

**SETTING:** A sleazy, x-rated movie house. It is empty and dark.

**AT RISE:** Sara and Rebecca pensively enter. We see the constant flickering of lights from the projector, and the sound of movie trailers in the background. Sara is dressed in typical teenager attire. Rebecca is wearing her Catholic school outfit, consisting of a white blouse, a gold crucifix, and a plaid skirt.

SARA

OK, now just follow my lead, and try to look mature.

REBECCA

I'm not sure that this was such a good idea.

SARA

Relax. No one's stopped us yet, have they?—which is really a miracle when you think about it, considering you were stupid enough to wear your school uniform.

REBECCA

Sorry.

SARA

Don't slouch.

REBECCA

You just told me to relax!

SARA

You'll look older if you stand up straight.

REBECCA

It's so dark in here.

SARA

Of course. It's gotta be that way. Otherwise, up-standing, pillar-of-the-community types wouldn't dare come in here.

REBECCA

How come?

SARA

They're afraid of being spotted by *other*, up-standing, pillar-of-the-community types.

REBECCA

(Spots a seat)

This looks good.

(They sit down. Rebecca is clearly uneasy and scrunches down in her seat)

You know....Father O'Brian says it's a sin to come into these kinds of places.

SARA

Hey, with Catholics, you can't even walk down the street to mail a letter without committing at least a dozen mortal sins. Just thinking lustful thoughts about that cute guy in the Spandex we saw today, may have been enough to put me away in purgatory for life.

REBECCA

My God! We should get out of here!

SARA

Naw....that's the beauty of the Catholic religion. No matter how bad your sin may be, all you gotta do is go and confess, say your hail Marys and...voila!—you're free to go out and sin like Hell till next Sunday rolls around.

REBECCA

That's nice of God to be so understanding.

SARA

Yeah. I think he feels bad about giving us all a sinful nature, and then blaming us for *succumbing* to it all the time. He's probably just trying to make it up to us for all of the internal, psychological conflict that causes us.

(Pause)

REBECCA

Do you think....I mean, in this movie, do you think they'll actually show people...well, you know....*doing* it?

SARA

Are you kidding? That's *all* they show! If any of these writers or directors were suddenly to get the notion to do something creative, like write in a plot line, or in any way, shape or form delineate character or introduce conflict?—they'd lose their license, or something. The audiences wouldn't stand for it.

REBECCA

How do you know so much about all this, anyway?

SARA

Well, this isn't actually my first time here. I came here once before, when I was nine.

REBECCA

My gosh! How'd you get in?

SARA

My mom took me.

REBECCA

Your mom?! But--! I don't get it. She seems so prudish about that sort of thing.

SARA

That's just it. She thought it was time to teach me about...anatomy, so to speak. But, I don't know, being raised a Catholic, you just didn't talk about that sort of thing. Well, I guess she figured she'd take me down here, point to the screen, and say "*There! That's* what I was trying to describe to you . If you ever see on of those things coming at you, you just turn your cute little ass the other direction and run as fast your legs will take you.

REBECCA

And so....? What happened?

SARA

Well....I didn't really learn much that I hadn't learned off the walls of the lavatory, but I think it was really quite enlightening for my mom. I don't think she'd actually ever seen a naked man before.

REBECCA

What about your dad?

SARA

Oh, *he's* seen lots of naked men.

REBECCA

No, I mean...hasn't your mom seen your dad?

SARA

Yeah. She's seen him.

(Beat)

But not naked.

(Beat)

I know you're merely a recently converted southern Baptist, but Catholics never, but never walk around exposing themselves.

REBECCA

Even in front of their husbands or wives?

SARA

Especially not in front of them! I mean, figure it out. My parents don't believe in birth control, right?

REBECCA

Right.

SARA

...and they've been married how many years?

REBECCA

I don't know....5?

SARA

(Staring blankly)

Close. 17.

(Beat)

And how many brothers and sisters do I have?

REBECCA

None.

SARA

Exactly. My personal theory is that they did it once on their wedding night, kept their pajamas on the whole, entire time, and, when they had me, decided they didn't ever want to go through that again, and figured naturally that abstinence was the only avenue open to them. Hell, even the *Virgin Mary* has seen more action than my *mom* has!

REBECCA

(Crossing herself frantically)

You don't mean Holy Mary, Mother of God?

SARA

The very same. What a slut! Even the Bible talks about Jesus having all these brothers and sisters. They couldn't all have been born of immaculate conception!

REBECCA

You're right. I'll bet she slept around. Even if she was kind of ugly, she could still get pretty far by saying she was the Mother of God.

SARA

Yeah, that's a pretty good selling point, all right.

REBECCA

Father O'Brian sure never teaches us about this kind of thing in school.