISTER! NOW!

Perp glares at yellow rose.

FAITH

Oh, no, sister. Please, no!

Faith gets to windowsill as Perp grabs the rose. Faith fights her for it. The small vase CRASHES to floor.

FAITH

Sister, it's only a rose. Please!

Perp shoves Faith and WHACKS at rose with the riding crop.

SISTER PERPETUA

God hates your kind, He hates you!
You liar! You dope fiend! You hippie!

Faith seizes Perp in a bear hug, lifts her, and bum rushes her to door. She pushes her to floor in the hallway.

FAITH

No, sister! God does not hate me; God does not hate anyone. God is love. I am God's child. I am a child of love. I am loved, I do love, I am love.

114 INT. COLLEGE DORM - NIGHT

D.J. opens laundry bag, finds small brown paper bag, and takes out package of condoms with a "heart" drawn on it.

115 INT. RECTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Father Cosmic sits at desk, doing paperwork, sipping coffee from "World's Greatest Rector" mug. KNOCK.

FATHER COSMAS

Come in.

FRANK

You wanted to see me, father?

FATHER COSMAS

Yes, Frank. Just stand. This won't take long. The faculty has voted you "Not Recommended" for major seminary.

Frank heaves and shakes. He struggles to speak.

FRANK

I'm not going on to Saint Ephrem's?

FATHER COSMAS

No, Frank, you are not.

FRANK

I'm not going to be a priest?

FATHER COSMAS

No, you're not going to be a priest.

FRANK

But - but why, father? Why?

FATHER COSMAS

You know why, Frank. Certain kinds of people do not make good priests.

Frank trembles, hardly able to stand.

FRANK

What do you mean, 'certain kinds'?

FATHER COSMAS

Your kind, Frank. Your kind cannot control carnal appetites; Scripture says your kind is an abomination; your kind pervert God's love.

Frank collapses into big chair in front of desk.

FRANK

My kind.

Cosmic picks up Meerschaum pipe and flicks a lighter.

FATHER COSMAS

I'll give you time to compose yourself, Frank. Good luck.

Cosmic departs, leaving Frank paralyzed, staring.

116 EXT. ABBEY CHURCH - SIDE ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

D.J. climbs steps to bell tower door, carrying blankets and pillows. He opens door, the bedding teetering in his arms. He enters bell tower foyer.

117 INT. RECTOR'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Frank picks up the "World's Greatest Rector" coffee mug.

FRANK

My kind! World's greatest rectum!

He hurls mug at a faculty photo, SMASHING the glass.

FRANK

My kind! Not Recommended!

He sweeps his arms across the desk, sending phone, a rack of pipes, and other items CLATTERING to floor.

FRANK

My kind! God loves all sinners!

He hoists a chair and hurls it CRASHING through a window.

118 INT. CONVENT CLASSROOM - DAY

D.J. packs up. Faith, the only novice left, approaches.

FAITH

Shower, two minutes.

She runs out, GIGGLING. D.J.'s eyes fix on his wristwatch.

119 INT. CONVENT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

D.J. hears WATER RUNNING. A door next to ladies room is ajar. He nudges door open and looks inside.

120 INT. CONVENT SHOWERS - CONTINUOUS

Barely visible through waves of water and steam, Faith washes herself and HUMS. She turns off water, turns, and smiles. Steam wafts away. D.J. drops backpack, and she LAUGHS. He picks up backpack and pulls shut the door. Hunched over, he limps into mens room. RHYTHMIC GRUNTS.

JUMP CUT TO:

121 INT. REFECTORY - BREAKFAST (VISITING SUNDAY, MAY 1968)

D.J., Frank, and John enjoy breakfast.

SUPER Visiting Sunday, May 1968

D.J.

Our last Visiting Sunday at Saint
Mark's, my brothers, and for you,
Johnny, your last day of freedom.

Frank puts napkin on his head and pulls it down like a monk's cowl. He bobs his head like a monk in prayer.

D.J.

It's not too late for you.

JOHN

I've made my choice, Deege.

D.J.

And I've made mine. I'm quitting!

JOHN

When are you and Faith gonna do it?

D.J. mixes together honey and peanut butter and spreads gooey concoction on a slice of monk's bread.

JOHN

Gonna ball her tonight, are you?

D.J. takes big bite. Frank grabs pitcher and pours honey first over his right wrist, then over his left.

D.J.

