

Holy Sinner For Mature Audiences

By

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Sexual Villainy and The Divine

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## Cast of Characters

<u>Meister:</u>	Mature, Dignified
<u>George:</u>	Middle Aged, Emotional
<u>Simon:</u>	Adolescent, Poised
<u>Little George :</u>	Adolescent, Insecure
<u>Oracle:</u>	Cheerful, Pleasant, Engaging

ACT 1

Scene 1

*Meditation oriented music plays, contributing to the mood of the oration.*

ORACLE

(Oracle appears. She presents as consistently bright and pleasant.)

Players are on stage. To audience.)

Here we are, in time out of time. . . . Living the eternal drama. . . . A cosmic dream come true. . . . Enchanted, we breathe the breath of Life, as if it were ours, and ours alone. . . . Possessed by spirits, we enact virtues and transgressions, as if they were ours and ours alone. The dream is fully cast, the players entranced, that the drama, we call life, may be compelling, and worth the time.

(Oracle withdraws.)

*Players move to their stations or withdraw. The set depicts a dreamscape---it is a jail cell. A stage light may illuminate bars, casting a shadow on the cell floor. Father George lies on a cot, pretending to be sleeping, when in fact, he is dreaming.*

(Enter Meister Eckhart attired in 13th century garb.)

MEISTER

(Standing over the cot.)

I know you are aware I'm here, Father. . . .

(Father George stirs. Meister steps back.)

You do look very convincing.

GEORGE

(Sitting up, looking downward.)

I've always been a great pretender. Are you here for my confession?

MEISTER

Yes.

GEORGE

(Looking up, George is stunned. He stands. He looks at Meister Eckhart from head to toe. There is a subtle terror.)

You are Meister Eckhart.

(CONTINUED)

MEISTER

I am.

GEORGE

(He steps back.)

Then, I'm dreaming.

(Confronting his fear, he draws  
inappropriately close to Meister  
Eckhart, and speaks directly to his  
face.)

So, you are really me, dreaming.

MEISTER

Yes, Father.

GEORGE

(Stepping back, looking around at his  
jail-like dreamscape, looking at his  
arms and hands.)

I am everywhere and I'm everything in this dream, even  
the empty space between us.

MEISTER

Yes, you are everywhere and everything in this dream.

GEORGE

I see. . . .

And, you're me, yet you're other than me. That's how it  
all works, doesn't it?

MEISTER

Yes, Father. That is how it works.

GEORGE

I prefer not waking, Meister.

(Facing Meister, Smiling.)

Or, should I say "we" prefer not waking. Hell awaits  
us, you know.

MEISTER

So, you see yourself as heading to hell.

GEORGE

No, I see myself in hell. I imagine you understand me.

MEISTER

Who is this "me" you speak of?

GEORGE

(Pausing to reflect.)

"This me?" . . . That's the question, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

MEISTER

Yes, Father. That is the question.

GEORGE

. . . . So, in the face of my transgression, in the midst of this unholy mess, I'm inquiring into my identity.

MEISTER

Apparently.

GEORGE

And, that's why you've appeared, and not my Bishop.

MEISTER

You have called upon me, beyond all others.

GEORGE

. . . . "Beyond all others," I have chosen a denounced mystic to receive my confession.  
(Mona Lisa smile.)

MEISTER

You know what this means.

GEORGE

Hope, it means hope.

MEISTER

Yes.

GEORGE

You confessed the truth, and you were condemned for it.  
The truth is also going to condemn me.

MEISTER

What truth?

GEORGE

I gravely sinned.

MEISTER

Your remorse calls to me.

GEORGE

. . . . Perhaps, then, I'm not fully deluded.

MEISTER

Will you revisit your sin, and commit to priestly penitence?

GEORGE

What is this penitence, Meister?

MEISTER

Since God in some way wills for us to have sinned, we should not will that we had not committed sin. . . . This is priestly penitence.

GEORGE

(Pausing to digest the statement.)  
And what of those I have sinned against? They call for justice.

MEISTER

What you choose to do now, Father, is the heart of the matter.

GEORGE

. . . . Regret is always too late. I didn't get away.

MEISTER

Father, you can't get away, when you are everywhere and everything.

GEORGE

. . . . So, that's the pill. There's no escape.

MEISTER

There's magic, once we stop trying to get away.

