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THE SACRED GEOMETRY OF S&M PORN

by Johnna Adams

For Dave Barton and the exciting ensemble at Rude Guerilla Theater, without whom this play would never have been written.

Special thanks to Mac Wellman for the mind-opening Pataphysics workshops; to Trey Nichols for helping develop Act II; and to Jane for resurrecting herself in all my plays.

Cast:

MIKE WALLACE, 60s, a puppet
JUDITH, 40s, a faith healer
THE DEMON, Ageless
SQUEAK, 40s, JUDITH's sister
BRIAN, 40s, SQUEAK's husband
AUDRY, 20s, BRIAN's whore
TOBEY, 18, JUDITH's son
SCOOTER, 18, TOBEY's slow boyfriend
SALLY, 50s, SCOOTER's mother
MARGARET, 20s, JUDITH's daughter

Actors to appear in ACT II, Scene Seven video: Daily Life & Geometric Sensualism:

DOMIGON JOSEPH, 50s
KAREN, 40s
KIM, 30s
MARLA, 20s
DOUG, 20s
BOB, 30s

OPTIONAL: 6 THEATER USHERS FOR ACT II

Settings

ACT I

A revival tent

The living room of SQUEAK's double-wide trailer in Nazareth,
Texas

A car on the road Nazareth, Texas

ACT II

Various locations.

Time

Easter weekend. The present. Some scenes in the second act also take
place in the future.

The Sacred Geometry of S&M Porn first premiered at Rude Guerilla
Theater Company (Santa Ana, CA) on October 21, 2005. It was
directed by Dave Barton; the set was designed by Dave Barton;
costumes by Kathleen Hotmer; lighting by Bug; sound design by
Dave Barton; video segment directed by Johnna Adams and Zach
Alden. The cast was as follows:

MIKE WALLACE—Jonathan Talmadge

MARGARET—Sarah Elizabeth Boros

JUDITH—Jill Cary Martin

THE DEMON—Peter J. Balgoyen

SQUEAK—Karen Kähler

BRIAN—Rick Kopps

AUDRY—Kerry Perdue

TOBEY—Scott Barber

SCOOTER—Matthew Hilliard

SALLY—Sally Norton

DOMIGON JOSEPH—Dale Andersen

KAREN—Kelly Quigley

KIM—Sara Guerrero

MARLA—Terina L. Morris

DOUG—Robert Dean Nunez

BOB—Ryan Boyd

ACT I

SCENE ONE

A traveling revival show.

The distinctive 60 MINUTES opening clock is projected on a wall and we hear the TV show's music. MIKE WALLACE walks beside JUDITH. MIKE WALLACE is a puppet. JUDITH is a puppet manipulated by MARGARET.

MIKE: So this is your sacred space?

JUDITH / MARGARET: That's right, Mr. Wallace.

MIKE: And this is where your miracles have been performed?

JUDITH / MARGARET: By the grace of Jesus. Yes, sir.

MIKE: It looks a bit like a carnival, doesn't it?

JUDITH / MARGARET: Well, I can see where you might say that, Mr. Wallace. Over here we have a Save Your Soul roulette wheel and a basketball hoop. The person who makes the throw from furthest out gets a faith healing. But there is nothing in the bible that says you can't have fun when you go about saving souls. Now people got Jesus in their everyday lives, make no mistake. But they don't come here to see him in a housedress. They want to see him all lit up and in his finery. Like a good stripper.

MIKE: You give them miracles?

JUDITH / MARGARET: Every night, Mr. Wallace.

MIKE: How do you perform the miracles?

JUDITH / MARGARET: Carefully, sir. Real carefully.

MIKE: Why is that?

JUDITH / MARGARET: I got demons that come on me something fierce when I'm about the miracles, sir.

MIKE: Demons like greed, Judith? Like a lust for power? That's what

some of your former employees say.

JUDITH / MARGARET: No, sir. More like real demons.

MIKE: About these alleged miracles, Judith. Tell me truthfully, is there any flash involved there? Any sizzle and flair?

JUDITH / MARGARET: *(Laughs)* Well, a good performer always puts a little spit and wiggle in their groove. Heh heh! That they do!

MIKE: Show us.

