



ALL.

AND ALL WE KNOW IS:
WE JUST CAN'T KICK IT,
THOUGH SOME FOLKS MAY PICKET,
WE JUST CAN'T KICK THIS NUNSENSE.
SO ON WITH THE SHOW!

(Quick blackout, lights up. All of the SISTERS are congratulating each other as SRS. ROBERT ANNE, AMNESIA, LEO, exit stage right door. REV. MOTHER is center. SR. HUBERT stands at her right.)

START

REV. MOTHER. Oh, thank-you. Thank-you so very much. Now, just in case there is anyone here who hasn't heard what our little fund-raiser is all about – we've had a small disaster back at our convent. You see, a short time ago, our cook, Sister Julia–

(both cross themselves)

– Child of God, served some vichyssoise soup and nearly every sister died instantly of botulism!

SR. HUBERT. It was kind of like the last supper! *(She laughs at her little joke.)* That's a little convent humor!

(REV. MOTHER is not amused at SR. HUBERT's stealing the spotlight.)

REV. MOTHER. Why, we wouldn't be here now if it hadn't been for the fact that we were off playing bingo with some Maryknolls. *(to SR. HUBERT)* What a bunch of cut-throats they turned out to be, huh?

SR. HUBERT. *(rather excitedly)* I still say their Mother Superior cheated when she didn't call B-15! I know she had it.

REV. MOTHER. Now, calm down, Sister. Lord knows, she's not pretty, but she doesn't cheat.

SR. HUBERT. She does, too. B-15 – I saw her slip it right up her sleeve. It was all I needed to win. *(very indignantly)* But that's alright, cause God don't like ugly! MMM–MMM.



REV. MOTHER. *(to audience)* The point is when we got back to the convent we found fifty-two of our sisters lying face down in that soup!

SR. HUBERT. Now, we had no idea what to do so we all began praying for guidance.

REV. MOTHER. Then I had a vision. It was either Saint Catherine of Siena or Saint Thomas Aquinas in drag. *(pause)* I never could tell 'em apart – *(pause)* Never have seen 'em together! Anyway, I was instructed to start a greeting card company to raise funds. Well, of course I did – and it was a huge success!

SR. HUBERT. So we took the money and buried forty-eight of the fifty-two dead sisters and then Reverend Mother bought a 3D-HD flat-screen TV for the convent. *(pause)* Personally, I thought we should have buried *all* of the sisters *before* we bought the 3D-HD flat-screen TV, but as Mistress of Novices I'm only "number two" around here so one tries hard not to question Reverend Mother.

REV. MOTHER. *(getting very irritated)* And one will try –

BOTH. – harder in the future!

REV. MOTHER. That's right, dear!

(REV. MOTHER points the index fingers of both hands at SR. HUBERT's face and makes a "ZZZZZZTT" sound as if to zap her.)

The worst part is, we had to put the last four sisters in the freezer!

SR. HUBERT. And the Ben & Jerry's ain't tasted the same since!

REV. MOTHER. That's why we're putting on this little show. We've got to raise enough money to bury those last four dead sisters!

SR. HUBERT. We hope you'll forgive the limitations put on us by the loss of so many of our sisters, but if they hadn't *died*, we wouldn't have to *bury* them, and then there wouldn't *be* this little show in the first place.

REV. MOTHER. *(to SR. HUBERT)* But they *did*, we *have* to, and there *is*, so there you are!

(Using the index fingers of both hands and pointing them at each others faces they “zap” each other in unison: ZZZZZZTT. Then REV. MOTHER continues to the audience:)

REV. MOTHER. *(cont.)* Now, about a week ago I held tryouts for our show and I picked the sisters whom I felt were the very best – of what’s left of us – and I asked each one of them to prepare something that best displayed her talent.

SR. HUBERT. But first, I thought you might be interested in knowing some of the history of the Little Sisters of Hoboken and that’s what our next song is all about.

REV. MOTHER. *(sarcastically)* Thank-you, Hubert.

SR. HUBERT. Don’t mention it.

END

(SR. HUBERT exits stage right door and immediately returns with the rest of the cast while REV. MOTHER continues with the audience.)

END

REV. MOTHER. You see, we started out running a leper colony. Oh, I know some of you probably think that’s a bit distasteful, but all the other causes were taken! You see, it all began when we –

(The cast is in place but SR. AMNESIA is in SR. LEO’s spot and SR. LEO interrupts REV. MOTHER by whispering something in her ear. Without another word, REV. MOTHER takes SR. AMNESIA by the shoulders and moves her to the proper position. SR. LEO goes to her spot.)

(to SR. AMNESIA) Wasn’t that a fun trip?!!!

(SR. AMNESIA nods.)

Alright, are we ready? Let’s do it!

MUSICAL DIRECTOR/CONDUCTOR. Five, six, seven, eight!

(Music Cue 04: A DIFFICULT TRANSITION)