

a lecture in ten dimensions

FLATLAND



Script Excerpt

CAST

Quarrkant

Tagon

Linea

Cyrka

TIME

Now, unsteadily

PLACE

a lecture hall

Prior to this excerpt, a Square in Flatland has been visited by a Sphere from Three Dimensions. The Sphere whisks the Square to a harrowing visit to Lineland, where the Square scoffs at the citizens who insist there is only ONE dimension...until Square realizes he's making the same mistake himself, insisting there are only TWO dimensions. His revelation causes him to devote the rest of his life to spreading the Gospel of Three Dimensions to his fellow Flatlanders.

Dimension Six: The Wife

QUARRKANT turns back to the audience.

QUARRKANT

When I awoke, I was back in flat Flatland, in my own home, in my flat, two-dimensional world, and my first thought was that I had had a dream. But I knew it to have been not a mere vision, but a true visitation, and I was enlightened with purpose. I was a chosen disciple and...oh dear, that meant telling others about my visitation, and within *me* lay for all the rest of Flatland, each and every one of its citizens, to receive from me and me alone, the Gospel. And yet I knew to speak of it was to risk my pentagonal foreman having me arrested and intersected to death. How could I speak the Gospel? It would mean certain death. I could not speak of it. I was no disciple. I was too much of a coward.

LINEA

(as his wife)

Husband....

QUARRKANT

...I heard a voice cry, lurching me out of my bed with a jolt.

(Square's WIFE enters, portrayed by LINEA.

Front to Back.)

LINEA

Breakfast! Hurry! You'll be late. Hurry, husband! Hurry! Hurry!

QUARRKANT

A word about my wife. I love her. You need to know that.

LINEA

FRONT TO BACK
AND FORWARD AND BACK.
BACK TO FRONT
TO STAY ON THE TRACK.
A LINE IS STRAIGHT
AND STRAIGHT IS GOOD
AND GOOD IS FINE
AND UNDERSTOOD.

ANGLES ARE FOR NOBLER CREATURES,
ONES WHO HAVE A FEW MORE FEATURES:
THEY'RE MUCH MORE RECTANGULAR
THAN WOMEN WHO AREN'T ANGULAR.

FRONT AND BACK
AND FORWARD AND BACK.
BACK TO FRONT
TO STAY ON THE TRACK.
I ONLY SEE IN FRONT OF ME,
SO SEE AND LOOK
AND LOOK AND SEE.
HEE HEE!

QUARRKANT

What's not to love?
(calling to her, joining her)
Honey...?

LINEA

Yes, husband, breakfast. Hurry. You'll be late for work.

QUARRKANT

Honey, I have something I want to tell you.

LINEA

(delighted)
I'm pregnant!!?

QUARRKANT

Uh, no. And, that would be *you* telling me that, if it were true.

LINEA

It would?

QUARRKANT

Yes.

LINEA

All right, then. I'm pregnant.

QUARRKANT

You are?

LINEA

I don't know. You told me to tell you I was.

QUARRKANT

Oh, no, sweetheart. What I said was that if you were pregnant, you would be the one telling me.

LINEA

You're probably right. Oh, I do hope it's a son. I so would like a son.

QUARRKANT

Honey, we have four sons.

LINEA

(delighted)

We do? That's wonderful! Why didn't you tell me? Oh, I remember, you said it would be me telling you that. Husband, guess what? We have four sons!

QUARRKANT

.(to audience)

Isn't she sweet? And, if you can believe it, one of Flatland's *smarter* women.

LINEA

Four sons. Four sons!

(LINEA floats about the room. **I Have Four Sons.**)

LINEA

I HAVE FOUR SONS,
 FOUR SONS I HAVE.
 ONE FOR EACH DAY OF THE WEEK!
 I'LL PLANT FOR THEM A GARDEN.
 LA LA LA LA LA LA LA
 LA LA LA LA LA LA
 LA LA LA LA LA LA
 I HAVE FOUR SONS.

