

A BIT OF A SIN

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CHARACTERS:

WOMAN: In her thirties, full of life, honest, sincere, reasonably faithful and loyal to her fiancé.

MAN: In his late thirties, married, not yet ready to give up the pleasures of the hunt but afraid of any fuss that might ensue.

PRIEST: Quite tolerant.

1. INT: CHURCH
2. INT / CLOSE UP: CONFESSION BOX

Sound of footsteps on stone floor approaching.

3. EXT: CHURCH: *A woman entering the church.*
4. INT: CHURCH: *A man walking towards a confession box (LEFT).*
5. INT: CHURCH: *A woman entering a confession box (RIGHT).*
6. INT / CLOSE UP: CONFESSION BOX: *The hatch opening. While the woman and the man are saying their first sentences, we see the priest through the hatch fumbling with his mobile phone.*

W: Bless me father, for I have sinned.

M: Bless me father, for I have sinned.

P: How long has it been since your last confession?

W: *(short pause)* Honestly, I don't remember.

M: Oh, quite some time. A couple of years. Err... Ten.

P: Well, it's about time, then. Tell me, what's bothering you.

M: *(sighs)* I'm married... but.....

W: *(sighs)* I've sinned in my thoughts...

M: ... I've had an affair.

W: ...and... actions, Father.

P: More than once?

W: *(feeling guilty)* Yeah... a couple of times... nothing serious...

M: More than once... yeah... yeah...

P: I'm listening.

M: There's this... colleague at work...

W: *(remorsefully)* I have a boyfriend... but I got involved with someone else.

P: *(neutral)* Mhm.

M: *(together)* I just couldn't help myself.

W: *(together)* I just couldn't help myself.

P: *(neutral)* Mhm.

M: My wife doesn't know...

W: My boyfriend's wonderful but...

M: I didn't want to trouble her...

W: But... sometimes... he can be a bit boring.

M: She's always off to Brussels... You know how it is...

P: *(neutral)* Mhm.

M: Well, I got transferred at work... temporarily... errr...

W: *(slowly)* Well, at the place where I work... we got this... new colleague...

M: One of the girls had a baby, so I was transferred to her office... so her colleague could show me the ropes...

W: One of the girls had a baby, so he... came to work with me...

M: Just a formality... you see... until they found something at the head office...

W: I didn't think much of him at first...

M: Pretty girl... nothing special... not so young anymore...

W: Not so young anymore... but...

M: But nice.

W: ... but nice.

P: Mhm.

M: Well, at first nothing... nothing happened but then she kept smiling at me... and she was always wearing these high heels... really high... I've got this thing about high heels... you know... Girls in skirts... and heels... you understand?

P: *(neutral, slightly bored)* Mhm.

W: *(innocently)* Well, one day when he came to work, he looked so sad... I wanted to cheer him up... his dog had died... so we went for a coffee.

P: Mhm.

M: Err... I don't know what came over me... I guess I just wanted her to leave me alone... She kept asking if I was all right... so I told her my dog had died... It wasn't mine... it was my friend's... But then it just got worse.

P: Mhm.

W: He said he was terribly lonely... I felt sorry for him...

M: She said she knew how I felt.... Her boyfriend went to his mother's 'cause she had fallen ill, and so on and so forth..... it was like... some kind of invitation ... You understand?

P: Mhm.

W: The next day was so... sunny and warm... so I asked him if we should go for a walk... 'cause I thought he missed his walks.

M: The next day she said she could go for a walk with me... *(smirks)* As If I were a dog...

P: Mhm.

W: We went to the park... after work... and we talked a little... He said... I had beautiful eyes...*(smiles)*

P: Mhm.

M: So we went to the park... after work... and we talked a little... She was wearing these high heels... and black stockings. I just lost it... I had no idea what I was saying...

P: Mhm. *(takes a deep breath and clears his throat while exhaling)*

M: Shit. Er... I'm sorry.

W: *(doesn't notice him)* I thought it must be horrible to be all alone... My fiancée had to go home to his mother... she was ill... So we went to the cinema...

M: I asked her to the cinema... There was this boring, romantic film ... Jesus... it just went on and on...

W: There was this... sad film on... it was so sad that he cried...

M: I sighed a couple of time 'cause I was bored... and the woman thought I was crying... and she hugged me.

W: So I gave him a hug... and he hugged me back...

M: And then You know... you know... how it goes.

P: Mhm.

M: ... Well, it's always like this, isn't it.... We started... licking each other all over... like two teenagers.

