

Carlos' Confession

[church bells, footsteps]

Carlos: Is your confessional open? Are you ready to listen to my confession?

Priest: Yes. Welcome. Would you like to talk to me face to face or do you want to kneel behind the screen.

C: I will kneel, thank you.

[door opening]

P: What is it you would like to confess.

C: First I will tell you my name is Carlos.

P: Very good, Carlos, you may begin.

C: I had sex with Jesus. Do you want me to tell you about it? Are you uncomfortable with this thought in your head? Maybe you are horrified. Would you like to hear about it?

P: Yes.

C: I can be quick about it, or I can tell you the longer version.

P: Just tell me your confession.

C: You're interested in the kind of sex Jesus might have, yes?

P: I am interested in hearing your confession.

C: You're not even a little interested in the particular details?

P: Only so long as it helps you with a good confession.

C: Good. I was nineteen when I first met Jesus. I know, you're thinking, you Latinos have so many brothers and cousins named Jesus you think I am telling you about a time I had sex with them. Is that correct?

P: I don't presuppose anything in a confessional.

C: You *are* a good priest.

P: Thank you. Please continue.

C: I assure you I had sex with the Jesus who walked through the pages of the Bible, the Jesus who showed the stigmata to Mary Magdalene and Thomas. The real Jesus. I met him when I was nineteen when I was in Milano. Have you been to Milano?

P: Yes, but you are confessing and I am listening.

C: I am not so much confessing as bragging.

P: Then perhaps we should end this. You can brag to someone else.

C: No. No. I need to tell you. I need a confession. Did you know that Bombay Gin is for sacred drinking? I did not know this until I met Jesus and he showed me this.

Anyway. Do you want me to start earlier than when I was nineteen?

P: You can start wherever you like.

C: I will say a few things that might help you understand. I was born in nineteen sixty nine and my friend Pedro always tells me when I am a young man I will be very sexual. He was right, even though I didn't understand the true meaning of the year I was born until I was sixteen. Do you want to hear about that?

P: Let's stick to the sex with Jesus story for now and save that one for later.

C: As you please, Father. I was born in Havana, Cuba but I escaped with my uncle when I was fourteen.

[music in]

C: We're out fishing one day in his big boat and we land in the middle of the night on a beach in Florida. We are arrested and my uncle goes to a jail and I am taken to a detention center and then to a home. They put me in with a Cuban family. This family is very Catholic and they make me go to church. We have no religion in Cuba and then I am suddenly a Catholic. They put statues in my room perhaps to convince me these people are for real and I should believe in them.

P: Do you believe?

C: Believe in what, something that was written in a book but of which I have no experience? My father was a soldier in the revolution and later he does not like Castro but he was never religious. This family I am with spent a lot of time convincing me Jesus was for real. They sent me to a Catholic school and I didn't like it. I had to wear ties every day, a black suit on Sunday and they kept asking me if I wanted to be a priest and I said I only wanted to go back to Cuba to be with my father and mother. This family told me they did not want me anymore and I must go to this school and think about being a priest, but I have no want to be a priest. Is my English okay?

P: Your English is fine.

C: I learned many things in this school, but I hated it. I especially did not like Father Andrew. Do you ever know someone who is too nice, and then you just don't trust him? He speaks with such soft words and you know he is evil. This was Father Andrew. I

never liked him and we heard some things from the older boys and we stayed away, but he was in charge at night and always made me kneel on the cold cement floor if I was caught, you know, with my hand.

P: Did Father Andrew ever touch you?

C: He hugged me once, the first week I was there and I told him not to do that again.

Anyway, I ran away from that school when I was sixteen and from the family who tried to make me a Catholic.

P: But who was it taught you about the sixty nine thing? I'm confused.

C: So am I. I have a green card so this family has no more control over me. Am I telling you too much?

P: No, maybe not enough. I am trying to figure out what the hell happened.

C: Can I continue?

P: Only if there are no other people waiting.

C: No one else is in the church.

P: Carry on if you like.

C: Okay, I would like. So, I am eighteen and free so I get a driver's license and start driving a taxi in Los Angeles. This is a good experience and I get to know LA very well. I meet some friends and I go to the beach when we are not working and lay in the sun. One day I was driving to the airport on Lincoln Boulevard and the man I was driving asked me if I want to be a model and I asked him what that was. He told me it was a job where I would wear different clothes, show the clothes to people and he would pay me money. I said I would think about it and I asked my friends what they thought and they

all said I should do it so I called the man and he made me go to have some pictures taken of me and then he gave me a passport and a plane ticket and I went to Milano. I get there and a woman calls me at the hotel where I am staying and tells me I need to be at a certain place the next day and I go. The work is really easy and I have to change clothes in front of other guys and girls but no one cares.

P: How does this pertain to your confession?

C: Pertain? I am not sure I know this word.

P: What does this story of modeling in Italy have to do with your confession?

C: Then you believe my confession.

P: I believe anything anyone says in the confessional. I think it is the one place where a person can be honest.

C: Honesty. Such an interesting word. Well, I am in Milano when I meet Jesus. What am I doing in Milano? Modeling. So, does this story have anything to do with my confession? What do you think?

P: I think you can say whatever you like as long as there are no people waiting.

C: I just checked. There is no one else around

P: Then go on.

