

VICTOR

We all are. They want to kill you. And they find anything they can grab onto to weigh you down until your spirit is weak.

FELIPE

Then why would it be my fault he's being attacked?

VICTOR

Mark is the hostage and you're the ransom.

FELIPE

So this is all *my* fault -

VICTOR

What are you getting mad at? I'm trying to figure out what this demon has latched on to -

FELIPE

You're blaming me!

VICTOR

No I'm not. You came to me. So I'm starting with you. You felt the urge to ask me for help and I think that's important.

FELIPE

You always blamed me. Because I was gay.

Beat.

FELIPE

Do you still think being gay is a sin?

Beat.

FELIPE

Answer me please.

VICTOR

Why?

FELIPE

Because I need to know.

VICTOR

I'm trying to help you.

FELIPE

Do you still think being gay is a sin?

Beat.

FELIPE

You do.

VICTOR

My faith and love for God is not going to change the fact that you are my son and I love you.

FELIPE

But you do. You still believe I'm going to -

VICTOR

God gave you to me and I've given you back to God. You're soul is in his hands but your flesh and blood is here with me. And I've not shown you God's love and I'm sorry.

FELIPE

Are you kidding? "Given me back to God?" So you don't have to deal with the fact that you have a gay son that you believe is going to hell. "Stand up and be counted for" doesn't have the same punch it used to. No, you don't get to have it both ways, Pastor. You don't get to be Dad of the Year at the end of the story. Because I will be there telling the truth, that thorn in your side. The fact remains, Dad, your son is a faggot. And whether its because God told you it was wrong or it goes against nature or you think I didn't try hard enough to change or you think I even like being gay God forbid or even if you just hate fags for the sake of hating something you don't understand, I don't care what the reason is. When it's all said and done, you don't think we should exist. And for a child to feel that from their parent, it is simply unforgivable.

Beat.

VICTOR buries his face into his hands.

Shifting in his seat, VICTOR sits up with a realization.

VICTOR

You need to forgive me. And Mark -

FELIPE

(Are you fucking kidding me?)