

SALLY. Aren't you tired of [REDACTED] I don't
[REDACTED] I took this job to report hard news, not cake-
walk charity luncheons.

PAUL. Fine; let's just take a quick look and get out of here.

(Looking around.)

This place gives me the creeps. I've never been in a convent before.

SALLY. You just said you went to Catholic school!

PAUL. I did, but we never actually saw where those nuns lived. For all we knew, they were like bats and slept upside down in coat closets. Boy, I don't miss those days at all. Those nuns used to scare me to death: always staring, not saying anything. You'd confess to anything, guilty or not, just to stop that staring. There was this one nun at my high school: she gave me the willies so bad that I'd stutter; I couldn't get anything out. It was horrible!

SALLY. Don't you mean, horri-b-b-ble?

PAUL. That's not funny!

SALLY. *(Opening the high holy closet.)* Hey, look at this. *(She pulls out a white robe.)* Boo!

PAUL. Don't touch that, it's holy! *(Quickly putting the robe away.)* The nuns in this order sew and repair all the robes for the Church. If the Pope rips a hem, he sends it here to get fixed. These are very sacred things.

SALLY. *(Looking around more.)* This place isn't so bad; it's simple and kinda cozy. You know, I always thought that we'd have something like this for our summer home: a little vineyard, a lot of quiet.

PAUL. We would have—if you didn't leave me at the altar.

SALLY. Oh, Paul, you're not still sore, are you? What choice did I have? Cracking that Dillon Boys story finally got me noticed! I was the only reporter who covered it!

PAUL. Because everyone else was at our wedding, waiting for you to show up!

SALLY. Look, Paul, we both agreed not getting married was the best thing to happen to our relationship.

PAUL. I know, I know! But it hasn't been easy since we started being assigned the same stories. The chief sure has a sadistic side...

SALLY. Thanks a lot.

PAUL. You know what I mean, Sally. It's just difficult sometimes... I still care about you. A lot.

(There is a brief charged moment where it looks like they may kiss. SALLY breaks away.)

SALLY. So, all they do here is sew?

PAUL. They say they can pattern, cut, and sew a robe in less than five minutes.

SALLY. Not me. I flunked Home Ec so many times they made me take Woodshop with the boys instead. Where is everyone anyway?

PAUL. The chief said that there were just three nuns here. We saw two heading outside. Which means—

MOTHER SUPERIOR. *(Off.)* I've got to think.

PAUL. That must be the Mother Superior! Quick, hide! She can't know that we're here.

(SALLY rushes to the door leading out, as PAUL hides in the holy closet. SALLY sees PAUL isn't behind her.)

SALLY. Paul? Where'd you go?

(PAUL opens the door but quickly shuts it as MOTHER SUPERIOR enters. SALLY is caught.)

MOTHER SUPERIOR. *(Hesitating.)* Hello?

SALLY. Hello. You must be Mother Superior. I'm—

MOTHER SUPERIOR. No need for introductions! I know who you are!

SALLY. You do?

MOTHER SUPERIOR. Of course; I got the letter from Cardinal Redding. But come now, Sister Mary, where are your wimple and veil?

SALLY. But I'm not—

MOTHER SUPERIOR. *(Looking disapprovingly at Sally's clothing.)* You must be from one of those more modern orders, Sister. Here, you'll find us traditional in our dress.

(She opens the closet. PAUL hides deeper into the clothes. She does not notice him. She pulls out a nun's gown.)

This is what you'll be expected to wear here, Sister.

SALLY. I think you must be mistaken. I'm not—

MOTHER SUPERIOR. Not what?