JUDITH / MARGARET: What's that?

MIKE: You say you can do miracles on command. Take us through your sermon? Show us the spit and wiggle?

JUDITH / MARGARET: You might be sorry you asked, Mr. Wallace. You and the 60 Minutes audience at home! I only got one type of preaching in me. And I preach like the Lord's own volcano. I get so filled with love for my preaching, I hardly feel love for any other thing.

MIKE: Just a sample.

JUDITH / MARGARET: Let me finish my drink.

(The puppet drinks whiskey.)

MIKE: Do you always drink before a show?

JUDITH / MARGARET: Well. All that loving has to come from somewhere.

(The puppets disappear. JUDITH enters in a bright shiny gown and puffy wig. Makeup is slathered across her face as if with a trowel. She is a solid, glam for Jesus goddess in the style of the PTL channel divas. She is slightly drunk and on a performance high. Perhaps her entrance is accompanied with tambourines or some charged gospel music. The DEMON enters with her, slinking around, maybe playing the tambourine.)

JUDITH: Welcome, Christians! Good God, the Lord, and his sweet

son, Jesus Christ, rule my WORLD. I say they rule my whole WORLD, FOLKS! And who in this god-forsaken tent-full of sinners can say that and mean it from the bottom of their souls? Can you say that and MEAN IT? Or are you a Godless sinner? I can look out at this tent full of people tonight, and I can see who is a Godless sinner. It is painted on your damned foreheads in neon letters. Might as well have it pointed out to me by Satan himself. God is here with us. You cheap sons-of-a-bitches-bastards— why ain't you let him into your hearts? Do you think you cain't afford to? Do you think you cain't afford to get out of the way and let Jesus runs things—he might screw up the sinning you are planning on doing? Well, I am here to tell you, damnit! I am here to tell you that you cain't afford NOT TO LET GOD IN! Let him into that heart right now, or it will rot straight out of your body and ooze down to your toes and the dogs of Satan will suck it out of the wounds at your ankles when they suspend you over a lake of burning brimstone for all time in hell.

DEMON: And the fifth angel sounded, and he is best described as Satan. And he opened the bottomless abyss. And smoke came out of the pit, like a really hot central heater, and everything went dark with smoke and ash. And up from the pit came locusts big as horses. And they were wearing gold crowns with faces like men and hair like women. Like giant drag queens with teeth like lions and breasts of iron. And their wings were like the sounds of freeway traffic when everyone is driving 80 and on road rage highs. And the locusts had a king, and that king was me!

JUDITH: You don't want to get stuck in hell. The devil ain't no good orator like me. No, sir! He spits on the audience and talks out his ass. You need God to protect you! Now, I got some demons in me.

(The DEMON laughs.)

JUDITH: Hell, y'all can read the papers, y'all have seen the TV talking about me. You know that. I got me some demons.

(SQUEAK enters behind JUDITH. She stands clutching her purse and squinting into the stage lights. She watches JUDITH's show.)

JUDITH: But that don't mean I cain't have God too. I have let God in! He is one with me! I AM JESUS CHRIST, folks. Returned to this earth to finish my work. Sent by the sweet lord. Come on up here! I feel the healing spreading through my hands. But you better have Je-

sus in your heart if you come up on my stage and step here under my hands. Because I cain't heal anyone who don't love Jesus. Love Jesus like and ice cream cone on a hot summer day. Love him like you just have to have your tongue on him until every drop is sucked into you—love him like that. Don't' ask me to do nothing for you unless it is in the spirit of that kind of loving! Come up and be healed!

(JUDITH sees SQUEAK and stops, stunned. The music stops.)

SQUEAK: Well, you're about the worst preacher I ever heard. You know that? Takes a 'specially bad preacher to compare Jesus to ice cream and stagger around like a drunk up on stage. I just drove myself in from Texas. . . . I said, I drove myself in from—

JUDITH: Well, congratulations. Drive yourself away again.

SQUEAK: Didn't mean to stop your show. Would've liked to see you do some of your famous healing.

JUDITH: You killed the mood.

SQUEAK: Oh, I did?

JUDITH: Did you get religion, Squeak?

SQUEAK: Manner of speaking.