I PRAY A PRAYER FOR THEM
 THEY'LL NEVER GET HURT,
 NEVER FEEL PAIN.
 PRAY THAT THEIR GARDEN
 WILL ALWAYS HAVE PLENTY
 SUN AND RAIN.
 LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA
 I HAVE FOUR SONS.

QUARRKANT

Honey....

LINEA

Hmm?

QUARRKANT

I have something to tell you.

LINEA

(delighted)

I'm pregnant!!?

QUARRKANT

No. Listen, this might be hard for you to understand.

LINEA

You can tell me anything, husband dear. I love you. Is that breakfast? Didn't that work out? I was feeling hungry.

QUARRKANT

I had a visitation last night from the most perfect of Circles: a Sphere, infinitely beyond our own Priests, and I think there might be a way for us to better ourselves, for our sons to bypass being Foreman all their lives, for me not to be a mere Worker: I have decided to become the Sphere's disciple and preach the Gospel of Three Dimensions, and follow her, beginning this morning, beginning with you.

LINEA

Oh.

(pause)

Chances are I won't understand you.

QUARRKANT

Maybe so. But let me try. Wouldn't you *like* to better yourself?

LINEA

Better myself. I'm straight from beginning to end. What, what could be better?

QUARRKANT

Oh, I don't know. Another side?

LINEA

Another. Side. To...a...line?

QUARRKANT

I have another side, three other sides. I have four sides. There's no reason why you can't have four or five or ten or twenty. According to the Gospel, you can have an infinite number. Oh, honey, it was wonderful....

(QUARRKANT revels in his memory. **Oh Honey It Was Wonderful.**)

QUARRKANT

(over music)

When the Sphere visited me, she intersected Flatland and looked first like a Point, then a Circle, then she grew larger and larger until she had reached her full size, then grew smaller and smaller until she was a mere Point again, and then she vanished. Well, well, not vanished; she was still there. Honey, she was the most perfect creature I've ever seen. More perfect than our Circles.

LINEA

Do you...love...her? This woman?

QUARRKANT

(realizes)

Oh. No, no. Well, yes, but not like that. I worship her, I idolize her, but I love you.

LINEA

(teary)

Maybe we should...have our...breakfast --?

QUARRKANT

Honey, don't cry. This is good. The Gospel will make us better.

LINEA

You don't like me the way I am.

QUARRKANT

I love you the way you are.

LINEA

But you want me to be more like...her. Things would be different if I could bear you sons.

QUARRKANT

Bear me sons? But you have. We have four sons.

LINEA

(delighted; all sadness obliterated)

We do!? That's wonderful.

(music out)

LINEA

So you won't leave me after all.

QUARRKANT

Leave you? No! I love you.

LINEA

Oh good!

(humming to herself, a cappella)

LA LA LA LA

(then:)

Did you say this woman appears, then grows larger and then smaller, then disappears?

QUARRKANT

I did.

LINEA

That's what I thought. I'm going to call a doctor for you.

QUARRKANT

No, don't call a doctor.

LINEA

You're not well. I'm going to tell the doctor you're seeing women priests appear and disappear. Maybe he can --

QUARRKANT

No, don't do anything. Let me try to figure out how to explain the Gospel myself. If you tell him I'm seeing women Priests....

LINEA

But you are!

QUARRKANT

Please, honey, listen to me. I probably shouldn't've said anything to you. If a doctor or any other polyhedron thinks I'm having thoughts about beings more perfect than Circles, they'll either take me away to the madhouse, or they'll lock me away for having subversive and dangerous political ideas and they'll execute me before I've had a chance to spread the Gospel. Please. Don't tell anyone anything. Not until I've had a chance to figure out how to explain it in a way that doesn't sound like I'm mad. All right? Promise me.

LINEA

Very well. As you wish, my husband. I'll tell the doctor just like you ask.

QUARRKANT

No. *Don't* tell the doctor.

LINEA

What? You said.

