

AND THEN THERE WERE NUNS

CAST

Dorothy

Toto

Chorus: Townspeople and Nuns

Goons 1-4

Police 1-4

Nuns 1-4

Mother Superior

Admiring Guys

Priest 1 and 2

Casting Director

Various Singing and Dancing Groups and Soloists

AND THEN THERE WERE NUNS

OVERTURE (VERY SHORT) HOUSE LIGHTS OUT
APPLAUSE
AS MUSIC STARTS AGAIN, CURTAIN UP

ACT 1
SCENE 1

A NEW YORK STREET

Chorus is parading the street. The music stops suddenly, chorus freezes, light fades to spot on Dorothy, dressed in gingham and carrying a picnic basket. She takes a cell phone out of the basket and dials.

DOROTHY: (in a thick east coast accent) Hello? Auntie Em? Auntie Em? It's me, Dot.Whatdaya mean, Dot who? It's your niece, Dorothy, remember? I'm in New York City, Auntie Em. It took me three days to make it to the East Coast from Kansas and another two years to make it out of New Jersey. But I'm here! ...Toto? Oh, I, ah,lost him. Somewhere in the Holland Tunnel. But it's not important, Auntie Em, because I finally made it..

Whatdaya mean there's no place like home? (secretively, the accent gone now) I told you, I've outgrown that Oz Incident, Auntie Em. I'm back followin' the rainbow. And this time, I'm gonna do more than wish on a star. I'm gonna be one. I'm on my way to Broadway, Auntie Em.

She throws the receiver away. Music up, chorus animated.

SONG: LULLABY OF BROADWAY
(Dorothy and Chorus)

DOROTHY: BROADWAY, BROADWAY, HOW GREAT YOU ARE
I'LL LEAVE THE FARM WITH ALL IT'S CHARM
TO BE A BROADWAY STAR!
BRIGHT LIGHTS, WHITE LIGHTS
RHYTHM AND ROMANCE MY TRAIN IS LATE
SO WHILE I WAIT, I', GONNA DO A LITTLE DANCE

CHORUS: BROADWAY, BROADWAY, HOW GREAT YOU ARE
SHE'LL LEAVE THE FARM WITH ALL IT'S CHARM
TO BE BROADWAY STAR!
BRIGHT LIGHTS, WHITE LIGHTS,
WHERE THE NEONS GLOW
HER BAG IS PACKED, SHE'S GOT HER ACT SO
ALL ABOARD COME ON LET'S

(Treble Choir comes down the aisles, front half of houselights up)
ALL ABOARD COME ON LET'S
ALL ABOARD COME ON LET'S

DOROTHY: COME ON ALONG AND LISTEN TO
THE LULLABY OF BROADWAY
THE HIP HOORAY AND BALLYHOO THE LULLABYE OF BROADWAY
GIRLS: THE RUMBLE OF THE SUBWAY TRAIN
GUYS: THE RATTLE OF THE TAXIS
ALL: THE DAFFYDILLS WHO ENTERTAIN UNTIL THE DAWN
SOLO QUARTET: GOOD NIGHT BABY, GOOD NIGHT
GIRLS: MILKMAN'S ON HIS WAY
SOLO QUARTET: SLEEP TIGHT BABY, SLEEP TIGHT
ALL: LET'S CALL IT A
DOROTHY: DAY!!!!!!
ALL: MY, SHE'S WONDERFUL!
LISTEN TO THE LULLABY OF OLD BROADWAY

COME ALONG COME ON ALONG AND LISTEN TO
THE LULLBY OF BORADWAY
THE HIDEE HI AND WOOP DEE DOO
THE LULLABY OF BROADWAY
THE BAND BEGINS TO GO TO TOWN
AND EVERYONE GOES CRAZY
YOU ROCKABYE YOUR BABY ROUND AND SLEEP ALL DAY
LISTEN TO THE LULLABY OF OLD BROADWAY

It ends with a big finish, the chorus with their arms outstretched to heaven and Dorothy at the apex of the action upstage center. Just as the number ends a PERSON rushes passed her and off stage. Several Goons follow. One of them FIRES a gun. The chorus is horrified, paralyzed. Then the GOONS turn, menacingly at the chorus.

4 GOONS: Ya, didn't see nothin', ya got dat?

The goons rush off.

WHISTLES BLOW, the chorus becomes animated and turns around, POLICE rush on.

POLICE 3: Another senseless slaying in the asphalt jungle.

POLICE 2: This looks like work of the City's worst slime, Lt. Goldstein.

POLICE 1: You mean?

POLICE 2: The Buttafuco Brothers.

The chorus is horrified.

CHORUS: Buttafuco?!!!

POLICE 1: If we could only find a witness brave enough to testify we might finally be able to nail that scum. All right, you people, now I want a straight answer. Did anybody here see what happened?

The chorus points to Dorothy.

DOROTHY: Me? But I'm from Kansas.

POLICE 1: Grab her, Sergeant. She's our only hope.

DOROTHY: What are you doing?

POLICE 4: We're taking you into custody.

DOROTHY: But I just got here. Doesn't anybody care?

Dorothy turns and looks at the chorus. They all shake their heads no.

POLICE 1: I said, take her in.

DOROTHY: But I'm on my way to an audition! Can't you get somebody else? How many of them are on the way to an audition?

ALL raise their hands.

DOROTHY: But I have to get to Broadway. I'm gonna be a star. How many of them are gonna be---

POLICE 1: Don't ask. Now let's get going.

As police drag Dorothy off.

DOROTHY: Auntie Em! Auntie Em!

CHORUS: COME ALONG COME ON ALONG AND LISTEN TO
THE LULLBY OF BROADWAY
THE HIDEE HI AND WOOP DEE DOO
THE LULLABY OF BROADWAY
THE BAND BEGINS TO GO TO TOWN
AND EVERYONE GOES CRAZY
YOU ROCKABYE YOUR BABY ROUND AND SLEEP ALL DAYLISTEN TO THE
LULLABY OF OLD BROADWAY!!!!!!!!!!

BLACK OUT/ CURTAIN IN/ CHANGE BACKDROP TO “CONVENT”

SCENE 2

SOMEWHERE HIGH IN THE ADIRONDACKS

4 POLICE enter with Dorothy. The police are dressed in lederhosen.

DOROTHY: Stop, please. Stop! We've been climbing these hills for nearly two days now. Won't somebody please tell me what's going on? Why are you wearing those stupid lederhosen?

POLICE 1: To set the scene.

DOROTHY: What scene? Just where on earth are we?

POLICE 1: Find out where we are, Sergeant?

POLICE 2: You got it, Lt. Goldstein. Find out where we are Sergeant Bernstein.

POLICE 3: You got it Sgt. Bronstein. Find out where we are, Cohen.

