

Sleepers

Father Bobby: How was court today?

Lorenzo: Like the first round of a fight... everybody just feeling each other out.

Father Bobby: How did the boys look?

Lorenzo: Like they wished they were someplace else.

Father Bobby: It's the sheep that stray that you most want back.

Lorenzo: It's not too late, Father. We still have a chance to bring in a couple of stray sheep....one more chance.

Father Bobby: Is that chance legal?

Lorenzo: Last chances never are.

Father Bobby: King Benny behind this?

Lorenzo: He's in on it, but... he's not calling the shots.

Father Bobby: Who is?

Lorenzo: Michael.

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Father Bobby: I should've smelled it. The minute he went for the case, I should've figured something was up.

Lorenzo: It's a good plan. Michael's got it all covered... just about every base you look at. He's got it covered.

Father Bobby: Not every base. You're short something, or else you wouldn't be here.

Lorenzo: You don't shit a shitter, right?

Father Bobby: That's right. So, what is it? Where do you come up short?

Lorenzo: Witness. We need somebody to take the stand and say.....they were with John and Tommy on the night of the murder.

Father Bobby: So, you figured if you had a priest, it would be perfect?

Lorenzo: Not just any priest.

Father Bobby: You're asking me... you're asking me to lie. You're asking me to swear to God and then lie.

Lorenzo: I'm asking you to save two of your boys.

Father Bobby: Did they kill that guard?

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Lorenzo: Yes.

Father Bobby: So what they said is true? They walked in and they killed him?

Lorenzo: Yes.

Father Bobby: They killed him exactly like that? I think I need a drink. You want a drink? This is some favor you're asking me.

Lorenzo: I know that.

Father Bobby: No, I don't think you do know.

Lorenzo: You said, if there was ever anything really important...I could come to you, ask you.

Father Bobby: I was thinking more along the lines of Yankee tickets.

Lorenzo: I don't need Yankee tickets, Father. I need a witness.

Father Bobby: What about the life that was taken Shakes? What's that worth?

Lorenzo: To me? Nothing

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Father Bobby: Why not? Tell me.

Lorenzo: He was a guard at Wilkinsons.

Father Bobby: All right.

Lorenzo: Michael said If Father Bobby was gonna be involved, he deserved to know what he's getting into. If he wasn't, I trust that the truth would go no further than this room.

Jesus Christ, we were just boys. We were not tough. They held us down. We were tortured, the beaten, and raped. We were just four frightened boys who prayed...to Father Bobby's God for help that never came. Eventually, we couldn't fight anymore. We just took it all. John used to wail at night, hear it all the way down the hall.. You know he wanted to be a Priest? John wanted to be a priest... He pulled his pants down. Hell, I didn't even know what a blow job was. I just blacked out what I could. It was like I couldn't even breathe. Then...I started to choke. He was pulling the hairs out of the back of my head. Then I blacked out. But I do remember when, for fun, they'd take us down in the basement...tie two or three of us together....and make the others of us watch as they pulled down their pants and fucked'em.

Father Bobby: I got a decision to make. I only pray it's the right one.

Lorenzo: It will be, Father... whichever way you go.

Father Bobby: Good night.

Father Bobby hugs Lorenzo and sees him out the door.