

Side 1 – George, Augusta and Philamena

GEORGE. Sisters, I couldn't find a box big enough, but I found this trunk downstairs. It's the one leftover from the charity magic show a few years back.

(They say nothing.)

Remember, from Father Chenille's act?

(They say nothing. He shrugs.)

Anyway, I just heard on the radio—

(AUGUSTA motions him to shush.) Oh right! Sorry!

(He quiets down. AUGUSTA points across the room. GEORGE pulls the trunk over and sets it down. He starts to wildly mime. AUGUSTA gets PHILAMENA's attention and they start to gesture to GEORGE, asking questions. GEORGE looks confused. GEORGE starts to gesture wildly. PHILAMENA and AUGUSTA look confused.

GEORGE. Finally, church bells ring and GEORGE breathes a big sigh of relief.)

Sorry. I forgot the bells had rung and we weren't allowed to talk. SISTER

PHILAMENA. Today hasn't been so bad, has it? only three times.

GEORGE. When I grew up in the orphanage, I would always get in trouble for making too much noise.

SISTER PHILAMENAO George, I didn't know you were an orphan!

GEORGE. 1 am?

SISTER PHILAMENA. You just said you were.

GEORGE. 1 did?

SISTER PHILAMENAO Yes. You said you grew up in an orphanage.

GEORGE. Oh, but I wasn't an orphan. My father was the groundskeeper and we lived on-site. An all girls orphanage, which was an awfully nice place to grow up, if you catch my meaning. There was one girl in particular: I never knew her name, but I saw her watching me out her window all the time. Even when I was just eating lunch or reading, she'd stare at me in my old monogrammed work shirt and smile. And I'd smile back, and kinda wave, like this, and then she'd wave back, like this, and then I'd give her my Valentino eyes, like this, and she'd—

(AUGUSTA and PHILAMENA 100k embarrassed.) Sorry, Sisters.

SISTER AUGUSTA. What is it you wanted, George?

GEORGE. Wanted?

SISTER AUGUSTA. Yes, you know...

(She repeats some of GEORGE's mime.)

GEORGE. Oh, right! They said on the radio that a heavy frost is expected tonight.

SISTER AUGUSTA. Frost?

SISTER PHILAMENA. so soon?

SISTER AUGUSTA. We'll have to drop everything and harvest the grapes!

SISTER PHILAMENA. But what about these robes? Mother superior told us to get them repaired and shipped out by tomorrow. There's no way we can pick grapes and finish all this sewing.

GEORGE, I can help with the grapes. I don't mind.

SISTER PHILAMENAO Oh, George, could you?

GEORGE. Sure, I've already finished my chores. Besides, if those grapes go bad you won't be able to make any of your juice for the poor.

SISTER AUGUSTA. Glory be! Sister Philamena, we'll skip dinner tonight and go help George. Then we'll come back and rush through the rest of this sewing. We'll get our buckets and meet you in the fields, George.

GEORGE. All right.

(He starts to exit.)

SISTER AUGUSTA. George! What's that in your pocket?

GEORGE. I almost forgot! Mother Superior got a telegram. From Rome!

(He hands it over.)

It's marked "Importante." That's Italian! I wonder what it means... .? (They stare at him for a second. He thinks really hard. Finally, he

[thinks he] gets it.)

Ohhhh! "Imported!"

SISTER AUGUSTA. "Important," George. It means "important."

SISTER PHILAMENA. we'll see that she gets this right away!

GEORGE. Good! I'll see you in the vineyard!

(He rushes off.)

SISTER AUGUSTA. (Calling after him:) Orchard, George! Remember, Mother Superior doesn't like us to call it a vineyard.

(He rushes off.)

SISTER AUGUSTA. (Calling after him:) Orchard, George! Remember, Mother Superior doesn't like us to call it a vineyard.

SISTER PHILAMENA. (Placing the telegram on the trunk.) Once we pick those grapes, Augusta, we'll have to start making our... (Looking around and whispering:) . . . wine. But we don't have enough bottles. Or space! Or time!

SISTER AUGUSTA. What choice do we have? Our... (From this point on, everyone whispers "you-know-what" or a similar euphemism instead of "wine.") . . . you-know-what.. .is the only thing that keeps money coming into this convent. Without it, the church would close us down for sure. Now, c'mon, Philamena, we have to go help George with that grape harvest.