Police 4 goes into the audience, gets a program and looks at it.

POLICE 4: What scene is this, sir?

POLICE 1: Scene 2.

POLICE 4: Scene 2. Somewhere High In The Adirondacks.

DOROTHY: What in god's name are we doing in the Adirondacks?

POLICE 1: It's all part of our witness protection program.

POLICE 2: We're going to hide you so the Buttafuco Brothers can't find you.

DOROTHY: But what about my career? I told everyone back in Kansas I was going to be famous.

POLICE 3: There it is. Let's go.

DOROTHY: There what is? Where are you taking me?

POLICE 2: Somewhere nobody will ever think of looking.

POLICE 1: A convent.

DOROTHY: A convent?! What convent?

POLICE 1: Tell her the name of the Convent, Sergeant.

POLICE 2: (He takes out a card, reads) Our Lady of Perpetual Obscurity.

DOROTHY: Oh, my god, I thought this kind of stuff only happened to Whoopi Goldberg.

POLICE 1: Ring the doorbell, will you, Sergeant?

Police 2 searches for the doorbell.

POLICE 2: Where is it, Lieutenant?

POLICE 1: Try pulling the rope there.

The Police pulls the rope. Curtain rises as the bell tolls

SONG
SOUND OF MUSIC
(Nuns)

NUNS: THE HILLS ARE ALIVE WITH THE SOUND OF MUSIC
WITH SONGS THEY HAVE SUNG FOR A THOUSAND YEARS
THE HILLS FILL MY HEART WITH THE SOUND OF MUSIC
MY HEART WANTS TO SING EVERY SONG IT HEARS

When the song is finished the Mother Superior steps forward.

MS: May I help you?

POLICE 1: We're looking for Mother Mary Obnoxia. Is she in?

MS: This is a cloistered convent, gentlemen. We are always in. Except, of course, for out Holy Pilgrimage.

POLICE 2: Is that important?

MS: It will be in Scene 5. Allow me a bit of exposition. Every five years we make a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City.

NUNS: (longingly) New York City.

MS: To the National Nunorama. And what is the National Nunorama, you ask? It is a very special time when sisters from all over the country gather for three days of sacred prayer, intense devotion and high stakes bingo. This is the only time, gentlemen, that we ever leave the womb-like walls of Our Lady's.

POLICE 1: I see. Well, in that case, you are just the place we are looking for, Mother Obnoxia. We're from the NYPD and we have a witness we'd like you to protect.

MS: Another one? That makes four in the last six months. I am beginning to feel like the spiritual leader of a Motel 6.

POLICE 1: Perhaps you'd like us to go somewhere else.

MS: No, no. The truth is, we need the business.

POLICE 2: Is that important?

MS: It will be in scene 6. Permit me to explain the play's essential motivation. Our Lady of Perpetual Obscurity is in danger of closing.

POLICE 3: But why?

MS: Because we have done our job too well, I'm afraid.

POLICE 4: You mean---

MS: That's right. No one has ever heard of us. Had we the foresight to have called ourselves the Convent of Our Lady of Perpetual Publicity, it would have been an entirely different story. But we were a young order, gentlemen, and very foolish and now we are broke. So, we have had to humble ourselves by taking in witnesses--and a little light laundry.

(to Dorothy) Come, my child, step inside (Dorothy reluctantly takes MS's hand) Welcome to Obscurity.

Dorothy, my dear, this is Sister Mary Catherine--with a C. And this is Sister Mary Katherine: with a K. And this is sister Mary Kathryn with a Y. And this is Sister Mary Catherine: with an I. This is sister Mary Elizabeth, and Sister Mary Ignatius, and Sister Mary Julio and Sister Mary Iglacias and Sister Mary Sunshine and Sister Mary Contrary.

Dorothy: But what about the rest of them?

MS: Oh, I think you get the general idea. Good night, my child. And remember, if you need anything, just call.

MS starts to leave.

Dorothy: Wait a minute! Mary?

ALL: Yes?

DOROTHY: Can you go over that bit about the 'womb-like walls' again? What, exactly, does cloistered mean?

MS: It means you're not going anywhere again my child. Not even to Broadway. Good night.

NUNS: (Singing as they exit)

MY HEART WANTS TO BEAT LIKE THE WINGS
OF THE BIRDS THAT RISE FROM THE LAKE TO THE TREES
MY HEART WANTS TO SIGH LIKE THE CHIMES THAT RISE
FROM A CHURCH ON A BREEZE

(SPOT ON DOROTHY, LIGHTS FADE)

DOROTHY: BROADWAY REPRISE

LIGHTS OUT AS REPRISE ENDS.

SCENE 3

INSIDE THE WALLS OF OUR LADY'S
3 months later

The NUNS assemble on stage equipped with brooms, mops, cleaning rags, buckets etc. Dorothy, now dressed in a habit, is among them, clearly miserable.

MS: All right, sisters, now I want you to work like little beavers until you have this place cleaned up. Remember, the devil finds work for idle hands. And if he doesn't, you can bet your scapular, I will. Now, as usual, you will be singing for your supper. And, of course, you will be singing in tribute to our beloved Madonna.

(Suddenly, the nuns begin to groove, moving their bodies, and striking a pose as the Mother Superior begins to exit. She stops, turns around)

Not THAT Madonna.

NUN 3: Come on Dorothy, let us show you how it's done.

(SING YOU SINNERS BY HARLINE AND COSLOW)
(Nuns and Dorothy)

NUNS: YOU SINNERS DROP EVERYTHING LET THAT HARMONY RING
UP TO HEAVEN AND SING, SING YOU SINNERS
JUST LIFT YOUR VOICES IN SONG, THE LORD WILL SOON BE ALONG
JUST CONFESS YOU WERE WRONG
SING YOU SINNERS
WHENEVER THERE'S MUSIC THE ANGELS SING
WHENEVER THERE'S MUSIC BELLS IN HEAVEN RING
YOU'RE WICKED AND DEPRAVED, AND YOU'VE MISBEHAVED
IF YOU WANNA BE SAVED, SING YOU SINNERS

(The first verse is very contained and Dorothy is looking both miserable and frustrated. Finally, she stops the song.)

DOROTHY: If we're going to sing, can we at least do it right?

(Dorothy now leads them through a energized version of the song.)

