

FATHER CHENILLE. How do you like the convent so far? Rather small, but they really do good for the community. I see Sister Philomena and Sister Augusta go into town every week with their grape juice, and it seems to brighten up the spirits of every soul in town. I don't know how this order has remained open, with so little money coming into it. But I suppose our sisters are thrifty. Having some trouble?

SALLY. I can't thread this stupid needle. I was never any good at this.

FATHER CHENILLE. You're joking! I'm well aware Cardinal Redding sends only those divinely gifted in the art of sewing to this convent.

(He sees the trunk.)

What's this?

SALLY. (Still trying to get the needle threaded:) Almost got it...

FATHER CHENILLE. (Examines the trunk.) Well, I'll be!

SALLY. (Finally getting the needle threaded:) There we go!

FATHER CHENILLE. My old magician's trunk! I haven't seen this in years!

SALLY. (Begins to sew.) Hey, this isn't so hard...

FATHER CHENILLE. I'll be right back; I just need to get a few things from the kitchen.

(He rushes off.)

SALLY. Now, what were you saying about the trunk?

(She sees he's left, shrugs, and continues sewing. Suddenly, she remembers:)

Paul!

(She heads over to the trunk. PAUL starts to enter, again unseen, and rushes back in the closet as MARY CATHERINE enters.)

SISTER MARY CATHERINE. Oh, Sister Mary Mary! I've been overwhelmed with guilt since we last talked. You will keep what I told you about being a novice secret, won't you? They'll send me back if they find out. And I feel certain that God wants me here.

(SISTER AUGUSTA sneaks in.)

SALLY. Your secret's safe with me, Mary Catherine. No one will ever know you're not really a nun.

(SISTER AUGUSTA hears this and reacts.)

SISTER MARY CATHERINE. Oh, thank you! Good night!

(She exits. **SISTER AUGUSTA** trails her on tiptoe.)

~~she tries to open the trunk, seeing~~

SISTER AUGUSTA. It's all right, Sister Mary Mary. Mother Superior knows all about Sister Mary Catherine. I've been told to keep an eye on her. She doesn't get into trouble. I imagine, deceiving nuns like that!

(She rushes off.)

SALLY. Yeah... in there. (Remembering:) Paul?

~~SALLY tries to re-enter but is stopped by FATHER CHENILLE who enters.)~~

FATHER CHENILLE. (Entering with a bunch of large kitchen knives and crossing to the trunk. **SALLY** rushes back to the sewing.) I used to be quite the amateur magician.

(He does an elaborate show that the knives are solid.)

Perfectly solid knives.

(He knocks on the trunk.)

A perfectly solid box. And yet... Abraca-luiah!

(He pushes a knife through the trunk.)

SALLY. (Thinking PAUL is still inside:) What are you doing?!

FATHER CHENILLE. Amazing your senses! (Pushing through two more knives:) Abraca-luiah!

SALLY. (Rushing over and pulling the knives out of the trunk:) My God! Stop it!

FATHER CHENILLE. What's wrong, Sister? It's only a parlor trick.

SALLY. (Pulling the knives out of the trunk:) Paul! Paul!?!?

FATHER CHENILLE. Who's Paul?

SALLY. He's— Oh God, he's...

(PAUL comes out of the closet, waving he's ok, pops back in as FATHER CHENILLE turns around.)

The patron saint of straight seams. Oh God and St. Paul, please bless this seam and let it be straight and true.

wil **SALLY / FATHER CHENILLE.** Amen.