QUARRKANT

I'm saying *don't* tell the doctor.

LINEA

You said he's a Polyhedron.

QUARRKANT

Yes, he is a Polyhedron, which is precisely why I'm saying --

LINEA

To tell him everything.

QUARRKANT

No, to tell him nothing.

LINEA

I understand.

QUARRKANT

Do you? Because that's not what I'm hearing.

LINEA

(infinite patience)

It's very simple, my husband. If I tell the doctor you think you're seeing women appear and disappear into thin air, they'll lock you away. And who will raise our four sons then? Me? By myself? Now, let me start breakfast.

QUARRKANT

(dubious)

So...just so I'm clear. You won't say anything to the doctor?

LINEA

No, dear. Of course not. I won't say a word to anyone.

QUARRKANT

Okay, good. That's good.

LINEA

(humming to herself, a cappella)

LA LA LA LA LA LA....

(SHE drifts away.)

QUARRKANT

Ordinarily I found my wife's simplicity endearing. That morning, I found it terrifying. I discovered later that although she never meant to betray me, that's exactly what she did, with the very first person she met up with that morning. A fellow Woman. A member of the Flatland Society of Wives and Mothers.

(to LINEA and CYRKA)

Ladies? If you'd be so kind as to re-enact that scene for us, I'd be much obliged.

CYRKA

Delighted. Flatland's Wives and Mothers are such a credit to the female species.

TAGON

(to QUARRKANT; a little swagger)

Hey, is it me, or have we gotten a better hold on presenting time in linear order?

QUARRKANT

I didn't want to say....

TAGON

(referring to the audience)

Makes it easier for them to understand, is my guess.

CYRKA

(tapping her foot)

You ready, boys?

QUARRKANT

Good to go.

CYRKA

As I was saying...such a credit to the female species....

(QUARRKANT and TAGON bow, and yield the floor to LINEA and CYRKA to re-enact an encounter.
Such a Credit to the Female Species.)

Dimension Seven: The Wives

Two Flatland WIVES meet together
 on a quiet street in Flatland.
 QUARRKANT and TAGON share knowing,
 pitying looks to the side.

CYRKA

(after conclusion of music)
 Have you heard the gossip?

LINEA

I've not heard the gossip.

CYRKA

Shall I tell you the gossip?

LINEA

You shall tell me the gossip.

CYRKA

Oh, how terrible to traffic in gossip. We're terrible, aren't
 we?

LINEA

Terrible.

CYRKA

Terrible.

LINEA

Nevertheless....

CYRKA

Nevertheless.

LINEA

The gossip is?

CYRKA

The gossip, oh, yes, tell me!

LINEA

Uh....

CYRKA

No, let me go first! The gossip is that my neighbor's newborn son is an...Irregular.

LINEA

No!

CYRKA

Yes! An unequal twenty-seventh and eighth.

LINEA

Sides, you mean?

CYRKA

Yes. He's missing a few degrees up there. So he, you know, sticks up. Almost like a triangle right there.

LINEA

Triangle?

CYRKA

Yes, where he sticks up. A pointy bit.

LINEA

Pointy....

CYRKA

You know. Angle angle angle angle angle angle Pointy Angle angle angle angle angle.

LINEA

There, you said it again. Why're you saying Pointy?

CYRKA

Did I say Pointy?

LINEA

You said angle Pointy Angle angle.

CYRKA

Oh, yes, that's the sticky-uppy part.

LINEA

What is?

CYRKA

Between angle angle angle angle and angle angle angle angle angle angle.

LINEA

Now you're confusing me. I thought you said between twenty-seven and twenty-eight.

CYRKA

Between twenty-seven and twenty-eight what?

LINEA

Your neighbor's newborn son.

CYRKA

What about him?

LINEA

Well, I heard he's an Irregular.

CYRKA

No!!

LINEA

Yes. An unequal twenty-seven and twenty-eight.

CYRKA

A Protruder!

LINEA

That's what I'm saying.