Bummer you got a "Not Recommended,"
Frank. But we got Dis for you.

JOHN

And for Billy too, right?

D.J.

Yeah, for Billy too!

D.J. and John clink cups. Frank hoists his cup heavenward.

FRANK

This is my bloody caffeine.

122 INT. CONVENT REFECTORY - SAME TIME

Faith eats with Anastasia and Thecla.

ANASTASIA

I've always wanted to see Hamlet.

THECLA

What part does D.J. have again?

FAITH

Horatio, Hamlet's best friend.

ANASTASIA

Get thee to a nunnery!

THECLA

Now cracks a noble heart. D.J. will say that, won't he? He's so cute.

ANASTASIA

Faith, I have something for you.

Anastasia passes a LIPSTICK to Faith. Thecla touches Faith.

FAITH

Thecla, you too?

THECLA

Of course!

Thecla passes a COMPACT to Faith.

FAITH

Thank you both so very much.

123 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - THAT MORNING

High Mass. D.J. takes Communion under wine species. Frank follows, takes the Chalice, and chugs wine. He wrestles with minister for the sacred cup. Chalice CLANGS to floor, spilling remaining drops of consecrated wine.

124 INT. GUEST REFECTORY - LUNCH THAT DAY

Perp and NOVICES sit at several tables. D.J.'s family sits at another table. D.J. enters with serving tray, followed by Frank. Frank sees D.J. lingering by Faith's side.

FRANK

Hey, folks, remember Sister Faith?

D.J.

Frank.

FAITH

It's okay, Daniel. Hi, everybody.

JOY

Oh, hello, Sister Faith.

FAITH

Remember Anastasia and Thecla?

JOY

Of course. Hello, sisters.

Anastasia and Thecla wipe lips, smile, and wave.

JOY

Would you all like to come by for
dessert this afternoon?

FAITH

We'd love to, but we'll be working
in the rose garden all afternoon.

ANGUS

(pointing at Faith)
That nun's pretty.

FRANK

Yes, Angus. Pretty enough to kiss.

Frank scootches between D.J. and Faith, bends over, and
kisses her. Faith blushes. Frank strikes dramatic pose.

FRANK

Get thee from that nunnery!

Perp rises imperially to scrutinize the action.

SISTER PERPETUA

What's going on here?

FRANK

Get thee to a nunnery!

D.J.

It's from Hamlet, sister.

SISTER PERPETUA

Oh, the play tonight.

JOY

Will we see you sisters there?

FAITH

Yes, of course. We can't wait.

SISTER PERPETUA

Not you, Sister Faith. You have been
assigned as porter tonight.

FAITH

But, Novice Mistress, I'm -

Sister Perp WHACKS table with bloodied riding crop.

SISTER PERPETUA

Sister! Your punishment will stand.

Faith cowers. D.J. stares blankly.

DOUG

(to D.J.)

Novice Mistress? For Christ's sake, it sounds like Medieval torture and bondage.

D.J.

Dad, you don't even want to know.

ANGUS

(pointing at Perp)

That nun's mean.

125 EXT. PICNIC GROUNDS - THAT AFTERNOON

D.J. is half-asleep, half-awake, face in arms in front of an overflowing plate and a beer. Doug naps off to side. Frank, carrying a butterfly net, and John, carrying two corkboards of pinned butterflies, approach the Yeats table.

JOY

Hi, boys! How about dessert?

JOHN

Not today, Mrs. 'Y.' Hey, Angus.

John puts corkboards on table near Angus.

ANGUS (O.S.)

Wow, look at those butterflies.

JOHN (O.S.)

Frank wants you to have them, and his favorite butterfly net.

John presents Frank's butterfly net to Angus.

ANGUS

Thanks, Frank. This net is neat.

Frank MUMBLES unintelligibly.

JOY
What's that, Frank? Frank.

FRANK
This is -

JOHN
Frank's on a downer, Mrs. 'Y.'

JOY
Oh, no!

Doug awakens.

DOUG
Oh. Hi guys. Wanna cold one?

JOHN
No thanks, Mr. Yeats.

Frank MUMBLES unintelligibly.

DOUG
What's that, Frank?

FRANK
This is - my blood.

JOHN
Frank's on a downer, Mr. Yeats.

JOY
What happened, Frank?

JOHN
The Barbarians aren't letting him go on to major seminary.

JOY
Oh, Frank! We're so sorry. Frank. John, what's wrong with Frank?

