

HOLY HELL

Written by

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fn: Holy_Hell-C6_0_8-sr.fdx

FADE IN

EXT CONSTRUCTION SITE (1930) NIGHT

THREE VAGRANTS, all middle-aged men, walk beside a wall of wooden planks. They pass a boastful billboard, "On This Location - THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - The World's Tallest". One Vagrant stops and looks up.

VAGRANT'S POV - THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

Far from finished but still massive, the structure is partially clad in stone and partially naked steel beams.

BACK TO SCENE

He catches the eye of a passing WORKMAN, who offers him a cigarette - a Sir Walter Raleigh. The Vagrant catches up to the other two. He breaks the cigarette into three pieces and they each smoke one.

INT RESURRECTION CHURCH RECTORY/BEDROOM NIGHT

Jaundiced lamplight cuts across the face of FATHER CULANGELO as he falls through the darkness to his knees. He reveals, as if his own shadow, FATHER DUFFY, all in black behind him. The room is so cold, their breath is visible.

CULANGELO

Tonight, give me my money's worth.

as Duffy reaches with both hands around Culangelo's neck. He grabs the collar of Culangelo's unbuttoned red cassock and yanks it down so Culangelo is bare to the waist.

Duffy winds the dial of a KITCHEN TIMER to thirty minutes. He grabs an old, worn cat-o'nine-tails from the bedpost.

Culangelo slumps forward over a kneeling bench. Duffy undoes his priestly collar and rolls up the sleeves of his black cassock. Culangelo locks his hands with intertwined fingers. His naked chest presses forward against his knuckles.

Duffy slowly raises the cat-o'nine-tails back over his shoulder. The vile light and shadow that scrape over Duffy's suggest he is some years older than Culangelo.

Like a thunderbolt, Duffy strikes. The whip cuts between Culangelo's shoulder blades. Duffy takes a deep breath and flails mercilessly, furiously, relentlessly. The leathers carve new wounds into the crosshatch scars of Culangelo's back. Yet the submissive flagellant does not flinch.

An archaic smile forms on his smooth, fresh face. His wet eyes squint ever-so-open as he prays aloud.

CULANGELO (CONT'D)

Agnus Dei, Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. / Agnus Dei, Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. / Agnus Dei, Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. / Agnus Dei, Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT RESURRECTION CHURCH NIGHT (LATER)

The Kitchen Timer RINGS.

INT RECTORY/BEDROOM

Duffy halts. His thick grey hair is matted down with sweat. He mops his forehead and face with his sleeve. Culangelo remains serene and still.

CULANGELO

Finished? I hardly felt a thing.

Duffy jams the whip handle against Culangelo's adam's apple. Culangelo gasps more from surprise than fear.

DUFFY

Feel this?

CULANGELO

(breathlessly)

Only want my money's worth. Like it was. Like you once...

Culangelo opens his hands. A neatly folded TEN DOLLAR BILL floats to the floor. Duffy drops the whip and grabs the money before it hits the ground. He hurries out.

CULANGELO (CONT'D)

Wait... please...

Culangelo picks up the old cat-o-nine-tails and looks it over. He fingers the frayed leather strands.

With great effort and agony, Culangelo stands. He gently pulls a sheet over his back and wraps it around his torso. The blood from his fresh wounds seeps through. He fails to straighten the thinning hair that meanders about his scalp.

Slowly and deliberately he picks up his Office - a priest's book of daily prayer, and then his Rosary. He sits on the bed and sets the Kitchen Timer.

EXT 31ST STREET AND EIGHTH AVENUE NIGHT

Duffy's white collar is still visible under a heavy coat as he turns the corner at the Main Post Office, and crosses the empty Avenue to Pennsylvania Station.

INT PENNSYLVANIA STATION/COLONNADE NIGHT

Duffy passes Three Vagrants, who huddle around a fire in a garbage can. Duffy winces at the whistle BLAST of a POLICEMAN who waves his night stick and chases the Three Vagrants away. The Policeman warms his hands over the fire.

INT PENNSYLVANIA STATION/MAIN ROOM

Duffy walks through the vast space, alone except for the Great Clock. He looks up to the ceiling.

DUFFY'S POV - SKYLIGHT

Through the wrought-iron-framed glass panes, a three-quarters moon stares back from the cold, sharp blue-black sky. Because Duffy is dizzy, the image jolts into a slow spin.

BACK TO SCENE

Duffy shakes his head and doubletimes it out of there.

EXT HERALD SQUARE NIGHT

Duffy stumbles through tents and huts set up over the subway grates. The elevated train THUNDERS overhead. On Broadway, a Ford Model A taxi skirts by Duffy. Its HORN trails off.

EXT 33RD STREET AND THIRD AVENUE NIGHT

Another elevated train rumbles by. Duffy looks up at it.

DUFFY'S POV - ELEVATED TRACKS

Because Duffy sees double, the single trains becomes two.

BACK TO SCENE

Duffy shakes his head and wipes the sweat from his face.

EXT "THE GROTTO" THIRD AVENUE SPEAKEASY NIGHT

Duffy runs up to a door. He knocks many times. The peephole swings opens to reveal a pair of eyes: THE LOOKOUT.

DUFFY

Let's go. It's colder than a
witch's...

THE LOOKOUT

C'mon in and thaw out.

INT "THE GROTTO"

The Lookout unlatches the door and Duffy nearly falls in. The Lookout helps him out of his overcoat. Duffy wears a grey sweatshirt over his black cassock. As he walks quickly through the room, he passes a few CUSTOMERS, all men, and the bartender, UNCLE JOE, an older man who wears a green eye patch. The Lookout sits down on a stool next to the door and lifts a heady pint of beer to his lips. MUSIC plays from a big wooden console radio - perhaps "The Sheik of Araby." Uncle Joe watches Duffy walk by.

DUFFY

I know, Uncle Joe. You got your
eye on me.

Uncle Joe and The Customers all sound like working-class New Yorkers.

UNCLE JOE

Could set your watch by him.

CUSTOMER # 1

Could, but I hocked it. Pour me
another.

UNCLE JOE

Suds and sympathy.

Duffy walks to the far end of the bar where THE TANNER, an older fellow, speaks to a mature woman, who is called OUR LADY. She secures the flap of a big, new black leather handbag with a hook-and-eye. She twirls it giddily.

OUR LADY

Look what the wages of sin can buy.

THE TANNER

Can't find that in Gimble's.

DUFFY

Now you don't have to carry your
flask in your garter no more.

OUR LADY

Wish I could shut your mouth like
that. Hey Uncle Joe, pay the man
in Canadian Club.

Uncle Joe turns around to the cash register which is on a shelf behind the bar and rings up "No Sale". Above the cash register hangs a sign, the motto of the bar: "I was thirsty and ye gave Me to drink. Matthew Ch. 25, v. 30"

Uncle Joe slams the drawer shut. Next to the cash register sits a small sculpture, a tableau really, of the apparition of the Blessed Mother to Saint Bernadette in the cave at Lourdes. The statuette is encircled by blue neon letters: "The Grotto".

Uncle Joe hands a bottle of whiskey to The Tanner. Duffy wraps his arm around Our Lady's waist and impatiently drags her through a doorway.

INT THE GROTTTO/STORE ROOM

She grasps at the door frame so they are still partially visible to the Customers. Duffy presses his body against Our Lady and squeezes her right breast with his left hand. He kisses her hungrily. Duffy and Our Lady slide along the wall until they are out of view.

INT THE GROTTTO/MAIN ROOM

Suddenly there is an insistent pounding against the wall that jolts the bottles and glasses on the shelves behind the bar.

THE TANNER

What's goin' on back there?

(winks)

Our Lady and Duffy hangin' pitcher
frames?

UNCLE JOE

Nah. They're havin' a passion
play, an' they just got to Calvary.

CUSTOMER # 1
 (raises glass)
 Crucify me like that any day!

All drink a toast.

INT THE GROTTA/STORE ROOM

Duffy steps back, hammer in hand. Our Lady tugs at a nail in the wall. Satisfied, she hangs from it a picture of the appearance of the Blessed Mother to the three shepherd children at Fatima.

DUFFY
 You'll ruin my badminton career.

Our Lady shows Duffy a picture of then Blessed - now Saint - Sister Frances Cabrini.

OUR LADY
 There's one more.

DUFFY
 I'm thirsty.

OUR LADY
 If you can lift a glass in my joint, you can swing a hammer too.

DUFFY
 Hell, if I'm gonna swing the hammer...

He grabs another nail from a brown paper bag and holds the point against the wall. His hand shakes.

DUFFY (CONT'D)
 ...I'd like to lift the glass first.

OUR LADY
 Cheese-and-crackers!

Our Lady places her thumb and index finger on the nail and holds it against the wall. Duffy taps the nail a few times. Our Lady removes her fingers and Duffy flails at the nail. Our Lady dodges the hammer as Duffy swings it over one of his shoulders and then the other.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
 It's beyond me how you ever give the Babe Ruth to Father Culangelo...

DUFFY
Judas Priest!

Enraged, Duffy takes a mean swing at the wall.

INT THE GROTTO/MAIN ROOM

The shock from the other side of the wall knocks the Gospel quotation sign off its hook. It hits the ground and the glass shatters.

UNCLE JOE
Awww, Our Lady's motto got busted.

THE TANNER
Gimme it. I knows a glazier who'll fix it up.

INT THE GROTTO/STORE ROOM

Duffy clamps one hand over her mouth.

DUFFY
You can't take Communion if ya got no tongue.

Our Lady pries his hand off her face with the claw of the hammer. She pokes Duffy in the ribs with the hammer head.

OUR LADY
Yeah and so's your anchovie.

Duffy backs off. Our Lady hangs the picture.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
Tell me. It's the year of Our Lord nineteen thirty. Why's he like to be punished like a galley slave?

DUFFY
I got no idea.

Our Lady turns to Duffy and bites him on the lip.

OUR LADY
After flogging the Monsignor, you sure you have enough left for me?

She rapidly hoists up the hem of Duffy's cassock to reveal his red BVD union suit longjohns. She hugs him and pulls his body tight to her own.

INT THE GROTTTO/MAIN ROOM

As The Tanner is about to take a drink, he hears more pounding. The bottles and glasses behind the bar dance around again. Uncle Joe shrugs his shoulders. The Tanner sips his whiskey.

INT CHURCH NIGHT

Culangelo, with the Kitchen Timer, walks up and down the aisles. His cassock is buttoned up and he wears a thick scarf around his neck. He goes to all the shrines and chapels; to all the statues; and puffs out every votive candle, large and small. He sings a traditional hymn.

CULANGELO

"These forty days of Lent, oh Lord,
With Thou we fast and pray.
Please help us discipline ourselves
And follow Lord Thy Way."

INT CHURCH/VESTIBULE

He sees one lonely little candle on a small rack next to the front door. He holds his finger and thumb in the edge of the flame and quotes from The Canticle Of the Sun.

CULANGELO

"Be praised my Lord, through
Brother Fire, by whom Thou
enlighten the night."

He does not extinguish it and it grows taller. He hears the chatter of teeth and turns around suddenly. He sees the Three Vagrants.

CULANGELO (CONT'D)

You can't stay here in my church.

Culangelo herds the Three Vagrants to the front doors and as all four exit, a gust of wind puts out the little candle.

INT GROTTTO/STORE ROOM

Duffy tries to button the rear vent of his BVDs but his hands shake so badly that the flap falls from fingers again and again, which exposes his backside.

OUR LADY

Is that what Our Lord meant by the
other cheek?

DUFFY

You had to you open this.

INT HOSPITAL/CHILDREN'S WARD NIGHT

Culangelo walks down a long row of beds and stops next to THE GIRL, about fifteen years old, who breathes with a respirator pump. She lies very still with eyes wide open. The WARD NURSE - starched and white and sterile - tends to her.

WARD NURSE

Good evening Father Culangelo.

CULANGELO

Good evening missus.

WARD NURSE

Father, look away for a moment, please.

CULANGELO

Of course.

Culangelo turns, closes his eyes, puts his hands together tightly and bows his head onto them. The Ward Nurse removes a bed pan from under The Girl's body. She straightens the sheets then tucks them tight under the mattress and The Girl's chin.

WARD NURSE

Forgive me Father. For the inconvenience.

The bed pan sloshes as the Ward Nurse walks away. Culangelo places the Kitchen Timer on the cabinet next to the bed, kneels down, and makes the Sign of the Cross with the Crucifix of his Rosary beads.

CULANGELO

Father in Heaven, I offer up all that I sacrifice, today and every day on behalf of the recovery of this child. If it be Thy Will, please restore her health. Give her and her mother peace.

Whilst the priest prays at the bedside, by the door, the Ward Nurse empties the bed pan into a slop sink and rinses it out.

WARD NURSE

Poor kid needs a miracle.

INT THE GROTTA/MAIN ROOM NIGHT

Uncle Joe holds a bottle and a shot glass. Our Lady grabs his shoulder and attention.

OUR LADY
No tickee, no drinkee.

UNCLE JOE
I don't get it. Why you even make
him pay?

OUR LADY
Ritual.

Uncle Joe shrugs then steps in front of Duffy. He displays the bottle and shot glass - one in each hand - then waits. Duffy takes out the Ten Dollar Bill Culangelo paid him. He slaps it down and flattens it out on the countertop. Uncle Joe turns and looks at Our Lady. She nods to Uncle Joe and he slams the shot glass onto the bar. Duffy snatches the whiskey bottle from Uncle Joe's hand and pours. He is shaky and overfills the glass.

UNCLE JOE
Your cup runneth over.

Duffy attempts to lift the glass but he still shakes badly. He puts it down and leans forward to sip from it.

UNCLE JOE (CONT'D)
Tell me, Father, y'ain't dipping
into the poor box to pay for
drinks. That'd make me awful
embarrassed.

Duffy, now steady, drinks down the rest of his shot. Our Lady walks over and fills his glass. Duffy gulps it down fast. Our Lady picks up the Ten Dollar Bill and flicks one end at Duffy's nose.

OUR LADY
Double or nothin'. Book, chapter,
verse: "Now then, be careful to
take no wine or strong drink."

DUFFY
What I know about the Bible? I'm
Catholic.
(to Uncle Joe)
Your barkeep thinks she's Billy
Sunday.

UNCLE JOE

I'll call the employment agency
tomorrow.

She fills his glass again. He gulps it down faster. Duffy grabs the neck of the whiskey bottle and tries to take it from her.

OUR LADY

You're hangin' on that bottle like
Lucky Lindy on the throttle.

DUFFY

(shakes the glass at Our
Lady)
And I'm barely off Long Island.

Our Lady fills Duffy's glass a third time. As he raises it, she grabs his wrist and prevents him from drinking.

OUR LADY

Go easy. You aren't here just for
the drinks.

DUFFY

Ain't here for the free eats.

OUR LADY

I'll remember that when you're
saying Grace.

Our Lady lets his arm go and Duffy slurps down the whiskey. She RINGS open the till but slips the Ten Dollar Bill into her dress pocket.

INT RECTORY/KITCHEN NIGHT

Culangelo cranks an old coffee grinder, which seems to make an awful GRATING sound. He stops to pour in more beans, yet the sound continues. He looks around and notices that it is the cumulative SNORES of the Three Vagrants, asleep on the floor. He guffaws and glances at the Kitchen Timer.

INT THE GROTTA/MAIN ROOM NIGHT

The Tanner and other Customers sit around and listen to Uncle Joe finish a story. Our Lady fills a bucket with beer for THE GERMAN, a big, burly fellow. Duffy sleepily hugs his shot glass. The radio blares a Cab Calloway SONG.

