



SR. HUBERT & REV. MOTHER. Nobody home!

REV. MOTHER. *(pointing upward to the right)* Look, Amnesia. An angel!

(SR. AMNESIA steps out from behind the counter looking up in the air as REV. MOTHER grabs the wooden stand and tosses it behind the counter. SR. AMNESIA steps back and before she can say that she didn't see the angel REV. MOTHER continues.)

Flew in, took the stand, flew out! *(indicating the countertop)* Look, all clean. Well, shall we take a look at the book?

SR. HUBERT. Why not?

(REV. MOTHER opens the book. All "Ooooh" with delight.)

(From here down to 'Music Cue 24', the script is printed in the prop cookbook and does not need to be memorized!)

REV. MOTHER. I can see that the Main Section is just chock full of unusual recipes especially suited to the Catholic Kitchen. For example – Here's Cesar Franck's Panis Angelicus. A delightful taste treat consisting of two hot dogs, wrapped in anchovies and served on a slice of Angel Food cake????! *(looking horrified)* Has anybody ever tested this stuff?

SR. HUBERT. Why, no – we only saw the book today. I thought you went over all this with Julia.

REV. MOTHER. I went over it? I thought you...etc.

(The two began arguing simultaneously. REV. MOTHER saying such things as "I can't do everything." SR. HUBERT saying "Well, neither can I". Argument escalates until we hear SR. HUBERT say:)

SR. HUBERT. Don't you remember, we were watching the Food Channel and when that chef got chopped you said, "Oh, that reminds me, I've got to check out Julia's book!"

REV. MOTHER. Well, it's too late now, isn't it?



SR. HUBERT. In a word, yes!

REV. MOTHER. Well, we'll just go on. Look, how cute. The Mortally sinful Devil's Food Cake.

SR. AMNESIA. If you eat that, will you go to hell?

REV. MOTHER. Maybe...but what a way to go!

SR. HUBERT. Here's one. Mary Magdalene Tarts! I'll bet they're easy!

REV. MOTHER. And cheap!

(They both laugh at their own jokes.)

SR. AMNESIA. Look. Here's a recipe for Boy Scouts.

REV. MOTHER. Why don't you read that one, Amnesia?

(taking the book, SR. AMNESIA starts reading silently)

Out loud, Sister.

SR. AMNESIA. Oh. "Boy Scout Treats." It says, "First, get twelve brownies *real* hot!"

(REV. MOTHER pulls the book back. She and SR.

HUBERT look down into the book and then to each other.

REV. MOTHER rips the page out, and continues.)

REV. MOTHER. It's a misprint. Moving right along...here's an interesting section: Holiday Recipes.

SR. HUBERT. Now, this looks pretty good. Turkey Stuffing.

REV. MOTHER. It says you take one package of regular stuffing mix.

SR. HUBERT. One package, regular stuffing mix.

REV. MOTHER. One onion, minced.

SR. HUBERT. One onion.

REV. MOTHER. One cup of unpopped popcorn.

SR. HUBERT. Unpopped popcorn.

REV. MOTHER. Mix it all together.

SR. HUBERT. Mix together.

REV. MOTHER. Stuff it in your bird.

SR. HUBERT. Stuff it in your bird.

REV. MOTHER. Put your bird in the oven.



SR. HUBERT. Bird in the oven.

REV. MOTHER. 400 degrees.

SR. HUBERT. 400 degrees.

REV. MOTHER. *(turns page)* And when his ass blows off he's done!

(The two continue to look at each other and the book until laughter peaks.)

I can't believe that lame-brain Julia!

SR. HUBERT. Holy Smoke!

(SR. HUBERT is pointing to the book. SRS. LEO & ROBERT ANNE enter left door.)

SR. ROBERT ANNE. What's the matter? Is something burning?

REV. MOTHER. No, she's included the recipe for that soup.

ALL BUT REV. MOTHER. What??

REV. MOTHER. Look, it's right here – vichyssoise soup.

SR. LEO. Well, the *recipe* isn't poison, is it?

REV. MOTHER. How should I know? I should have known better that to trust that nitwit! Well, we certainly can't sell this thing.

SR. HUBERT. Well, what are we going to do? We were counting on the books to bring in some extra money.

(Music Cue 24: SECOND FIDDLE [REPRISE])

SR. LEO. I could do my fire baton.

SR. HUBERT. No fire baton!

SR. AMNESIA. I could do my bird calls.

REV. MOTHER. And what, dare I ask, are your bird calls?

SR. AMNESIA. Here birdie, birdie. Here birdie, birdie!

SR. ROBERT ANNE. I don't believe this!

REV. MOTHER. What?

SR. ROBERT ANNE.

I'M CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE
STILL PLAYING SECOND FIDDLE
WHILE YOU PEDDLE POISON RECIPES.