JOHN
He's just really bummed out.

DOUG
What's he going to do?

JOHN

He hasn't gotten that far yet. Let's go, Frank. Let's see if your family is here yet for the play tonight.

Frank MUMBLES unintelligibly.

D.J. dreams of Faith naked in shower. She washes herself provocatively, HUMS, and smiles.

126 EXT./INT. CONVENT GARDEN/CONVENT LOBBY - SAME TIME

Faith argues with Perp in rose garden. Anastasia and Thecla huddle at garden edge. Perp SLAPS riding crop against a leg and wags a finger at Faith. Faith leans in toward her.

FAITH

I am going to see Hamlet tonight.

Faith dashes toward lobby and bursts in, SLAMMING the door. She looks down lobby and sees telephone booth. She breaks into a run as Perp JOLTS through door.

SISTER PERPETUA

You are not going. This is your punishment for hiding those drugs.

Faith jumps into booth and SLAMS door in Perp's face. Faith wedges a foot at bottom of booth door.

SISTER PERPETUA

I forbid it. Now, open this door!

Faith digs into a pocket, pulls out change, and spreads coins RATTLING on booth seat. She picks through coins.

SISTER PERPETUA

You will kneel out for a week!

Coins CLINK. DIAL TONE. She DIALS. Her finger shakes. She cannot dial. She looks up. Statues seem to crowd in behind Perp, who BANGS riding crop against the booth glass.

SISTER PERPETUA

ANSWER ME! That boy is the devil.
You will not consort with his kind.

Faith hangs up and hits "Return" lever. Coins JANGLE. Perp BEATS at glass with riding crop.

SISTER PERPETUA

That's better. Now, come out.

Faith sees SNIGGERING Anastasia and GIGGLING Thecla mime "Go, go, go" as cheerleaders. Statues seem to retreat to their places. Faith smiles, takes deep breath, and drops coins CLINKING into slot. DIAL TONE. She DIALS calmly.

SISTER PERPETUA

And for using the telephone, you will clean toilets for a week.

PHONE RINGS.

SISTER PERPETUA

You are forbidden to see that play.

PHONE RINGS. Faith tears off her veil, revealing she has begun to let her hair grow out. Sister Perp reels.

SISTER PERPETUA

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

PHONE RINGS. Anastasia pulls Thecla out of sight.

FAITH

Hello, Miss Ola. This is Sister Mary Faith from Saint Monica's.

(beat)

I was wondering if you and Mr. Amp are going to Hamlet this evening?

127 INT. LOBBY/AUDITORIUM - THAT NIGHT

GUESTS arrive for Hamlet. Father Cosmas and OTHER FACULTY stand in lobby, welcoming visitors.

Pauline and Frank's three sisters walk down center aisle. Jones family and Father Fab take seats near front.

Yeats family and Faith enter. BUZZ OF CROWD GETS LOUDER. Angus wears a Goodwill suit and tie with BUTTERFLIES.

128 INT. GREENROOM - SAME TIME

CAST adjust costumes and put on makeup. Smiling, Frank sits next to D.J. on sofa. D.J. studies lines, and Frank flips through butterfly fieldbook. He fingers rosary and clasps crucifix to his chest. Sharp edges of crucifix gleam.

D.J. (reading Horatio)
 And let me speak to th' yet
 unknowing world How these things
 came about.

FRANK
 Danny, I love butterflies.

D.J.
 Yeah, Frank, they're amazing
 creatures. I love them too.

Frank touches D.J. D.J. stops, looks at Frank, and smiles.

D.J.
 I love you too Frank.

129 INT. ONSTAGE/GREENROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

ONSTAGE: PORKY CLASSMATE (as Osric) prances in and bows,
 swishing his cap. Audience GIGGLES at effeminate Osric.

PORKY CLASSMATE (as Osric)
 (Tiny Tim voice throughout)
 Your lordship is right welcome
 back to Denmark.

Audience CHUCKLES.

JOHN (as Hamlet)
 I humbly thank you, sir.

PORKY CLASSMATE (as Osric)
 Sweet lord, I should impart a
 thing to you from his Majesty.

GREENROOM: Frank grips stares at butterflies.

JOHN (O.S. as Hamlet)
 Put your bonnet to his right use.
 'Tis for the head.

PORKY CLASSMATE (O.S. as Osric)
 I thank your lordship, but it is hot.