DOROTHY: BROTHERS AND SISTERS MY SERMON TODAY
IS VADOOT DOOT DOOT AND VODEEODO AND SWING ALL
YOUR TROUBLES AWAY
BROTHERS AND SISTERS DON'T YOU DELAY
TO VADOOT DOOT DOO AND VODEE O DO AND SING ALL
YOUR TROUBLES AWAY
ONCE YOU WERE HEADED FOR PERGUTORY
BUT FOLLOW ME AND YOU WILL SEE A DIFFERENT STORY

YOU SINNERS DROP EVERYTHING, LET THAT HARMONY RING
UP TO HEAVEN AND SWING, SWING YOU SINNERS
JUST WAVE YOUR ARMS ALL ABOUT LET THE LORD HEAR
YOU SHOUT LET THAT MUSIC RIGHT OUT, SWING YOU SINNERS
WHEVER THERE'S MSUIC THE DEVIL KICKS
HE DON'T LOW MUSIC BY THE RIVER STYX

YOU'RE WICKED AND DEPRAVED AND YOU'VE MISBEHAVED
IF YOU WANNA BE SAVED, SWING YOU SINNERS
(DANCE BREAK)

ZAT DOOT ZAT DOO ZAY
YOU'RE WICKED AND DEPRAVED AND YOU'VE ALL MISBEHAVED
IF YOU WANNA BE SAVED, AND NOT ENSLAVED
THEN SING YOU SINNERS.....

MS: SISTER MARY DOROTHY! (Nuns freeze, she exits)

NUNS & DOROTHY:
AHHHHH, AHHHHH, AHHHHH ZAT DO ZAT DO ZAY
YOU'RE WICKED AND DEPRAVED AND YOU'VE ALL MISBEHAVED

IF YOU WANNA BE SAVED, AND NOT ENSLAVED
THEN SING YOU SINNERS.....SING!!!!

NUN 2: Oh, Sister Mary Dorothy, that was wonderful. What a shame you never had a chance to go to Broadway.

NUN 1: And become a star! You would have been sin-sational.

(All the nuns laugh.) (Dorothy picks up a copy of Variety and begins reading)

NUN 3: And here you are, stuck in the Adirondacks while Broadway goes right on without you. How tragic! Oh, well, perhaps you'd feel better if we play a round or two of poker before it's time to eat.

NUN 4: How about it, Dorothy? Just a hand or two of seven card draw, one-eyed Popes wild.

DOROTHY: Nah, really, I've had enough of the holy cards. I just want to be left alone.

NUN 1: Oh, no, Sister Mary Dorothy, you're not still reading the trade papers, are you child?

NUN 2: Not still reading through the audition notices? Not still hoping?

DOROTHY: (wistfully) Oh, Mary--

ALL NUNS: Yes?

DOROTHY: --how am I going to be a star unless I make it back to New York for an audition? This is hopeless. Look at this--Tryouts for Andrew Lloyd Weber's new larger than life dramatic musical, "Sadam, Boy of Bagdad". Or this, Casting Call for Claude-Michel Schoenberg's new five hour epic about poverty and hunger in 18th century France: "Les Veg-e-ta-bles". Oh, I've just got to audition!

NUN 4: But how could you possibly audition, child? You know you're not supposed to take your habit off or the Buttafucio Brothers may recognize you.

Dorothy suddenly sees something in the paper, rises with excitement.

DOROTHY: Wait a minute!

NUN 2: And if they recognize you, they may shoot you.

DOROTHY: I don't believe this!

NUN 1: And if they shoot you, they may kill you.

DOROTHY: This is a miracle!

NUN 3: And if they kill you they may stuff your body in a sack and dump you into the Hudson River.

NUN 4: And if they dump you into the Hudson River---

DOROTHY: Enough already! If the author had wanted this show to reach a logical conclusion, she would have used Jesuits. Listen to this, I think there's a way I can audition without anybody recognizing me.

NUN 1: Really, dear, you're dead the minute you take that habit off.

DOROTHY: But I don't have to take it off, that's just the point. Look at this. It's a new musical called---

The nuns gather around and look at the paper.

NUN 1 & 3: Oh, my goodness.

NUN 2 & 4: Oh, dear, Lord.

ALL NUNS: *And Then There Were Nuns!!*

DOROTHY: (pulling away from the group, to herself) It's perfect.

The nuns are still gathered around the paper, chatting excitedly.

But how am I ever going to get out of here? These people never leave!

NUN 1: Except for the pilgrimage.

DOROTHY: Pilgrimage?

NUN 2: To the National Nunorama.

NUN 3: At St. Patrick's.

DOROTHY: But I thought that only happened every five years. Just how long until you make next the trip?

NUN 4: As soon as we get to scene 5, dear.

The nuns continue chatting excitedly to themselves.

DOROTHY: (to heaven) It's a sign. I know it's a sign. Thank you! Thank you!

Each of the nuns silently and secretly looks heavenward, makes the sign of the cross and says to herself.

EACH NUN: There's no business like show business. Amen.

SCENE 4

OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF OUR LADY'S

The Mother Superior is pacing, reading an account book, when four nuns approach her hesitantly.

NUN A: Excuse us, Mother.

MS: I am trying to go over the budget, sisters. I need some peace.

NUN 1: We don't like to interrupt.

MS: Actually, the four of you love to interrupt.

NUN 2: And we don't mean to complain...

MS: That would be news, sisters.

NUN 3: But it's that girl. She just doesn't belong here, and –

MS: And???

NUN 4: And, we just have to get it off our chests.

NUN 2: God forgive us, Mother, but we can't keep silent any longer.

MS: Do you ever keep silent?

NUN 4: With your permission mother we just need to vent.

All Four: Please!

MS: All right. I'll let you vent this once. And then I don't want to hear another word, is that clear? In fact, I don't really want to hear those words, so go vent over there will you.

Satisfied, the four nuns move to the mics and sing.

SONG: PICK A LITTLE TALK A LITTLE

All:

PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE
CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP, TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE
{THREE TIMES}
PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE
CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP

NUN 1: Reverend Mother, her kind of woman Ladies: Pick a little, etc.
doesn't belong in any convent. Of course
I shouldn't tell you this,
but she's been over the Rainbow!

MS: Over the rainbow?

NUN 2:: Tin men!

NUN 1: Lions!

NUN 3: Scarecrows!

NUN 1: And the worst thing- Ladies: Pick a little, etc.
of course I shouldn't tell you this but__

NUN 2:: I'll tell.

Judy A: My family's from Kansas, let me tell..

NUN 3: Stop! I'll tell. That girl dropped a house on a witch!

NUN 2:: Oh yes, it all started like this!

The wind began to switch, the house to pitch Ladies: Pick a little, etc.
And suddenly the hinges started to unhitch
Just then the witch to satisfy an itch
Went flying on a broomstick thumbing for a hitch

All 4: The house began to pitch the kitchen took a switch Ladies: Pick etc
It landed on the wicked with in the middle of a ditch

NUN 2:: Witches!

Judy A and B: Tornadoes!

NUN 3: Munchkins!
(The song continues as the goons enter.)

ALL: PICK A LITTLE TALK A LITTLE ETC.

