

Nunsense

Dan Goggin

*Female
Humorous*

Premiere: The Baldwin Theatre, NYC
 Publisher: Samuel French, Inc.
 Setting: Mt. St. Helen's School Auditorium, Hoboken,
 New Jersey

When the Little Order of Hoboken's cook, Sister Julia—Child of God, serves some vichyssoise, she accidentally kills fifty-two nuns with botulism. The entire order would have been wiped out had not some of the sisters been out playing Bingo. By selling greeting cards, they raise money to bury the dead sisters. They bury forty-eight of them; then the Reverend Mother buys a Beta-Max for the convent. In order to raise money to bury the remaining four sisters, who are currently stashed in the convent's freezer, the Reverend Mother and her most talented nuns put on a show on the set of the eighth-grade production of *Grease*.

Before the first act finale, one of the sisters finds a brown paper bag with poppers in it, in the girl's locker room. Reverend Mother takes command. While she may try to appear strict, everyone knows "her bark is worse than her bite. She loves the spotlight and is an outrageous, quick-witted soul who knows how to get a laugh." She takes the bag and shoos the sisters off to prepare for the finale.

REV. MOTHER

I'm terribly sorry for this delay, they'll only be a moment. Now what is this she's fussing about?

(REV. MOTHER sits down at the counter stool closest to C. The spotlight fades up on her. She discovers a small bottle of liquid in the bag and holds it up. It contains a substance called "Rush" which, if inhaled, causes an almost instant "high" feeling. It, like airplane glue, etc., is the type of thing

Original do not use if red

NUNSENSE

133

that today's students might be fooling around with, much to the chagrin of the nuns.)

Well, it's called "Rush"—it must be something for people in a hurry—
(She examines the bottle.)

—I guess you take a spoonful after every meal—let's see—no—it says here: "Remove cap, allow to stand, aroma will develop." Aroma? What kind of aroma?

(She opens the bottle and takes a whiff.)

Oooohh—Good Lord it smells awful. Why would anyone want this stuff? R U S—Oh!

(It has hit her. She puts her finger inside the edge of her headpiece as if to loosen it a bit—she starts to laugh.)

Is it warm in here? I'm awfully warm—It must be the—
(She indicates her headpiece.)

I don't know what the girls are doing with this stuff but it can't be good for you.

It smells just awful.

(She opens the bottle and takes another whiff. She's laughing much more now.)

Is it hot in here? It must be the lights!

All right, in a few moments, minents, moments

(Hysterical laughter.)

we'll get back to Nundance—No—FLASHNUN

(She flips her scapular as if to flash the audience—more hysterical laughter.)

—Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Nun—no, that's not right.

(She turns to the band.)

What show is this? Never mind. I'm all right, I'm all right.

(To audience.)

Okay, let's get back and watch a couple of butch nuns dance!

(Pause.)

Did I say that? Oh, that's not right.