FATHER MIKE: Hello, Jonathan.

JONATHAN: You said on the phone this wouldn’t take long.

FATHER MIKE: I hope not.

JONATHAN: Makes two of us. Come in then. Let’s get it over with.

*(*JONATHAN *returns to the table in the corner and pours another two fingers of Scotch.)*

JONATHAN: I hope this isn’t some kind of trick.

FATHER MIKE: Excuse me?

JONATHAN: Another something you and Kathryn have cooked up to try and save my soul. Like that charity golf tournament two summers ago.

FATHER MIKE: *(Smiling)* No. Not exactly.

JONATHAN: Good. Because what I told you about how I feel still stands.

FATHER MIKE: I’m sure it does.

*(*JONATHAN *picks up the glass of Scotch.)*

JONATHAN: Still not drinking or can I pour you one?

FATHER MIKE: No, thank you.

*(*JONATHAN *makes a “cheers” gesture and takes a sip.)*

JONATHAN: So what’s this all about?

FATHER MIKE: Kathryn came to see me today.

JONATHAN: Against my wishes.

FATHER MIKE: I know.

JONATHAN: I assume that during her visit she told you what’s been going on since the funeral?

FATHER MIKE: Yes.

JONATHAN: The nightmares?

FATHER MIKE: Yes.

JONATHAN: Did she describe them to you?

FATHER MIKE: Yes.

JONATHAN: Did she also tell you that I arranged— and paid—for her to see the best, most expensive psychiatrist in the entire state.

FATHER MIKE: I saw him on Oprah once.

JONATHAN: She stopped seeing him because she decided he didn’t know what he was talking about. You, on the other hand, do.

*(*FATHER MIKE *sighs.)*

FATHER MIKE: I understand how you feel about this. Really.

JONATHAN: No. I don’t think you do. I don’t think you can. And that’s another thing that’s always bothered me about you blackshirts. You don’t get married yourself, but then you have the balls to talk to me about what it’s like to be married. You don’t have children, but you think you have some idea of what it’s like to lose a child.

FATHER MIKE: That’s not what I meant.

JONATHAN: What did you mean then?

FATHER MIKE: You’re angry.

JONATHAN: Shouldn’t I be?

FATHER MIKE: That’s the part I understand. And I know you may not believe me but I’m here to help you.

JONATHAN: Is that what Kathryn said? That I’m the one who needs help?

FATHER MIKE: Can you shut up and listen to me for one minute!

*(*FATHER MIKE*’s outburst shocks* JONATHAN *into silence.)*

FATHER MIKE: Kathryn told me that she wants to know Timothy forgives her for what happened.

FATHER MIKE: I told her Timothy’s death was an accident. A tragic accident. But an accident all the same. Because of that, she has no reason to even think that he would blame her. But she said my word wasn’t enough. And then she asked me what I knew about contacting him.

JONATHAN: Timothy?

FATHER MIKE: That’s right.

JONATHAN: Like how? Like a…what are they called?

FATHER MIKE: A séance.

JONATHAN: That’s it. Is that what she meant?

FATHER MIKE: Yes. Under any other circumstances, I would have immediately told her to stay as far away from those kinds of things as possible.

JONATHAN: Really?

FATHER MIKE: Oh, yes. Such activity is strictly forbidden.

JONATHAN: I thought you’d like that sort of thing. Prove to the skeptics that there’s life after death.

FATHER MIKE: On the contrary. Spiritualism is very dangerous.

JONATHAN: Aren’t you supposed to be the good shepherd? And isn’t she one of your sheep? Shouldn’t you be protecting her from dangers like this?

FATHER MIKE: That’s why I’m here.

JONATHAN: You want me to talk her out of it.

FATHER MIKE: No. I want you to help her.

JONATHAN: How?

FATHER MIKE: Hold a séance.

JONATHAN: You want me to help my wife try to contact my dead son?

FATHER MIKE: Yes.

JONATHAN: But aren’t you afraid we’ll get a demon?

FATHER MIKE: No. Because the séance won’t be real.

JONATHAN: What’s the point, then?

FATHER MIKE: There’s an older couple I know from my college days. Albert and Leslie Harmon. They’re actors. Early in their career, they were part of a spirit magic show.

JONATHAN: What’s that?

FATHER MIKE: Like a séance, but played for fun. Where everyone knows it’s not real. So they have some experience with this sort of thing. We tell Kathryn that they are for real. Then we hold the séance. They convince her that they’ve contacted Timothy and when she asks for his forgiveness—

*(*JONATHAN *suddenly understands.)*

JONATHAN: He gives it to her.

FATHER MIKE: Exactly.

JONATHAN: And she’s cured.

FATHER MIKE: Hopefully.

*(*JONATHAN *slaps* FATHER MIKE *on the shoulder.)*

JONATHAN: I hate to admit it, but that’s a very good

idea.