GOON 1: Where in the hills are we?

GOON 2: And where in the hills are the Buttafuco Brothers?

GOON 3: Beats me. All I know is we're supposed to look for da girl and keep our noses clean.

GOON 4: What in the hills does that mean?

Goon 3: It means don't act suspicious, you goon. Act like a gentlemen.

MS: (annoyed by the men) Excuse me, but we are trying very hard to live in seclusion here and you men are making a great deal of noise.

GOON 1: Excuse us, ma'm.

MS: Can I help you with something, or are you, perhaps, thinking of moving on to say the next major metropolitan area. In order to *leave us in peace!*

GOON 3: Oh yeah, we're movin' on. Say good night boys.

GOONS 1, 2, 4: Good night, boys.

Goon 2: To the ladies you idiots.

Goons take off hats.

The Goons sing Good Night Ladies and the Nuns sing Pick A Little

(GOOD NIGHT LADIES)

AS NUNS CONTINUE WITH PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE)

GOONS AND NUNS:

PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE

GOODNIGHT LADIES

CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP, TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE
PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE

GOODNIGHT LADIES

CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP, TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE
PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE

GOODNIGHT LADIES

CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP, TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE

PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE

WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE YOU NOW

CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP

PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE

FAREWELL LADIES

CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP, TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE
PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE

FAREWELL LADIES

CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP, TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE
PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE

FAREWELL LADIES

CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP, TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE
PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE

WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE YOU NOW

PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE

CHEEP (X24)

PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, CHEEP!

When the song ends, MS has had enough with the noise.

MS: Enough! I said, I want some serenity. (looking at the nuns, then at the goons) Is that clear? (They all stare back dumbly.) IS THAT CLEAR!!??

The Nuns nod silently and slink off stage. MS exits disgusted.

The Buttafucos appear. They are greeted with ad libs from the other Goons.

GOON 1: Gentlemen, you sure she's in there?

GOON 2: It's a convent, ain't it? Don't you go to the movies? The cops always hide their witnesses in convents.

GOON 3: Man, look at that wall.

GOON 4: That's higher than the one at San Quentin.

GOON 2: We had a wall like that at my Catholic grade school. That there's impregnable.

GOON 3: Watch your language, you degenerate! That cop was right about you.

GOON 1: What cop?

GOON 3: The one what patrolled our neighborhood, remember? He always said we Buttafuco brothers wouldn't amount to anything.

GOON 4: Hah, shows ya how stupid he was. We got our name in People magazine.

GOON 2: Dat's right. We're gonna be remembered. But who's ever gonna remember a guy named *Officer Krupkie*?

OFFICER KRUPKE

(Goons)

GOON 1:

DEAR KINDLY SERGEANT KRUPKE, YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND,
IT'S JUST OUR BRINGIN' UP-KE THAT GETS US OUT OF HAND.
OUR MOTHERS ALL ARE JUNKIES, OUR FATHERS ALL ARE DRUNKS.
GOLLY MOSES, NATCHERLY WE'RE PUNKS!

ALL GOONS:

GEE, OFFICER KRUPKE, WE'RE VERY UPSET; WE NEVER HAD THE
LOVE THAT EV'RY CHILD OUGHTA GET.
WE AIN'T NO DELINQUENTS, WE'RE MISUNDERSTOOD.
DEEP DOWN INSIDE US THERE IS GOOD!

GOON 1: THERE IS GOOD!

ALL GOONS.

THERE IS GOOD, THERE IS GOOD, THERE IS UNTAPPED GOOD!
LIKE INSIDE, THE WORST OF US IS GOOD!

GOON 3:: (*SPOKEN*) THAT'S A TOUCHIN' GOOD STORY.

GOON 1: (*SPOKEN*) LEMME TELL IT TO THE WORLD!

GOON 2: JUST TELL IT TO THE JUDGE.

GOON 1:

DEAR KINDLY JUDGE, YOUR HONOR, MY PARENTS TREAT ME
ROUGH.
GO DOWN TO TIJUANA, AND DON'T BRING BACK NO STUFF
THEY DIDN'T WANNA HAVE ME, BUT SOMEHOW I WAS HAD.
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! THAT'S WHY I'M SO BAD!

GOON 2: (*AS JUDGE*) RIGHT!

OFFICER KRUPKE, YOU'RE REALLY A SQUARE; THIS BOY DON'T
NEED A JUDGE, HE NEEDS AN ANALYST'S CARE!
IT'S JUST HIS NEUROSIS THAT OUGHTA BE CURBED. HE'S
PSYCHOLOGIC'LY DISTURBED!

GOON 1: I'M DISTURBED!

ALL:

WE'RE DISTURBED, WE'RE DISTURBED, WE'RE THE MOST
DISTURBED,
LIKE WE'RE PSYCHOLOGIC'LY DISTURBED.

GOON 2: (*SPOKEN, AS JUDGE*) IN THE OPINION ON THIS COURT, THIS CHILD IS
DEPRAVED ON ACCOUNT HE AIN'T HAD A NORMAL HOME.

GOON 1: (*SPOKEN*) HEY, I'M DEPRAVED ON ACCOUNT I'M DEPRIVED.

GOON 2: SO TAKE HIM TO A HEADSHRINKER.

GOON 1: (*SINGS*)

MY FATHER IS A BASTARD, MY MA'S AN S.O.B.
MY GRANDPA'S ALWAYS PLASTERED, MY GRANDMA PUSHES TEA.
MY SISTER WEARS A MUSTACHE, MY BROTHER WEARS A DRESS.
GOODNESS GRACIOUS, THAT'S WHY I'M A MESS!

GOON 3: (*AS PSYCHIATRIST*) YES!

OFFICER KRUPKE, YOU'RE REALLY A SLOB. THIS BOY DON'T NEED A
DOCTOR, JUST A GOOD HONEST JOB.
SOCIETY'S PLAYED HIM A TERRIBLE TRICK, AND SOCIOLOGIC'LY
HE'S SICK!

GOON 1: I AM SICK!

ALL

WE ARE SICK, WE ARE SICK, WE ARE SICK, SICK, SICK,
LIKE WE'RE SOCIOLOGICALLY SICK!

GOON 3: IN MY OPINION, THIS CHILD DON'T NEED TO HAVE HIS HEAD
SHRUNK AT ALL. JUVENILE DELINQUENCY IS PURELY A SOCIAL
DISEASE!

GOON 1: HEY, I GOT A SOCIAL DISEASE!

GOON 3: SO TAKE HIM TO A SOCIAL WORKER!

GOON 1: DEAR KINDLY SOCIAL WORKER, THEY SAY GO EARN A BUCK.
LIKE BE A SODA JERKER, WHICH MEANS LIKE BE A SCHUMCK.
IT'S NOT I'M ANTI-SOCIAL, I'M ONLY ANTI-WORK.
GLORYOSKY! THAT'S WHY I'M A JERK!