C: This confessional seems to be a lonely place for you.

P: It's part of my job. And as you have seen today, not many people come to me with their sins anymore.

C: Do you think people are sinning less?

P: Why people do not come to confession is not the subject here. You have decided to confess a sin and I am here to help you in this process. Just stick to that, okay?

C: Okay. But I don't think I have sinned.

P: What?

C: I am not sure having sex with Jesus is a sin.

P: Oh, believe me it would be a sin. All I'm trying to do is see if you are delusional or did you really want to commit this sin in your heart? If so, you have committed the sin.

Well, did you touch him or not? Is this an actual sin or just a sin of desire? I need details! You are leaving so much out I can't figure out who has sinned or not.

C: Even without touching him?

P: Get on with it.

C: I think I've made you angry.

P: No, you haven't angered me. I get a little frustrated when people come in here and talk on and on and never get to the point. They sometimes need to talk around something, hoping they are not guilty of anything, but the best thing to do is just come out with it.

C: With what?

P: Your sin. Tell me about your sin. What did you do to this Jesus? Suck him? What?

C: Well, I don't know if I have sinned. I need to talk about it and have you help me determine if I have sinned.

P: Well, I can't determine that unless you just come out and tell me where you think you have sinned. Let's start there?

C: Are you sure you have the time for this? You sound a bit rushed.

P: If there are no other people waiting outside, I have all afternoon. You can talk as long as you like.

C: My door is open and if I see anyone coming, then I will tell you, okay?

P: Okay fine. Tell me anything you like.

C: Okay, I will. If you have other things you can be doing, I understand and I can come back at another time.

P: I'm supposed to be here now for people like you. Just talk and get it over with.

C: Okay. Well this nice lady called me again in three days and said I need to be at a certain hotel and I say okay and I am there right on time. She hands me ten different styles of mens underwear and says I am today showing underwear. Four other guys are there and we have to change into the underwear. You know what they did?

P: No. What?

C: They sold tickets to men who came back into the dressing room and watched us dress. These are men with wedding rings on their hands. Looking at me when I change my underwear? I can hardly believe this.

P: So they saw you naked.

C: Yes, several times and one of them was taking pictures. One guy said this was a famous movie star from Hollywood and he was taking pictures of us when we were changing our underwear. I cannot think of anything like this.

P: Perversions abide, young friend.

C: I do not understand.

P: Nothing. Just carry on.

C: It was at this show I met Jesus. He was with Matthew and John. Peter was out at the car.

P: Out at the car.

C: Yeah He was on the phone, so they said. John kept looking at me and said he wanted me to meet someone. I said who and he said Jesus, so I said okay, but I told him right up front I wasn't much of a believer. I was more Buddhist than anything and I don't know why I even said that because I don't really know what Buddhism is, so I said...

P: What did he look like?

C: Who?

P: Jesus.

C: Taller than me and that isn't saying much. He had a beard...

P: A beard, huh? I'll bet he was wearing sandals. Long, wavy hair, probably a lanky type of fellow, right?

C: You've seen him?

P: Only on about three thousand different holy cards. Son, are you here to confess a sin or just carry on with these hideous homosexual fantasies of yours?

C: Hideous what? Are you crazy? I come in to talk with you about something very serious and you accuse me of being a homosexual. I come to a sacred place and you abuse me like this?

P: I'm sorry, it was a slip of the tongue.

C: A slip of the tongue. Do you slip like this with everyone who comes into this confessional? Perhaps this is why there are no people here, perhaps this why you are all alone here in this great church because you have slipped at the tongue too many times. I met Jesus and had sex with him and I am wondering if this is a sin and all you can do is slip your tongue. Have I sinned or not?

P: You haven't told me enough to make that judgement.

C: I don't know if I want to tell you any more. Perhaps you want me to keep on going with the lurid details while you sit there and while away your loneliness with my stories. How much do you want me to tell before you can make a judgment? Do you want me to tell you about the sex? Is that it?

P: This is a confessional and you will behave properly or I will ask you to leave.

C: You accuse me of being a homosexual and then you threaten to kick me out if I do not behave properly. Who's misbehaving now? Where I come from, father, when you accuse someone of being a homosexual, you are ready to defend that accusation with your fists. Are you ready to back up your words in this manner?

P: I have no intention of getting physical with you, son. I was frustrated at your story and I said something I should have not.

C: Physical? I fight with my hands, beat people into bloody submission and you get physical. Perhaps it is you who are homosexual.

P: I won a golden gloves championship when I was at St. Ignatius. I can box my way out of anything, young man and if you think you'd like to try me, just go ahead and say the word.

C: What word might that be?

P: What?

C: You said if I want to fight with you, I should just say the word. What word would you like me to say to get into this fight?

P: It's a figure of speech. I have no intention of getting into a fight with you. Just finish your confession.

C: You call me a homosexual, then you invite me to say something to indicate that I want to fight you and then you kick me out.

P: I absolve you of your sins...

C: But I haven't confessed any sins. Can I confess my sins?

P: Yes, go ahead.

C: You sound like a desperately lonely man.

P: Are you going to confess your sins?

C: Yes. But I think you are lonely. Would you like me to come over and visit you sometime?

P: I just want to hear your confession.

C: But there is someone else waiting. Perhaps I will be back later.