CYRKA

Poor dear. They'll shun him.

LINEA

They'll have to. Can't have him marrying. No, can't have that. Irregular'd only make more Irregulars, and then where would we be?

CYRKA

Think of the Wife, discovering, you know, the Protruberance.

LINEA

What do you mean?

CYRKA

Well, imagine the first time she perimeters him, it'd be angle
angle angle angle oh-what's-this!

LINEA

Terrible.

CYRKA

Can't have it.

LINEA

They might have to kill him, then, eh? an irregular monstrosity
like that?

(brief pause)

What else do you do with him?

(brief pause)

Well, I s'pose there's always government work.

CYRKA

S'pose so.

LINEA

Poor family. And yours?

CYRKA

How do you mean?

LINEA

Your family. Your sons. No irregularity there?

CYRKA

Angle angle angle angle angle angle. And yours?

LINEA

Still hoping.

CYRKA

But I thought you....

LINEA

No. My husband, I'm thinking.

CYRKA

Oh, is that so. Your husband.

LINEA

My husband. Which reminds me. No. Something I wasn't supposed to tell you.

CYRKA

What do you mean? You can tell me anything.

LINEA

No, not this.

(LINEA preens and grows all-proud. **I Can't Say a Thing.**)

LINEA

NO, I CAN'T! I CAN'T SAY A THING
FOR FEAR YOU'LL THINK HE'S A TRAITOR.
I WON'T TELL YOU WHAT HE SAYS:
THAT A SQUARE, IF HE DARE,
CAN BE GREATER.
FOR IT SEEMS HE'S HAVING THESE DREAMS:
A SQUARE NEED NOT BE THE LEAST
OR A CIRCLE'S NOT PERFECT
AND NEVER CAN BE
AND PERHAPS SHOULDN'T BE A PRIEST.

I'm not saying that

HE'S BREAKING LAWS
HAVING A DANGEROUS CAUSE.
CHOP HIS HEAD:
YOUR HUSBAND HAS HIM DEAD
IF HE KNEW
WHICH HE WON'T:
I WON'T TELL YOU
WHAT HE HAS TAUGHT.
THAT WAY, HE'LL NEVER BE CAUGHT.
YOUR HUSBAND CAN'T ARREST HIM
IF HE'S NOT HEARD.
SO I WON'T SAY A WORD.

CYRKA

You're a good wife.

LINEA

Am I? Well, I do love him so. Hate to have anything happen. We're trying to raise a family. I'd love to have some sons one day.

CYRKA

Ooh, that *would* be nice.

LINEA

I thought you already had some? You know, angle angle angle angle angle angle.

CYRKA

Y'know, I can't remember.

LINEA

Remember what?

CYRKA

Ehhhh.....

(QUARRKANT comes forward.)

QUARRKANT

(to audience)

So of course when that night my Wife's friend was cooking dinner for her husband, my foreman boss the Pentagon....

(TAGON comes forward, as the Pentagon.)

QUARRKANT

...and she wanted to share what a good and loyal friend she was to my Wife, she was very careful to say:

(CYRKA and TAGON re-enact a scene between Wife and the Pentagon. **She Was Very Careful to Say.**)

CYRKA

NO, I CAN'T! I CAN'T SAY A THING
FOR FEAR YOU'LL THINK HE'S A TRAITOR.
I WON'T TELL YOU WHAT SHE SAYS HE SAYS:
THAT A SQUARE, IF HE DARE, CAN BE GREATER.
NOR, IT SEEMS HE'S HAVING THESE DREAMS:
A SQUARE NEED NOT BE THE LEAST
OR A CIRCLE'S NOT PERFECT
AND NEVER CAN BE AND PERHAPS
SHOULDN'T BE A PRIEST.