GOON 4: *(AS FEMALE SOCIAL WORKER)*
EEK! OFFICER KRUPKE, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN.
THIS BOY DON'T NEED A JOB, HE NEEDS A YEAR IN THE PEN.
IT AIN'T JUST A QUESTION OF MISUNDERSTOOD; DEEP DOWN INSIDE
HIM, HE'S NO GOOD!

GOON 1: I'M NO GOOD!

ALL:
WE'RE NO GOOD, WE'RE NO GOOD! WE'RE NO EARTHLY GOOD, LIKE
THE BEST OF US IS NO DAMN GOOD!

GOON 2: *(AS JUDGE)* THE TROUBLE IS HE'S CRAZY.

GOON 3: *(AS PSYCHIATRIST)* THE TROUBLE IS HE DRINKS.

GOON 4: *(AS FEMALE SOCIAL WORKER)* THE TROUBLE IS HE'S LAZY.

GOON 2: THE TROUBLE IS HE STINKS.

GOON 3: THE TROUBLE IS HE'S GROWING.

GOON 4: THE TROUBLE IS HE'S GROWN.

ALL: KRUPKE, WE GOT TROUBLES OF OUR OWN!

GEE, OFFICER KRUPKE, WE'RE DOWN ON OUR KNEES,
'CAUSE NO ONE WANTS A FELLOW WITH A SOCIAL DISEASE.
GEE, OFFICER KRUPKE, WHAT ARE WE TO DO?
GEE, OFFICER KRUPKE, KRUP YOU!

GOON 1: So, how do we get in ta dis convent?

GOON 2: We don't. We wait to shoot her until dey come out.

GOON 3: Maybe dey don't come out.

GOON 2: Oh, they come out all right. Ain't a nun in the world that don't come out for one
thing--

GOON 4: Oh, ya. What's that?

GOON 2: The National Nunorama.

GOON 3: No, kiddin'. When is it?

GOON 2: Scene 6.

Goon 1: Whata we do 'til then?

GOON 2: Get ourselves some camouflage.

LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK, GOONS EXIT, HUGE CROWD OF NUNS ENTER.

SCENE 5

INSIDE THE WALLS OF OUR LADY'S

The nuns are busying themselves with suitcases, etc., getting ready to leave for New York. Dorothy is upstage to one side, anxiously rehearsing her audition number, trying to stay out of Mother Obnoxia's view. She tucks the music into her sleeve when she wants to hide it.

MS: (entering) Let's move along, Sisters. It's off to confession and then onto the bus.

NUN 1: (whispering to Dorothy) Is that your audition number?

DOROTHY: I'm so nervous.

NUN 2: Oh, I wish I could be on Broadway. Good luck, my child.

DOROTHY: Oh, thank you. Ah, Mary?

ALL: Yes?

DOROTHY: Please, don't tell Mother Obnoxia that I'm sneaking off to Broadway for the audition tonight. You promise?

ALL: We promise.

MS: (returning) Here we go. Now I want to remind you how important it is to obey the rules of the Holy See while we are in Manhattan. Number one, you must be sure to lock your missal whenever you are not using it and you must never, never leave your habit unattended. Is that clear?

ALL: Yes, Mother.

MS: And under no circumstances should you venture out on your own. (to Dorothy who is secretly rehearsing to herself.) Sister Mary Dorothy?

DOROTHY: Yes, Mother.

MS: Then let's be on our way.

As most of the nuns begin to exit, nuns 1-4 cross to Dorothy, anxious to ask her something.

NUN 3: Oh, Dorothy, just one more question. Are you sure the producers will let you audition for this show wearing a habit?

DOROTHY: Of course. They'll love it. In fact, they'll probably think I'm a real nun.

NUN 4: And they would hire a real nun on Broadway?

DOROTHY: Are you kidding? They'd hire the Pope, if he'd agree to work for scale.

NUN 1: How much is scale, dear?

DOROTHY: It's more than you'll ever make selling votive candles, believe me.

Dorothy crosses upstage. The four nuns look at one another and pull sheet music out from their sleeves.

Nun 2: Come on Dorothy, we have to go to confession before we get on the bus.

DOROTHY: I'll be there in a minutes. (NUNS EXIT, CURTAIN COMES IN). You know something? I always wanted to be on Broadway. I never really wanted any of that rainbows and munchkins stuff. Of course Reverend Mother thinks she can stop me, but she's wrong.

(This begins a fantasy sequence. As Dorothy sings, she surrounded by GUYS who admire her.)

(SONG: ROXIE from the show Chicago.)

DOROTHY: THE NAME ON EVERYBODY'S LIPS IS GONNA BE DOROTHY
THE LADY RAKING IN THE CHIPS IS GONNA BE DOROTHY
I'M GONNA BE A CELEBRITY THAT MEANS SOMEBODY EVERYONE KNOWS
THEY'RE GONNA RECOGNIZE MY EYES MY HAIR MY TEETH MY CHIN MY NOSE

FROM JUST SOME DUMB OLD FARMERS NIECE I'M GONNA BE DOROTHY
WHO SAYS THAT FARMGIRLS ALWAYS FAIL?
AND WHO WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE, CAN SAY SHE STARTED AS A NUN?
DOROTHY GAYLE.

DOROTHY: Now that I'm gonna be a celebrity I'm gonna get me a swell act too yeah. Oh yeah. I'm gonna get me a boy to work with. One who can lift me up and show me off. Aw hell, I'll get two boys, it'll frame me better. No, think big Dorothy, come on, think Big! I'm gonna get me a whole bunch of boys!

GUYS: THEYRE GONNA WAIT OUTSIDE IN LINE TO GET TO SEE
DOROTHY+GUYS: DOROTHY!
DOROTHY: THINK OF THOSE AUTOGRAPHS I'LL SIGN
"GOOD LUCK TO YA" DOROTHY
AND I'LL APPEAR IN A LAVALIERE THAT GOES
ALL THE WAY DOWN TO MY WAIST
GUYS: HERE A RING THERE A RING
EVERYWHERE A RINGALING
DOROTHY: BUT ALWAYS IN THE BEST OF TASTE
GUYS: SHE'S GIVING UP HER HUMDRUM LIFE
DOROTHY: I'M GONNA BE
ALL: DOROTHY
WHO SAYS THAT FARMGIRLS ALWAYS FAIL
DOROTHY: AND REVEREND MOTHER WILL SCREAM I KNOW
GUYS: UH HUH
DOROTHY: WHEN SISTER MARY DOROTHY STOPS THE SHOW
GUYS: WHO'S SHE?
DOROTHY: THAT'S DOROTHY GAYLE

(Suddenly the VOICE of Mother Superior from offstage breaks the fantasy as the Guys disappear.)