JOHN (O.S. as Hamlet)
 No, believe me, 'tis very cold.

ONSTAGE: Osric prances closer to Hamlet.

PORKY CLASSMATE (as Osric)
It is indifferent cold, my lord.

JOHN (as Hamlet)
But yet methinks it is very sultry.

PORKY CLASSMATE (as Osric)
Exceedingly, my lord; it is very
sultry, as 'twere--
(batting eyelashes)
I cannot tell how.

Audience ROARS.

GREENROOM: Frank sits alone, silent. LAUGHTER FADES. Giant Swallowtail flies from fieldbook and circles above Frank.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
None of us realized how important
becoming a priest was to Frank. He
had been raped not only sexually,
but worse, spiritually.

130 INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - DAY (CONTEMPORARY - LATE SPRING)

Manuscript lays on coffee table next to Frank's crucifix.
50-SOMETHING D.J. and 50-SOMETHING FAITH sit on sofa. She
holds Frank's rosary.

50-SOMETHING FAITH
Are you done now, baby?

50-SOMETHING D.J.
Almost. I want to read through it
with you and the guys after supper.

Their son DANNY (twenties, tall) barges in.

DANNY
Dad, when are they getting here?
Hey, what's wrong, mom? Dad been
writing his book again?

50-SOMETHING FAITH
Something like that, Danny.

DANNY
You okay?

50-SOMETHING FAITH
I'm fine, sweetie.

DANNY
Dad.

50-SOMETHING D.J.
In an hour or so.

DANNY
Great! You think they'll like what
we have in mind.

50-SOMETHING D.J.
Son, they'll love it.

Danny jogs out into the yard.

50-SOMETHING FAITH
Daniel, I still can't believe we
did what we did. I can still smell
the candles and hear the bells.

JUMP CUT TO:

131 EXT. BELL TOWER - NEAR MIDNIGHT (VISITING SUNDAY, MAY 1968)

Floodlight illuminates tower, casting deep shadows in arched
openings at top where huge bronze bells sleep.

50-SOMETHING FAITH (V.O.)
I can close my eyes and be with
you again there in that bell
tower. It's like we never left it.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
That's because somehow we never did.

132 INT. BELL TOWER - NEAR MIDNIGHT

D.J. and Faith hide behind solid-wood railing. The two are
wrapped in a blanket covering everything but their heads.
Eyes open, they stare into blackness. She nuzzles his neck.

D.J.
Hey, you.

FAITH
Hey, yourself.

133 EXT. PICNIC GROUNDS - NEAR MIDNIGHT

Still in costume, John wanders around in dark. He BANGS a thigh into a picnic table and GROANS. He rubs his thigh and turns towards refectory lights and glares in exasperation.

JOHN

Goddamn it, Deege. You're gonna owe me big time for this one.

134 INT. REFECTORY - NEAR MIDNIGHT

AFTER-PARTY MONTAGE: MONKS, SEMINARIANS, and GUESTS enjoy themselves. LOUD CONVERSATIONS. GLASSES CLINK. LAUGHTER.

135 EXT. CLOISTER WALK - MIDNIGHT

Brother Hildebert slouches towards Abbey Church to ring bells to waken monks for Matins. Tired, he mostly sleepwalks, sandals FLOPPING, and sips from coffee mug.

136 INT. BELL TOWER - AFTER MIDNIGHT (MONDAY)

D.J. pries arm free from Faith's clutches, reaches over flickering votive candles, and retrieves Romeo and Juliet.

FAITH

Daniel, what are you doing?

Not answering, he puts on floppy hat and flips to a page.

D.J.

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

FAITH

Daniel, stop it! I hate that play!

D.J.

You hate Romeo and Juliet. Why?

FAITH

Because they die. Their love should live, not die! I hate it. I do.

He stares deeply into her glistening eyes.

D.J.

Good point. In fact, damn good point.

He hums book over solid-wood balcony railing.

FAITH

Daniel!

Book CRASHES on pedestal crucifix, kicking it off altar. Crucifix BANGS onto floor and bounces before settling. High above, D.J. and Faith peek over balcony railing.

D.J.

Bullseye! Think I could do it again?

The two disappear as LAUGHING Faith grabs D.J. around neck and pulls him back beneath balcony railing.

137 INT. DARKROOM - AFTER MIDNIGHT

John knocks on door, waits, and opens door.