THE TANNER

And once they made the pinch?

UNCLE JOE

I says, "It's sacramental wine" and
the cop says, "What's sacramental
wine?" Turns out I was nabbed by
the only Presbyterian with a badge.

CUSTOMER # 1

And that's how you was the first
New Yorker arrested for violating
the Volstead Act.

OUR LADY

The first, behind half of
Sheepshead Bay.

CUSTOMER # 2

So what the heck'd you do?

UNCLE JOE

(points thumb at Our Lady)
So's I prayed to her for
intervenin'.

CUSTOMER # 2

Here's to "es-spirit dee corpse."

THE GERMAN

Danke Gottesmutter, danke schoen.

OUR LADY

Danke schoen youself.

THE GERMAN

Tomorrow morning, to the church,
spinach in der tin can I zend.

OUR LADY

Spinach? The boys're so looney
from hunger they'll be seeing
greenbacks in their soup.

Our Lady scrapes the head off the beer and hands the bucket
to The German who smiles broadly.

THE TANNER

To Our Lady!

THE GERMAN

Ja!

OUR LADY

Yeah and so's your anchovie.

Everyone drinks. The Tanner pounds his glass - THWACK! - on the bar. This startles Duffy halfway back to life. He pours himself another shot. Uncle Joe hears the bottle TAP the shotglass and turns to Duffy.

UNCLE JOE

Bless me Father, is you storin' it
up for Lent?

Duffy looks sideways at Uncle Joe and drinks.

DUFFY

(mutters)
More gas than the Graf Zeppelin...

INT RECTORY/KITCHEN NIGHT

Culangelo picks beans from a vat of water and removes the husks from each one. The Kitchen Timer RINGS. He resets it to thirty minutes, pulls up a stool and sits.

FADE TO

INT THE GROTTA/MAIN ROOM NIGHT

The patrons are all gone except for Duffy, who SNORES with his face flat on the bar. Even asleep, his hand tightly grips the now nearly empty whiskey bottle. Uncle Joe takes off his apron and puts on an overcoat. He starts for the door as Our Lady walks out from the Store Room with a tray of glasses, which she rests on the bar.

OUR LADY

You pullin' a Judge Crater?

UNCLE JOE

Well, your choirboy's singin' the
recessional hymn.

Our Lady gets behind Duffy and tries to stand him up. Duffy lets out one loud, raspy SNORT and wakes. Uncle Joe puts his hat on and scurries to the door.

DUFFY

Where we goin'?

UNCLE JOE

Father Duffy, it's awful good of
you to appear nightly at The
Grotto.

OUR LADY

Yeah, the Blessed Mother only
appeared in the grotto at Lourdes
every month or so.

Our Lady walks Duffy around the room. He bumps into every
table and chair.

DUFFY

The obstacle course in the army
wasn't this tough.

OUR LADY

You weren't drunk.

DUFFY

Yeah? How do you think I made it?

INT STAIRCASE NIGHT

Our Lady helps Duffy up the steps - two up and one back.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

I'm okay. I'm okay.

OUR LADY

Yeah, you're okay. But are you
okay?

INT OUR LADY'S BEDROOM NIGHT

The floor is swept clean and dust is nowhere. Two twin beds
fill opposite corners. Above one bed, which is very neat,
hangs a large Crucifix. Raggedy Ann sits on the pillow.
Above the second bed is a bas relief - the Blessed Mother and
the Child Jesus, in the sweet style of Della Robbia. Against
the wall is a chest of drawers and a mirror hangs behind the
door. A table lamp, a Bible and a bottle of whiskey are all
within arm's reach on the night stand. Rosary beads hang
from a bedpost on the headboard. Our Lady's thigh flask and
garter sit atop the chest of drawers. A photograph of World
War I soldier, in an oval wooden frame, hangs on the wall.
There is one window with frilly curtains. A chamber pot sits
on the floor next to the bed.

Our Lady lies on her back across the bed from side to side.
The hem of her kimono is up at her waist. Her naked legs
hang over the far edge of the bed. Duffy wears only his red
longjohns. He is on his knees at her feet and, yes, goes
down on her. She sings an English translation of the
traditional hymn, "Tantum Ergo Sacramentum."

OUR LADY
 "Down in adoration falling,
 Lo! the sacred Host we hail..."

INT CHURCH/HIGH ALTAR NIGHT

Culangelo sets the Kitchen Timer down and with a taper, lights the candles on either end of the Tabernacle. These provide the only light in the Church. He continues the hymn Our Lady sings.

CULANGELO
 "Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,
 Newer rites of grace prevail."

INT OUR LADY'S BEDROOM NIGHT

OUR LADY
 (continues to sing)
 "Faith for all defects supplying,
 Where the feeble senses fail.
 To the everlasting Father,
 And the Son who reigns on high..."

INT CHURCH, HIGH ALTAR

Culangelo opens a box like a tea chest, parses out ashes into two bowls and continues to sing the hymn.

CULANGELO
 "With the Holy Ghost proceeding,
 Forth from each eternally,
 Be salvation, honor, blessing,
 Might and endless majesty!"

INT OUR LADY'S BEDROOM

Our Lady climaxes.

OUR LADY
 Aaaaaa-meeeee.

Duffy laboriously climbs up onto the bed and lies down upon her. They kiss passionately.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
 Lover, I believe you're my own
 special sacrament. My holy orders.

Duffy leans over the side of the bed and vomits into the chamber pot.

DUFFY

Brother, there's nothin' worse than
a holy whore.

Duffy reaches for the bottle and rinses out his mouth with whiskey. He spits into the chamber pot.

OUR LADY

How many times do I have to tell
you? I'm not a whore. I'm an
honest business woman.

DUFFY

In a dishonest business.

OUR LADY

I hope you didn't get any of your
criticism on my clean floor.

He kisses Our Lady on the lips.

DUFFY

Maybe goin' downtown for lunch
don't agree with me.

She places her hand under his belly and squeezes his
genitals. He jumps.

OUR LADY

That says it does.

She hugs him around the shoulders, rolls him over onto his
back and straddles him with her legs. He tries to sit up and
kiss her but she pins his shoulders down with her hands.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

Give me five minutes, love, and
I'll show you something from the
Vatican library.

DUFFY

Gimme five cents and I'll show you
Flatbush.

OUR LADY

Sounds like a nice long ride.

She unbuttons his longjohns from the waist down. Their
rambunctiousness rattles the Rosary beads on the bedpost.

INT RECTORY/KITCHEN NIGHT

Culangelo sets the Kitchen Timer and sits on a stool near the stone. He stirs the big pot of white bean soup.

FADE TO

INT OUR LADY'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Duffy lies face down on the bed as Our Lady, in her kimono, sits up and reads an issue of the magazine, "American Mercury". Our Lady is suddenly playful while Duffy really couldn't be bothered.

OUR LADY

This is funny. Listen to what George Jean Nathan says. Quote, "Every playwright has a bad Christ play in him," semicolon; "Some of them write it." Enquote.

DUFFY

Whaddya expect from a well-known Jew?

OUR LADY

May I remind you that Jesus was born, and remains, a Jew. And the Virgin Mary and all the Apostles...

DUFFY

Judas Priest, if you drank, at least you'd do something with your mouth other than talk.

Our Lady tosses the magazine onto the floor.

OUR LADY

If you drank less...

DUFFY

Hey, a man needs a reason to get out of bed...

OUR LADY

Out of bed in the morning, I know.

DUFFY

And a good reason to get in bed each night.

A bare-chested Duffy flips over and grabs for Our Lady's hips. She pushes him away.

OUR LADY
Every woman wants to be both.

Duffy grabs at the bottle and takes a swig.

DUFFY
That so?

OUR LADY
Believe it or not, Mister Ripley.

Our Lady kisses him, takes the bottle and rests it on his night stand. She takes something out of the drawer but keeps it hidden beside the edge of the bed. She turns back to him.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
What will you give up for Lent?

DUFFY
I gave up givin' up.

OUR LADY
Gosh! What would Father Culangelo do?
(pokes him)
C'mon my love, what'll you Lent on?
It starts tomorrow.

Our Lady rests her head on his chest.

DUFFY
You tell me first.

OUR LADY
Same thing I always do. Chocolate.

DUFFY
(fakes disappointment)
Awww. An' I was gonna bring ya a
Russell Stovers.

OUR LADY
Don't get huffy, Duffy.

Our Lady slips a heart-shaped Valentine card between Duffy's fingers.

DUFFY
What's this?

OUR LADY
Tomorrow's Ash Wednesday, but
today's Saint Valentine's Day.

Duffy sits up and reads the inscription.

DUFFY
Be my Valentine.

Our Lady aims to kiss Duffy on the lips, but he turns his head away.

DUFFY (CONT'D)
Mush!

He lays the Valentine on the bed. Duffy gets up and buttons the bottom half of his longjohns. He grabs the whiskey bottle and walks to the window. He looks outside, at nothing in particular. He takes slug after slug from the bottle.

OUR LADY
Are the lights on? Are the lights
on in that new Chrysler Motors
Building? It's like the papal
tiara?

DUFFY
Every king of commerce has to have
his Tower of Babel.

OUR LADY
Built on the backs of broken,
forgotten men. Face down in the
dust. Pinned down under piles of
brick.

DUFFY
And what do I have for them?
Ashes. More filth for their dirty
mugs.

Duffy opens the window and shouts to the street.

DUFFY (CONT'D)
Pinehawkers of the world unite!

Duffy beast his bare chest like an ape.

DUFFY (CONT'D)
You want a miracle worker. I'm
just a plain ol' priest.

OUR LADY
What are you doing out of uniform?

Duffy slams the window shut. Our Lady goes over to the other bed. She grabs the Raggedy Ann and hugs it tightly.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

That first time. You didn't want
to wake my baby.

DUFFY

Judges, chapter thirteen, verse
four.

OUR LADY

You were quiet as a church mouse,
you'll pardon the expression.

DUFFY

That's your teetotaler commandment.
Take no strong drink. Judges,
thirteen, four.

OUR LADY

Even then, nothing could wake her.
Even then.

Duffy corks the bottle and leaves it on the windowsill. He
picks up the Valentine - even sniffs it.

DUFFY

Been a long time since I got one of
these. A long time.

Duffy hands the Valentine back to Our Lady.

OUR LADY

Are you giving me up for Lent?
(two beats)
Or is it forever?

Duffy slips his arms into the sleeves of his long johns.

DUFFY

What would Father Culangelo do?

He picks up his cassock from the floor and puts it on.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

Or maybe all his prayer and
sacrifice are havin' an effect.

OUR LADY

Why does he affect you? And just
you? And nothing else in this
world without end?

Duffy gathers up his sweatshirt, coat and hat. He opens the
door and hesitates but does not turn around.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
 Look back and lo! You're a pillar
 of salt.

Duffy leaves and gently closes the door behind him. Our Lady tears up the Valentine and flings the pieces away.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
 "Toot Toot Tootsie don't cry.
 Toot Toot Tootsie goodbye."

She grabs the Ten Dollar Bill out of her dress pocket and stares at it.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
 We'll see how things pan out.

She places it in her leather handbag.

INT RECTORY/KITCHEN NIGHT

Duffy enters, then immediately trips over the Three Vagrants, yet they remain asleep.

CULANGELO (O.S.)
 I said they could sleep there.

Duffy sees Culangelo is awake but hunched over the table.

DUFFY
 Why do you do this to yourself?

CULANGELO
 For Christ's Sake.

DUFFY
 You better believe it.

Duffy lifts Culangelo up, grabs the Kitchen Timer and carries them to...

INT RECTORY/BEDROOM

...which is dark but for shafts of lamplight from the street. Duffy lays Culangelo on the bed. He straightens out Culangelo's legs, which crack loudly. Culangelo looks up at his fellow priest and grabs Duffy by the scruff of the neck. Duffy shakes him loose. Culangelo sighs and looks away.

Duffy slides the Kitchen Timer onto the night stand and exits. The door SLAMS. Culangelo sets the Kitchen Timer to thirty minutes.

He locks his hands together and hold them under his chin. He lies there with his eyes open and listens to the Timer TICK.

INT HOSPITAL/CHILDREN'S WARD DAY

Our Lady hands the Ward Nurse a take-out cup of coffee.

WARD NURSE

Thanks missus. Good morning to you.

OUR LADY

It's good only if my baby's awake.

The Ward Nurse hands a pitcher and basin to Our Lady who places it onto the table next to The Girl's bed. Our Lady pours water from the pitcher into the basin and soaks a sponge in the water.

The Ward Nurse walks silently away. Our Lady looks at The Girl and smiles.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

You're gonna come back to mama
today right baby? Wake up proper
today right baby? Wake up on Ash
Wednesday.

With the sponge, Our Lady gently washes The Girl's face and neck. She stares into The Girl's open eyes. As she cleans The Girl's arms, hands, legs and feet she sings the then-popular song, "Girl Of My Dreams."

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

"Girl of my dreams, I love you /
Honest I do, you are so sweet / If
I could just hold your charms /
Again in my arms / Then, life would
be complete! / Since you've been
gone, dear / Life don't seem the
same / Please come back again! /
And after all's said an' done /
There's only one Girl of my dreams,
it's you!"

Our Lady tosses the sponge into the basin. She grabs The Girl's stiff hand.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

Now the girl of my dreams is all
good and clean.

(wags The Girl's hand)

Hey kid, that's sort of a poem.

(a beat)

(MORE)

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

Please come back to mama. Come
back today. It's Ash Wednesday.
Lent has begun. The season of
penance. As if either of us could
see the difference.

Our Lady kisses her, grabs her leather handbag and leave.

EXT CHURCH/STEPS DAY

Our Lady pulls her black veil out the leather handbag and
places it on her head. It is long enough to cover her face.
She opens the door and enters...

INT CHURCH/VESTIBULE

...where she stands in front of a mural of The Resurrection
of Christ. She dips her hand in the Holy Water font and
blesses herself.

INT CHURCH/CENTRAL SPACE DAY

Culangelo, in a violet vestment, stands at the High Altar and
celebrates the Mass. As was the custom, his back is to the
CONGREGANTS, who are all on their knees. He lifts the broken
Eucharistic host - the Body of Christ - to his lips. He
opens his mouth and lays the Host upon his tongue. A sweet
ecstasy overcomes him.

DISSOLVE TO

Culangelo closes the Tabernacle and turns to the Congregants.
They stand. He stretches out his arms and speaks the Latin.

CULANGELO

Dominus vobiscum.

CONGREGANTS

Et cum spiritu tuo.

CULANGELO

Ite, Missa est.

CONGREGANTS

Deo gratias.

CULANGELO

Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus,
(makes the Sign of the
Cross)

(MORE)

CULANGELO (CONT'D)
 Pater et Filius, et Spiritus
 Sanctus.

CONGREGANTS

Amen.

Culangelo turns around and picks up a bowl of ashes. Duffy walks out from the room behind the altar as he slips a thin scarf-like vestment around his neck. He joins Culangelo who hands him a second bowl of ashes. Culangelo notices Duffy is sweaty and agitated. They apply ashes to each other, in the form of a small cross on the forehead, as is the custom. They say to each other words they will say to everyone.

CULANGELO/DUFFY

Dust thou art and unto dust thou
 shalt return.