GEORGE

. . . . I recall magic days . . . . at the seminary. I had my problem then too, yet, I was hopeful--hopeful I'd be a celibate priest. . . . I'd walk in rain those days; I wasn't rain-shy.

MEISTER

Mushrooms have a similar preference.

GEORGE

Mom called us "Mushroom." . . . I've betrayed love, Meister. I've betrayed love in the name of Christ.

MEISTER

Father, if a man had committed a thousand mortal sins, if such a man were rightly disposed, he would not will that he had not committed them. . . . Will you commit to this penitence?

GEORGE

And condone my villainy!  
(Thoughtful pause.)  
Never mind! Never mind. You're asking me to be a priest - a priest like you.

MEISTER

Yes.

GEORGE

You are what I thought I could be.

MEISTER

It is you that populates this dream, Father.

GEORGE

. . . . So, you're what's wise in me. And, I'm speaking to myself. . . . God, give me the will to face this shame.

MEISTER

If you were to accept anything from God, you would be below him. You will not be so in life everlasting.

GEORGE

I'm a sinner!

MEISTER

Yes. And, you'll be transformed totally into God, not just similar.

GEORGE

You slander God.

MEISTER

You cannot slander that which is everywhere and everything.

GEORGE

Being everywhere and everything hasn't saved me from sin. I let evil get away.

MEISTER

Even in evil, Father, God's glory shines forth in equal fashion.

(The Oracle appears to audience. Meister and George turn their attention to the Oracle.)

ORACLE

*Meditation oriented music plays.*

(To the audience.)

Bewitched is the drama of virtue and vice. We, the living, find ourselves inhabited by spirits, both, kind and cruel. . . . Who is this evil one that writhes within, that desires pleasures that betray and burn? Alluring is the glow that leads to pain--a cosmic veil called lust and greed. Who can be charged

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ORACLE (cont'd)

with such a cruel theater? Since we've vindicated God, perhaps a dream person, like you, can be selected. A surrogate of the author, a player in the show, enlisted to enact the role of villain, leaving us grateful that this time "it wasn't me."

*Oracle withdraws.*

GEORGE

(Returning attention to the drama. To  
Meister.)

You're here to shake my world, just like you shook the medieval world. . . . I loved you. I would read your sermons and dream. . . . We weren't ready for you, but you know that. . . . Can you help me, Meister?

*The stage lights dim. A spotlight illuminates an area on the stage that has a seat and a curtain, representing a confessional.*

MEISTER

Father. It's time to revisit your sin.

(Meister, gently holding George by his neck, escorts him to his confessional seat. George responds warmly to the Meister's touch by holding his wrist.)



ACT 1Scene 2

*A strobe effect or lighting changes may occur during scene transition. The stage set suggests a confessional booth by using a dark confessional curtain.*

GEORGE

(Sitting, directly facing the audience.)  
Bless me Father, for I have betrayed love. . . . I trust in you, Meister.

MEISTER

Now, seal your dreaming eyes, and look upon this woe.

*George slowly closes then reopens his eyes. Meister withdraws behind a translucent veil, witnessing the drama. Enter Simon, the adolescent. He positions himself behind a veil, illuminated by a spotlight, apart, and distanced from the confessional seat. He stands upright. He speaks toward the audience, but does not enter the physical drama at the confessional.*

SIMON

Bless me Father for I have sinned. It has been two days since my last confession.

GEORGE

(Speaking to Simon, but facing the audience.)  
Tell me of your sins.

SIMON

I'm still masturbating a whole lot, and sneaking around. My mom knows, so I really need to find other places. I've used the bus terminal toilet in the afternoon.

GEORGE

I understand, and I commend you on confronting this sinfulness. You are not alone, Simon. Others have passed through this . . . . I think you need an open dialogue with your confessor, not a report of episodes. It doesn't work that way, Simon.

SIMON

I know. I thank God for you, Father George.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

And, I for you, Simon. I'll hear your Act of Contrition.

SIMON

Oh my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee, and I detest all my sins because of Thy just punishments, but most of all because they offend thee, my God, who art all good and deserving of all my love.

GEORGE

Simon, you do not need to be in a confessional to receive the Sacrament of Reconciliation. Come see me in the rectory tomorrow. Anytime, just come.

