*Doubt*

John Patrick Shanley

Father Brendan Flynn

 (In his thirties. He works at the St. Nicholas Catholic church and school in the Bronx,

New York.)

I feel as if my reputation has been damaged through no fault of my own. But I’m reluctant to take the steps necessary to repair it for fear of doing further harm. I’ve done nothing. It’s frustrating. There’s no substance to any of this. The most innocent actions can appear sinister to the poisoned mind. I had to throw that poor boy off the alter. He’s devastated. The only reason I haven’t gone to the monsignor is I don’t want to tear apart the school. Sister Aloysius would most certainly lose her position as principal if I made her accusations known. But they’re baseless. It’s me that cares about that boy, not her. Has she ever reached out a hand to that child or any child in this school? She’s like a block of ice! Children need warmth, kindness, understanding! What does she give them? Rules. That black boy needs a helping hand or he’s not going to make it here! But if she has her way, he’ll be left to his own undoing. She sees me talk in a human way to these children and she immediately assumes there must be something wrong with it. Something dirty. Well, I’m not going to let her keep this parish in the Dark Ages! And I’m not going to let her destroy my spirit of compassion!