Together they walk to the altar rail where the Congregants, Our Lady amongst them, form two rows up the nave. Our Lady stands in Culangelo's line. She is the only woman who wears a black veil. All the others wear white veils. Even before Duffy distributes any ashes, he wipes the sweat from his face and forehead with his sleeve. He smudges his cross.

Every Congregant receives a cross of ashes silently, solemnly, then walks away. Our Lady shuffles along until she is second in line. She lifts the veil and makes eye-contact with Duffy. He stares down at this thumb in the ashes. He then makes a cross on the forehead of an ELDERLY WOMAN. Our Lady steps up to Culangelo. He smiles at her. He makes the cross of ashes on her forehead. She pulls the veil down as she walks away. Culangelo watches Our Lady but rotely continues to distribute ashes.

CULANGELO'S POV - OUR LADY

She takes the Ten Dollar Bill out of her leather bag and folds it up. She slips the cash into the offering box below a row of votive candles. With a taper she lights one tall candle and exits through a side door.

BACK TO SCENE

Culangelo smiles. Duffy's sweat, black from ash, looks like ink. He stares squeamishly down the line of Congregants.

DUFFY'S POV - CONGREGANTS

The two rows double into four.

BACK TO SCENE

Culangelo leans over to Duffy.

CULANGELO

Father, I'll do this. You go wash
your face and come back.

Duffy returns to the room behind the altar.

EXT CHURCH/ALLEYWAY DAY

VILS, the teenage son of The German, smokes a cigarette and leans against the Rectory door. Our Lady walks fast to him. She removes her veil and places it in her leather handbag. Next to him is a canvass sack that holds tin cans of spinach.

VILS

There's strangers inside and I
ain't gonna leave this stuff with
strangers.

OUR LADY

Strangers?

VILS

Yeah. You know folks is so hungry,
(kicks the sack - THUNK!)
they'll even rob canned spinach.

From inside, the Kitchen Timer RINGS.

INT RECTORY/KITCHEN DAY

Our Lady enters hurriedly and trips over the Three Vagrants. Vils follow her with the sack over his shoulder. Our Lady shakes The Vagrants awake.

OUR LADY

Let's go, boys. Prosperity's just
around the corner.

She silences the Kitchen Timer. She wraps a cook's apron around her. Vils unpacks the cans of spinach. The Three Vagrants stand and stretch.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

You want me to sign a bill of
lading?

VILS

What for? Pops can't read.

Our Lady pours cups of steaming hot coffee for The Vagrants, which they guzzle down regardless, and also for Vils.

VILS (CONT'D)
Got a little eye opener?

OUR LADY
You come around to my house some night and I'll open your eyes.

Vils LAUGHS as he drinks. Our Lady gives The Vagrants each a small round roll. Vils offers each of The Vagrants an Old Gold cigarette. He slips one between his lips and grabs the sack. As he heads out the door -

VILS
Our Lady, maybe I'll pay you a visit sometime.

Only The Vagrants hear her reply.

OUR LADY
His pa will knock him out cold.

From outside, a truck's HORN blows.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
Boys, in exchange for your continental breakfast, will you help me out?

The Three Vagrants nod to her as they drown the rolls in the coffee and rush to finish their meals.

INT CHURCH/CENTRAL SPACE DAY

The last of the Congregants receives ashes. The cross and black rivulets are gone from Duffy's sweaty face. He sighs deeply and walks away. Culangelo does not move.

CULANGELO
Father Duffy.

Duffy walks back and pushes Culangelo's knees forward to loosen them. Culangelo leans on Duffy and limps away.

EXT CHURCH/ALLEYWAY DAY

The Three Vagrants help THE MORTICIAN unload dozens of flattened folding chairs from his hearse. They carry them through the open metal doors in the sidewalk and down the steps which lead to the basement of the Rectory.

THE MORTICIAN
Mighty kind of you fellows.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT CHURCH/ALLEYWAY (LATER)

ONE DOZEN MEN have formed a line from the cellar doors and along the Church wall. Nearly all the chairs are unloaded.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT CHURCH/ALLEYWAY (LATER)

THIRTY MEN now stand in line. The Mortician blows his HORN as he drives off in the hearse. More and more MEN arrive.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT CHURCH/ALLEYWAY (LATER)

The line of Men stretches to the street and around the front of the Church. The Three Vagrants emerge from the basement and gawk at the crowd. One Vagrant WHISTLES. They enter...

INT RECTORY/KITCHEN DAY

...where Our Lady stirs the soup with a ladle. She takes a small taste and then adds several shakes of Morton's SALT.

OUR LADY
When it rains it pours.
(stirs and tastes again)
Should salt lose its savor...

Our Lady serves three bowls of soup for the Three Vagrants.

INT CHURCH/HIGH ALTAR DAY

Duffy celebrates the Mass at noon. He sweats and shakes badly as he raises the Host. But his back is to the Congregants, as was the custom, so they cannot see his weakened physical condition. He slurs slightly his Latin

DUFFY
Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi
custodiat animam meam in vitam
æternam. Amen.

He trembles as he consumes the Host and wipes the sweat from his forehead with the sleeve of his outer vestment. He struggles to perform the other rites prior to Communion. He genuflects and grabs hold of the Altar to hoist himself up. His hand twitches as he makes the Sign of the Cross over the chalice, which holds the Blood of Christ in the form of wine.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

Sanguis Domini nostri Jesu Christi
custodiat animam meam in vitam
æternam. Amen.

Duffy grips the chalice with his shaky hands but he cannot lift it. He leans over and tips the chalice towards himself. He sips the Blood of Christ, which conveniently retains the qualities of an alcoholic beverage. He slowly steadies and straightens up. He confidently lifts the chalice to his mouth and drinks the entire contents. He turns to the Congregants and raises the Host again.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

Ecce Agnus Dei, ecce qui tollit
peccata mundi.
(breathes deeply)
Lord, I am not worthy that You
should come under my roof; but only
say the word, and my soul shall be
healed.

INT RECTORY/BASEMENT DAY

Our Lady moves from row to row of moth-eaten MEN, all in tattered heavy coats and knit caps or felt hats. She gathers onto a tray the spoons, empty bowls and mugs that the Men graciously but silently hand over. The Three Vagrants carry other trays of bowls, mugs and spoons to Culangelo, who also wears a cook's apron. The priest pours coffee from a big pot into an urn on the table near the steps.

CULANGELO

Gentlemen, could you take them up
to the kitchen please.

Our Lady rests her tray on the table for a moment.

OUR LADY

There's almost no need to wash
these, Father. The fellows licked
'em clean.

With two hands she grabs a stack of bowls. She scoots ahead of the Three Vagrants and jogs up the stairs.

Culangelo notices Our Lady's leather handbag nearby on the table. He runs his fingertips over its strap.

INT RECTORY/KITCHEN

Our Lady leaves the stack of bowls at the sink, grabs a dishrag and runs out the door.

EXT CHURCH/ALLEYWAY DAY

Our Lady hurries along. She flops the dishrag onto her head.

INT CHURCH/SIDE ENTRANCE

The door opens slightly and Our Lady peeks in with one eye.

DUFFY (O.S.)
 ...this old City has finally given
 way, and collapsed on top of you.

INT CHURCH/PULPIT

Duffy is straightbacked and strong as he addresses the Congregants. Dusty shafts of noon sunlight glide over his face in colors of stained glass.

DUFFY
 Every year we come to Lent, and get
 down on our knees to do penance.
 Dust thou art and unto dust thou
 shalt return.
 (wags his finger)
 Not this year. This year Lent
 comes to us and discovers us face
 down in the dust. Put down and
 held there under a heap of bricks
 and steel and glass called New
 York. It makes you believe in the
 devil, but wonder about Christ.
 Within the rules of Lent, and they
 are tough rules, very old rules, in
 Resurrection Church today I will
 put more dust on your face. But in
 a sign, and as a sign that there's
 the Lord remembers us. Hears us.
 (takes a deep breath)
 Does Christ ask you to spend your
 life face down in the dust?

(MORE)

DUFFY (CONT'D)

Don't you think Christ says, all year you should have a job and feed your family so that if you go hungry, you do it for Me. Don't you think Christ says, you should be able to say what you think because if you go silent, you do it for Me. You know Christ says, you shouldn't be anyone's slave...

INT CHURCH/SIDE ENTRANCE

Our Lady quietly closes the door, smiles and walks away.

DUFFY (O.S.)

...because if you serve any master, that Master is Me.

INT RECTORY/BASEMENT DAY

Our Lady spills out the contents of a mug. She pulls the dishrag from her head and wipes the mug clean. She pours herself coffee. The Mortician enters and doffs his hat to Our Lady.

OUR LADY

Just in time for the dance marathon.

THE MORTICIAN

This crowd gets bigger everyday.

OUR LADY

The poor shall always be with us.

THE MORTICIAN

Rich or poor I get 'em in the end.

Our Lady turns and speaks to the Men in a loud voice.

OUR LADY

Boys! Show's over.

The Men resound with disappointment. Duffy bounds down the steps and takes the coffee mug from Our Lady's hands.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

Kindly fold up your chairs and bring 'em out to the hearse.

(a beat)

And don't forget to thank the man in black here for his largesse.

DUFFY
His large what?

THE MORTICIAN
Make it snappy fellows. I got a
customer in my cab.

DUFFY
(to Culangelo)
Any soup left, Father?

CULANGELO
They licked the bowls clean.

OUR LADY
Enough to feed Coxey's Army!

CULANGELO
The poor shall always be with us.

OUR LADY
(to Duffy)
It's nice somebody sticks around.

The Three Vagrants return as the Men troop up the steps with
their chairs.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
(to the Three Vagrants)
Hey Faith, Hope and Charity. Yeah,
you all. Please help the man in
black again with his propers.
Offer it up, right Father Duffy?

DUFFY
Sure. For President Hoover.

THE MORTICIAN
But please respect my client. He's
the silent type.

Our Lady buttonholes the Third Vagrant whilst the Other
Vagrants carry off chairs up the steps.

OUR LADY
Help Father Culangelo climb the
stairs.

Culangelo removes his apron and the Vagrant comes to his
aide. Our Lady grabs her leather handbag.

EXT CHURCH/ALLEYWAY DAY

The wooden chairs clatter against each other as the Men drop them by the hearse and lumber off. The Mortician and The Vagrants stack the chairs around a SHROUDED BODY in the hearse. Culangelo, the Third Vagrant, Our Lady, and Duffy emerge from the Basement. Our Lady takes Culangelo's apron into the kitchen. Duffy rests the coffee urn on his knee.

CULANGELO

Thank you, sir. I can make it on my own from here.

The Third Vagrant goes off to the hearse.

INT RECTORY/KITCHEN DAY

Our Lady takes a box of Cellophane out of her leather handbag. She tears off sheets with which she wraps two bowls of ashes.

OUR LADY

More miracles like this and I believe the person who invented synthetic cellulose sealant fabric will be canonized a saint.

Our Lady throws off her apron and tosses the Kitchen Timer into her handbag. She slings it over her shoulder and exits.

EXT CHURCH/ALLEYWAY DAY

The Mortician and the Three Vagrants take a cigarette break - Lucky Strikes in the green pack. Culangelo again admires Our Lady's new leather handbag.

CULANGELO

Did your remember my timer, missus?

OUR LADY

Yes, Father.

THE MORTICIAN

(to The Vagrants)

I might have some chores for you's boys back at my shop. Interested?

DUFFY

An' a couple of slabs for you to sleep on tonight.

THE MORTICIAN
Nobody's ever complained.

Duffy hoists up the coffee urn and heads to the street.
Culangelo waits for Our Lady who closes the basement doors.

DUFFY
C'mon you Steppinfetchits!

Our Lady stays with Culangelo, who walks stiffly.

OUR LADY
Thanks boys.

EXT MILK WAGON DAY

Duffy walks up to a horse-drawn milk wagon which waits at the curb in front of Resurrection Church. THE DRIVER - he already has ashes on his forehead - jumps off and helps Duffy lift the urn onto the wagon. The Driver is a gruff guy. Our Lady and Culangelo catch up.

THE DRIVER
What you got for the chumps? Five
loafs of aerated bread and two cans
of tuny fish?

OUR LADY
(to The Driver)
Oh ye of little faith.

CULANGELO
(also to The Driver)
Allow me, sir, to thank you for the
ride.

THE DRIVER
We ain't there yet.

Culangelo walks up to The Driver's seat and runs his finger over the long horse crop, which rests in a holder near the footboard.

CULANGELO'S FANTASY

All is the same except Culangelo wears a yoke like a draught animal. Duffy sits in the driver's seat and whips him with the crop as Culangelo struggles to pull the milk wagon. Our Lady's voice punctures his reverie.

OUR LADY (O.S.)
Father Culangelo, a hand up please.

BACK TO SCENE

Our Lady flips her leather handbag onto the flatbed.

DUFFY

Let me.

OUR LADY

This trolley car strike is murder
on my feet. Murder.

Duffy walks over and hoists Our Lady up, then helps Culangelo up onto the wagon. They sit on either side of the urn.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

Usually I take the trolley cars
three, four times a day.

THE DRIVER

Up to visit the Fricks, then down
to visit the Astors, an' back up to
visit the Tildens.

OUR LADY

All I'm saying, wiseacre, is I
always want to ride the trolley
somewhere.

The Driver and Duffy sit up front. The Driver shakes the reins and the horse draws the wagon down the street. The Driver pulls a pint bottle from out of his coat. He offers it to Duffy who takes it, uncorks it and looks over his shoulder.

DUFFY'S POV - WAGON FLATBED

Culangelo turns back and stares at Resurrection Church. He hugs himself to warm up. Our Lady suddenly shoots a knowing glance at Duffy. Culangelo begins to sing the churchsong, "The Hymn To Saint Anthony."

CULANGELO

"Saint Anthony, whose life-long
aim..."

BACK TO SCENE

Duffy turns around and sneaks the drink. Our Lady turns to Culangelo joins him in song.

CULANGELO/OUR LADY

"...Was to declare God's Holy Name,
To give your life to God above
And witness to Our Savior's love;
You that to death would gladly go,
Teach us the love of Christ to
show. / Saint Anthony, who loved to
pray, Recall us who in weakness
stray, That we may gain through
each day's task / The friend still
greater things to ask; / Close
friend to all in every need, Pray
with us now, we sinners plead.
Saint Anthony who worked for right
And justice for poor people's
plight, / But only asked yourself
to be / A faithful son of poverty."

EXT MILK WAGON/FLATBED DAY

CULANGELO

Missus, I don't like to leave my
church unattended.

OUR LADY

Father, it's February. If a
parishioner needs Extreme Unction,
he'll keep.

CULANGELO

Then we'll all return for the
Rosary?

OUR LADY

Believe it or not, Mister Ripley.

CULANGELO

Mister who?

EXT MILK WAGON/DRIVER'S SEAT

Duffy sneaks another drink and passes the bottle back to The
Driver. He takes a nip and slips the bottle into his coat.

THE DRIVER

Did you hear the news, Father?

DUFFY

That the country is sound and
prosperity is around the corner?

THE DRIVER

That and the bosses are dead set to
roll out the cars tomorrow.
They're hiring scabs to run them.

DUFFY

Judas Priest! Men'll get killed!

THE DRIVER

Will Gov'nor Roosevelt stand by for
that? Will Mayor Walker?

DUFFY

Stand by for their piece of the
action. The capitalist owners of
the trolley car lines and
everything else got every crook
politician...

THE DRIVER

Holy-mackerel-Andy! You talk like
Eugene V. Debs in a collar.