(George holds still. Meister approaches the confessional set, as Simon recedes behind a screen. Meister sprays Father George with a mist of holy water, which he maintains in a cloth pocket. George comes out from his vision. Looking upward, then stepping out of the seat, facing Meister.)

Meister! The seed of betrayal is planted. . . . I am Judas in a divine drama.

MEISTER

Yes.

GEORGE

(Stepping backward.)

This exposure may be too painful to bear.

MEISTER

(Calmly, touching Father George's arm.)

Continue on, Father. I will be with you in your transgression.

GEORGE'

(Grieving and terrified, he grasps Meister's hand with both his hands.)

You'll be with me?

MEISTER

Yes, Father. I will be with you.

(He guides Father George to his seat that faces the audience. He gently passes his hand over Father George's face, who changes affect becoming still. Meister recedes to his veiled station to further witness the drama.)

(CONTINUED)

*The confessional curtain may be replaced with a painting, suggesting the rectory. Simon appears, and steps behind his veil. He repositions himself, turning his torso slightly away from the audience.*

GEORGE

(Sitting, facing the audience, as if speaking to Simon.)

Welcome Simon. You can sit on the couch. It's good that you're here. Would you like water?

SIMON

No, I'm good, Father.

GEORGE

(Placing hands together in prayer.)

Then, let's begin.

SIMON

Bless me Father for I have sinned. It's been a day since my last confession.

(Father George drops his hands.)

I confess, Father, I'm planning to go to the bus station after to masturbate. It's so I don't do it at home. My mom definitely knows, but doesn't say anything. She thinks I need therapy. Also, Julian, in school, sort of caught me. I felt bad. He can't prove it.

GEORGE

But, you know the truth.

SIMON

(Pausing to consider Father George's remark.)

. . . . Can coming to see you help?

GEORGE

Yes, of course it can help. We're going to end the lie, Simon. This is your penance.

(Simon remains poised and still.)

Let us see this thing you call a sin. Yes, take it out, take it out before me. Yes, Simon. Let's expose this secret. Do it. . . . Good. . . . Now, as if you are totally alone. Just close your eyes . . . . That's it. . . . Aah, good. . . . Good. Good. Are you okay, Simon? There are tissues there. You're very courageous.

(Standing.)

This is only one way to expiate your sinfulness. You should feel less sinful.

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

I do, Father.

GEORGE

Good, then, let me hear your vow.  
(Returning to his seat.)

SIMON

Thank you Father, I firmly intend, with your help, to do penance, to sin no more, and to avoid whatever leads me to sin.

GEORGE

You are a wonderful child, Simon. We're finished here. Come give me a kiss.

(Offering his cheek. Simon mimes a kiss while remaining in his position.)

Will you be here Tuesday?

(Father George becomes still.)

SIMON

I'll be here, Father.

(Exit Simon as if stepping backward into the "shadows," as Meister steps forward from his station, and sprays George with holy water.)

GEORGE

(George comes out of his vision and speaks reflectively.)

. . . . It's brutality . . . brutality itself.

MEISTER

Why is this spirit forming in your time?

GEORGE

(Reflectively, turning away from Meister.)

. . . . When I vowed to be a celibate priest, I disowned brutality. I thought my vow would liberate me from sinfulness. That was my mistake. Brutality now possesses me. I can feel the brute. He's with me.

MEISTER

What is your intention?

GEORGE

I won't reject him, this time. No, no. . . .

(Crossing his arms across his chest. To the brute spirit.)

I feel you. . . . You're home. . . . Your home.

(CONTINUED)

MEISTER

. . . . Is the demon with you?

GEORGE

Yes, he's with me now. There are other spirits, I've rejected.

MEISTER

Treachery!

GEORGE

(He uncrosses his arms.)

Yes, treachery, treachery. I thought to hide behind the priestly code . . . . Possessed, I schemed to confess my transgression to another priest, so I'd seal my crime from the world.

(Looking up.)

And yet, Meister, you appeared as my confessor.

MEISTER

It is you, Father, who populates this dream.

GEORGE

Then, this sinner is being visited by his own wisdom. . . . Though I've betrayed Christ, wisdom has not deserted me.

MEISTER

Who is this "me" you speak of?

GEORGE

"This me" is the host of spirits, both, malicious and benevolent. . . . I am opening my heart to them all.