JUDITH: Bullshit.

SQUEAK: You look like old Grandma. Our Colby Grandma. Good Lord, maybe the dead do rise. You got her bones poking out of your face. Her ugly old bones. You can really see it under these lights. I really do feel sorry for you.

JUDITH: I don't want nothing to do with you.

SQUEAK: Oh, I see. That's a fine howdy-do when ain't none of us seen you in sixteen years.

JUDITH: Go on and don't see me for another sixteen years.

SQUEAK: Way you're sucking back the booze, old lady, you won't be here.

(JUDITH takes a defiant drink the bottle.)

SQUEAK: I saw you on 60 Minutes.

JUDITH: I know you did. I knew you'd come crawling out of the woodwork if you seen it. That's what lowlife relatives do.

SQUEAK: I'm sorry you believe that.

JUDITH: I'm sorry you're leaving empty-handed without a dime. Get going, now. 'Fore I call my bodyguards and sick 'em on ya'.

SQUEAK: How much you been drinking tonight?

JUDITH: Not half what I mean to, sister—

SQUEAK: You just going to drink yourself dead like our daddy did? I thought there was too much Mama in you for that. But you're all Daddy through and through. A liar and a cheat. And a mean drunk.

JUDITH: You and I ain't got the same daddy.

SQUEAK: Oh, I forgot. Your daddy was Jesus himself or some angel. You can say that with our Colby grandma's bones in your face? You can lie like that and call yourself holy?

JUDITH: What are you my judge now? No, I don't think so. You're just a high school drop out married to a piece of shit oil pipe layer, beats you on the weekends and cain't get ya' pregnant. Oh, I'm wrong, ain't I? Piece a' shit oil pipe layer done run off with a truck stop waitress and left you. My mistake.

SQUEAK: He ain't left me.

JUDITH: He's about too. God told me so.

SQUEAK: Liar.

JUDITH: Why are you here if you think I'm a liar?

SQUEAK: You owe me.

JUDITH: I don't owe you spit, old lady.

SQUEAK: You are a sad and sorry excuse for a preacher woman. You can't get through a show sober. You can't heal. You lie about knowing God. And you have responsibilities I mean to see you live up to.

JUDITH: I am only responsible for myself and for realizing the gifts the Lord gave me.

SQUEAK: You remember Margaret? You remember Tobey? You remember dumping them off on me? You got a responsibility to them both.

JUDITH: Get on out of here with that.

SQUEAK: Margaret's sick. She's dying!

JUDITH: I know. I gave her up. A sacrifice on the altar like Isaac and Abraham.

SQUEAK: She's your daughter. God would expect you to heal her.

JUDITH: Who is the preacher woman here, Squeak? You want the shiny dresses and the wig? You want to go out and do what I do?

(JUDITH removes her wig and throws it at SQUEAK's feet.)

SQUEAK: No. We don't have time for me to learn to do what you do. You have to do it, Jude. You have to come home and do it.

JUDITH: Do what?

SQUEAK: You have to come home and heal your daughter. And I am going to make you.

(SQUEAK removes a small gun from her vinyl purse and points it at JUDITH.)

JUDITH: Merciful Jesus.

(Thunder sounds. JUDITH and SQUEAK exit.)

DEMON: And the sixth angel sounded out, and its voice came out

from the golden altar that is before God. It said to the angel of God that was Jesus, "Release the four angels who are bound at the great river Euphrates." And these four angels, who lived in one body, had been kept ready for this very hour and day and month and year so that they could be released to kill a third of mankind. Out of their mouth came fire, smoke and sulfur. Like lifelong Phillip Morris customers. The rest of mankind that was not killed by the plagues of the four angels still did not repent of the work of their hands; they did not stop worshipping demons. Nor did they repent of their murders, their credit card debt, their sexual immorality, or their secret pleasure in watching CBS's Big Brother. And they all joined strange cults like Scientology, Children of God, and even stranger cults that grew up in the final days and promised pleasure and the blameless corruption of innocents. And one of these cults will be born tonight!

SCENE TWO

Living room of SQUEAK's double-wide trailer. Kind of shabby.