DUFFY

What's to a collar? Your mule's
got a collar too ain't he?

THE DRIVER

He ain't a he. She's a she.

DUFFY

It's a figure of speech. Why's
everybody so touchy?

THE DRIVER

I dunno. Maybe opera subscriptions
is goin' out late.

EXT MILK WAGON/FLATBED

Culangelo and Our Lady sing "The Hymn To Saint Anthony".

CULANGELO/OUR LADY

"Give us what evil men deny -
The grace to hear the poor man's
cry."

OUR LADY

Father Culangelo, will you permit
Father Duffy to preach to the boys?

CULANGELO

God has bestowed a magnificent gift
upon Father Duffy.

OUR LADY

When he speaks, you can almost see
the tongue of fire above him.

CULANGELO

Yet that tongue of fire can warm
the soul -
(a beat)
or it can inflame the passions.

OUR LADY

(savors that remark)
It certainly has.

CULANGELO

Pardon, missus?

OUR LADY

It certainly has the potential for
either, yes Father.

Distant SHOUTS become louder and louder.

EXT TROLLEY CAR GARAGE/ENTRANCE GATE DAY

STRIKERS walk a picket line and carry placards on sticks.

INSERT - SIGN

"The Manhattan Electric Railroad Company" arcs over the gate.

BACK TO SCENE

The Strikers turn to the milk wagon as it arrives.
Unintentionally, and comically, they slap each other in the
faces with their placards.

STRIKERS

Hosannah! Hosannah! Hosannah!

DUFFY

(shouts)
Cut that out, you blasphemers.

Culangelo and Duffy climb down. Culangelo chivalrously
assists Our Lady off the wagon.

THE DRIVER

You're off the wagon again, Duffy.

The Strikers greet Duffy and Our Lady with the gestures of great familiarity: handshakes, backslaps and nicknames. They ignore Culangelo. Our Lady takes the Kitchen Timer from her handbag and gives it to Culangelo who sets it to thirty.

STRIKER # 1

Whad you brung us? Five loafs of aerated bread and two cans of tuny fish?

DUFFY

Oh you's of little faith.

Like well-disciplined school children, the Strikers lower their placards and form two lines. Our Lady unwraps the bowls of ashes and gives one each to Culangelo and Duffy. Together they distribute the ashes to the Strikers.

CULANGELO/DUFFY

Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return.

Each turns away and walks to the coffee urn. Our Lady and The Driver hand out paper cups of coffee.

STRIKER # 1

Our Lady, got a little something special to warm us?

OUR LADY

Follow me.

Our Lady, Strikers # 1 and # 2 walk around to the other side of the milk-wagon where Culangelo and Duffy can't see them. Our Lady takes her flask from the leather handbag. She pours a two count into each man's coffee.

STRIKER # 2

What a droll place to carry your hip flask.

OUR LADY

I believe it's Ash Wednesday boys. No meat!

STRIKER # 2

Anyway, you's a regular Saint Bernard.

OUR LADY
Just going about my Father's
business.

STRIKER # 1
You's a kick in the head!

OUR LADY
Yeah, so's your anchovie.

INSERT - PAPER COFFEE CUP

The last drops of coffee from the urn fill the cup only a
quarter of the way.

BACK TO SCENE

Duffy and Culangelo finish. The various men stand around in
little groups. Our Lady collects the paper cups and throws
them into a bonfire. Culangelo looks at the Kitchen Timer.
He has about ten minutes.

THE DRIVER
Got a papal audience to attend?

CULANGELO
I mustn't leave my church
unattended.

STRIKER # 1
Father, why do you's keep company
with the likes of Our Lady there?

CULANGELO
Gentlemen, if Our Lord could quaff
a drink from the Samaritan woman...

STRIKER # 2
A drink? Was there a mara-skee-no
cherry in it?

OUR LADY
(joins the group)
Mara-skee-no?

STRIKER # 1
That's how it's pronounced.

CULANGELO
Father Duffy, we ought to return to
the church.

OUR LADY

Before we go, Father Culangelo, do you have a special blessing for the boys?

THE DRIVER

Yeah Father, these chumps is gonna need it.

STRIKER # 2

Can you arrange for the Archangel Saint Michael to get down here and give us a hand?

As Duffy walks over...

CULANGELO

We're just fishers of men.

OUR LADY

But Father, you want your nets to come up filled to bursting not empty. Maybe Father Duffy...

STRIKER # 1

Yeah! C'mon, Father Duffy.

STRIKER # 2

Give us a big finish.

THE DRIVER

These chumps need something.

OUR LADY

Father Culangelo?

CULANGELO

(to Duffy)

Father if you will.

Duffy looks at Our Lady who nods enthusiastically.

DUFFY

Sure, Father.

The Strikers CHEER. Culangelo sits down on a wooden box near the bonfire and sets the Kitchen Timer to thirty minutes.

OUR LADY

Father Duffy, get up on the wagon where everyone can see you.

Duffy climbs onto the flatbed of the milk wagon to more CHEERS. Culangelo looks at the Kitchen Timer again.

DUFFY

As a boy, an altar boy, I rode the trolley cars. To church. To the Polo Grounds. Over the Brooklyn Bridge. I always want to ride your trolleys somewhere. Every day most everybody wants to ride your trolley cars somewhere.

(a beat)

But nobody, nobody, wants to be run over by one. So you boys have to ask each other, are you riding the trolley somewhere? Or is it riding over you? Are the owners and bosses riding over you?

STRIKER # 1

Solidarity boys!

STRIKERS

(chanting)

Solidarity! Solidarity! Solidarity!

Our Lady shouts at Culangelo to be heard over the chants.

OUR LADY

Listen. They love him. God loves him.

Duffy smiles and looks across the Strikers. He settles on Culangelo's stoic face.

DUFFY

But solidarity isn't your only strength. God stands with you.

(Culangelo nods to him)

In the Book of Genesis, God told Adam, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." He didn't say, "do a full day's work and get half a loaf!"

(Strikers CHEER)

Labor is sanctified. Christ Himself was a worker. He used His hands, His two divine hands, every day. Not every day. Six days a week. But Christ walks your picket line every day. As easy going as he walked on water.

The Strikers CHEER again. Duffy looks at Our Lady, who crosses herself.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

May God bless your endeavor with
peace and success.

(makes the Sign of the
Cross)

In the Name of the Father and of
the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

STRIKERS

(cross themselves)

Amen.

The Strikers hoist Duffy up on their shoulders and parade him
around.

STRIKERS (CONT'D)

Hip! Hip! Hooray!

CULANGELO

So...

(a beat)

...painless.

OUR LADY

Did he warm the souls or inflame
the passions?

CULANGELO

Please tell Father Duffy that I'm
walking back to the Church.

Culangelo grabs the bowls of ashes. As he walks away, Our
Lady runs after him.

OUR LADY

Father Culangelo, wait. I'll go
with you.

Strikers # 1 and # 2 approach them.

STRIKER # 1

Hey Father, never seen nothing like
it! Father Duffy give 'em Holy
Hell!

OUR LADY

He's our Christ of the carbarn!

STRIKER # 1

That's it Our Lady, that's it!
Christ of the carbarn.

STRIKER # 2

Yeah. And the coffee hit the spot!

Culangelo and Our Lady walk off. He turns and looks back at an elated Duffy. The Strikers still hold him aloft. Our Lady watches Culangelo, who wags his head in disbelief.

CULANGELO

And the coffee hit the spot he said to me.

EXT WESTSIDE STREET DAY

As Culangelo and Our Lady walk along, he is distracted by her shiny leather handbag. He touches the strap.

OUR LADY

You like my new bag Father? Got it yesterday.

CULANGELO

Leather?

OUR LADY

And made to order.

CULANGELO

Where did you purchase it?

OUR LADY

You can't just walk into Gimble's on Herald Square and buy the likes of this. I'll give you an address.

Our Lady roots around in the handbag until she finds a pencil and a business card for The Grotto. She writes out an address on the back and then hands him the card.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

Go see the guy here and show him my card. He'll do you right.

CULANGELO

Thank you.

He flips the card around and reads printed side.

CULANGELO (CONT'D)

The Grotto?

OUR LADY

You don't need to know.

CULANGELO

Let me remind you that God knows.

They arrive at...

EXT CHURCH DAY

...and slowly climb the front steps.

EXT TROLLEY CAR GARAGE/ENTRANCE GATE DAY

Duffy stands around the bonfire with the Strikers. The Driver climbs up onto his wagon.

THE DRIVER

Hey Duffy, give you a lift back?

DUFFY

Nah. I'll stay and minister to my flock.

THE DRIVER

Watch out for wolves.

The Driver whips the horse and moves off. Duffy sees Strikers # 1 and # 2 play Poker. He joins them and gets dealt a hand.

DUFFY

What're you playin' for?

STRIKER # 2

Bottle caps.

DUFFY

And what're the bottle caps for?

STRIKER # 1

All depends.

DUFFY

On what?

STRIKER # 2

If we settle good and keeps our jobs, it's a penny a cap.

STRIKER # 1

If we settle bad, they's just caps.

STRIKER # 2

An' if we settle real bad, they'll be nailed to corners of our coffins.

DUFFY
Show some faith boys.

STRIKER # 1
Show your cards Father.

Duffy lays down aces and eights.

STRIKER # 2
Dead man's hand. Maybe you better
get back to the church.

STRIKER # 1
Yeah. Ain't you got Masses to say?

DUFFY
Let Father Culangelo say them.

INT CHURCH/SIDE CHAPEL DAY

Culangelo and Our Lady stand in front of a statue of the
Blessed Mother with their Rosaries. They cross themselves
and each kiss their Crucifix.

OUR LADY/CULANGELO
In the Name of the Father, and of
the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.
Amen. We believe in God the Father
Almighty, Creator of Heaven and
Earth, and in Jesus Christ His Only
Son, Our Lord...

DISSOLVE TO

INT CHURCH/SIDE CHAPEL (LATER)

OUR LADY/CULANGELO
Our Father, Who art in Heaven,
hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom
come...

DISSOLVE TO

INT CHURCH/SIDE CHAPEL (LATER)

OUR LADY/CULANGELO
Hail Mary, full of Grace, the Lord
is with thee. Blessed art thou
amongst women...

DISSOLVE TO

INT CHURCH/SIDE CHAPEL (LATER)

CULANGELO

The First Glorious Mystery, the
Resurrection from the dead of Our
Lord Jesus Christ.

OUR LADY/CULANGELO

Hail Mary, full of Grace, the Lord
is with thee. Blessed art thou
amongst women, and blessed is the
Fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy
Mary, mother of God, pray for us
sinners, now and at the hour of our
death. Amen.

OUR LADY

Father, what do you pray for?

CULANGELO

I have many special intentions.
Hail Mary, full of Grace...

OUR LADY

Do you pray for Father Duffy?

CULANGELO

...the Lord is with thee. Yes, of
course I pray for Father Duffy.

OUR LADY

Why?

CULANGELO

Blest are you amongst women... I
need Father Duffy. I need his help
to do God's work.

OUR LADY

And I also need Father Duffy.

CULANGELO

Then let us pray together for him.
(a beat)
And blest is the Fruit of thy womb,
Jesus.

OUR LADY

I need him. And you prayed him
right out of my life.

CULANGELO

Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for
us sinners.

OUR LADY

Of all the prayers to answer? My
Duffy?

CULANGELO

Now and at the hour of our death.
Amen. Hail Mary, full of Grace...

OUR LADY

Every day I put money in the poor
box. Usually the same ten dollar
bill.

CULANGELO

(frantically)
The Lord is with thee.

OUR LADY

Duffy uses that money to buy
whiskey...

CULANGELO

Blest are you amongst women...

OUR LADY

...at my saloon.

CULANGELO

And blest is the Fruit...

OUR LADY

And how does he get that money?

CULANGELO

...of thy womb...

OUR LADY

You pay him...

CULANGELO

(looks down)
...Jesus.

OUR LADY

Pay him to use that old worn out
cat-o'nine-tails. Pay him for
weeks, you didn't even notice, with
the same ten dollar bill.

Culangelo leans back weakly on the arm of a pew.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

Oh yes. He confessed to me. Years
ago.

(MORE)

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

The first night he came upstairs to my bed. The night he became my Duffy. And since then he's appeared in my Grotto every night. The Blessed Mother only appeared in the grotto at Lourdes every month or so.

CULANGELO

This isn't what I pray for.

OUR LADY

Let me warn you. I may lose Duffy. But not to God. And not to you.

This very uncomfortable silence is interrupted by the bell of the Kitchen Timer. A defeated Culangelo looks at Our Lady.

CULANGELO

Get out of my Church.

Our Lady picks up her handbag and leaves. Culangelo kneels on the stone floor, drops the Rosary, and hangs his head. He gestures with an empty hand as if he scourges himself.

CULANGELO (CONT'D)

Work hard. Pray harder. Offer your sacrifice. Work hard. Pray harder. Offer your sacrifice.

(shouts)

This isn't what I pray for, work for, sacrifice for.

CULANGELO'S POV - THE STATUES AND WINDOWS

He looks around the Church, at the the stained glass windows and the statues of Jesus and the Saints and the Stations of the Cross. They speak to him. SAINT ANTHONY OF PADUA and SAINT PATRICK call him.

SAINT ANTHONY OF PADUA

(basso profundo)

Father, you did not hear those words from me.

SAINT PATRICK

Your faith has three phrases, like a shamrock has three leaves. But I did not say it.

From a stained glass window of The Annunciation, which depicts the BLESSED MOTHER in the company of the HOLY SPIRIT, in the form of a dove...

THE BLESSED MOTHER
All generations shall call me
blessed.

THE HOLY SPIRIT
I tried Father. I really tried.

From the massive stained glass rose window high in the façade
of the Church, the ANGELS taunt and titter with slow girlish
voices.

ANGELS
Culangelo. Culangelo. Culangelo.

From the First Station of the Cross, PONTIUS PILATE condemns
Christ to death...

PONTIUS PILATE
I wash my hands of the whole thing.

A statue, SAINT THERESE, The Little Flower, who speaks in a
stereotypical French accent...

SAINT THERESE
At first it sounds like you have
loosely paraphrased my works. But
on closer inspection, I'm sorry no.

From the CRUCIFIX over the High Altar...

JESUS
I require mercy. Not sacrifice.

A statue, SAINT JUDE...

SAINT JUDE
A truly hopeless case if I've ever
seen one.

Again, the Crucifix...

JESUS
Now please get ready for Mass,
because we both know Father Duffy
shall not be back in time to
celebrate it.

BACK TO SCENE

Culangelo hoists himself up and walks to the side door.

EXT TROLLEY CAR GARAGE/ENTRANCE GATE DAY

Duffy and the Strikers finish a hand of cards. Duffy gathers the pot, a pile of bottle caps. He already has stacks of bottle caps in front of him. The Strikers are broke.

DUFFY

Boys, all this winning is making me thirsty.

STRIKER # 1

Well let's go on over to our union hall.

DUFFY

Union hall?

STRIKER # 2

If you oughta have a union...

DUFFY

You oughta have a union hall.

STRIKER # 1

It's high tone. You'll see.

DUFFY

(jumps to his feet)
What're you waitin' for, Christmas?

INT THE GROTTA/MAIN ROOM DAY

Our Lady drops a metal bucket of soapy water onto the floor. She kneels down next to it and fishes a scrub brush out of the bucket. She splashes water onto the floor and scours it while she serenades herself with the existing popular song, "It Was Only a Sun Shower".

