Side 4 – Father Chenille, Sister Mary Catherine, George

(MARY CATHERINE runs in from the hallway, and bumps into FATHER CHENILLE, who enters from the kitchen.)

SISTER MARY CATHERINE. Father Chenille!

FATHER CHENILLE. Hello there, Sister!

SISTER MARY CATHERINE. I need to speak with you. It's urgent!

FATHER CHENILLE. Can't it wait? I'm in desperate need to find Father George!

SISTER MARY CATHERINE. God is speaking to me!

FATHER CHENILLE. What!?!

SISTER MARY CATHERINE. It's a divine miracle! I hear voices. Last night God told me to confess, and this morning he said "please."

FATHER CHENILLE. Really?

SISTER MARY CATHERINE. But then— Oh, Father, I also heard "his" voice!

FATHER CHENILLE. Whose?

SISTER MARY CATHERINE. (Pointing down:) His.

FATHER CHENILLE. His? What did he say?

SISTER MARY CATHERINE. God kept saying, "confess, confess, please, please" and the devil kept saying "no, no!" It's as if they're fighting for my very soul!

FATHER CHENILLE. Are you certain? Perhaps you only thought you—

SISTER MARY CATHERINE. I heard those voices with my own

two ears! Oh, Father, what should I do?

FATHER CHENILLE. Have you anything to confess? Something that is burdening your heart? Perhaps that's why you think you heard— (Pointing downward:) —his voice.

SISTER MARY CATHERINE. Yes, there is something I need to confess. Right away.

FATHER CHENILLE. Well, you'll have to find Father Paul, I'm afraid. He can take your confession. I must find Father George.

(He exits outside.)

SISTER MARY CATHERINE. Yes, I'll confess to Father Paul!

(Starts to rush out, but quickly runs back.)

Who's Father Paul?

(GEORGE enters with a box of wine bottles.)

Oh, Father!

GEORGE. Excuse me?

SISTER MARY CATHERINE. I need to make a confession. Quickly, before it's too late!

GEORGE. But I'm not— I mean...I have to deliver these bottles to Sister Augusta and Sister Philamena.

SISTER MARY CATHERINE. But my eternal soul is in peril!

GEORGE. I would if I could. Honestly! But I'm not qualified to...

(MARY CATHERINE starts crying. GEORGE softens.)

Maybe not a formal confession. Maybe we could just go outside and talk?

SISTER MARY CATHERINE. Yes, Father, I'd like that.

GEORGE. (Putting the box of wine bottles on the trunk:) You look familiar. Have we met before?

SISTER MARY CATHERINE. I don’t think so...