TOBEY and SCOOTER on the floor in front of the couch. A large loose leaf notebook in front of them. The notebook is full of annotated porn pictures, pages of hand printed text, graph paper, ink drawings, and religious icons.

SCOOTER: What's it called?

TOBEY: It's not called anything.

SCOOTER: Usually they're called something. Like the Jesus religion? And Jewish—ism—

TOBEY: Judaism. Yeah, I know.

SCOOTER: What's yours called?

TOBEY: I don't know yet.

SCOOTER: Okay.

TOBEY: Basically there are two types of people.

SCOOTER: Wait. Wait. Types of people? Like mean and not mean?

TOBEY: No. No.

SCOOTER: Like types of soap?

TOBEY: No. Just listen.

SCOOTER: Am I one of the types of people?

TOBEY: Yes.

SCOOTER: Are you one, too?

TOBEY: Yes.

SCOOTER: Okay.

TOBEY: I've done a lot of research on this. And even if I hadn't
I spoke to God.

SCOOTER: Really?

TOBEY: Are you making fun of me?

SCOOTER: No. I just--

TOBEY: Don't make fun of me!

SCOOTER: I won't.

TOBEY: This is important.

SCOOTER: I don't make fun. I don't.

TOBEY: Do you want to hear about it?

SCOOTER: Yeah.

TOBEY: Then shut up. There are two types of people. Dominant and
Submissive. Only I call them Domigon and Subigon.

SCOOTER: Okay.

TOBEY: It's not some Church of S&M thing, either. It's philosophi-

cally much richer. It's unique. It's the direct result of the teachings of Ancient Roman pagan cults, the Druids, the utopian religious experiments of the late 19th century in America, and the communes and political movement of the 1960s in California.

SCOOTER: Okay.

TOBEY: Here's how it works. The domigon is the group leader for a marriage comprised of subigons. A small group marriage— that's the family unit. Sort of like a military platoon in battle.

SCOOTER: Okay.

TOBEY: And when a kid reaches puberty, a specially trained priest will conduct this ritual to determine if the kid is domigon or subigon.

(Flips to a page in the notebook, shows SCOOTER.)

SCOOTER: Wait. Am I one of these types?

TOBEY: I told you. Yes. We have to do this ritual to determine which type.

SCOOTER: What type are you?

TOBEY: Domigon.

SCOOTER: Can I be domigon?

TOBEY: We'll see. We have to do this ritual first.

SCOOTER: Can't I just go ahead and say I'll be domigon? I mean if you're domigon—

TOBEY: No.

(TOBEY pulls a roll of duct tape from beneath the couch. SCOOTER unbuttons his shirt. TOBEY covers both SCOOTER's nipples with duct tape and then rips it off.)

SCOOTER: Oww.

TOBEY: You're subigon.

ACT II

NOTE: In this act, the audience will travel to various locations rooms in and outside the theater to watch the scenes. The audience will be divided into six groups . Please make sure there are of at least three audience members in each group. If you do not have enough audience members to have six groups of three, divide the audience can be divided into fewer than 6 groups.

Each audience member will be given a brown paper “goody bag” with his or her group number written on the side to carry in the second act. Inside the bags, the audience will find a signed copy of a photo of FATHER TOBEY, and a small round river stone. Additionally, the bag may also contain some of the following: feathers, plastic flowers, buttons, foreign coins, toys the actors have bought at from bubblegum machines, prayer beads, pictures clipped from magazines, handwritten notes or cartoons from the actors, candid photos of the actors at rehearsal, stamps, action figures, ribbons, confetti, small hardware items, photos of the playwright, photos of the director, photos of the tech crew in the booth, or photos of the designers, rubber balls, business cards from people the actors know, origami, thrift store jewelry, pencils, lapel pins, fortune cookies, or things the actors remove from their homes or pockets and agree to donate to the audience. The bags will be referred to as the audience “goody bags.” Be careful not to put things in the bags that were given to you as gifts; the playwright did this for the premiere production and out of 300 bags, the bag with the gift made it back to the giver. The play has demons that way.

Group number one will see scene one first and then proceed to scene two. Group number two will see scene two first and then proceed to scene three (this group will see scene one last), and so forth.

