

*(She turns upstage and flips the veil over the side of her face so the white veil lining looks like the Phantom Mask and she turns and limps toward the audience. The band plays a measure or two of the "Phantom" theme.)*

*(if audience laughs)* Oh!      *(if audience is quiet)*  
 You got tickets!      Nobody got tickets?

Okay, I got one more. This takes a little time so bear with me. *(to CONDUCTOR)* Hey, Father. How 'bout a little mood music?

*(Music Cue 17: THE VEIL)*

*(The following section is spoken while twisting the veil into two braids and then tying them around the head, creating an up-do.)*

You know, I do these for my students. They think they're hysterical. Of course, they love to laugh. That's how I get through to them. You know, by being funny. I teach seventh grade. That is a rough age to be. I oughta know. When I was in seventh grade I got sent to Saint Clare's School for the Deplorable. Okay, here we go. The final impression of the evening: *(a la Katherine Hepburn)* "The callalilies are in bloom again. Such a strange flower."

*(She bows and puts her veil back as it should be. Music out.)*

Let's not mention this to You-Know-Who. Reverend Mother does not always appreciate my methods or my behavior. But ya gotta understand. I grew up in Canarsie. You know where that is? Brooklyn! Yo Mamma! Scungili! *(pronounced skoon-JEEL)* You had to be tough. And I was. I was one tough kid.

*(She gets the stool from beside the juke box and brings it down center and sits. If she accompanies herself she also gets the guitar/uke.)*

See, my dad was never around much and my mom had to work two jobs, so us kids were alone a lot. I was always

in trouble – that’s why I got sent to St. Clare’s. But, hey, it’s okay. Things have worked out. My background even paid off a little bit. Not only do I *drive* the convent car, I can *strip* it faster than any mechanic in Hoboken! You know a lot of the guys back in the hood still can’t believe I’m a nun. But I have to tell you why. It’s all because of Sister Rose Francis.

(*Music Cue 18: **GROWING UP CATHOLIC***)

She was the Head of Saint Clare’s. Boy, oh boy, she was somethin’ else. She was the one person who made me believe I was worth something. And I want to be just like her. Sometimes I miss Saint Clare’s. Things were really different back then. It was a long time ago.

AT SAINT CLARE’S SCHOOL, RELIGION CLASS

BEGAN WITH MASS EACH DAY.

IT WAS SAID IN LATIN THEN.

THAT’S HOW I LEARNED TO PRAY.

THE NUNS APPEARED IN BLACK AND WHITE.

(**SRS. HUBERT, LEO, AMNESIA**, *enter upper left and position themselves like a choir on the stairs. They “ooh” as **SR. ROBERT ANNE** continues singing.*)

AND SO DID EVERY RULE.

THINGS WERE EITHER WRONG OR RIGHT

AT SAINT CLARE’S CATHOLIC SCHOOL.

**THE “CHOIR”.**

HOSANNA!

**ALL.**

HOSANNA!

HOSANNA IN EXCELSIS.

EXCELSIS, IN EXCELSIS.

**SR. ROBERT ANNE.**

BUT THEN THE RULES BEGAN TO CHANGE

AND MANY LOST THEIR WAY.

WHAT WAS ALWAYS BLACK AND WHITE

WAS TURNING SHADES OF GRAY.