

## SPOTLIGHT (Mike and Patrick)

*(Mike a reporter, sits at table and has conversation with Patrick. Mike is working on a story in his paper about all the priests who have gotten away with abusing young boys)*

**MIKE:** You don't mind if I take some notes, do you?

**PATRICK:** Are you going to use my name?

**MIKE:** Not if you don't want me to. No.

**PATRICK:** I just had a kid. He's only 1, but I'm not sure I want him to know about this.

**MIKE:** Sure. I get that. You can stop this interview at any time, Patrick.

**PATRICK:** Okay, go ahead with your notes.

**MIKE:** Okay, so where did you live when it first happened?

**PATRICK:** In the projects over in Hyde Park.

**MIKE:** Over by the Stop and Shop?

**PATRICK:** Yeah, you know it?

**MIKE:** Yeah, I drove a cab for a few years. Open early, bad coffee, right?

**PATRICK:** Yeah, I guess.

**MIKE:** How old were you when it happened?

**PATRICK:** I was 12. Just after my dad killed himself.

**MIKE:** Ah, jeez.

**PATRICK:** He was a real piece of shit. And my mom, she wasn't so stable either.

**MIKE:** How do you mean?

**PATRICK:** I mean she was nuts.

**MIKE:** You mean she was schizophrenic?

**PATRICK:** Same shit.

**MIKE:** When did you first meet GEEGAN?

**PATRICK:** Well, my sister, she saw him over in the Dunkin Donuts. Tells him about my old man passing and he rushed right over. GEEGEN shows up, and my mom, you know, she's thrilled. I mean, this was like God showing up.

**MIKE:** Sure. Right. So what happened then?

**PATRICK:** You really want to hear this shit?

**MIKE:** Yeah. Yeah, Patrick, I do.

**PATRICK:** He offers to take me to get ice cream and you know, he's a priest, and I'm a kid so I go.

**MIKE:** Sure.

**PATRICK:** So, we are driving home and he starts patting my leg then his hand just slides right up and he grabs my dick. I just froze up. I was fucking petrified. I couldn't move. I didn't know what to do, I was just a little kid.

**MIKE:** Yeah.

**PATRICK:** You know, I never even touched my ice cream. It just melted down my arm.

**MIKE:** Did you see him after that?

**PATRICK:** *(pause)* Yeah.

**MIKE:** Okay. That's fine. Let's stop here for now.

**PATRICK:** *(Patrick gets up from table, and on the way to door stops and says...)* You can use my name if you want.

**MIKE:** Thanks, Patrick.

**PATRICK:** Don't thank me. Just get these assholes, will you? (EXITS)

**THE END**