

Are you even in consultation with the Vatican?

Darling, the Vatican sees Drydenne as a cesspool from Hell.

All the more reason to be operating within sanctified means.

You need express permission prior to performing an exorcism.

Are you questioning my judgement?

I'm questioning your permit and licensing.

It's not a hack job condo rent scam like some scummy developer's wet dream at seeing all this open land. I don't need a *permit*. My experience stands on its own merit.

Really? Would that be justification enough for a surgeon?

Don't be ridiculous. The comparison can hardly be drawn.

Why not? You're excising the spirit. You split flesh asunder. Purging the ill humours.

This is not the era of plague doctors.

No, you lack the charismatic prototype of a hazmat suit. More's the shame.

Do you even understand why they necessitate permission?

It's to rule out *underlying mental health issues*.

You're dealing with someone who explicitly has dealt with complex grief, clinical depression- he's been diagnosed by multiple professionals, he's been put on *Desipramine*, for God's sake!

Do you understand that that is a tricyclic antidepressant? Among the first classification of drugs to be used in treating depression- dating back to the *fifties*?

They don't give people scripts from that class of drugs willy nilly these days! They're incredibly easy to overdose on! They're toxic! They're for people who don't respond to SSRIs!

He wouldn't be on it if he wasn't *severely mentally ill!*

The man is sick in the head, and you strapping him down in the backroom of your church like some cultish offering or, perhaps more aptly, a pot roast basting in its own juices for a marinade is not helping him! It's only stroking your own inflated ego.

He needs a stay on the psychiatric ward at Mercypoint, not to be restrained to the community pool table- he is not just a toy to be trifled with and cast aside when you're done with him!

You are doing more harm than good- how can you claim that you love this man?

Do you even care about his daughter?

What you're doing to her?

She's a sensitive girl, and she *trusts* you! She believes that her *godfather* would take care of her father! She couldn't even fathom the possibility of you hurting him.

She has absolute *faith*.

Catie has always held staunchly to her beliefs, whatever they may be.

She shouldn't! At least not when it comes to you.

You aren't a doctor, Alexander. Don't delude yourself.

Yes, because the medical community performed such a *miracle* with your leg.

I *have* the leg, motherfucker!

If this town wasn't irresponsibly Roman Catholic, you would be in jail for unlawful detainment.

You and I both know it. Cavello would, if he wasn't blinded by familial loyalty.

Fletcher is the only woman with clear eyes.

Funny, given last I checked- she had more pupils than necessary...

All that perforation does cloud up the colour of her irises, you know.

I recall an unnatural number of openings and an undying pining for a woman already spoken for...

Funny how that works out.

Don't you think it's cruel to string *her* along?

Do you still claim to love *her*?

Does she haunt *you*?

Do your palms ever sweat with longing, dear heart, when you're down on your knees and clammily clutching that rosary?

Do you ever miss her, the way she looks at you with wanting, even now?

Oh, right. I forgot.

You can't exactly *kneel* these days.

*Fuck you.*

An honest mistake!

Silly me.

How forgetful I've become, in my old age.

Are they giving you trouble at the pharmacist, when it comes to refilling that Vicodin prescription of yours? I hear you've been popping them back like sugar pills. Poor thing. The pain must be unbearable. How's your liver holding up under that onslaught?

I hear they're reluctant to hand out opioids to just anyone these days. It'd be a shame if anything were to complicate that process, wouldn't it?

I hear that Dr. Weber is the Dean of Medicine, these days. And what do you know- he's quite a devout man, that Weber.

You're deflecting.

You want me to get defensive.

That's why you're hitting below the belt.

Your threats are empty.

You know that Tony would bite your head off if you really tried to yank Dr. Weber's strings.

Don't waste your breath on trying to intimidate me.

Let's cut to the chase.

You have no right to keep that man in your backroom, and you *know* it. Do what is right for once in your hellishly extended life. If not for your abjectly bankrupt moral conscience, then for the man you profess to love and his daughter. They're innocent. They don't deserve to be caught up in your ego trip.

And what exactly are you going to do about it, if you feel so strongly?

Are you going to stop me?

You know that I can't, you fucking bastard.

Checkmate.

I'd sleep with iron by my sills tonight, if I were you.

Just a word of friendly advice from your rapscaillon of a *Roman Catholic* priest.

You're despicable.

Tell me something new.

You have been, if nothing else- consistent, in your opinion of me over the years. Staunch, even.

Sleep well.