Each scene in the second act runs approximately ten minutes. The actors are responsible for guiding the audience members to their next scene when each scene ends. After some scenes, the actors may have to guide the audience to ‘waiting areas’ if the next scene is not ready for a new audience.

If the director feels it is necessary, or the if the scenes are not laid out in adjacent rooms, ushers may escort each audience group p may be escorted by a theater usher to manage traffic flow. Also, a taped message may be played every ten minutes instructing the audience to

move to the next scene (the taped message might say, "END SCENE, PLEASE MOVE TO THE NEXT SCENE").

SCENE ONE: GOD'S EYE

The scene takes place in the theater lobby. JUDITH sits on one of the couches. On the table before her there is a basket of popsicle sticks glued into X shapes, skeins of yarn in various colors (mostly variegated), and four or five pairs of scissors.

As the audience enters, JUDITH hands each audience member a popsicle stick X. She also gives them a skein of yarn.

JUDITH: Here take this and get started. You're making yourself a God's Eye. I'll show you how, but tie the yarn to the sticks in the center there. Get started on it. Y'all only got ten minutes. Wrap it like I show you. We got a time constraint here. You knot the string in the middle. Form an X, wrapping the yarn like this. Then you wrap it once around each Popsicle stick like this here. See that? Just keep doing it until I say stop.

(JUDITH settles on the couch and begins swiftly wrapping yarn around the popsicle sticks. Throughout the scene, she demonstrates how the God's Eye is made and monitors the audience members' progress in creating their own God's Eyes. She can stop the monologue to help people having trouble. If any audience members are unable to create a God's Eye, she will give them one from a small stash of completed God's Eyes she has hidden somewhere. Alternatively, she may have an USHER in the room with her whose sole job is to walk around behind the audience members helping with God's Eyes.)

JUDITH: I'm ascending tonight. God and his chorus of angels are waiting on me.

If you don't believe it, that's your personal business, but I believe it, so I gotta' work fast here so I don't miss my ride.

And if y'all want to leave here with a God's Eye, you better work faster. Y'all are slow at this. You need to wrap that yarn around there fast. Like this. You know what a God's Eye is? This thing that we're making? It's like God's Onstar device. He uses it to find you. Like a high tech tracking device planted on you by James Bond. It's a sacred artifact. So don't you be snotty about getting the opportunity to sit

down with an actual messiah of the lord and make one. You're lucky. I only had three days to be back with humanity. Don't you think I'd rather be sitting with my family right now? Or, shit, sitting in some bar getting trashed? Damn right I would. But I'm here helping you do this instead.

It's important that I get to sit with you and talk to you because I got something to say to you.

God don't like you. That shouldn't come as no big surprise. You probably already suspected based on certain evidence in your life that he didn't like the looks of you. I'm confirming that as his representative. But he would like to like you. He's like a blind date you had. And he was all hopeful that he would like you. But you got off on the wrong foot with him by getting drunk in the first hour of the date and telling him you just want to get fucked and then go home early. He wanted a relationship with you, and you just want to do the good stuff and not get yourself into nothing complicated. Well, it don't work like that.

Y'all know the reason God don't like? *(Can pause for suggestions from the audience.)* No, it's cause you're too damned needy. You always had to get all the attention from everyone, didn't you? Boy, if I hadn't decided I was Jesus, I bet one of you would have. Or decided you was Joan of Arc or some shit. Always wanting to be a martyr.

But you're not the center of attention, you're just sitting with Jesus doing craft projects to bring God into your life like the rest of us. You don't stand out. Because you ain't a messiah. Like me. But don't go envying me and thinking, "Aw, shit, why cain't I be Jesus and get to be hung up on a cross, and shot in the head, and ascend? She's so damned lucky!"

Cause when one of us steps out and decides that he or she is going to be a messiah, things get real complicated. And things ain't real pleasant for that person. God don't like it when that happens. Let's look at an example.

This girl we're going to talk about didn't meet all the criteria for messiah-hood. Failed messiahs are called martyrs, and their lives are just as bad as a messiah's, only less effective.