JOHN

Jesus H. Christ, Danny, where the hell are the two of you?

138 INT. BELL TOWER FOYER - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Hildebert HUMS, parks mug, and rolls up sleeves.

139 INT. BELL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

D.J. stands, naked except for floppy hat. Faith, snuggled in blanket, tries to pull him back.

D.J.

Faith, get up. The bells are going to ring. Come on. We have to go.

Faith looks up at twelve-ton bell above her. She stands up and moons the monastery as floodlight illumines her bare buttocks. D.J. starts madly blowing out ring of votive candles. She shimmies into her cotton nun underwear.

FAITH

Help me, Daniel!

D.J. puts her bra over her breasts and expertly hooks it.

FAITH

Hey, when did you learn to put
brassieres on a girl?

D.J.

I told you I'm a Renaissance man.

He picks up her habit and tosses it over her head. He slides his hands over her breasts, halting the flow of the habit.

FAITH

Oh, so scholarly, right?

D.J.

You taught me new things today.

Faith adjusts her headpiece. D.J. has on his jeans. Faith embraces his bare chest tightly.

D.J.

We gotta hurry.

A little bell pipes a single repeated note: DING, DING, DING.

Now dressed, and abandoning the bedding, the couple race down stairs to get away from the bells, stopping just above the lowest landing to stay hidden from Hildebert below.

140 INT. BELL TOWER FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Hildebert grabs thick knotted rope to twelve-ton bell, slips a big knot between his legs, and pulls hard. It answers the small bell's DING, DING, DING with a full-throated DONG. The androgynous monk soars into the air into darkness above. CAMERA SEES he is naked under his Barnabian robes.

The monk rides into and out of darkness above, faithfully yanking at rope to small bell. DING, DING, DING - DONG! DING, DING, DING - DONG! "Brother Hildebert's Wild Ride."

141 INT. BELL TOWER STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

D.J. and Faith sit on stairs above lowest landing, hands over their ears, watching Brother Hildebert's Wild Ride. They relish madness, synchronously pecking each other with every DING, DING, DING, and passionately kissing at every DONG.

142 EXT./INT. CLOISTER WALK/MONKS STALLS - CONTINUOUS

BELLS RING. MONKS, hoods up, file in for Matins, led by Abbot Baruch. BELLS STOP. Hildebert joins others.

SUPER Divine Office of Matins

Monks drop hoods, pull out Psalters, and CHANT Matins.

143 INT. BELL TOWER STAIRCASE/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

D.J. and Faith creep down staircase, holding tightly onto one another, freezing when a step CREAKS. They steal a kiss. Holding hands, they tiptoe down stairs to foyer, slip past CHANTING monks, and exit into the night.

144 EXT. GRAVEL ROAD/CHURCH STEPS - CONTINUOUS

John mumbles fractured lines from Hamlet.

JOHN

What a piece of shit work is man!

He stops, gestures theatrically, and makes half turn. When he faces portico, he sees Frank on the steps.

JOHN

In action how like - a devil! Frank, what the hell are you doing?

John sees two shapes emerging from shadows.

JOHN

Oh, there you are. Why is Frank lying on the steps?

The three look at each other, then at Frank.

D.J.

Oh, shiiiiit! Shit, shit, shit!
FRRRRAAANNNNK!

They run. D.J. slumps to knees and feels for neck pulse: he's alive. John looks on in horror. Faith grabs Frank's head and caresses him. Frank's arm flops onto her, and red-black blood drip from his wrist onto her all-white habit.

JOHN

What can we do?

FAITH

Cover his head with my wimple, and
his chest with my scapular.

John pulls off her wimple and scapular and covers Frank.

FAITH

Daniel, make bandages from my habit.

D.J. hesitates, gapes.

FAITH

Go ahead, tear it. NOW, DANIEL!

D.J. snaps to and uses his teeth to rip strips of cloth from her habit. As D.J. struggles to bandage Frank's wrists, Faith holds Frank's limp body in a pose reminiscent of the Piéta. Frank opens his eyes and looks up. He smiles.

FAITH

Somebody go for help. NOW!

JOHN

I'll get Father Fabian.

145 INT. REFECTORY - AFTER MIDNIGHT

John bursts into CELEBRATION SOUNDS, looks around, and eyes Father Fabian across room. He pushes rudely past guests. He bumps into Joy and Pauline LAUGHING together.