OUR LADY

"Honey, don't you cry, / Clouds are rolling by, / the rainbow's in the sky; / It was only a sun shower. / In the shelter of / Sunny skies above / We will live and love; / It was only a sun shower.

Uncle Joe enters. He removes his coat and hat. He has a cross of ashes on his forehead.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

"Now why should we complain?"

Uncle Joe joins Our Lady in a duet.

OUR LADY/UNCLE JOE
 "Tomorrow sun will shine again..."

But she doesn't like it.

OUR LADY
 Fee-feye-fo-fum, I smell the breath
 of an Irishmun.

He goes behind the bar and straps on a large apron. Uncle Joe makes a loud clatter as he grabs a few glasses from the shelf behind the bar. Our Lady does not need to look at him. She wipes her sweaty forehead and smudges the cross of ashes.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
 Don't bother. The glasses are
 clean.

UNCLE JOE
 The glasses is clean.

OUR LADY
 Take care of the spittoon.

UNCLE JOE
 That's women's work.

Our Lady stands and turns to Uncle Joe.

OUR LADY
 Whose work is it to hang a picture?
 A woman's. Or mop the curséd
 floor? A woman's. Or get the lead
 outta your rear-end?

Our Lady throws the scrub brush at Uncle Joe. He jumps as the brush smashes into a half-dozen glasses behind him.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
 Now get the push broom and pan
 and...
 (looks up and down the
 shelves)
 Where's my motto?

Uncle Joe grabs the broom and dust pan.

UNCLE JOE
 The glass got busted last night.
 But it's out bein' fixed.

He sweeps broken glass off the shelves behind the bar.

OUR LADY
Without me doing it? I'm shocked!

UNCLE JOE
Lot's of things get done around
here without you.

OUR LADY
A lotta nothing. Hand me a
Lithiated Lemon.

Uncle Joe takes a green seven ounce soda bottle out of an icebox, pops the cap and hands it to Our Lady. She drinks. Uncle Joe waves a whiskey bottle at her.

UNCLE JOE
You sure I can't mix you up a
little forgetfulness?

Our Lady bends down and grabs the spittoon at the end of the brass rail.

OUR LADY
Mix it up in this.

Our Lady slides the spittoon towards Uncle Joe.

UNCLE JOE
Pore girlie. Caught betwixt the
cuspidor and the chalice.

OUR LADY
Some of that's already been taken
care of, Professor I. Q.

UNCLE JOE
What do you mean?

OUR LADY
Duffy pulled a Judge Crater on me.

UNCLE JOE
You're better off...

OUR LADY
Shut up an' gimme my damn scrub
brush.

Uncle Joe bends down, picks up the scrub brush from the floor behind the bar and hands it to Our Lady. She snatches it out of his hand and gets down on her knees. She drowns the brush in the bucket and slops water onto the floor. Uncle Joe empties the tar-like contents of the spittoon into the sink.

UNCLE JOE

You know, I really miss our chief cook and bottle washer. I said a prayer for her at church today.

OUR LADY

Why bother?

UNCLE JOE

For her to get better. That little girl of yours.

OUR LADY

She won't. She's left me. Just taking longer.

Uncle Joe shrugs. He rinses out the spittoon, dries it and puts it back at the end of the foot rail.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

I went and told his superior.

UNCLE JOE

Who's?

OUR LADY

Duffy's.

UNCLE JOE

You snitched? To Cardinal Hayes?!

OUR LADY

Nah! To Duffy's pastor. Father Culangelo.

UNCLE JOE

Your soup kitchen pal?

OUR LADY

Uh-huh.

UNCLE JOE

I think you'll remember this Ash Wednesday as the day you got excommunicated.

OUR LADY

Lucky they don't burn me at the stake.

UNCLE JOE

But oh what a lovely light.

Our Lady snickers and dunks the scrub brush into the bucket.

INT CHURCH/CENTRAL SPACE DAY

Culangelo, again in a violet vestment, celebrates a late Mass. He faces the away from the Congregants, as was the custom, and leads them in the Nicene Creed.

CULANGELO
Credo in unum Deum, patrem
omnipoténtem...

CULANGELO'S POV - THE STATUES AND WINDOWS

A statue, Saint Jude...

SAINT JUDE
Do you believe?

BACK TO SCENE

Culangelo continues the Creed.

CULANGELO
...factórem cœli et terræ,
visibílium ómnium et invisibílium.

CULANGELO'S POV

A statue, Saint Patrick...

SAINT PATRICK
Do you believe?

BACK TO SCENE

Culangelo looks over his shoulder.

CULANGELO
Et in unum Dóminum Jesum
Christum...

CULANGELO'S POV

The stained glass rose window of Angels in the façade...

ANGELS
Do you? Do you believe?

BACK TO SCENE

Culangelo spins around like a wheel.

CULANGELO
Fílium Dei unigénitum.

CULANGELO'S POV

From the First Station of the Cross, Pontius Pilate condemns Jesus to death.

PONTIUS PILATE
I didn't believe either. On the
other hand, my wife...

BACK TO SCENE

Culangelo looks right.

CULANGELO
Et ex Patre natum ante ómnia
sæcula.

CULANGELO'S POV

A statue, Saint Anthony...

SAINT ANTHONY
(basso profundo)
Words. Meaningless words.

BACK TO SCENE

Culangelo looks up to the Crucifix over the High Altar.

CULANGELO
Why have you launched this gauntlet
of admonition?

CULANGELO'S POV - THE CRUCIFIX

JESUS
I require mercy. Not sacrifice.

Culangelo turns around and wipes the cross of ashes from his forehead. As he walks down from the altar, he strips off all his vestments, right down to his red cassock. He goes over to the offering box and opens it with a key.

He pulls the folded Ten Dollar Bill out of the box. He flattens out the bill, stares at it for a moment and pockets it. With every curious Congregant's eye on him, he walks down the aisle and out of the church.

Briefly visible through open door is the now pink sunset sky.

EXT "UNION HALL" (RAILROAD CAR) DAY

A sleek, silver Pennsylvania Railroad club car rests on the elevated train tracks at 28th Street and Tenth Avenue.

INT "UNION HALL" DAY

That same pink sunset sky reflects off the many chrome and polished wood surfaces within this car. Yet crowded within this finest specimen of Art Deco design and Jazz Age indulgence are the streetcar Strikers. And Duffy. And they are soused. They pass a bottle of whiskey around and pour out shots. Duffy empties the last drop out into his glass and rolls the bottle across the bar countertop.

DUFFY

Anymore?

STRIKER # 1

Not unless you can turn water into rye.

DUFFY

You want a miracle worker. I'm just a plain ol' priest.

STRIKER # 2

And we got no dough.

STRIKER # 1

Only bottle caps.

DUFFY

Hell, I know where to get the dough.

(stands, but barely)

I'll be back soon to your swank sardine can.

He takes a step away but spins back to the bar and drinks down his shot.

INT CHURCH/VESTIBULE NIGHT

Duffy enters and looks down the nave: empty.

INT RECTORY/KITCHEN NIGHT

Duffy walks in and picks up the Kitchen Timer from the table. He puts it down and wanders into the house.

INT LEATHER SHOP NIGHT

The Tanner locks the entrance door just as Culangelo raps on the window. The Tanner lets him in.

THE TANNER

Father, I was just closing.

CULANGELO

I wish to purchase a flagellum.

THE TANNER

You got the wrong shop Father. I only sell leather goods or other goods made from hide for man an' beast. Unless it's shoes an' boots, Father, 'cause I ain't got shoes an' boots.

CULANGELO

I didn't come here to buy shoes or boots.

THE TANNER

That's good 'cause I ain't got shoes an' boots. I got leather goods or other goods made from hide for man an' beast. I gots belts, muzzles, reins, aprons, chaps, bibs, coats, saddlebags, shoulder bags, handbags an' feedbags.

CULANGELO

But sir, a flagellum is leather.

THE TANNER

Then you's in the right place.

CULANGELO

And yet you have no idea what a flagellum is?

THE TANNER

I have an idea that it's leather goods or other goods made from hide for man an' beast or you wouldn't be at my shop.

CULANGELO

Sir, a woman told me to give you this.

Culangelo takes out Our Lady's business card and hands it to The Tanner. He reads both sides and hands it back to Culangelo.

THE TANNER

You know Our Lady? Sheesh! What's she doin'? Startin' her own religion?

CULANGELO

Starting? I don't know. Destroying? Perhaps.

THE TANNER

Let's not get philosophical Father. You're in a leather shop. My leather shop.

CULANGELO

Yes and I want to purchase a flagellum.

THE TANNER

Father, is you talkin' Latin?

CULANGELO

It's a Latin word that has common usage in English.

THE TANNER

Father, here's a tip from one man of the world to another. When you're at work, talk Latin. When you ain't at work, talk English.

CULANGELO

As a priest, I'm always at work.

THE TANNER

All priests ain't all work.

CULANGELO

Thank you. Now I know better.
(a beat)
Sir, I wish to purchase a whip.

THE TANNER

See! Why didn't you say so? I got whips. Whips I got. What beast of burden's it for?

CULANGELO

Beast of burden?

THE TANNER

What animal, Father? What are gonna use the whip on?

CULANGELO

Animal? The foulest animal that walks God's good earth.

THE TANNER

Care to be more specific? I needs to know what size you needs. I got everything from a bullwhip to a horse crop?

CULANGELO

I want to replace a cat-of-nine-tails.

THE TANNER

Sheesh Father! Why didn't you say so at the start!

CULANGELO

Have you one?

THE TANNER

Not in stock. But I can make it for you. How's tomorrow? How's that?

CULANGELO

That's the only good thing I've heard all day. Could you please deliver it?

THE TANNER

Sure, sure. But, forgive me Father, there ain't no clerical discount. Not that I sells to priests. But not that I won't.

Culangelo pulls the Ten Dollar Bill out of his pocket and gives it to The Tanner.

CULANGELO

Is this enough?

THE TANNER

(stares at it)

Mister Hamilton's jus' the fellow.
You want me to drop it at The
Grotto?

CULANGELO

No. At my rectory please.

THE TANNER

Father, you're throwing that Latin
around again.

CULANGELO

Please deliver it to my house at
the church.

The Tanner hands Culangelo a pad and pencil.

THE TANNER

Gimme your address. You'll get it
by end a' day tomorrow. And I'll
bring it by personal.

Before Culangelo can write anything, The Tanner waves his index finger in Culangelo's face.

THE TANNER (CONT'D)

Remember me to Our Lady. That I
treated you good.

As Culangelo bends over to write...

THE TANNER (CONT'D)

Oh, an' Father...

CULANGELO

Yes.

THE TANNER

In English.

INT RECTORY/BEDROOM NIGHT

Duffy sits on the window sill. He is sweaty and pale and he breathes heavily, breath which is visible in the cold of the room.

He fingers a Rosary with his left hand and taps the butt of the handle of the cat-o'nine-tails with his right. Culangelo enters.

DUFFY'S POV - THE DOORWAY

He sees double of Culangelo.

BACK TO SCENE

Duffy grabs the window frame and slowly hoists himself up.

DUFFY
Where ya been?

CULANGELO
I had to attend to some business.

Duffy gestures repeatedly with the whip handle.

DUFFY
Your business is here. You know the
Kraut grocer made his delivery.
An' you weren't around. You missed
vespers too, you know. That ain't
like you.

CULANGELO
No. It's like you.

DUFFY
Father, time to say your prayers.

Duffy smacks the cat-o'nine-tails handle into his open palm.

CULANGELO
Prayers? For what?

DUFFY
I don't care. We have a deal. You
pray. You pay.

CULANGELO
I had to buy your strength at the
risk of financing your weakness.

DUFFY
You make it sound like a stock
market scheme.

CULANGELO

A den of thieves is what it is.
We've turned the House Of the Lord
into a den of thieves.

DUFFY

Not me. I'm no thief. You got
your money's worth.

CULANGELO

No. But soon I will.

DUFFY

You always get your money's worth.
And I need that sawbuck.

CULANGELO

The sawbuck?

DUFFY

The ten dollars. That's our deal.

CULANGELO

I can't give it to you.

DUFFY

You better.

CULANGELO

I've recompensed you for wekek, and
you didn't even notice, with the
same ten dollar bill...

DUFFY

I don't care.

CULANGELO

...Given to me by the same person
every day. Except today. Today,
she... she didn't give it to me.

DUFFY

She?

CULANGELO

The Grotto. She told me all about
your nightly appearances at The
Grotto.

DUFFY'S POV - CULANGELO

Duffy's double vision clears up as the twin images of
Culangelo quickly come together.

CULANGELO

She said that, "The Blessed Mother
only appeared in the grotto at
Lourdes every month or so."

BACK TO SCENE

Duffy rushes Culangelo, grabs him by his collar and shakes him.

DUFFY

Did she tell you I ended it. Last
night? Last night! Did she?

CULANGELO

You never should have begun it.

Duffy throws Culangelo to the floor and whips him furiously.

DUFFY

Well I did begin it. But Judas
Priest, I ended it too. Ended it.
An' ya know why?

(stops whipping)

You know why? 'Cause what we were
doin' ain't right and you, you
wouldn't want it...

Duffy lifts Culangelo up by the collar with one hand.

CULANGELO

Of all my prayers to answer.

Duffy throws Culangelo against the wall.

DUFFY

You ain't better than me. You
ain't.

Duffy hits Culangelo in the face with the handle of the cat-
o'nine-tails. Culangelo does not turn away.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

With your prayers.

CULANGELO

Agnus Dei.

DUFFY

And your acts of mercy.

Duffy hits Culangelo again with the butt of the whip.

CULANGELO
Qui tollis peccata mundi.

DUFFY
An' you ain't better then her.

Duffy, eyes wide with rage, hits Culangelo a third time.

CULANGELO
Miserere nobis.

DUFFY
Not when she's on her feet ladlin'
out soup.

Culangelo's eys are ever-so-open, and his lips form that
archaic smile.

CULANGELO
Agnus Dei.

DUFFY
Not when she's on all fours an'
I'm doin' her like a dog. Yeah.

Duffy winds up to hit him once more but relents.

CULANGELO
Qui tollis peccata mundi.

DUFFY
Holy Hell... you're loving this.

Duffy steps back and throws up his hands. Culangelo hugs him
and holds him fast.

CULANGELO
Miserere nobis.

Duffy pushes Culangelo off and then clips the back of
Culangelo's knee. Culangelo falls to the floor.

DUFFY
The sawbuck. Where is it?

CULANGELO
Agnus Dei.

DUFFY
You got your money's worth!

CULANGELO
She gave nothing today.

DUFFY

We have a deal!

CULANGELO

The deal was between the three of us. The three of us. But not anymore.

Duffy runs out of the room. Culangelo crawls over to the kneeling bench and uses it to stand. He staggers over to the night stand and grabs the Kitchen Timer. He sets it for thirty minutes and takes it with him as leaves.

INT THE GROTTO/STORE ROOM NIGHT

Our Lady carries a case of empty brown beer bottles through the doorway as she sings a verse from the popular song, "Beyond the Blue Horizon". The bottles rattle and clatter as she drops the case on a table.

OUR LADY

"Goodbye to things that bore me,
Joy is waiting for me. / I see a
new horizon."

She turns and notices the pictures on the wall Duffy hung up last night. She takes hold of one with each hand, as if she puts her hands on the shoulders of a friend.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

C'mon girls, join in, "I see a new
horizon, My life has only begun.
Beyond the blue horizon..."

THE GERMAN (O.S.)