If you got your God's Eye about finished— the yarn should stop

about a half inch from the end of the popsicle sticks. Tie it off like this, leaving a nice long tail on it. That way you can tie it onto your rearview mirror when you leave tonight. Or put it on a light bulb cord. Or your mini-blind cord, or wear it like a necklace or something. Hang it somewhere where you can see it and think about doing good, cause God's watching you.

Now, some people are going to be pissed about this whole deal here once they see the pictures. That's sort of the point. This is one of those parts they warned you about at the start of the play. Graphic Images. Some people may be disturbed.

(JUDITH puts a poster board with four pictures on it on an easel beside the table, so that everyone can see. The poster board is titled RACHEL CORRIE 1979-2003. The four pictures are photos of Rachel Corrie. The first is a relaxed casual shot of Rachel; in the second photo she is standing with a bullhorn in front of the Israeli bulldozer that killed her; in the third photo she is dying in the dirt surrounded by International Solidarity Movement volunteers; in the last photo she is in the Rafah hospital dead being draped with an American flag by a Palestinian.)

This is Rachel Corrie, who was a kid from Olympia, Washington. Pretty ordinary American. Except that she wanted to save the world.

Now, we're walking over some rough waters here. Some of you are going to agree with what Rachel wanted to do. Some of you are going to violently disagree. I guess I weigh in closer to thinking it is nothing I would have done myself, but most things martyrs die for are stupid, misguided, and nothing you'd agree with. For our discussion here, let's just all agree that she thought she was doing right. And let's leave it at that. We barely got time to finish our craft projects, forget about solve the problems in the Middle East.

What she did was: she went over to Rafah in the Gaza Strip and stood in front of Israeli bulldozers to stop them from demolishing Palestinian homes to make way for Israeli settlements. A bulldozer operator ran her over with the blade down and then backed over her again and crushed her to death. She died in the dirt, crying in pain, with her back broken.

Everybody get a good look at the pictures here. Try to imagine what this death felt like, what it smelled like, what it sounded like, what

shape it made in the universe moving through our dimension and beyond.

You see now why God don't like you? Look what you're putting him through engineering deaths like this all time. Jesus Christ. Just looking at this crushes the spirit, don't it? Reminds me of Saint Margaret, who got herself tortured to become a saint. "All her bones were laid bare, and the blood poured forth from her body as from a pure spring."

This is real martyrdom, y'all. What you're fantasizing about when you want to play martyr is sadomasochist sexual gratification. Torture, brutality, power, rebellion, and pain combined with religion and sex. Nothing wrong with that. Except the reality ain't so pleasant.

Messiahs and martyrs try to do good and pretty much fail. They live and die as an expression of futility. Look at Rachel again. Poor thing. She didn't solve no problems in the Middle East. She died horribly and nothing changed. And some of the folks whose houses she was protecting with her little body went out the next month with explosives taped to their bodies and blew up buses probably. More martyrs. God gets so depressed thinking about all this, it ain't no wonder he hates your guts. Messiahs and martyrs give you all a bad name.

But, hold up a minute. When you leave here tonight, I don't want you to think that every potential messiah is doomed to failure. Each and every madman bent on challenging the world ain't some Jim Jones asshole pouring poisoned kool-aid down the throats of small children. And every attempt to question things and redo things doesn't have to end in a big fireball like it did in Waco. And not everybody who is obsessed with doing good things in a weird way is crazy or wrong. Hell, that's just CNN's version of a messiah.

It's possible to experience some success as a messiah. You don't change people lives much and you don't change the world. But a good messiah changes how you look at it.

All right, you all ought to be done with your God's Eyes now. Let's see 'em. . . . Pretty good. Not bad. That's a nice one. Put these somewhere where God can see you and you can know he's watching. Changes the way you behave when you think God's watching. Maybe he'll start liking you better if you stop breaking his heart every day. I'll put in a good word for ya'll.

(End scene.)

SCENE TWO: TRICK OR FREAKS

A studio in Los Angeles. On the TV monitor in the studio, we see scenes of religious services and televangelist sermons intercut with scenes from sadomasochist porn videos. The sound has been switched on the scenes so that you hear the soundtrack from the porn video while the religious services are seen, and the religious sermons play over the porn scenes. The TV plays for the duration of the scene, quietly. The actors ignore it. AUDRY sits on a folding canvas chair, in a pink suit. The MIKE WALLACE puppet is interviewing her. AUDRY hands the audience a bag of candy and tells them to pass it around. AUDRY eats a piece. She adlibs with the audience about taking some candy until they are all seated.

