



(**SR. ROBERT ANNE** turns on her heels very indignantly and starts to exit left. As she gets to the bed she starts “sinking” and we hear:)

SR. ROBERT ANNE. I’m melting...melting...melting...
(Fading, she exits.)

REV. MOTHER. If only she could. (sitting down at the counter with the bag) I’m terribly sorry for this delay, folks. They’ll only be a moment. Now what is this she’s fussing about?

(The spotlight fades up on **REV. MOTHER** as she discovers a small bottle in the bag.)

Well, it’s called “Rush.” It must be something for people in a hurry. (examining the bottle) I guess you take a spoonful after every meal—let’s see – no – it says here: “Remove cap, allow to stand, aroma will develop.” Aroma? What kind of aroma?

(She opens bottle and takes a whiff.)

Ooooh – Good Lord, it smells awful! Why would anyone want this stuff? (looking at the bottle) R – U...R – U...

(singing) ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

Is it warm in here? I’m awfully warm. It must be the wimple. Oh, I hope I don’t get wimple itch. I don’t know what the girls are doing with this stuff. It can’t be good for you. It smells just awful.

(She turns her back to the audience, takes a quick sniff, and then turns back. She is starting to get the giggles.)

Is it hot in here? Whoa, it must be the lights. Alright. In a few minniments – monuments – mominna – (laughing) – SOON – (laughing more with a snort) we’ll get back to Nundance – No! Flashnun! (flipping the scapular in the air and laughing) Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Nun – no, no, no. That’s not right. Nun with the Wind! (She gives a “Bronx cheer” or “Raspberry” [a sound mimicking flatulence] then turns to the band.) What



show is this?

REV. MOTHER. *(getting up and walking toward the band)*

I've never felt better in my life. Hey, have you guys tried this stuff? Oh, of course, you have. You're musicians! *(coming back to the audience)* Have you tried this? Have you...*(picking someone in the front of the audience)*...oh, you have. I know you have. You know this stuff is absolutely marvelous. I'm gonna take some back to the convent. *(taking a huge audible sniff)* Whooooooooaaaaa! I'm going to Disney World!

(REV. MOTHER goes back to sit down and regain her composure.)

Okay. Let's all sit back and watch a coupl'a butch nuns dance. *(laughing raucously and then realizing what was said)* Did I say that? *(With right arm outstretched, she hits the top of the counter three times while saying.)* That's not right. *(hit three more times)* That's not right. *(looking left)* Come in! *(More laughing then turning toward center stool, she takes it like a steering wheel. In a low pitched voice:)* I got to drive Miss Daisy down to the Piggly Wiggly!

(Turning back on the stool REV. MOTHER slips off and down to the counter floor while her habit goes over the stool making her look pregnant.)

It's a miracle! Somebody call a donkey and get me to the manger. *(She starts to get up.)* Oh-oh. I'm stuck. I'm not kidding. I'm *really* stuck! Well, don't anybody rush up here to help me. Never mind, I'll do it myself. *(Struggling, she gets her leg over the stool and is on the floor.)* Free Willy! Free Willy! You know, it's *hot* in here!

(SR. HUBERT followed by SR. LEO & SR. AMNESIA enter right door.)

SR. HUBERT. Reverend Mother!