Allo Gottesmutter!

OUR LADY

"Is the rising"... Hun.

Our Lady turns to The German and Vils, in the doorway.

THE GERMAN

A miracle it is.

VILS

We got six heads of cabbage

THE GERMAN

For your lentil zoups.

OUR LADY

Fresh from der Kaiser's garden.

Our Lady grabs The German's shaved neck.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
Did you deliver the goods already?

VILS
Yeah, we dropped 'em off at the
Church before.

Our Lady knocks Vils on the cheek. They stroll into...

INT THE GROTTA/MAIN ROOM

...and up to the bar. Uncle Joe fills The German's beer
bucket from a tap. The Lookout sits by the door.

VILS
But the priest in the red dress
weren't there. I left it with the
priest in the black dress.

UNCLE JOE
Hey boy, it ain't a dress. It's
called a hassock.

OUR LADY
You dumb mick, it's called a
cassock.

THE GERMAN
Vils here want me show him your
barroom.

THE LOOKOUT
The floor show always brings 'em
back.

Uncle Joe pushes The German's beer bucket at Our Lady. She
makes sure it's full and hands it off to Vils.

OUR LADY
I'll be open all night.

THE GERMAN
Danke, Gottesmutter.

The German and Vils leave just as The Mortician, in a black
suit, enters and sits down. He takes out a nickel and slaps
it down in front of Uncle Joe. Uncle Joe pinches it and
holds it up to Our Lady.

UNCLE JOE

Oh! Now I can call Mae West and tell her, "Mae, it is a sin."

THE MORTICIAN

Gimme a Lithiated Lemon in the seven ounces bottle please. And hold the proverbs.

UNCLE JOE

Cheapskate. And I send you all my best customers.

Uncle Joe pulls a bottle of Lithiated Lemon out of an icebox, pops off the cap and slams it down in front of The Mortician.

UNCLE JOE (CONT'D)

Hope you choke.

THE MORTICIAN

Not a chance.

(drinks)

I like it. And it likes me.

UNCLE JOE

'Cause it's cold and dead.

THE MORTICIAN

Naw. It's fizzy. Perks you up with a refreshing lemon sparkle. But that name. Oughta change it. Maybe Citrus Up? Or Freshen Up.

UNCLE JOE

What about, up yours?

OUR LADY

(walks over)

How's business?

THE MORTICIAN

I'll never go broke with Uncle Joe back of the bar.

OUR LADY

That's funny. With Uncle Joe back of the bar, I'll never get rich. Gimme one of those Lithiated Lemons you lazy lout mick.

UNCLE JOE

Where's your manners, in your feet?

OUR LADY
Gimme one of those you lazy lout
mick please.

Uncle Joe takes another soda bottle out of the icebox, pops the cap and hands it to Our Lady. She takes a swig and savors it.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
Lithiated Lemon, mmm-hmmm.

UNCLE JOE
But that name. Oughta change it.

OUR LADY
(drinks)
A new name? Play up the size.
It's a bargain you know. Citrus
Seven. Refresh Seven.

UNCLE JOE
Out on your caboose seven.

OUR LADY
Yeah, go take the gas pipe.

THE MORTICIAN
You's put on a better show than Lum
an' Abner.

UNCLE JOE
Aah, go on, you soda... jerk.

There's a knock on the door. The Lookout swings open the peephole and looks out.

THE LOOKOUT
It's Father.

He unlatches the door.

THE LOOKOUT (CONT'D)
Hear your sermon knocked 'em out.

THE LOOKOUT'S POV - DUFFY

He stands outside and fidgets.

DUFFY
Homilies. Catholics don't give
sermons. We give homilies.

He stiffens and his fist flies through the peephole.

BACK TO SCENE

The Lookout, his nose bloody, staggers backwards. The door sweeps open. Duffy rushes in. Our Lady steps behind the bar. Duffy tromps over to her and Uncle Joe tries to moves between them.

OUR LADY

I believe you could use a drink.

Duffy grabs Our Lady by the neck and drags her over the bar. Duffy kicks the stool out from under The Mortician and he falls to the floor. Our Lady struggles to free herself, but Duffy is too strong. Her SCREAMS are caught in her throat.

DUFFY

Why'd you tell him? Why?

UNCLE JOE

(to The Lookout)

Get a cop!

The Lookout runs out the front door. Uncle Joe grips the neck of a thickest bottle of bourbon on the top shelf and runs over to Duffy. Our Lady struggles to get free.

UNCLE JOE (CONT'D)

He who lives by the bottle, dies by
the bottle!

Uncle Joe breaks the bottle on Duffy's forehead - SMASH!
Duffy falls to the floor, into a puddle of good bourbon

UNCLE JOE (CONT'D)

Drinks is on him.

OUR LADY

You had to use the reserve.

THE MORTICIAN

(stands)

Ought I get my hearse?

Offscreen, a police whistle BLOWS.

INT HOSPITAL/CHILDREN'S WARD NIGHT

Culangelo's face remains blotchy, black and blue. He first places the Kitchen Timer on the table and then kneels next to The Girl's bed. He crosses himself and leans into his tightly clenched hands.

CULANGELO'S FANTASY

Suddenly he stands over The Girl. He pulls back the bedsheet and tosses it onto the floor.

CULANGELO

I take it all back. Everything
I've asked, I take it all back.

The Girl wears only a skimpy white gown. He looks her over from toe to head. He leans down and caresses her face. He kisses her very pale lips. He climbs on top of her, as if to have sex, but he lies there, frozen. The Girl sits up and startles him.

THE GIRL

What would Father Duffy do? You
don't know.

BACK TO SCENE

Culangelo kneels at the bedside. The Girl lies still, under the sheets. With his thumb he makes a cross on her forehead; however, the mean spirited fantasy resounds in his mind.

CULANGELO

What would Father Duffy do?

Culangelo grabs his Kitchen Timer and flees.

FADE TO

EXT THE GROTTO NIGHT

Culangelo, his Kitchen Timer in hand, KNOCKS on the door. The peephole opens and The Lookout, with wads of cotton up his nose, stares skeptically at this new priest.

THE LOOKOUT

Sheesh how many candles can one
woman light? Who sent you?

Culangelo shows him Our Lady's business card but The Lookout steps back as if he expects to be hit again.

CULANGELO

The missus gave me this.

THE LOOKOUT

Amen!

The peephole shuts but the front door swings open.

INT THE GROTTO NIGHT

Culangelo steps inside.

THE LOOKOUT
And welcome to The Grotto.

Culangelo makes his way over to Our Lady at the bar. Uncle Joe sees him and points Culangelo out to her.

UNCLE JOE
Turnin' into a regular conclave
'round here.

OUR LADY
Get him some ice, the poor kid.

Culangelo sits at the bar in front of Our Lady. He places the ticking Kitchen Timer on the countertop. The Mortician looks over to Culangelo and helps him sit on a stool.

THE MORTICIAN
Father! Unyoke your troubles an'
enjoy Our Lady's hospitality.

CULANGELO
Yes, sir.

Uncle Joe chips a little block of ice into small bits.

OUR LADY
Is that our friend's handiwork?

CULANGELO
How did you know?

OUR LADY
He paid us a little visit too.

CULANGELO
So this is where he ran to.

OUR LADY
He's a creature of habit. He comes
here every night. I told you.

CULANGELO
You also told me he was filled with
the Holy Spirit.

Uncle Joe hands Culangelo ice wrapped in a rag. Culangelo holds it to his cheek.

CULANGELO (CONT'D)

Thank you.

UNCLE JOE

Filled with some spirit. Don't think it's holy.

OUR LADY

Uncle Joe, allow me to introduce you to Father Culangelo, pastor of Resurrection Church.

UNCLE JOE

I'll mix you up a little forgetfulness.

OUR LADY

Father, I'll get you started with a Lithiated Lemon. Even if you gave me the bum's rush this afternoon.

THE MORTICIAN

You'll like it 'cause it likes you.

CULANGELO

I don't have... I can't pay for this.

OUR LADY

It's on the house.

CULANGELO

On the house?

OUR LADY

Free, Father. The first one's free.

Culangelo notices the Kitchen Timer is nearly to zero so he winds it to thirty minutes. He sets it on the countertop so the dial faces him.

UNCLE JOE

What's with the gizmo?

CULANGELO

I suffer from Saint Ormund's Knee.

UNCLE JOE

(feigns knowledge)
Ooooooh yeah.
(squints at Culangelo)
What's that?

CULANGELO

Should my knees remain in one posture, whether straight or bent, for more than one-half hour, they lock up.

Our Lady fetches the Lithiated Lemon out of the ice box. She uncaps it and puts the bottle in front of Culangelo.

UNCLE JOE

You poor fellow.

CULANGELO

Makes sleep nearly impossible.

UNCLE JOE

Everybody's got his cross to bear.

OUR LADY

I believe that's how Father got it, carrying the cross.

CULANGELO

I was born with this. No cure...

UNCLE JOE

Myself, I goes to Saint Agnes church, not Resurrection.

Culangelo stares at the neon sign over the Lourdes statuette.

CULANGELO

Such a horribly sinful, blasphemous...

OUR LADY

What brings you to my house?

CULANGELO

This is where Father Duffy came right?

OUR LADY

Yes.

CULANGELO

Then I go where he goes.

OUR LADY

Where he's gone you can't follow.

CULANGELO

Why not?

UNCLE JOE
I gives a hint... from all black to stripes.

OUR LADY
(waves him away)
He's in the pokey.

CULANGELO
Pokey?

OUR LADY
Jail. He's in jail.

CULANGELO
Heavens!

UNCLE JOE
He's lucky he didn't need the Mortician here to take him away.

THE MORTICIAN
Darn lucky.

UNCLE JOE
I don't let nobody mess wit' Our Lady here.

THE MORTICIAN
Nobody.

Uncle Joe grabs another Lithiated Lemon and smacks the bottle down in front of The Mortician.

UNCLE JOE
Wrap your yap 'round this.

CULANGELO
(incredulously)
A policeman...
(a beat)
...was in here.

OUR LADY
Uh-huh.

UNCLE JOE
Most nights they come in with a collection plate. Worse, they want a double on the house with their graft. God forbid Pro'bition ever ends and they has to pay to drink again.

CULANGELO
A policeman. In here.

OUR LADY
Right.

CULANGELO
And he arrests Father Duffy?

OUR LADY
He caused a public disturbance.
That's against the law.

UNCLE JOE
A good thing for your partner...

CULANGELO
This whole place is against the
law!

OUR LADY
Just goin' about my Father's
business.

Our Lady points to the spot where he motto should hang.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
Usually a sign hangs there that
reads, "I was thirsty and ye gave
Me to drink."

CULANGELO
Yes, Matthew twenty-five, thirty.

UNCLE JOE
But it got broke. By your priest.

CULANGELO
Like so much else.

OUR LADY
Go sit over there Father and I'll
bring your Lithiated Lemon before
this goes to the League of Nations.

CULANGELO
(holds up the bottle)
Is this what Father Duffy drinks?

UNCLE JOE
No it ain't.

CULANGELO
Sir, I want what he wants, please.

UNCLE JOE

Keep at it an' you may get what he got!

OUR LADY

Your pleasure, Father, is our pleasure.

Culangelo, with the Kitchen Timer, walks to a table.

UNCLE JOE

(whispers to Our Lady)

Your priests is like night and day.

Our Lady takes a bottle of whiskey and pours a shot each into two tumblers.

OUR LADY

That's why I spend the day with one and the night with the other. But things seem topsy-turvy.

Our Lady places the two glasses and the bottle of whiskey on a tray. She then opens the collar and unbuttons her blouse. She carries the tray to Culangelo.

INT GROTTO/TABLE

Our Lady bends at the waist and serves Culangelo daintily. He looks at her face, but not at her open blouse. She sits.

CULANGELO

Will the police hold him long?

OUR LADY

Don't worry, I just told the cops to keep him in the jug...

CULANGELO

The jug?

OUR LADY

Jail. I told them to keep him in jail only 'til that hothead Mick cools off.

CULANGELO

You tell the police what to do?

OUR LADY

And it costs me a lot. But I get my money's worth.

CULANGELO
 (lifts his glass)
 Dominus vobiscum.

OUR LADY
 (tilts glass to Culangelo)
 Et cum spiritu tuo.

Culangelo downs the whiskey but Our Lady takes only a swig.

CULANGELO'S POV - OUR LADY'S LIPS

As she finishes her sip, she sort-of kisses the rim of the tumbler.

BACK TO SCENE

CULANGELO
 (breathlessly)
 Been a long time.

OUR LADY
 For me too. Recall Father, "Be careful to take no wine or strong drink."

CULANGELO
 Yes, Judges, chapter thirteen,
 verse four.
 (wags head)
 I can hardly believe the way you
 befoul the very Word of God.

OUR LADY
 Aw, ease up Father. We've got the
 whole season of Lent to be morbid.
 Leave it to the boys who gave us
 the Gregorian Calendar and snatched
 eleven days from God's Creation to
 tell us Lent is forty days long
 when it's really forty nine.

Our Lady pours him another shot.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
 "Worry not what thy eat or
 drink..."

She hikes up her skirt and sits back.

CULANGELO
 Would Father Duffy...

...Culangelo touches her knee with the fingers of his left hand.

CULANGELO (CONT'D)
(emphatically)
...do anything else?

He lifts the shot glass with his right hand and again drinks the whiskey in one gulp. Our Lady removes his hand and flops it on top of the Kitchen Timer.

OUR LADY
Is that what brought you here? I'm no whore, Father. I'm an honest businesswoman. That's the truth.

CULANGELO
In a dishonest business. That's the truth.

OUR LADY
Quid est veritas?

CULANGELO
Est Vir qui adest.

Our Lady looks up and smiles broadly.

OUR LADY
Come up to my room. I have to show you something.

CULANGELO
(happily surprised)
Come up to your room?

OUR LADY
Just to see a newspaper clipping. But heck what would Father Duffy do?

INT OUR LADY'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Our Lady opens the door and by the hand leads Culangelo into her room. She also carries the two tumblers from The Grotto. She takes the Kitchen Timer from him and puts it atop the chest-of-drawers.

OUR LADY
Now, sit down and we'll have another drink. Maybe it'll put us in the mood.

CULANGELO

In the mood?

OUR LADY

Just sit down and enjoy the
hospitality.

Culangelo sits on the bed, against the headboard. Our Lady puts the tumblers on the night stand next to a bottle of whiskey. She uncorks the bottle - POP - and splashes a shot in each glass.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

Kept this here for Duffy. It's his
Magic Bullet.

Culangelo points to the photo of the soldier on the wall.

CULANGELO

Who's that?

OUR LADY

The doughboy? My husband. Lost
him in the Great War.

Our Lady hands Culangelo a glass. They drink.

CULANGELO

I'm sorry.

OUR LADY

So am I. Hmmm, should be in here.

She opens the night stand drawer. She pulls out the torn-up valentine but throws it back.

CULANGELO

German mustard gas?

OUR LADY

French ambulance driver.

She pulls out bound bundles of letters and news clippings.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

I know where it is!

She takes the Bible on the tabletop and flips to a passage in the Saint John's Gospel.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

Here it is! Believe it or not,
Mister Ripley.

CULANGELO
Who is this Mister Ripley?