MIKE: You said you were going to save my soul? Is that right?

AUDRY: Yes, Mr. Wallace. That's why I was sent here.

MIKE: Why would my soul need saving?

AUDRY: Because Judith Christ, God's prophet once said you were going to hell. Are you familiar with the Sacred Tenets of Geometric Sensualism?

MIKE: I've heard of it.

AUDRY: We're an outreach committee from the Geometric Sensualist Diocese of Orange County.

MIKE: You're all members?

AUDRY: I'm a member. Everyone with me today is a candidate for membership.

MIKE: I'd like to interview some of them later about why they made the choice to enter your church. Why did you join the church?

AUDRY: I used to be a stripper with a drug problem. I ended up working as truck stop waitress and a part time prostitute in Texas. I used to let men beat me for money. In fact I sought out men to beat

me for money. There were some men I slept with who didn't even want to beat me, but I made it a condition of having sex with me. Do you see how degraded I was?

MIKE: This was in Texas? Where you met Tobey? The controversial founder of your religion? Where he was convicted of manslaughter and sent to Huntsville for seven years?

AUDRY: His trial and his tribulation. But he came out of prison stronger and more determined and with a loyal following amongst the prisoners.

MIKE: And how is Tobey's ministry doing today?

AUDRY: Well, this year we've taken over the Crystal Cathedral and the Trinity Broadcast Network. We've redesigned the suspension system in the ceiling of the Crystal Cathedral— you know the wires they flew the angels on in the Easter and Christmas plays?

MIKE: Of course.

AUDRY: Now we suspend Subigons from the ceiling for discipline and conduct S&M sessions in the sanctuary for pleasure and religious edification.

MIKE: And you consider this a religious act?

AUDRY: Yes. By making sexual and physical mortification public in this way, we purge our congregation of shame and self-doubt. We also have bingo and wife swap nights at Leisure World in Lake Forest. Sometimes older converts to Geometric Sensualism don't want to disturb their lives by taking in new spouses to meet our group marriage directives. So we just encourage them to trade partners once in a while for variety. For our younger members we have converted former Starbucks locations across the county into mini-dungeons where S&M religious services are conducted daily.

MIKE: Certainly the religion is growing in popularity. No one disputes that. Why did you personally convert?

AUDRY: I was blessed by God. While working as a truck stop waitress and whore, I encouraged a man to take me home to have sex with him. And at his home, I met his stepson, Tobey, whom I also encour-

aged to have sex with me. Because I was so degraded. Only sex with Tobey turned out to be the salvation of my soul. He beat me as a lot of men did, but with him it was different. Maybe you saw him on the cover of Time Magazine and Newsweek last month?

MIKE: Yes.

AUDRY: Your face with Domigon Tobey's face just beside it! Mr. Wallace, you must be so proud!

MIKE: Not really.

AUDRY: I am here today to offer you the chance to submit yourself to Domigan Tobey's authority and join us as an upholder of the Sacred Tenets of Geometric Sensualism.

MIKE: I thought you might make an offer like that.

AUDRY: We know all about you and the real purpose behind CBS.

MIKE: The real purpose?

AUDRY: Of course. Don't people often call the network the Christian Broadcasting Station? You and your brethren at on the CBS News staff are all high-level Masons, aren't you? Our spies have told us that when you and Dan Rather met in the hallways of the CBS studios you said, "Good evening, Brother Rather." And he said, "Nice to see you, Brother Wallace." I'm right, aren't I?

MIKE: Dan and I are free masons, yes.

AUDRY: High-ranking and steeped in the arcane mysticism of the order. And the CBS symbol. The all-knowing eye.

MIKE: Why, it represents the unblinking eye the journalist and our focus on the centrality of integrity in broadcast news.

AUDRY: We believe it is the all-seeing eye of Horus, or rather the Illuminati. It's a symbol of the influence of the secret Masonic cabal at the network's central administration.

MIKE: I don't see what you're getting at.