MS: Hurry up Dorothy. It's time to confess.

NUNS ENTER IN A HUGE CONFESSION PROCESSION as Two Priests await.

Nun 1 stands before Priest 1.

NUN 1: Bless me father for I have sinned.....

PRIEST 1: And what is your sin, my child?

NUN 1:

I WANNA BE A SHOW STOPPER WITH A SHOW STOPPIN SONG
A SHOW STOPPER WITH A SHOW STOPPIN DANCE
AN EYE POPPER WITH A SHOW STOPPIN GIFT, YOU CATCHIN MY
DRIFT?
I WANNA BE A CROWD STUNNER IN A SHOW STOPPIN SCENE
A HOME RUNNER IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN
WITH HANDS READY FOR BOUQUETS TO BE CAUGHT

YOU FOLLOW MY THOUGHT?
THE ONE WHO PICKS UP THE MARBLES AND BOWS TILL SHE'S
SORE AT THE WAIST
THAT RARE REFINED COMBINATION OF ARTISTRY TALENT AND
TASTE

NUN 1 STANDS, GRABS THE MIC AND MOVES TO CENTER.

(TOMORROW from Annie)

WHEN I'M STUCK A DAY THAT'S GRAY, AND LONELY,
I JUST STICK OUT MY CHIN AND GRIN,
AND SAY, OH! THE SUN'LL COME OUT TOMORROW
SO YA GOTTA HANG ON 'TIL TOMORROW COME WHAT MAY
TOMORROW! TOMORROW! I LOVE YA TOMORROW!
YOU'RE ONLY A DAY A WAY!

NUN 1 RETURNS TO THE CONFESSIONAL PROCESSIONAL.

NUN 2 moves to stand by the second priest.

NUN 2: Bless me father for I have sinned.....

PRIEST 2: And what is your sin, my child?

(SHOW STOPPER MELODY)

NUN 2: I WANNA BE A SHOW STOPPER WHO CREATES SUCH A HEAT
THE CROWD RISES LIKE I'VE WIRED EACH SEAT
THEY'RE STILL CHEERING AS THEY WALK UP THE AISLE
THE MOMENT THEY WON'T FORGET I KNOW IS THE MOMENT I STOP
THE SHOW

NUN 2 GRABS THE MIC AND MOVES TO CENTER

(YOU'RE GONNA LOVE ME from Dreamgirls)

AND I AM TELLING YOU IM NOT GOING YOU'RE THE BEST MAN I'LL
EVER KNOW
THERE'S NO WAY I CAN EVER, EVER GO
NO, NO, NO, NO WAY NO, NO, NO, NO WAY IM LIVING WITHOUT YOU
OH, I'M NOT LIVING WITHOUT YOU, NOT LIVING WITHOUT YOU
I DONT WANNA BE FREE IM STAYING, IM STAYING
AND YOU, AND YOU, AND YOU YOU'RE GONNA LOVE ME
YOU'RE GONNA LOVE ME, YES YOU ARE OOH OOH LOVE ME, OOH
OOH OOH
LOVE ME LOVE ME, LOVE ME, LOVE ME, LOVE ME YOU'RE GONNA
LOVE ME

NUN 2 RETURNS TO THE CONFESSIONAL PROCESSIONAL.

NUNS 3 and 4 go to stand before Priests 1 and 2.

NUNS 3 and 4: Bless me father for I have sinned.....

PRIEST 1 & 2: And what is your sin, my child?

NUNS 1 and 2: Oh, I think you get the idea by now.

NUNS 1 AND 2 GRAB MICS AND HEAD CENTER

(BIG SPENDER by Coleman and Fields)

THE MINUTE YOU WALKED IN THE JOINT I COULD SEE YOU
WERE A MAN OF DISTINCTION
A REAL BIG SPENDER GOOD LOOKING, SO REFINED
SAY WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON IN MY
MIND?
SO LET ME GET RIGHT TO THE POINT I DON'T POP MY CORK
FOR EVERY GUY I SEE
HEY, BIG SPENDER! SPEND A LITTLE TIME WITH ME

MS: (offstage) All right sisters. Let's move it along. The bus is waiting.

SISTERS: Be right there Reverend Mother.

DOROTHY AND NUNS:

I WANNA BE A SHOWSTOPPER WHO CREATES SUCH A HEAT
THE CROWD RISES LIKE I'VE WIRED EACH SEAT
THEY'RE STILL CHEERING AS THEY WALK UP THE AISLE
THE MOMENT THEY WONT FORGET I KNOW, IS THE MOMENT I
STOP THE SHOW.

As soon as the number is over, the nuns realize they have to obey the Mother Superior and run quickly offstage. The goons enter dressed in their habits.

GOON 1: How are we ever gonna get close enough to her to get a shot off?

GOON 2: We'll just have to blend in, stupid.

The goons trail after the nuns, looking about as un-nunlike as possible.

Curtain
End Act 1

ACT TWO

SCENE 6

STAGE OF A BROADWAY THEATRE
(A tripod with an audition sign sets on stage)

Dorothy wanders onto stage and into spotlight. She is squinting, trying to orient herself. An Casting Director wanders in.

DOROTHY: Excuse me? Is this the audition for "And Then There Were Nuns?"

Director: That's right.

DOROTHY: Oh, thank god, I made it. I almost didn't find you. I'm not too late, am I?

DIRECTOR: No, but you will have to take your place in line.

DOROTHY: In line?

DIRECTOR: There are a number of nuns ahead of you.

DOROTHY: You mean, other people came dressed in habits?

DIRECTOR: It seems to be a trend.

CURTAIN UP on the NUNS, scattered around stage, holding sheet music and rehearsing to themselves.

GOD, I HOPE I GET IT from Chorus Line
(Dorothy and nuns)

NUNS: AGAIN. STEP KICK KICK LEAP KICK TOUCH AGAIN
STEP KICK KICK LEAP KICK TOUCH AGAIN
STEP KICK KICK LEAP KICK TOUCH RIGHT!

DIRECTOR: OK. I'M GOING TO PUT YOU INTO YOUR GROUPS NOW. WHEN I CALL
OUT YOUR NUMBER I'LL TELL YOU WHERE YOU'RE GONNA BE IN
THE FORMATION. NUMBER 27 DOWNSTAGE, NUMBER 42
UPSTAGE.....