ORACLE

*Meditation oriented music plays.*

(Oracle appears. George and Meister turn their attention to the Oracle. To the audience.)

How counter intuitive to not reject the devil within. It's a strategy of inclusion. How hospitable! . . . In the mirror of the simple soul, God returns such generosity with disrobing revelations. Naked truth reveals what the entranced mind refuses to accept: In him we live, and move, and have our being. For from him, and through him, and to him, are all things, kind and cruel.

(Oracle withdraws.)

ACT 1Scene 3

MEISTER

(Meister moves to center stage. He prepares to provide communion, as Father George watches. Meister has a gold plate with the wafer, and a chalice with wine. He ceremoniously holds the plate and chalice up before George and the audience. He places them down. He then places a veil down near to George's cot. Meister will cover Father George with that veil during Father George's transmutations, which occurs after communion.)

Come. Partake of the Host.

GEORGE

(Hesitating.)

Why am I afraid?

MEISTER

(Smiling.)

Because, you have good reason to be.

GEORGE

(Sensing humor.)

. . . . What are you up to?

MEISTER

Communion, Father.

GEORGE

You are going to expose me. That's where this dream is going.

MEISTER

Come.

(George presents himself before Meister, drops to one knee.)

(Upon providing the wafer.)

The body of Christ!

(Upon providing the wine.)

The blood of Christ!

(Meister removes the the plate and chalice. George then enters a visionary state of consciousness.)

GEORGE

(George rises, oriented to an invisible reality.)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE (cont'd)

It's all alive! . . . .

MEISTER

(Meister guides George to his cot. He supports George from the back of the neck and guides him down to his cot which may be illuminated from below. He then, covers him with a broad veil.)

Look!

GEORGE

(Under the veil, he sits up. Then, as if looking at the earth from high above.)

There are beautiful red rivers.

(Mona Lisa smile.)

Oh! They're rivers of blood. . . . The slaughter is everywhere. I can hear the cries of the sacrificed.

(As if calling for help.)

. . . . I'm being slaughtered!

(George undulates. Meister calmly pulls off the veil that covered George.

Meister sprays him with holy water. George shifts out of his spell. Turning his eyes toward Meister. He speaks kindly and reflectively.)

How brutal it all is. The savage rule of God. . . .  
(Smiling.)

I remember my childhood fear of being eaten. It's all so clear. I wasn't mistaken. I'm on both sides of the meal. . . . And, what of Father George and Simon?

MEISTER

Who is asking?

GEORGE

(He reflectively pauses.)

My soul, Meister, doesn't carry a name.

MEISTER

So you ask a question, that has no author.

(Meister helps position George to a meditative posture. As if blowing air into the image of George.)

Whooo is it, Father, that cannot be found?

*Meditative music.*

GEORGE

(After some time under the influence of the non-ordinary, meditative state, music and/or sound effects subside. He begins to smile then laugh.)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE (cont'd)

You, Meister, are a joker, and a trickster. . . . I disrobed, and no one was there.

(Continues to chuckle or even laugh.)

So, this is the Divine Drama. . . . and I'm a dream person.

(Smiling.)

I think of Jesus when he went back to his home and he confessed God. They were ready to stone him.

MEISTER

Of course. It is all God. And what good is it, if Christ were born a thousand times, but not born in you?

GEORGE

. . . . You, my mystic side, turn the worlds upside down. . . . Meister, I can see! . . . . Forgiving is always forgiving God.

MEISTER

Can you live with this?

GEORGE

You mean to be forgiving in the face of my indecency. . . . A holy sinner, without credibility. Perfect, isn't it?

MEISTER

Yes, as it is.

GEORGE

"As it is. . . ." Yet, pity persists for the inner child, who is without wise counsel.

ORACLE

*Meditation oriented music plays, contributing to the oration.*

(Oracle appears. The actors turn their attention to the Oracle. She is sad, but remains pleasant and endearing.)

Weep with me beloveds. We incarnate each and every life. Weep with me. We are the actor in this never-ending theater. So many roles to play. One by one. No one really dies forever, and the proof of it is you. This is forever, and you're still here, as always. Weep with me Dear Spirits. The ache of infinite compassion has no remedy. We are dream-persons in a sacrificial drama, bitter in our slaughter, and joyous in our feast. Forgiven is this dream.

(Prayerfully.)