She's not saying that

HE'S BREAKING LAWS
HAVING A DANGEROUS CAUSE.
CHOP HIS HEAD.
CAUSE YOU WOULD WANT HIM DEAD
IF YOU KNOW WHICH YOU DON'T:
I WON'T TELL YOU
WHAT HE HAS TAUGHT.
THAT WAY, HE'LL NEVER BE CAUGHT.
YOU CAN'T ARREST HIM IF HE'S NOT HEARD.
SO I WON'T SAY A WORD.

Dimension Eight: The Arrest

QUARRKANT

(to audience)

Of course you can see it wasn't very long before --

(TAGON bursts into QUARRKANT's home.)

TAGON

You have broken the law.

(TAGON grabs a hold of QUARRKANT, pulling him off to prison. **You Have Broken the Law.**)

QUARRKANT

(over music)

I know, but I did so in the name of the Gospel.

TAGON

So now the Law must break you.

LINEA

(still as Wife)

What's happening?!?

QUARRKANT

They're arresting me.

LINEA

Why?

QUARRKANT

I have thought thoughts they do not want me to think.

LINEA

Then un-think them.

QUARRKANT

Would that I could. Would that I could. *I proclaim the Gospel of Three Dimensions and spherical manifestations infinitely superior to the Circles of Flatland whose Truth shall set me --*

(TAGON strikes QUARRKANT in the gut. QUARRKANT collapses. Decidedly not a comic moment; a little shocking and unexpected.)

TAGON

Attend to your Configuration. Circles are the highest manifestation of all life. Out of necessity and anticipation of benefits to my descendents, I pledge to honor and protect the Constitution of Flatland and its devotion to the harmonious and inevitable advancement of its citizens as they as a society band together to eradicate the traitorous and anarchic who would seek to spread heresy and discontentment.

ALL HAIL THE CIRCLE.

ALL HAIL THE ARC.

(TAGON rouses QUARRKANT and marches him into a re-enactment of a prison cell. Music still.)

TAGON

Square, we officers have arrested thee and imprisoned thee. Thy trial will begin tomorrow at dawn. Prepare. Recant, or die. Do you understand?

QUARRKANT

(nods)

TAGON

(softening)

For what it's worth, I'm sorry it's come to this. But I did warn you. Wife, you have ten minutes with the prisoner.

(TAGON leaves LINEA alone, outside QUARRKANT's prison cell. Music shifts.)

LINEA

Prison.

QUARRKANT

Yes.

LINEA

Somehow I think...I can't help thinking this is somehow my fault.

QUARRKANT

And somehow I can't help but agree with you.

LINEA

Oh, that's good. I like it when we agree. It means we're not disagreeing. Right?

QUARRKANT

I'm going to miss you. You make me laugh.

LINEA

And that's good?

QUARRKANT

The laughing part's good. The missing you...not as much. Listen, I want to make sure you understand.

LINEA

Oh, I do!

QUARRKANT

No, I haven't come to the part I don't think you -- I'm going to be executed tomorrow.

LINEA

I know! It's exciting!

QUARRKANT

Do you know what being executed means?

LINEA

Something to do with medals and ribbons?

QUARRKANT

No.

LINEA

Candy?

QUARRKANT

It means they're going to kill me.

LINEA

Oh. But you'll be home in time for dinner?

QUARRKANT

No.

LINEA

Breakfast?

QUARRKANT

No. You won't see me again after tonight. I'll be dead.

LINEA

Dead!

QUARRKANT

I'm sorry.

LINEA

I'll be alone.

QUARRKANT

You'll have our Sons.

LINEA

If we ever have any. But we won't have you.

QUARRKANT

No.

LINEA

That makes me sad.

QUARRKANT

It makes me sad, too. But at least you're beginning to understand. And that's good.

YOU SAID YOU THOUGHT
THAT THIS IS YOUR FAULT.
IT'S NOT.
I'M GOING TO BE EXECUTED
BECAUSE OF A THOUGHT.
A THOUGHT WHICH SCARES PEOPLE.
A THOUGH OF A MORE PERFECT WORLD.
A MORE PERFECT WORLD
WHERE INSIGNIFICANT SQUARES LIKE ME
AND MERE LINES, MERE LINES LIKE YOU
AT LAST CAN BE INFINITE AND FREE.