NUNS: GOD I HOPE I GET IT, I HOPE I GET IT
HOW MANY SISTERS DOES HE NEED
GOD I HOPE I GET IT I HOPE I GET IT
HOW MANY BOYS HOW MANY GIRLS
LOOK AT ALL THE PEOPLE AT ALL THE PEOPLE
HOW MANY SISTERS DOES HE NEED HOW MANY BOYS

HOW MANY GIRLS HOW MANY SISTERS DOES HE

SOLO: I REALLY NEED THIS JOB, PLEASE GOD I NEED THIS JOB

ALL: I;VE GOT TO GET THIS SHOW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

After the number, everyone but Dorothy exits.

DOROTHY: I'd like to be next.

DIRECTOR: Sorry, you'll have to take a number. Number seventy-two, please: Sister Mary Laurie, Sister Mary Rachel, Sister Mary Kathy and Sister Mary Olga. On stage, please.

DOROTHY: What?

(The nuns 1-4 are tip toing offstage.)

DOROTHY: (astounded) Sister Mary!

ALL THE NUNS from off stage: Yes?

DOROTHY: What are you doing here?

NUN 1: We're auditioning, dear.

DOROTHY: What on earth for?

NUN 2: To raise money for Our Lady's. We figure a three-month Broadway run could net us over \$50,000. Depending on who gets cast.

DOROTHY: Who gets cast? They can't cast you! You're nuns! You took a vow of humility, remember? You can't go into show business.

NUN 3: We have to keep up with the times, Dorothy. And right now, entertainment is the one of the few places where nuns are really making a difference.

DIRECTOR: I said, numbers 71-75, please.

DOROTHY: But where is Mother Obnoxia?

NUN 4: We drugged her.

DOROTHY: You want?!

NUN 2: It had to be done. For the future of Our Lady's.

NUN 1: She passed out right at the altar rail. We have to hurry. We're on.

DOROTHY: Wait a minute. What are they singing?

Note to Director: This section of the show can be filled with as many show tunes/dance numbers and groups as you like. The ones in this script are the songs we used in our most recent production.)

NUN 2: Just something perky, dear.

The first group of auditioning Nuns takes center stage.)

GROUP 1: (SONG: MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY by Cole Porter)

WHILE TEARING OFF A GAME OF GOLF I MAY MAKE A
PLAY FOR THE CADDY
BUT WHEN I DO, I DON'T FOLLOW THROUGH CAUSE MY
HEART BELONGS TO DADDY

IF I INVITE A BOY SOME NIGHT TO DINE ON MY FINE
FINNAN HADDIE
I JUST ADORE, HIS ASKING FOR MORE BUT MY HEART
BELONGS TO DADDY

YES, MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY SO I SIMPLY
COULDN'T BE BAD
YES, MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY DA, DA, DA, DA, DA,
DA, DA, DA, DAAAAD

SO I WANT TO WARN YOU LADDIE THOUGH I KNOW THAT
YOU'RE PERFECTLY SWELL
THAT MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY CAUSE MY DADDY,
HE TREATS IT SO WELL

THOUGH I'M IN LOVE, I'M NOT ABOVE A DATE WITH A
DUKE OR A CADDIE
IT'S JUST A POSE, 'CAUSE MY BABY KNOWS THAT MY
HEART BELONGS TO DADDY

WHEN SOME GOOD SCOUT, INVITES ME OUT TO DINE OM
SOME FINE FIN AND HADDIE
MY BABY'S SURE, HIS LOVE IS SECURE CAUSE MY HEART
BELONGS TO DADDY

YES, MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY SO I SIMPLY
COULDN'T BE BAD
YES, MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY DA, DA, DA, DA, DA,
DA, DA, DA, DAAAAD

SO I WANT TO WARN YOU LADDIE THOUGH I KNOW THAT
YOU'RE PERFECTLY SWELL
THAT MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY CAUSE MY DADDY,
HE TREATS IT SO WELL

DIRECTOR: Very nice.

DOROTHY: Oh, please, those two shouldn't be allowed to sing anything but Rock of Ages, if you ask me.

DIRECTOR: Number 74. That would be the, ah, Our Lady's Vespers Choir, am I right?

DOROTHY: Good, sing vespers.

GROUP 2 NUNS: (TAKE ME OR LEAVE ME from the musical Rent)

As the nuns file out, the goons sneak in.

DIRECTOR: Thank you, ladies.

DOROTHY: (sarcastically) Thanks a lot, ladies.

GOON 1: There she is!

GOON 2: No, there she is!

GOON 3: This is impossible. How are we gonna find her?

GOON 2: I told you, blend in.

GOON 4: But we don't even know what all these nuns are doing here?

GOON 2: It doesn't matter. Just do whatever it takes.

DIRECTOR: Number 75. The Little Sisters of the Great White Way, is it? With a medley from the Gypsy?

DOROTHY: Oh, give me a break.

(The goons blend into the group of nuns who come on next. The Nuns perform beautifully but the goons stumble through the number like, well, gumbas.)

GROUP 3 PLUS GOONS:

(GYPSY MEDLEY)

EXTRA EXTRA/SOME PEOPLE/LET ME ENTERTAIN YOU

(GROUP 2 Nuns and Goons exit.)

DIRECTOR: Thank you sisters. Who's next? Number 76, can we get you people on stage please?

DOROTHY: How about something a little less flashy? You're still nuns, remember?

GROUP 4: (STEAM HEAT from Pajama Game)

VO : Very nice, ladies. Thank you. Number 77, please.

(The goons appear.)

GOON 1: That's us.

GOON 2: What?

GOON 1: You said to blend in, didn't you? This is an audition. So I signed us up to audition.

DIRECTOR: Last call for number 77. Sister Mary Joseph Sister Mary Luigi. Sister Mary Sal. And Sister Mary 'Five Fingers' Antonio.

GROUP 5: (WALK LIKE A MAN from Jersey Boys)

When the Group 5 Goons exit, the two police from Act 1, scene 1 plus several others from scene 1 enter dressed in nuns' habits.

POLICE 1: How can you be so sure those were the Buttafuco Brothers, Sergeant? They looked an awful lot like nuns to me.

POLICE 2: I don't know. Call it instinct, Lt. Goldstein. A special feeling.

POLICE 1: Well, they *were* wearing steel toes shoes. But that doesn't make them criminals, Sergeant. Maybe they're just cross dressers.

POLICE 4: I wonder if we look like cross dressers, Lt.

POLICE 1: Nonsense. We look like we're working undercover. And don't you forget it.

POLICE 4: Yes, sir.

(They exit.)

DIRECTOR: Next, please. Number 78

POLICE 2: 78? That's us. Come on, we're on.

POLICE 1: What do you mean, we're on?

POLICE 2: I mean, we have to sing, Lt. Goldstein--if you want to stay undercover.

POLICE 3: But what on earth are we going to sing?

POLICE 1: We'll, since we are disguised as nuns, we might try a hymn, sir.

POLICE 3: A hymn? You want me, Abraham Isaac Jacob Goldstein to sing a hymn? Do you think I'm out of my Yarmaca, Sergeant?