Savage rule of being, if you should awake, our theater would vanish. So, slumber on that the world may turn,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



ORACLE (cont'd)  
that the lesson may be taught, and the adventure  
continue.  
(Oracle withdraws.)

ACT 1Scene 4

MEISTER

You have a visitor, Father.

*The set changes its ambiance, as Little George appears from the shadows. He is lost, in the dream.*

GEORGE

George . . . is that you?

LITTLE GEORGE

Where am I?

GEORGE

You're in a dream. Everything is okay. I'm Father George.

LITTLE GEORGE

Hello Father.

GEORGE

. . . . Do you need to confess about something?

LITTLE GEORGE

I don't want anyone else to know.

GEORGE

It will be confidential.

LITTLE GEORGE

(Little George sits. )

I get naked with Daniella.

GEORGE

(He responds slowly dropping his head, breathing in, with a reflective pause.)

Yes, George, go on.

LITTLE GEORGE

I can't get married with her, because she's my sister. Otherwise, I would. I love her. We have a secret love.

GEORGE

Do you have lots of secrets, George?

LITTLE GEORGE

This is my main secret.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

You don't tell a friend?

LITTLE GEORGE

No.

GEORGE

You're becoming an adult, but you're still a child, right?

LITTLE GEORGE

I know. I don't want Daniella to go to hell. I love her.

GEORGE

Why would she go to hell?

LITTLE GEORGE

Because it's a sin what we do.

GEORGE

Sin happens to everyone, George.

LITTLE GEORGE

. . . . Like my dad.

GEORGE

Do you ever think about dad?

LITTLE GEORGE

No.

GEORGE

Why?

LITTLE GEORGE

Dad makes people unhappy.

GEORGE

He made mom unhappy?

LITTLE GEORGE

Yes.

GEORGE

And, how about Daniella?

LITTLE GEORGE

Yes, her too. Daniella said she and dad got naked.

GEORGE

Does mommy know?

LITTLE GEORGE

Yes. She got rid of all of dad's pictures.

GEORGE

Have you forgotten him?

LITTLE GEORGE

Mostly.

GEORGE

Is that a good thing?

LITTLE GEORGE

Mom said he's going to hell.

GEORGE

Do you want him to go to hell?

LITTLE GEORGE

If dad goes to hell, I think Daniella and I will go to hell too.

GEORGE

You're confessing. So, you won't go to hell.

LITTLE GEORGE

I think about sex all the time--all the time.

GEORGE

I understand, George. I remember.

LITTLE GEORGE

. . . . Father George, are you me?

GEORGE

Yes, George, I'm you.

LITTLE GEORGE

I knew God would come for me.

GEORGE

God has come for us both, George.

LITTLE GEORGE

(Seeing Meister Eckhart.)

Who's he?

GEORGE

This is Meister Eckhart. He's a part of our dream.

MEISTER

Hello George.

GEORGE

Meister is the wise part of us. God has sent him to guide us.

LITTLE GEORGE

Are we lost?

GEORGE

We're are lost in ourselves. But, we found wisdom, George. Meister is the wisdom that is inside of us. We're always together now.

LITTLE GEORGE

(Looking at the dreamscape environment.)  
Are we in a jail?

GEORGE

Yes, George.

LITTLE GEORGE

Is it because of sex?

GEORGE

Yes, George, it is.

LITTLE GEORGE

Are we in bad trouble?

GEORGE

. . . . Probably more than most.

LITTLE GEORGE

I think I'm the only one with trouble.

GEORGE

That's what trouble feels like. Like you're the only one.

LITTLE GEORGE

Now, you know more than Mom, don't you?

GEORGE

I know that sometimes we need to forgive God.

LITTLE GEORGE

You mean because of "everything?"

GEORGE

Yes, because of "everything."

LITTLE GEORGE

Is sex a curse?

GEORGE

Sometimes. . . you know. We need to be real respectful when it comes to sex. Dad was not respectful to Daniella and Daniella was not respectful to you. It can be hurtful.

LITTLE GEORGE

Can we, from now on, always be respectful?

GEORGE

We'll be respectful from now on, no matter what.

LITTLE GEORGE

Awesome.

GEORGE

Would you like to hug me? Because, I'd like to hug you.  
(They hug.)

LITTLE GEORGE

When do we wake up from the dream?