LINEA

That sounds good.

Does, doesn't it? QUARRKANT

(TAGON returns.)

Time's up. TAGON

Give us a moment to say goodbye? QUARRKANT

Of course. TAGON

(TAGON withdraws.)

My Wife. My simple, dear, sweet Wife. I wish we had more time. QUARRKANT

Me too. LINEA

QUARRKANT
IN THIS WORLD OF OURS,
THIS LIMITED WORLD OF OURS,
YOU'RE THE CLOSEST THING
TO PERFECTION
THAT I'VE KNOWN.
THROUGH YOU
WITH YOU
LIFE HAS BEEN WORTH LIVING.
I HAVE NO REGRETS.
I HAVE NO BLAME.
I FEEL ONLY LOVE AND LIGHT WITH YOU.
GOODBYE, MY LOVE, GOODBYE, MY SWEET.
MAY THE FUTURE BE AS WOND'ROUS AS THE PAST.
THINK ON ME.
THINK ON ME AND THIS AND THIS:
MAY YOU GREET EACH DAY
WITH JOY,
WITH JOY AND BLISS.
GOODBYE.
GOODBYE.

LINEA
You'll be back in time for dinner, though, right?

QUARRKANT

So close.

GOODBYE.

GOODBYE.

(TAGON ushers in a new setting.)

TAGON

Hear ye, hear ye, enter the Magistrates and Higher Polygonals
for the trial of the Traitorous.

(We shift to the Halls of Justice. **How Perfect
is the Law of Compensation.**)

Dimension Nine: The Trial

CYRKA and LINEA take on the roles
of Priest-Judges. TAGON re-enacts
the Bailiff.

CYRKA/LINEA/TAGON

HOW PERFECT IS THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.
HOW PERFECT IS THE LAW OF NATURAL FITNESS.
THREE SIDES: ONE-TWENTY.
FOUR SIDES: NINETY.
FIVE SIDES: SEVENTY-TWO.
SIX SIDES: SIXTY.
EIGHT SIDES: FORTY FIVE.
NINE SIDES: FORTY.
TEN SIDES: THIRTY-SIX.
BUT SEVEN SIDES:
IMPERFECTION!

FIFTY-ONE POINT FOUR TWO EIGHT FIVE SEVEN ONE
FOUR TWO EIGHT FIVE SEVEN ONE FOUR
TWO EIGHT FIVE SEVEN ONE.
FANFARE FOR FLATLAND.
FANFARE FOR FLATLAND!
AND OUR DIVINE ORIGIN.
LIVING PROOF OF THE JUDICIOUS APPLICATION
OF THE LAWS OF STATE AND NATION
BY WHICH WE ARE SO ENNOBLED
AND THE EXECUTION WHICH IS
METED OUT TO THE OBSTINATE,
THE FOOLISH AND THE
HOPELESSLY IRREGULAR.

TAGON

Square. Approach.

(QUARRKANT takes his place on the stand.)

TAGON

YOU STAND ACCUSED
OF TREASONOUS SUBVERSIVE ELOCUTION
WHICH IF YOU DON'T RECANT
WILL LEAD TO YOUR IMMEDIATE EXECUTION.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

QUARRKANT

I do. And I'm not going to recant. With grave apologies to my Wife. I wish to state to the court and to the rest of those assembled, that I have received a Gospel, a Gospel of Three Dimensions in which there are beings, many many beings, more perfect than Circles....

(The ladies gasp.)

TAGON

Order, order. You understand you're under oath.

QUARRKANT

That actually makes it easier. Look, I know this is hard to understand, but let me try. I saw, I was taken to a world called Lineland, where there's only one dimension, and whose Monarch had no conception of width, but I tried to explain that doesn't mean it doesn't exist. A line extended through width is a square.