W: I kissed him... on the forehead... first... (*dreamily*) He smelled so sweet... like cotton... so we started kissing like two teenagers (*she giggles*)

P: (*clears his throat*) Mhm.

M: The next day I felt such an idiot. What if she starts making a scene .. at work, you understand? So I said to myself it'd be best to put a stop to this as soon as possible... I had this... small red plastic heart in my coat pocket... from last year... so I invited her for a coffee, I apologized to her, and I told her I wanted us to remain friends... blah blah blah... and I gave her the heart... so that she wouldn't be angry with me....

P: (*sighs*)

W: (*in a bit more serious manner*) I felt horrible the next day. Then he called me and apologized... we went for a coffee... as colleagues. And he gave me a small red heart... a plastic one... to remember him by.

P: (*sighs*)

M: She had this weird look in her eye... as if she were going to cry... Shit...so I told her I had an appointment, I had to go... and I ran off... But I ... I forgot my glasses on the table.

P: Mhm.

W: So... we agreed we'd just stay friends and colleagues... He was in a hurry... as he left I saw he'd forgotten his glasses...

P: Mhm.

M: In the evening... I had just finished talking to my wife on the phone when the doorbell rang. It was her. This.. colleague... She had brought my glasses... I could easily make do without them... No point, really...

W: So I thought... we were doing the final accounts... lots of work... he needs his glasses.... So I took them to his flat...

M: I didn't want to appear inhospitable... So I asked her if she felt like a cuppa...

W: He was terribly embarrassed... asked if I cared for a cup of tea... I said OK, so he made some ...

M: Boy, she was wearing this short skirt... and pointed red shoes... with really high heels...

P: Mhm.

M: As I was pouring the tea, I got an erection... I was so embarrassed...

W: As he was pouring me a cup, his hands were trembling...

M: ... I told you this was a bit of a fetish of mine...

P: Mhm.

M: Fuck... Sorry... I spilt some tea on her skirt... Can you imagine... I tried to wipe it off...

W: He accidentally spilt some on my skirt...

M: ...and the shoes...

W: Can you imagine... he said he would clean it up...

M: *(pause)* Then... then we had sex.

W: *(dreamily, purring like a cat)* Mmmm....Then we had sex.

P: *(coughs)*

M: Wow! She kept the shoes on...

W: *(dreamily)* It was wonderful...

P: Is this all?

The sound of a mobile phone ringing.

M: Sorry, is it mine?

P: No, mine. *(pause)* Is this all?

W: *(short pause)* No, we did it again... a few times.

M: No... we did it again.

P: When was the last time?

M: *(sighs)* Ahhh...I don't remember.... a couple of days ago.

W: Yesterday.

The phone stops ringing.

P: In this life... one cannot just do what one wants....We can't just yield to temptation...

W: But... I just couldn't help myself.

M: Yeah, I know..... It just... sort of... happened.

P: One has to learn to restrain oneself.

W: But I just couldn't help it. Is it a sin?

P: Of course it's a sin. What does your fiancée say about this?

W: I haven't told him. His mother's in hospital. It would hurt his feelings.

P: But you'll have to tell tell the truth, sooner or later. *(short pause)* What about your wife?

M: I told you she doesn't know anything. I can't possible tell her about it. She'd go crazy. Shit... Sorry.

A short pause.

W: *(sighs)* Anyway, he's going now.

M: Anyway, I'm off now. Next week. To head office.

W: He told me yesterday. He got promoted. He's moving to the head office.

M: My office's next door to my wife's... I... just hope there won't be any fuss.

W: *(sighs, as if saying goodbye)* We did it one last time yesterday. My fiancée's coming back the day after tomorrow. *(pauses to think)* I won't tell him anything...

M: Jesus... I was such an idiot... I just hope nothing goes wrong...

W: It was nothing... three, four times... No big deal... *(in a matter-of-fact voice)* What's my penance?

M: *(whispering)* I'll just put two hundred in the collection box... Just tell me my penance.

7. INT / CLOSE UP: CONFESSION BOX: *The hatch closing.*

W/M/P: And in the name of the father and of the son and of the holy ghost.
Amen.

8. INT / CONFESSION BOX

Sound of footsteps on stone floor receding.

9. INT: CHURCH: *The woman leaving the confession box (RIGHT).*

10. INT: CHURCH: *The man walking away from the confession box (LEFT).*

11. EXT: CHURCH

Sound of church bells ringing.

END

- The last couple of sentences could be heard also during 9. and 10. or at the very end.

TRANSLATION: Mateja Perpar

LANGUAGE OVERVIEW: Paul Jeffs