GEORGE

I think it's at any time.  
(All three actors join together and face up toward the spotlight.)  
Meister!

MEISTER

(To Little George.)  
There are trials and adventure ahead, George.

LITTLE GEORGE

We'll be together, right?

GEORGE

Yes, George. We'll be together.  
(To Meister.)  
And, your confession, Meister? Your confession?

MEISTER

I too have forgiven God.

FATHER GEORGE

OK. OK.

LITTLE GEORGE

You mean for "everything," right Meister?

MEISTER

Yes, George, for everything.

## ORACLE

*Meditation oriented music plays, contributing to the oration.*

(The Oracle appears. The actors become still and turn their heads to listen to her remarks.)

A dream forgiven is a dream transformed--a shift in perspective, revealing a new dimension, a novel way of being: What we're looking at is what is looking. Yes, "you," you alone populate the dream of life. "You"--everywhere and everything--"you"--in the dream, and the dreamer--"you"--in the life, and the life. Our drama has taken a surprising turn. Who would have guessed at such a spin? Our villain has parted from his role. The waters of Infinite Compassion have escaped the dam. An avatar, an incarnation, has become lucid. . . . Now what?

(The oracle withdraws.)

ACT 1Scene 5

*The set depicts a courtroom. The judge wears a judge's wig, robe and spectacles. Judge is in an elevated station, center stage. Simon stands stage left. Father George stands stage right.*

JUDGE

Father George, you have been charged, and found guilty of abusing the authority provided by your station, as well as child grooming, and voyeurism. . . . You have not contested these charges, pleading guilty to all counts in your indictment. The court acknowledges your expression of remorse, as well as your apologies to the plaintiff, and his family. We further note your expression of gratitude to the plaintiff's therapist, who reported and interrupted your indecent behavior. You, as well as the plaintiff, will have your opportunity to speak to the court before sentencing.

Priestly abuse of authority is difficult even for an experienced judge to bear. This case particularly saddens me. It saddens me about the human condition--a condition civilized people pray will improve. You suggested that your swift arrest interrupted the likelihood of greater harm. I don't know where you were going with this.

GEORGE

Apparently, I was on my way here, Your Honor.

JUDGE

(Pausing to consider the remark.)

Don't speak, unless I ask you to.

GEORGE

Sorry.

JUDGE

Don't be a wise-ass with me. You are "apparently" less than wise. Yours is a sad confession. You would hope that every priest be committed to interrupting indecency in themselves, as well as in others, no matter how much it might cost. This is how I understood the role of a priest, when I was a youngster. Your victim, the plaintiff, probably had similar assumptions. However, we've been shaken from our naivete. He, rudely so. . . . Does the defendant need to comment?

(CONTINUED)



GEORGE

I believed, that as a priest, I would never behave as an indecent brute, that I would always be caring. So, I too was shaken from my fantasy. I didn't anticipate being possessed by the spirit of brutality. I was susceptible.

JUDGE

. . . . "Apparently." . . . So, you're stating again that you were possessed by brutality when committing your crime. You also stated that this "possession" was not mental illness, but a "cosmic event." So, behaving like an indecent brute, is a "cosmic event?"

GEORGE

As is everything else, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Again, speak only when I ask you to. . . .  
"Apparently," cosmic brutality and cosmic cowardice are wedded in your case. I don't recall you discussing cowardice. Any comment, Father George?

GEORGE

My courage was compromised. Its opposite took charge. I've come to my senses, since then. . . .

JUDGE

Harming children is cowardly. Failing to report possible harm to children is, likewise, cowardly, and criminally negligent . . . Is there something you need to say, Father George?

GEORGE

No, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Also, your discussion about priests concealing their crimes by confessing to another priest, leaves me appalled at the perversion of a sanctified, and potentially helpful practice. If reporting sex abuse means breaking the priestly code of confidentiality, and consequently burning in hell forever, then being obedient to the Church is being disobedient to decency. Do you need to comment, Father George?

GEORGE

I'll be responsible from here on.

JUDGE

Prescribing a penance of masturbating to satisfy your voyeurism, is a grim perversion of priestly privilege and duties. You are fortunate to be in a culture that is less than brutal--

(Angrily.)  
a culture that looks to remedy, rather than eradicate  
such indecency. Do you need to comment, Father?

GEORGE

No, Your Honor.