POLICE 1: But we have to something, Lieutenant.

POLICE 3: Then I suggest we at least do something kosher.

(The police exit momentarily.)

DIRECTOR: We're running very short of time, ladies and gentle--ah, ladies. May we have Number 78, please.

(Music up, the police return, still in their habits but wearing beards)

GROUP 6: (IF I WERE A RICH MAN from Fiddler on the Roof)

(After the number, the group exits.)

DIRECTOR: Unorthodox, yet wildly entertaining. Thank you, ladies. May we have number 79 please?

GROUP 7: (CABARET MEDLEY)
WILKOMMEN/DON'T TELL MAMA/MEIN HERR

DIRECTOR: Wow. Well, eat your heart out Liza Minnelli. All right, now I want numbers 80 through 89.

DOROTHY: Wait a minute. What about me? I'm number 90. What about me?

DIRECTOR: Not yet, sorry.

DOROTHY: But I'm the only real actor here.

DIRECTOR: That may be true, kid. But you should see Who these nuns put down as their agent. Now step aside. May I have your attention, please? I think I'd like to pick up the pace here, so could you just limit yourselves to the best 16 bars of your number, please.

DOROTHY: The best sixteen bars! I can't limit myself to--

DIRECTOR: I said, 16 bars. Now get off the stage, honey. Because there are nine nuns ahead of you. Hit it.

GROUP 8: (A MEDLEY OF VARIOUS SHOW TUNES as a series of small groups of nuns sing 16 bars of each tune.)

DOROTHY: All, all right. Now it has to be me? Right?

DIRECTOR: After the next number.

DOROTHY: What next number?!

DIRECTOR: I'm moving someone ahead of you. May we have the choir, please?

DOROTHY: The choir?! What choir?

DIRECTOR: Number 91, please. Number 91. The Our Lady of Obscurity Choir, please.

DOROTHY: The entire choir is auditioning?(to herself) I've got to get in this number. It may be my only chance to get on stage.

As the nuns file onto the stage, Dorothy blends in. The Goons appear.

GOON 2: She'd got to be in this number. This is our chance to get a shot off. Blend in, boys!

The Goons blend into the choir, as they do, the Police appear.

POLICE 1: Look, the Buttafucos are joining the choir. Blend in, boys.

The Police now blend into the choir, too.

CHOIR: (ALL THAT JAZZ from Chicago)

Throughout the number, the police are trying to locate the Goons (holding up their guns, looking under habits), the Goons are trying to locate Dorothy (holding up their guns, peeking under habits) and the Nuns and Dorothy are oblivious.

The Mother Superior, who is just coming out of her drug stupor, wanders onto the stage as the number ends.

MS: (Still a little dazed and out of it) Nobody move! (Everyone freezes.) (She is trying to clear her head, staring at the nuns, squinting.) Oh, my poor head. This is all so confusing. Sister Mary?

ALL: Yes?

MS: What in heaven's name are you doing?

ALL: Auditioning.

MS: Auditioning? (confused) But you can't be auditioning. That's one of the seven deadly sins, isn't it?

DOROTHY: Excuse me, Mother Obnoxia. Maybe I can explain.

MS: Dorothy! My dear child, you haven't brought them all to Broadway, have you?

DOROTHY: I didn't mean to. But I guess they thought if they could get jobs in a show they might save the convent.

MS: Save the convent? Oh, my, oh, dear. This is confusing.

DOROTHY: But if you'd just get them out of here, Mother, I'm sure they'd go back with you to Our Lady's.

MS: You want me to---

DOROTHY: Get them out of here! Please!

DIRECTOR: All right. That's all we have time for today.

DOROTHY: What do you mean, that's all you have time for? I haven't had my turn yet.

DIRECTOR: Sorry, but we've got everybody we need.

DOROTHY: You can't! Please! You can't.

DIRECTOR: I'd like to see the following people back here in the morning.

DOROTHY: No, wait!

DIRECTOR: Number 79.

(The Group 7 Nuns CHEER)

DIRECTOR: Number 75.

(The Group 3 Nuns CHEER. The Goons who were in the number look at each other and drop their guns and CHEER.)

DIRECTOR: Number 78.

(The police from Group 6 look at one another and cheer)

DIRECTOR: And the entire Obscurity Choir.

(All on stage congratulate themselves.)

DOROTHY: (devastated) That's it?

DIRECTOR: Oh, wait a minute, I do have one part left.

DOROTHY: I'll take it. What ever it is, I'll take it.

DIRECTOR: The Mother Superior.

MS: Did you say, the Mother Superior?

DOROTHY: Oh, no. No, you don't. You can't.

DIRECTOR: Have either of you had any experience?

Obnoxia looks at Dorothy, flashes a huge grin and steps Center Stage

MS: (LET ME ENTERTAIN YOU from Gypsy)

When the number ends, she is torn between taking a big bow and staying humble.

DIRECTOR: Wonderful! Just fantastic! You're hired.

DOROTHY: I don't believe this.

MS: (She pats the defeated Dorothy on the head) God works in mysterious ways, my child.

DOROTHY: Is that important?

MS: Not now, but it will be in. (to the Nuns) Sisters, I'd say we're in show business---and all that jazz!

ALL THAT JAZZ TAG

As the Choir sings, Dorothy exits, defeated. When the number ends, the curtain comes in, choir exits and Dorothy returns, now dressed as if in the Wizard of Oz, carrying her suit case in one hand and her habit in the other.

SCENE 7

She sits at the edge of the stage.

DOROTHY: Hello? Auntie Em? It's me, Dorothy. I'm coming home, Auntie Em. I found Toto in a dog pound over in Queens, and I'm coming home. ...Yes, Auntie Em, I think I've learned my lesson. No, I don't want to be a famous anymore, Auntie Em. I don't even want to be a star. ...But more than anything else, Auntie Em, I don't ever, ever want to be a nun.

Dorothy puts down the phone, looking very sad.

DOROTHY: Those stupid Nuns! I can't believe they're actually opening on Broadway.

(SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW from the Wizard of Oz)

I THOUGHT THAT I COULD BE A STAR
LIKE GARLAND AND MADONNA ARE
ABOVE ME
I'D BE ON STAGE AND THEN ON SCREEN
THE PRESS AND PEOPLE MAGAZINE
WOULD LOVE ME.

SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW
NUNS CAN FLY
NUNS FLY OVER THE RAINBOW
WHY THEN OH WHY CAN'T I?

IF ALL THOSE STUPID NUNS CAN FLY
STRAIGHT TO BROADWAY
WHY OR WHY CAN'T I?

Curtain.
BOWS

FINALE SONG: BROTHERHOOD OF MAN
From How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying