



Please do not impersonate the actor's representation of the below character in the film or television version.

In the Name of the Father

Written By Terry George & Jim Sheridan, from book by Gerry Conlon

Gerry

Why do you always follow me? Huh? I mean, why do you always follow me when I do something wrong? Why can't you follow me when I do something right? *(Pause)* Do you know what I'm talking about? Huh? I'm talking about the medal. The only medal that was ever in our house - that medal. The medal I won at football. And you sat on the sidelines shouting instructions like you could only see what I was doing - you couldn't even play football- and you could only see what I was doing wrong. I could never do anything good enough for you. And after the game, you came up to me and you said, you said "Gerry, did you foul the ball?" And I walked away from you, do you remember now? I walked away from you into the dressing room. You followed me in there and you said again "Gerry, did you foul the ball?" And all the other fathers were in there, they were laughing at you, calling you "Poor Giuseppe" And I ran out, and I hid, and I wrote your name on the ground -- your stupid Giuseppe name. I wrote it in the dirt and I pissed on it. I pissed on it, because I did foul the ball. What did it matter? We won. For once in our lives, we won. You ruined that medal for me. I took it to the pawn, and they laughed at me -- they wouldn't even give me 50 pence for it. *(Pause)*

And that's when I started to rob, to prove that I was no good. *(Beat)* I've been like this since I was seven. I remember Mammy said to me "Don't upset Giuseppe. He's not well." Oh dear Lord. Not well. So we'd tiptoe 'round the house like this, tiptoeing around the house. "Not well, you know. He's not well" Then I got Holy Communion. I thought I was eating you alive. I mean, is it my fault you weren't well? Why did you have to be sick all your life, Giuseppe? Huh? What'd you have to be sick all your life for? When that mad bastard out there threatened to shoot you, I was happy. I swear to God. Honest to God, I was happy. I was delighted! You know why? Because finally it was all over. It was over ! You see? And then I knew I was bad. I knew I was bad then, you see, so I started to cry. I started to tell lies - the same lies I've been telling all my gobshite life. *(He breaks down)* You know what that means? It means words don't mean nothing.