JOY

Oh, John, there you are. Have you found Daniel yet? I saved him a big piece of cake and some ice cream.

PAULINE

And what about Francis?

JOY

John, John, what's wrong?

He ignores them, wades further in, and grabs Fab.

FATHER FABIAN

John, what is it?

JOHN

Something really bad, father.
Frank's dying. He's dying, father.

FATHER FABIAN
Oh, my God, no! Where?

JOHN
On the church steps.

FATHER FAB
Go, Johnny. I'll get my bag and
meet you there.

146 INT. ABBEY CHURCH - MONKS STALLS - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Monks INTONE canticle "Te Deum."

MONKS
Te Deum laudamus: te Dominum
confitemur. Te æternum Patrem
omnis terra venerator.

147 EXT. ABBEY CHURCH - PORTICO - CONTINUOUS

SOARING MUSIC. Frank lies in Faith's arms, habit shredded
and blood-soaked. Fab feels for Frank's neck pulse as John
begins mouth-to-mouth. D.J. supports Faith. Faith prays.

FAITH
Suscipe eum, Domine.

SUPER Receive him, Lord

Fab removes fingers from Frank's neck and angrily throws
aside med bag. He pulls pouch from his habit and begins Last
Rites. Monks CHANT "Te Deum" in background.

FATHER FABIAN
Ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis -

SUPER I absolve you from your sins

FATHER FABIAN
(signing over Frank)
in nomine Patris et Filii et
Spiritus Sancti.

FRANK
Amen. What's my penance, father?

FATHER FABIAN
How about that smile, Frank?

A final burst of light in his eyes, Frank smiles.

FAITH

Oh, Frank, what have they done to
you? What have they done to you?

Frank dies. Faith collapses over him and SOBS. Father Fabian covers Frank's face with the wimple. Monks conclude CHANTING "Te Deum" in foreground.

MONKS

In te, Domine, speravi: non
confundar in æternum.

Parents race to scene. Big John pushes Toni's wheelchair.

FADE TO BLACK:

50-SOMETHING FAITH (V.O.)

In te, Domine, speravi: non confundar
in æternum.

SUPER I have hoped in you, O Lord:
Let me never be confounded.

FADE UP TO:

148 INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - DAY (CONTEMPORARY - SPRING)

50-SOMETHING FAITH holds manuscript in her lap.

50-SOMETHING FAITH (reading)

We asked the abbot to cancel our
graduation ceremony, but he refused.

MONTAGE: Amateur photos of graduation.

50-SOMETHING FAITH (V.O.)

He said we needed to get back to
"normal." Frank's pastor refused to
bury him because he had taken his own
life. So Father Fabian said the Mass.

MONTAGE: "White" Mass celebrated by Father Fab. Faith holds
yellow rose. FRANK'S father is in dress police uniform.

50-SOMETHING FAITH (V.O.)

And not the ordinary funeral Mass,
but rather the 'Mass of the Angels,'
said only for Holy Innocents.

She puts down manuscript. She and D.J. move to a window, holding hands. They watch Danny in butterfly garden.

50-SOMETHING FAITH (O.S.)
You and Danny have done an amazing
job with the butterfly garden.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (O.S.)
Not me. After I suggested it, I
couldn't hold him back.

50-SOMETHING FAITH (O.S.)
Of course, just like his dad. You
know how Frank would have loved this.

JUMP CUT TO:

149 EXT. A CEMETERY - AN OPEN GRAVE - DAY

Pauline, Frank's three sisters, and MOURNERS WEEP. As D.J. and CLASSMATES lower casket, Father Fab sprinkles Holy Water.

FATHER FABIAN
In nomine Patris et Filii et
Spiritus Sancti.

Droplets of Holy Water trickle over the casket.

MOURNERS (O.S.)
AMEN!

Father Fab casts a handful of dirt over the coffin.

FATHER FABIAN
Cineres cineribus, pulvis pulveri.

D.J. and classmates cast dirt as mourners CHANT Dies Irae.

MOURNERS
Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla;
Teste David cum Sibilla.

Faith approaches with a yellow rose and kneels graveside.

FAITH
Good night, sweet prince, And flights
of angels sing thee to thy rest.

She casts the yellow rose into Frank's grave.

MATCH CUT TO:

150 EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - PORCH - DAY (CONTEMPORARY - SPRING)

70-SOMETHING FATHER FABIAN and 50-SOMETHING JOHN present yellow roses to 50-SOMETHING FAITH. Faith hugs each.