JUDGE

The court will hear from the plaintiffs. The victim's  
mother has provided a written statement to the court,  
as she feels too emotional to personally address the  
defendant. Simon has volunteered to read her statement.  
Simon, do you still feel that you want to read your  
mother's statement?

SIMON

Yes, Your Honor. I've been practicing.

JUDGE

Alright, then, proceed.

SIMON

When I think about how you betrayed our family, I  
cry. I cry that my son and I are so vulnerable, and I  
cry that so many of us, and I include myself, are so  
callous at times, and so greedy, that we fail to be  
caring. We hurt ourselves, when we hurt others. I cry  
at our ignorance. We're not aware of the harm we are  
inflicting on ourselves. . . . It must be horrible to  
be a villain. It's a sad role.

I feel sorry for you, Father George, and I refuse to  
curse you, because cursing you would be a lie. I think  
I feel more lucky than I feel a victim. I thank God  
that I took my son to counseling, and that we were able  
to stop the harm. I'm actually glad for you. Glad you  
did not get to really hurt my son. We had a lucky day,  
you and I.

Now that you know that you're no angel, I want you to  
help. I want you to help people like yourself. Don't  
let sexual abuse happen. Do everything you can, and  
that will be enough.

JUDGE

(Pause.)

Thank you, Simon. Do 'you' have anything to say to the  
defendant?

SIMON

I don't feel guilty, anymore. . . . Not completely, but  
mostly. I thought I was the only one messed up, but I  
think you're more messed up than me. . . . In a way,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SIMON (cont'd)

that made me feel better. So, . . . I'm never going back to confession, not because you fooled me, but because I don't have to go anymore. My mom is OK with that. My therapist taught me that not being perfect is normal. So, I'm normal. Maybe you're normal too, Father George. You should go see him. I mean it. He tells how life works. . . . He said when you do things that bring you shame, there's already too much shame. So, you should look at that, because I think you're probably ashamed of yourself. . . I feel sorry for you Father George, because I believe the things you say about being possessed. I think I get possessed sometimes. I don't hate you. Maybe you're part of me getting better, cause I'm definitely better. I'm not so crazy anymore. My Mom, was right, I need therapy. . . .

JUDGE

. . . . Is that it, Simon?

SIMON

Yes.

JUDGE

The defendant may make his statement.

GEORGE

I apologize again, Simon. I, also, thank your mother for her generosity toward a person like me. I too have deep gratitude that my villainy was interrupted, before greater harm occurred. It was "my lucky day." And, I will do everything I can to change. I'll go to therapy, if I can. I realize that I'm "no angel." And, knowing that really helps. I think I'm better oriented, and I'll be alright from now on. I'll do my very best to help end priestly abuse. I promise.

JUDGE

. . . . Have you completed your statement?

GEORGE

Yes.

JUDGE

Father George, I'm sentencing you to two years incarceration, which I'm reducing to two years of probation, in which you may work to pay a penalty 3,800 pounds to cover the plaintiffs therapy. You are mandated to register as a sex offender, remaining on the registry for a period of 5 years. The court is also mandating a psychiatric evaluation, plus a minimum of 50 hours of sex offender therapy to treat your condition. The better you do, the better the world

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE (cont'd)

does. I wish you a successful rehabilitation. . . .  
This trial is concluded, but not over, by any means.  
(Judge strikes with his gavel.)

*Fade to black. Actors congregate on stage to  
listen to the Oracle. The stage illuminates.  
(The Oracle appears on stage.)*

ORACLE

If all is One . . . then that One is you. So, being  
the only One. . . you'll have your turn as every  
*character* of "this" your endless theater. . All the  
roles and all the scripts await you. Is that still  
difficult to hear? What you're looking at is what is  
looking. See me in yourself. That is where I  
am. Expelling me, or any other spirit, is folly.  
Before your mother's birth you made a place for all  
spirits, rejecting none. . . . Can you  
remember?. You're the dreamer, in the other  
dimension. You are lost in this theater by  
choice. Yours, an endless adventure that tells a  
wondrous story. You have chosen well to live and  
die--to traverse the trials of justice eternally. If  
all is One, then the host of life is the guest, the  
dreamer, the dreamt, the forgiver, the forgiven. Yes,  
beyond notions of wrongdoing and right-doing, there is  
a field, I'll meet you there.

*End. Fade to black.*