INSERT - NEWSPAPER CARTOON

Pressed within the pages of the Bible is a "Ripley's Believe It or Not!" cartoon which depicts Jesus before Pilate. The question "WHAT IS TRUTH?" is at the top. Along the bottom is the caption, "ST. JOHN:18:38 - PILATE SAITH UNTO HIM: 'QUID EST VERITAS?' (WHAT IS TRUTH?) THE ANAGRAM OF WHICH IS:- 'EST VIR QUI ADEST.' WHICH MEANS:- 'IT IS THE MAN WHO STANDS BEFORE YOU'."

BACK TO SCENE

Our Lady hands it to Culangelo, who reads the cartoon.

CULANGELO
Oh, Mister Ripley is a cartoonist.
"It is the Man who stands before
you." I'll be darned!

OUR LADY
Something huh?

Our Lady slips it back into the Bible. She sits at the foot of the bed, opposite Culangelo, and drinks her whiskey.

CULANGELO
So he left you to raise your
daughter alone?

OUR LADY
Three children. He left me with
three children. I went to work in
a munitions plant in Weehawken.
(a beat)
My two boys. Died within a week of
each other. The Spanish influenza.

CULANGELO
Within a week...

OUR LADY
Eh. What's one kid more or less?
That's just what happens when a man
would rather buy a nickel's worth
of rotgut than a nickel's worth of
sheep's gut.

(MORE)

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

And a woman who'd go in the front door of every speak and hoochie cooch joint in New York is too embarrassed to go into the front door of a sex clinic.

CULANGELO

I don't know what you mean.

OUR LADY

When the scales fell from your eyes what did you tell yourself?

CULANGELO

What I saw... was not good.

OUR LADY

And yet the topsy-turvy act. Now you want to live like Father Duffy.

CULANGELO

Why shouldn't I?

OUR LADY

One Duffy's enough.

They talk around each other.

CULANGELO

No more hard work or sacrifice.

OUR LADY

One Duffy's too much.

CULANGELO

No more.

Our Lady waves her glass of whiskey at the Crucifix.

OUR LADY

Anyway, it's out of our hands.

Culangelo toasts Christ on The Cross.

CULANGELO

To You, Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

OUR LADY

Aaaah, by noon tomorrow you'll be back dying to take away the sins of the World.

CULANGELO
Crucified for us.

OUR LADY
Even with a dash of Cain and
Abel...

CULANGELO
You hanged on the Cross for three
hours.

OUR LADY
...Father, your acts been done
before. And better.

CULANGELO
You harrowed Hell for three days.

OUR LADY
There's nothing new under the sun.
(a beat)
Father, you know, in The Gloria, at
Mass...

CULANGELO
The Gates of Paradise swing open.

OUR LADY
...In The Gloria, we say Jesus
takes away the Sin of the World.

CULANGELO
Enthroned next to God Your Father.

OUR LADY
Yet during The Agnus Dei, Jesus
takes away the Sins of the World.
Why the difference?

CULANGELO
(to Our Lady)
All my suffering? What do I get?
The wrong prayers answered.

OUR LADY
Hey, you've got me and the drinks
are free.

CULANGELO
This may be as near to Heaven as we
get.

OUR LADY

Near To Heaven. Maybe that's what
I'll call my next business.

CULANGELO

A dishonest business?

OUR LADY

It's the lady who sits before you.

CULANGELO

Believe it or not.

OUR LADY

Half a world away my husband's
jazzing some Frenchy. My baby
girl's a sleeping beauty. My lover
is a priest and his boss...

(points to Culangelo)

...has stumbled under his cross.

CULANGELO

We Catholics are fools for a good
litany.

OUR LADY

Amen.

CULANGELO

Are we in the mood yet?

OUR LADY

Are you kidding?

CULANGELO

What would Father Duffy do? While
he waited for that mood.

OUR LADY

(chuckles)

Last night huffy Duffy went and
stared out the window. Try that,
Father.

Culangelo gets up from the bed and walks to the window. He
leans against the window frame and stares out into the night.

CULANGELO

Goodness that's beautiful.

OUR LADY

The Chrysler Motors Building?

CULANGELO

Yes, I think.

OUR LADY

A papal tiara of illuminated windows at the top?

CULANGELO

"As for these things which ye behold, the days will come in which there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."

OUR LADY

Luke, twenty one, verse six.

(a beat)

"In the day of great slaughter, when the towers fall..."

CULANGELO

Isaiah, nine, eleven.

OUR LADY

Yep.

CULANGELO

What else would Father Duffy do?

OUR LADY

What would... ? He'd tell me I was pretty and kiss me.

Culangelo goes to the bed. Our Lady turns her face to him.

CULANGELO

You are very pretty.

Culangelo kisses her. Our Lady speaks through the kiss.

OUR LADY

I may not be Mae Murray, but I can still turn a man's head.

Our Lady waits for Culangelo to do something. Anything. But nothing.

CULANGELO

Tonight, Father Duffy said that I thought myself better than him. And you.

OUR LADY

At times, in our zeal to imitate
Christ, we think ourselves better
than Christ.

Our Lady notices her glass is empty. She motions to the
bottle.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

Father, what'd Our Lord say, "I
came not to be served..."

CULANGELO

"...But to serve." I know, I know.

Culangelo reaches for the bottle. Our Lady plants her glass
between her legs.

CULANGELO (CONT'D)

Then Father Duffy said that I was
no better than you - you - and
please forgive me but this is
verbatim, when you were on all
fours and he was...

As Culangelo pours the whiskey into the glass, Our Lady
washes the thumbs, index and middle fingers of both her hands
in the alcohol.

OUR LADY

Lavabo inter innocentes manus
meus...

(lifts the glass)

And he was what?

CULANGELO

I dare not say it.

OUR LADY

That sounds like something Duffy
might say.

(a beat)

C'mere.

Our Lady pulls Culangelo's face to her breast and runs her
fingers through his thin hair.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

You can't tell but under that
brody, my husband had hair just
like you. More of it though.

Our Lady slowly whispers the lyrics to the popular song of
the time, "My Man".

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

"Oh, my man, I love him so. / He'll never know, / All my life is just a spare. / But I don't care. / When he takes me in his arms / The world is bright, / Aaaaaall right. / What's the difference if I say / I'll go away / When I know I'll come back / On my knees someday? / For whatever my man is, / I'm his forevermore."

CULANGELO

You still love him? The doughboy?

OUR LADY

That galoot? I'd take him back before you could say "c'est la guerre."

CULANGELO

And Father Duffy?

OUR LADY

I tried not to. Everyone I love I lose.

(a beat)

You know why Our Lord asks us to offer our suffering to Him?

CULANGELO

He takes them on His shoulders...

OUR LADY

Nah. If we only offered our joys...

CULANGELO

He'd have to go on relief with everybody else.

OUR LADY

Believe it or not, Mister Ripley.

CULANGELO

So what would Father Duffy do?

OUR LADY

He should love me.

Our Lady pulls Culangelo's face to hers and kisses him. She stands Culangelo up and undresses him. She slides off his undershirt and runs her hands behind his back to hug him. She is surprised to feel his scars.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
 What the... ?

She turns him around and stares aghast at Culangelo's back.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
 For Christ's sake!

Culangelo looks back at Our Lady over his shoulder.

CULANGELO
 Yes, it is for Christ's sakes.

She runs her fingers along his scars.

OUR LADY
 Or your own sake?

The Kitchen Timer rings. Our Lady turns Culangelo around, grabs his face with her hands and guides his head to rest on her shoulder.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)
 Woman behold thy son. Disciple
 behold thy mother.

They lie on the bed. Our Lady cradles Culangelo in her arms.

EXT POLICE HEADQUARTERS NIGHT

Patrol cars and paddy wagons race to and from the ornate, domed building on Lafayette Street.

INT POLICE HEADQUARTERS/HOLDING CELL

Duffy, with a bandage on his head, sits on a bench surrounded by THREE YOUNG WOMEN. They aren't flappers. They may be prostitutes. They wear unattractive, heavy cotton dresses.

DUFFY
 There's this church there, on top
 of a hill. And the roofs of this
 church, are like, well, like a
 bunch of white teats. And the best
 girls, if you know what I mean,
 hung around there.

WOMAN # 1
 What's better? American gals or
 French?

DUFFY
Why quibble?

WOMAN # 2
Quibble?

WOMAN # 3
Is that somethin' the Frenchies do?

DUFFY
They do a lot of things American
girls don't.

THE MATRON arrives with keys in hand. She opens the cell door and motions Duffy out.

THE MATRON
All right Charlie Farrell. Go an'
sin no more.

DUFFY
Look me up in the Bible some time.

The Three Women quickly kiss him on the cheek. Duffy hurries out of the cell. The Matron slams the cell door shut. The Three Women run to the bars for a last glimpse.

THE MATRON
Like gold in the furnace, He tries
them.

EXT CHURCH NIGHT

A paddy wagon stops in front. Duffy gets out of the back and the wagon drives away.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)
See you in church on Sunday.

FADE TO

INT RECTORY/KITCHEN NIGHT

Duffy lights the stove and carries a large pot of water from the sink to a burner. He opens a sack of lentils.

DUFFY'S POV - THE POT

He sees double of the pot. He tries to grab it and burns his hand on the rim.

BACK TO SCENE

Duffy waves his hand to cool it off. He pours the dried lentils into the pot. He grabs a head of cabbage, chops it up and drops it into the pot. He uncorks a bottle of wine with his teeth and pours some into the pot also. He stares at the bottle and licks his lips. But he recorks it.

EXT TROLLEY CAR GARAGE/ENTRANCE GATE NIGHT

A column of SECURITY GUARDS, rifles drawn, clears the Strikers away from the gate. The column splits into two and the Security Guards open a path across the sidewalk. Two dozen men, SCAB WORKERS, approach the gate through this path, surrounded by more Security Guards. Among these are the Three Vagrants. The Strikers HISS and BOO.

The gate opens and the Scab Workers, even the Three Vagrants, enter the yard. Striker # 2 grabs burning wood from the bonfire. He hurls it at the Manhattan Electric Railroad Company sign. When the wood hits the sign, embers rain on the Security Guards. They respond with rifle fire over the Strikers' heads.

INT RECTORY/KITCHEN DAY

Duffy sleeps at the table. The bottle of wine stands in front of him untouched. Frantic KNOCKS at the door wake him. He drowsily answers it. The Girl stands there, shoeless and dressed only in the skimpy hospital gown.

THE GIRL
G'morning Father Duffy. Is Father
Culangelo in?

Duffy does a double take. He is stunned to see her.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)
Is Father Culangelo in?

DUFFY
Kid...

He takes her arm and guides her inside. The Girl hugs Duffy tightly. He's paralyzed with disbelief. The Girl goes to kiss him on the cheek. Involuntarily, he turns his head and they kiss on the mouth. He pushes her away. She gingerly touches his bloody bandages.

THE GIRL
What happened to your head?

DUFFY

What happened to me? What happened to you?

THE GIRL

I woke up properly this morning. I came to thank Father Culangelo. Is he in?

DUFFY

Don't think so.

THE GIRL

Gosh, that's too bad. Father Culangelo has the coffee on by now. I could go for a cup.

DUFFY

Hell, kid, I could make the coffee.

He gathers the beans and the grinder. The Girl fills the coffee pot with water.

THE GIRL

Father Culangelo visited everyday you know. To pray for me.
(takes the grinder)
Let me turn this. It's fun.

DUFFY

How did... you were out like a light, how could you know?

THE GIRL

I was awake, Father. I was awake and a sleep too. This morning I woke up properly.

DUFFY

All that time?

The Girl gives him the ground coffee. Duffy lights burner and puts the coffee on to boil.

THE GIRL

All that time. Not like when you were with Mama. You's would shake the Roasary on her bedpost and I'd wake up but pretend to be asleep. You look like a doubting Thomas. Like you want to stick your finger in my wound or something. Father Culangelo was no doubting Thomas. He visited me everyday.

(MORE)

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

But you didn't visit at all. Why didn't you? I missed you very much.

DUFFY

Every day?

THE GIRL

Every night really. And I came here as soon as I could to say thank you to him. And to God.

DUFFY

But Father ain't here. He should be here. Making the soup.

THE GIRL

And the coffee.

DUFFY

Kid, I'm making the coffee already!

EXT CHURCH DAY

The dim winter morning finds Culangelo and Our Lady on the front steps. He can barely stand straight or hold up his head so she steadies him. Culangelo's red cassock is unbuttoned and very much unkempt. Our Lady carries her leather handbag.

OUR LADY

Listen to me.

CULANGELO'S POV - THE CHURCH

He sees double of the building.

BACK TO SCENE

CULANGELO

Was there a schism last night and I missed it?

OUR LADY

Listen to me...

CULANGELO

For I see two Churches where once there was one.

OUR LADY
He may try to hurt you.

CULANGELO
He won't. I might enjoy it.

OUR LADY
Oh yeah...

Several Strikers SHOUT to each other as they run past the Church. Striker # 1 gallops up the steps with his hat on.

STRIKER # 1
Father!

Culangelo turns to the Striker. He loses his balance and Our Lady catches him. The Striker is confused by the couple he encounters.

STRIKER # 1 (CONT'D)
Father Culangelo? Our Lady?

CULANGELO
Please, sir, your hat. You are in front of the House of God.

STRIKER # 1
Oh, sorry.
(removes it)
They broke the strike. Sent in soldiers.

OUR LADY
What the... ?

STRIKER # 1
The bosses. They're gonna roll out the cars with scab crews.

CULANGELO
(to Striker # 1)
Give me your arm.

Culangelo grabs the Striker's arm and they walk down the steps. Our Lady catches up to him and turns him around.

OUR LADY
Where're you goin'?

CULANGELO
What would Father Duffy do?

Culangelo and Striker # 1 hobble down the steps and away. Our Lady watches for a moment and then runs into the church.

EXT TROLLEY CAR GARAGE/TRAIN YARD DAY

An ENGINEER pilots a trolley car out of the garage. One Vagrant steps into the cab and takes the throttle. The Two Other Vagrants leap onto the running boards.

INT RECTORY/KITCHEN DAY

The Girl sits at the table as Duffy pours the coffee.

OUR LADY (O.S.)
Duffy! Duffy! You there?

The door flies open and Our Lady enters.

THE GIRL
Mama.

OUR LADY
Cheese-and-crackers!

Our Lady hugs The Girl. She grips her cheeks with both hands and kisses her on the mouth and all over her face.

DUFFY
Showed up here like nothing happened.

THE GIRL
C'mon Mama, Father Duffy, let's go into the church and say a prayer of thanks to God.

OUR LADY
My Baby. Thank God indeed!

THE GIRL
I woke up properly this morning and came over...

OUR LADY
How?

THE GIRL
Walked. There weren't any trolley cars running, not that I had carfare. You should've seen the Ward Nurse. She was so surprised when I woke she dropped her bed pans. What a clatter!

DUFFY

She asked if I wanted to stick my
finger in her wound.

OUR LADY

Yeah? They'll find your knuckles
up your Hotel Astoria.

THE GIRL

Mama's no doubting Thomas.
(to Duffy)
Every morning Mama would bathe me.
And sing.

DUFFY

She's talked my ear off all
morning.

THE GIRL

I haven't talked in so long that I
can't stop now that I can talk.
(to Our Lady)
Yesterday you said it was Ash
Wednesday. Did you give up
chocolate for Lent like you do
every year?

OUR LADY

I almost gave up on you.

THE GIRL

Since I woke up properly I came
over. As soon as I could. To
thank Father for his prayers.
Visited me each and every day.

Our Lady mistakenly thinks The Girl refers to Duffy.

OUR LADY

Each and every day?

THE GIRL

...And to thank God.