50-SOMETHING FAITH

What a wonderful reunion. I can't believe you're finally here.

50-SOMETHING JOHN

It's great to see you, Faith. Where's that husband of yours?

50-SOMETHING FAITH

He knows you're here. He'll be out in a few minutes.

50-SOMETHING JOHN

Is he still working on it?

50-SOMETHING FAITH

That's all he's been doing. He stays glued to that damn keyboard all day long. He barely eats.

70-SOMETHING FATHER FABIAN

He's not ignoring you, is he, Faith? That wouldn't be the D.J. I know.

50-SOMETHING FAITH

No, of course not. But when he's writing, I leave him alone. You know how he is. Let's have some wine.

151 INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - DAY

D.J TYPES.

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)

In our class, only Johnny was ordained a priest. He took the monastic name 'Francis' in honor of our friend Frank.

152 EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - PORCH - DAY

They sit on wooden chairs and sip wine.

70-SOMETHING FATHER FABIAN
And, how many grandchildren now?

50-SOMETHING FAITH
Doug and Marie have a boy and two
girls. They'll be here for dinner.

50-SOMETHING JOHN
What's Danny up to these days?

50-SOMETHING FAITH
He's in grad school in biology.

70-SOMETHING FATHER FABIAN
How wonderful for you and D.J. God
has blessed you both. Salud!

OTHERS
SALUD!

50-SOMETHING JOHN chugs wine, gets up, and paces.

50-SOMETHING JOHN
Faith, I know what D.J.'s trying
to do, but I don't know if I can
go through all of that again. How
does he put himself through it all
again and again?

NOW FATHER FAB
We can't ignore it, and we will
never forget it. It's part of us.

50-SOMETHING JOHN
Well, if he can do it, so can we.

50-SOMETHING FAITH
Thank you all.

Danny walks up steps with butterfly net in hand.

DANNY
Hi, everyone. Welcome to the
Rockies. Mom and dad have been
talking about your visit for months.

70-SOMETHING FATHER FABIAN
I hear you're a lepidopterist.

DANNY
When I was ten, dad told me about
your friend Frank's collection, and I
got interested in metamorphosis.

50-SOMETHING FAITH
Interested! You should see what he and
D.J. have done. Let Danny show you.

153 EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - BUTTERFLY GARDEN - DAY

Group enters. Butterflies flit everywhere.

50-SOMETHING JOHN
Frank would have loved this.

70-SOMETHING FATHER FABIAN
Danny, what are these?

DANNY
Monarchs, Danaus plexippus.

70-SOMETHING FATHER FABIAN
Look at that deep orange. Just
beautiful.

50-SOMETHING JOHN
That one is huge.

DANNY
A Giant Swallowtail. Their
wingspan can be over six inches.

50-SOMETHING JOHN
Jeez, they're spectacular, Danny.

D.J. bursts into cage to HOOTS and hugs from guys.

70-SOMETHING FATHER FABIAN
Your Danny knows his butterflies.

50-SOMETHING D.J.
I told him about Frank's collection,
and, well, you can see what he's done.

DANNY
What we've done together, dad.

D.J. hugs Danny. Danny moves to old friends.

DANNY
Dad, is it okay if we do it now?

50-SOMETHING D.J.
Sure, son, go ahead.

Faith grasps D.J.'s hand

50-SOMETHING FAITH
I think I'm going to cry.

DANNY
I know you're all here to talk about
Dad's book about the seminary.

Smiles from gents. Faith CRIES.

DANNY
I know how much butterflies meant
to your friend Frank, so I thought
we could release some today to
honor his memory.

Faith BAWLS. Guys have arms around each other.

70-SOMETHING FATHER FABIAN
Danny, what a graceful thing to do.

DANNY
Okay, I'll open the flaps, and
they'll fly toward the light.

Butterflies flutter around smiling, CRYING group, finding
their way into Rocky Mountain sky. Group stands in garden,
getting smaller and smaller as butterflies soar skyward.

FADE TO BLACK:

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)
The Irish poet William Butler Yeats
wrote I line I could have written.

SUPER Think where man's glory most begins and ends,
And say my glory was I had such friends.

W.B. Yeats

50-SOMETHING D.J. (V.O.)

Think where man's glory most begins
and ends, And say my glory was I had
such friends.

FADE OUT.