TAGON

The court will not be lectured at us if we were children. Of course a line extended through width is a square.

QUARRKANT

Wait. The analogy's important. In Flatland, where there are only two dimensions, we have no concept of *Up*. But that doesn't mean it doesn't exist. A Square extended through *Up*...is...well, I don't know what it's called, but I've seen a Circle extended through *up*, and it's called

A SPHERE.

But when she projects herself,

PROJECTS HERSELF TO FLATLAND

YOU CAN SEE THAT SHE'S A PERFECT CIRCLE.

Whereas we...

EVEN OUR PRIESTS AREN'T PERFECT.

(Reaction from the three officials.)

QUARRKANT

THEY'RE MERELY POLYGONS
WITH THOUSANDS OF SIDES.
THEY ARE NOT PERFECT.
THEY NEVER WILL BE.
THEY NEVER CAN BE.
THEY CAN APPROXIMATE PERFECTION,
THEY CAN STRIVE TOWARDS PERFECTION,
BUT THEY WILL NEVER ACTUALLY GET THERE.
NOT EVER.

TAGON

Recant.

TAGON

No.

QUARRKANT

Last chance.

TAGON

No.

QUARRKANT

Then I have no choice.

TAGON

QUARRKANT
You would have a choice if you would listen to the Gospel of
Three Di --

TAGON

Intersect the prisoner!

(QUARRKANT "dies," then steps out of the scene
and addresses the audience.)

Dimension Ten: Perfection

QUARRKANT

My execution in Flatland was, of course, meaningless. Once I'd learned that I existed in three dimensions, a two-dimensional intersection at one of my infinite planes was...well, you can see...that just doesn't mean anything. Then from three dimensions to four to five to six to ten was a fairly easy transfiguration. Once you glimpse perfection and know it's possible, not much stops you from getting there. Ten dimensions, that's perfect. I know you still have but three, and I can only hope you can follow the analogy I did when I was a mere Square in Flatland.

Imagine extending *you*, your own self -- it's hard to find the right English word -- it's sort of like your words *Out*, or, or, *Through*. It's rather like I counseled the Monarch of Lineland:

(All four MISSIONARIES come forward, addressing the audience, very importantly. **Step, Monarchs.**)

QUARRKANT, TAGON, LINEA, CYRKA

EXTEND!

EXTEND YOURSELF THE MEREST POINT

TOWARDS OUT.

OR THROUGH.

IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER.

O MONARCHS,

TO YOU THERE IS INFINITY.

INFINITY ANY DIRECTION

EXCEPT THE ONES THAT YOU ALREADY KNOW.

STEP.

STEP!

QUARRKANT

I stepped. I was once a mere Square.

TAGON

I stepped. I was once a mere Pentagon.

LINEA

I was once a mere Line. Yes, I was a Wife. "Did I have any Sons?" Yeah, kinda glad I'm not her anymore.

CYRKA

I started off as a Tensurean. That's five dimensions, but it was just as hard for me to believe there could be such a thing as a Sixth dimension. It took my stepping outside myself to see the Sixth. After that, seven, eight, nine and ten came easy, and I have to say, knowing there are ten dimensions and only ten dimensions is a great comfort to all of us.

(ALL assent.)

CYRKA

We know, unlike the Monarch of Lineland, that we actually are the manifestation of perfection. There is no eleventh dimension. There cannot be. Our mathematics proves it beyond a certainty, and it is with great love that we stand before you now today to give you a glimpse into the existence of the Gospel of Ten Dimensions. Of perfection. Strive to be us, will you? Strive to the perfection which we have achieved.

QUARRKANT, TAGON, LINEA, CYRKA

STEP!
 STEP, MONARCH,
 STEP BUT A SINGLE POINT
 OUTSIDE YOUR OWN EXPERIENCE.
 YOU WILL SEE INFINITY.
 STEP.
 STEP,
 STEP, MONARCH, STEP!
 STEP!

(The MISSIONARIES revel, as the lights fade.)

THE END