OUR LADY

(to Duffy)
You went to see my baby every day?

DUFFY

Not me. Culangelo.

THE GIRL

Yes Mama, Father Culangelo

EXT TROLLEY CAR GARAGE/GATE DAY

The sun is up but its light is harsh and its shadows are long. The two rows of Security Guards block the open gate and the train tracks from the Strikers.

Culangelo arrives and the Strikers let him pass. He pushes through one line of Security Guards. He stands defiantly between the rows. The Strikers CHEER. He steps bravely through the second row of Security Guards. He follows the tracks beyond the gate.

EXT TROLLEY CAR GARAGE/TRAIN YARD

As Culangelo walks toward the garage, the trolley car driven by the Vagrant rolls along the tracks towards him. All Three Vagrants ride in the front. Culangelo stands still between the rails. One Vagrant frantically RINGS the bell as the Other Vagrants wave him away. Culangelo opens his arms as if to embrace the trolley.

INT RECTORY/KITCHEN DAY

Inside the leather handbag, the Kitchen Timer goes off. Our Lady pulls it out and puts it on the table.

DUFFY
Why you got his timer?

OUR LADY
He's gone off to the carbarn.

DUFFY
Is that all!

THE GIRL
Father Culangelo's no doubting
Thomas.

OUR LADY
The bosses broke the strike. We
gotta get down there.

DUFFY
Judas Priest! He'll get himself
killed.
(a beat)
But I can't go.

THE GIRL/OUR LADY
You can't?!

DUFFY

Mass. I must say Mass.

Our Lady and The Girl each grab an arm and drag him out.

THE GIRL/OUR LADY

Cheese-and-crackers.

Suddenly Our Lady runs back in, shuts off the gas burners and again runs out.

EXT TROLLEY CAR GARAGE/ENTRANCE GATE DAY

The Security Guards have closed ranks across the gate. They use their rifles and truncheons to hold off the Strikers who are mad with concern for Culangelo. THREE BODIES - dead Strikers - lie just inside the fence.

STRIKER # 2

Let us through you killers.

STRIKER # 1

They're dying.

Duffy, Our Lady and The Girl push through this crowd. The Strikers realize that Duffy is among them. As they MURMUR his name, the crowd parts. Duffy steps to the front and stares back and forth at Two Security Guards. With one hand on each of their shoulders, he gently moves them aside. He slips between them, through the gate and into the yard.

Strikers #1 and #2, The Girl and Our Lady struggle to peer over the shoulders of the Security Guards.

OUR LADY'S POV - DUFFY IN THE TRAIN YARD

He walks alongside the Three Vagrants who carry Culangelo's mortally wounded body through the gate.

BACK TO SCENE

OUR LADY

Give 'em room. Give 'em room.

Culangelo has suffered tremendously. His hands are ripped off and blood cascades out of his open wrists. His face is cut apart. His red cassock is partially torn off, which reveals a deep gash in his right side. Duffy struggles to keep up and administer the final Sacrament. For every recitation, Duffy makes a cross with his thumb over a part of Culangelo's body.

DUFFY

Of any sins you have committed
with thine eyes, te absolvo,
with thine ears, te absolvo,
with thy nose, te absolvo,
with thy mouth, te absolvo,
with thy hands...

Duffy pauses in confusion as he looks at the stumps of Culangelo's arms. The Security Guards step out of the way and the Strikers open up a half-circle. Our Lady falls to her knees to receive the body. The Three Vagrants lay Culangelo into her lap. The Strikers gather around.

OUR LADY

Duffy, is he shriven?

Duffy cannot answer except to cry and wail. The Girl crosses Culangelo's arms one over the other. Our Lady tilts Culangelo's head up and looks into his eyes.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

May the Lord Who frees you from sin
save you and raise you up.

The Girl kneels and obscures Culangelo's face as she quietly breathes her gratitude into his ear.

THE GIRL

I know you can hear me. 'Cause I
could hear you. Thank you Father.
Thank you for not being a doubting
Thomas.

The Girl leans back to reveal Culangelo's face. He smiles slightly.

CULANGELO

Lord, into Thy Hands...

Culangelo breathes his last. His eyes roll back. He dies.

THE GIRL

Oh Mama!

STRIKER # 1

Stood up to that car like a stone
wall.

STRIKER # 2

Stood up to it and didn't move.

STRIKER # 1

Let it roll right over himself.

STRIKER # 2
 Stood there and didn't move.

Strikers #1 and #2 pull Duffy away. They stand on either side of him and each whispers.

STRIKER # 1
 We can take 'em, Father. We
 outnumber 'em.

STRIKER # 2
 And we'll make them stooges pay.

The Mortician pulls up in his hearse. Uncle Joe, The Tanner, The German and Vils arrive with The Driver on his milk wagon. They all stand around Culangelo. The Security Guards point their rifles over the heads of the crowd around Culangelo.

STRIKER # 1
 First, you and the gals take off
 with the body.

Vils runs to The Girl and huddles behind her. Duffy kneels down next to Our Lady.

DUFFY
 You and The Girl should get going.
 There's gonna be trouble.

OUR LADY
 (to Duffy)
 Could he died more obvious?

Duffy touches Culangelo's serene face. He looks around.

DUFFY'S POV - STRIKERS AND SECURITY GUARDS.

The face of the Strikers are angry. They turn and face the gate. The Security Guards aim their rifles at the Strikers.

BACK TO SCENE

Duffy climbs up onto the milk wagon.

DUFFY
 Look brothers, look at the man
 before you.

The Strikers turn to him and listen.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

If you ever wondered or doubted or
despaired, look at him. This is
the Crucified Christ. He died for
us again today.

(to the Security Guards)

Whatever side you're on. Look.

(to the Three Vagrants)

You didn't take his life. He gave
his life up. Look at him.

(to All)

His blood rescues us today. Gives
us victory. Therefore let it be on
all our hands. No one else needs
to give his life and let no one
else take a life. There is no
believe it or not, brothers. Just
believe it.

(a beat)

Look at his face and believe.

STRIKER # 2

That's right. Look at him. Look
at Father Culangelo's face.

STRIKER # 1

There's our Christ of the carbarn.

The Girl rubs Culangelo's blood onto her hands and then onto
her face. She stands and turns to Vils. She places both her
bloodied hands in his.

Each Striker removes a handkerchief from his pocket and dips
it into Culangelo's blood. They sit down in the street.

The Security Guards lower their rifles.

Duffy jumps down from the milk wagon.

THE GIRL

I believe in God, the Father
Almighty.

UNCLE JOE

Maker of Heaven and Earth.

THE MORTICIAN

And in Jesus Christ, His Only Son,
Our Lord.

OUR LADY

Who was conceived by the Holy
Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary.

Everyone looks away and Culangelo stands.

CULANGELO

Suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, dead and buried.

The Three Vagrants take hold of his body and legs. Culangelo goes limp. With The Mortician, they carry him to the hearse.

THE DRIVER

He descended into Hell. On the
third day He rose again from the
dead.

The hearse drives off. The Driver, Our Lady in Uncle Joe's arms, and The Girl with Vils, walk away. The women weep.

THE TANNER

He ascended into Heaven.

THE GERMAN

Vere he zits at der right hand
uff Gott der Vater Almighty.

STRIKER # 1

From thence He shall come...

STRIKER # 2

...To judge the quick an' the dead.

Strikers #1 and #2, The Tanner and The German all leave.

DUFFY

I believe in the Holy Ghost, the
Holy Catholic Church, the Communion
of Saints, the forgiveness of sins,
the resurrection of the body, and
life everlasting. Amen.

MONTAGE - NEWSPAPER FRONT PAGES

Tabloids and a Broadsheet spin and then stop.

"TROLLEY CAR TRAGEDY"

"BLOOD ON THE TRACKS"

"Stike Erupts in Violence, FOUR SLAIN, Governor Roosevelt
Vows to Intervene"

INT RECTORY/KITCHEN DAY

Duffy drops a huge sack of potatoes on the table. There is a KNOCK at the door.

DUFFY

Come!

The Tanner enters with a big, white box, like one for long-stemmed roses.

THE TANNER

Oh, it's you.

The Tanner holds the box out to Duffy, but Duffy just stares at him.

THE TANNER (CONT'D)

Was he your partner? The priest in the red dress. If so I'm sorry for your loss.

DUFFY

You look familiar.

THE TANNER

You don't know me in the light of day. I sell leather goods an' other goods made from hides for man an' beast. Not shoes an' boots, I ain't got shoes an' boots.

DUFFY

What have you got? And it's not a dress. It's a cassock.

THE TANNER

You's priests and your Latin. He ordered this just yesterday.

Duffy grabs the box.

THE TANNER (CONT'D)

I thought it right to bring it over.

DUFFY

He didn't leave me any money for you.

THE TANNER

An' that's another thing. He paid for it. In full.

DUFFY
You're tellin' me.

THE TANNER
An' after what happened, I can't...
Well, here you go.

The Tanner hands Duffy the Ten Dollar Bill. Duffy looks curiously at the money then opens the box. When he sees the contents, he LAUGHS hysterically.

THE TANNER (CONT'D)
Ain't she a beaut?

Duffy doesn't answer, he just continues to laugh. The Tanner realizes he ought to leave.

THE TANNER (CONT'D)
Well, uh, take care Father. Guess
I'll sees you at The Grotto.
Again, my condolences.

EXT THE GROTTO NIGHT

Vils and The German together KNOCK on the door. The Lookout swings the peephole open.

THE LOOKOUT
Hurry up you Liberty pups.

INT THE GROTTO NIGHT

The Lookout unlatches the door. The German and Vils enter. They walk across the room packed with Customers to the bar, where sits a megaphone-like speaker. Uncle Joe lifts The Girl up by the waist. She re-hangs the Gospel quotation, which has been re-framed. Uncle Joe turns her to the Customers as if to show her off. They raise their glasses and leer and CHEER. Vils elbows his way to the front.

THE GIRL
All you's guys look like you want
to stick your finger in my wound or
something.

VILS
I ain't no doubting Thomas.

Uncle Joe stands The Girl on the bar. She takes Vils' hand and then shushes the Customers. The tinny and staticky voice of GOVERNOR FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT blares from the speaker.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT
 (on the radio, filtered)
 Tonight, allow me to talk to you
 about certain serious and
 disturbing developments that
 occurred this morning in New York
 City and the steps I have taken to
 insure that such events never occur
 again anywhere in our state.

INT LEATHER SHOP NIGHT

The Tanner wears HEADPHONES attached to an old crystal set
 that WHINES as he tunes in the broadcast.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT
 (on the radio, filtered)
 In lieu of the capital offenses
 allegedly committed today...

INT THE GROTTO NIGHT

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT
 (on the radio, filtered)
 ...the concession agreement between
 the government of the State of New
 York and the Manhattan Electric
 Railroad Company is hereby revoked,
 and authority to administer this
 concession returned to the
 government of the State of New
 York.

UNCLE JOE
 What's all that riggamaroll mean?

THE GIRL
 The state's gonna run the trolleys.

UNCLE JOE
 For Pete's sake! That's communism!

INT FUNERAL HOME NIGHT

Culangelo's corpse lies on an enameled metal table as The
 Mortician stitches a hand back onto the right arm. His radio
 sits nearby.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT
 (on the radio, filtered)
 Next, as chief executive I have
 dispatched members of the state
 police to arrest the bosses of
 Manhattan Electric Railroad, who by
 their cruel and dastardly
 mismanagement caused directly the
 deaths of three employees, and a
 Roman Catholic priest who was there
 only to pacify the situation.

The Mortician lifts the right arm and discovers he has
 attached the left hand to it.

THE MORTICIAN
 Oh, for the love of Mike.

EXT TROLLEY CAR GARAGE/ENTRANCE GATE NIGHT

The Strikers and The Driver are gathered around the milk
 wagon. A big radio sits on the flatbed.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT
 (on the radio, filtered)
 To the families and friends of
 these men, I extend my most
 profound sympathies, and if it is
 any consolation, I assure you I
 shall bring to bear the fullness of
 earthly justice. And finally, as
 the de facto management of
 Manhattan Electric Railroad...

The Strikers MUMBLE and MURMUR their agreement.

THE DRIVER
 Chumps, here it comes.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT
 (on the radio, filtered)
 The State of New York shall
 acknowledge and guarantee the right
 of the company's employees to
 organize for the purpose of
 collective bargaining...

The Strikers CHEER. Striker # 1 shakes The Driver's hand.

STRIKER # 1
 Boy, Roosevelt give them holy hell.

STRIKER # 2
 (holds up paper cup)
 Yeah, but this coffee hits the
 spot!

THE DRIVER
 Fellows, a moment of silence for
 Father Culangelo.

STRIKER # 1
 Our Christ of the carbarn.

The Driver and all the Strikers bow their heads.

INT RECTORY/KITCHEN NIGHT

Our Lady chops up potatoes and throws the slices into a pot
 which Duffy stirs.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT
 (unfiltered, as voice
 over)
 My fellow citizens, and especially
 the residents of New York City, the
 trolley car strike is over. Let us
 all get a good night's rest for we
 all shall return to work tomorrow.
 May God bless you.

ANNOUNCER
 (unfiltered, as voice
 over)
 That was Governor Franklin
 Roosevelt. We now return to our
 regular programming.

Duffy drops the lid on the pot. A cheerful SONGSTRESS begins
 the then-popular song, "Keep Your Sunny Side Up."

SONGSTRESS
 (unfiltered, as voice
 over)
 "There's one thing to think of when
 you're blue, / there are others
 much worse off than you.

Our Lady takes Duffy's hand and they walk off to...

INT RECTORY/BEDROOM

...Culangelo's bedroom - where Our Lady removes Duffy's
 clothes.

SONGSTRESS

(unfiltered, as voice
over)

"If a load of troubles should
arrive, / just laugh and say it's
great to be alive.

Duffy lies naked on his back on the floor. Our Lady hikes up
her dress and straddles him. They have sex.

SONGSTRESS (CONT'D)

(unfiltered, as voice
over)

"Keep your sunny side up, up, /
hide the side that get's blue. /
If you can't buy lobster and cake,
you're in luck, your tummy won't
ache. / So keep your sunny side up,
up, / let your laughter come thru,
thru, / if you meet with gloom, /
don't fall down go boom, / Keep
your sunny side up, / hide the side
that gets blue."

Both climax with loud MOANS and GRUNTS. Our Lady stands and
covers her legs with her dress. She walks to the window.
Duffy moves to the kneeling bench and hoists himself over it.

OUR LADY

I believe I can see the skeleton of
the new Empire State Building.

Our Lady takes the new cat-o'nine-tails out of the box. She
grabs the Kitchen Timer.

OUR LADY (CONT'D)

Remind me, what did Father
Culangelo do?

Duffy waves the Ten Dollar Bill at her.

DUFFY

He would pay for his money's worth.

She twists the dial and rests the ticking Kitchen Timer on
the night table next to the Office and Rosaries.

Our Lady stands behind the naked Duffy. She takes a deep
breath and starts to whip him between his shoulder blades.
The fresh leathers SNAP fiercely on Duffy's skin.

Blood splatters onto the Kitchen Timer.

SONGSTRESS

(unfiltered, as voice
over)

"Stand up on your legs, / be like
fried eggs, / So keep your sunny
side up, up, / hide the side that
get's blue. / keep your sunny side
uuuuuup!"

They each smile slightly and close their eyes. The cat-
o'nine-tails sings its own song.

LONG FADE TO
BLACK.

THE END