

THE NOISY NUN

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CHARACTERS: (4)

SISTER #1, any age, dressed in traditional Catholic nun garb, can be a drag role

SISTER #2, any age, dressed similarly

AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD, any age, in a uniform of some kind, with a
hand-held body scanner

MALE VOICE (offstage)

Setting: All that is needed is a frame that resembles an airport security checkpoint, with a long table nearby to suggest a place for luggage. There are two chairs farther upstage.

(The GUARD is waiting behind and to the side of the security checkpoint.)

(SISTER #2 pushes her shoes along the table, then approaches and goes through the frame without incident. The GUARD nods pleasantly at her, and she at him. SISTER #2 retrieves her shoes and sits at a chair to put them on again.)

(SISTER #1 is holding back although it is her turn to go through the checkpoint.)

GUARD: It's clear now, Sister.

SISTER #1: Thank you.

(She pushes her shoes along the table. But she does not go through the metal detector. She seems nervous.)

GUARD: Something wrong?

SISTER #1: Not really. I'm feeling a little faint.

SISTER #2: (beckoning, putting on her shoes) Come along, Sister Rose of Lima! We're going to miss our flight.

GUARD: (to SISTER #1) Do you want to sit down for a minute?

SISTER #1: Yes, perhaps I'd better. Over there? (Points to the chairs upstage, starts to go.)

GUARD: I'm afraid not until you go through security, Sister.

SISTER #1: Of course. What was I thinking!?

GUARD: I don't suppose you're a terrorist, Sister, but one never knows. (Smiles.)

SISTER #2: Sister Rose of Lima, what's wrong?

SISTER #1: Not a thing! I'm just going to catch my breath for a second. Then I'll be right there. Why don't you go ahead and get your seat?

SISTER #2: No problem. I'll wait for you.

GUARD: Others want to come through, Sister. (Points to other invisible passengers.)

SISTER #1: Oh, all right, I'll go through.

(After more hesitation, she finally walks through the security checkpoint.
A beeper goes off.)

SISTER #1: What's that?

GUARD: Would you mind stepping to the side, Sister? Let's see what the problem is.

SISTER #1: Are you sure that was me that did that?

GUARD: Pretty sure, Sister. Do you have any idea what it might be? You aren't carrying anything in your pockets, are you?

SISTER #1: Oh, that must be it! I have some coins and a pen.

(She reaches into her deep pockets and pulls out the coins and the pen. She places them in a small plastic dish the GUARD offers her.)

GUARD: Once again, if you don't mind.

SISTER #1: Oh, this is such a bother. (to SISTER #2) Why don't you go to the plane?!
You're making me nervous.

SISTER #2: What's wrong? Can I help?

GUARD: (pointing to the metal detector frame) If you don't mind.

SISTER #1: It's so much trouble!

(She passes through. Another beep occurs.)

SISTER #1: It must be something I ate.

GUARD: You ate something metal?

SISTER #1: There was something wrong with the food at the cafeteria. Besides the high price!

GUARD: (suspicious) Really? Did you swallow a fork maybe?

SISTER #2: We're going to miss our flight!

SISTER #1: Yes! We're going to miss our flight!

GUARD: I'm sorry about that, Sister, but I can't let you through until this is cleared up.

SISTER #1: Let me try it again. (She tries to rush through. It beeps.) Oh, for Christ's sake!

GUARD: I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask one of the female guards to search you.

SISTER #1: It's the machine. It's not me! Why don't you double check your equipment instead of embarrassing passengers like this?!

GUARD: Wait here, please. (Signals to a distant guard we can't see.) Frieda! Can you come over here?

SISTER #1: *She's* not going to pat me down, I hope.

GUARD: She's going to have to. You can do it in that side room over there, if you prefer.

SISTER #1: But she looks like a lesbian! You allow lesbians to feel up nuns? What is this country coming to?!

GUARD: You going to have to be searched. That's all there is to it.

SISTER #1: I am not taking my habit off, especially for her.

GUARD: It will be a pat search. No disrobing is necessary.

SISTER #1: This is outrageous.

GUARD: You don't have something to hide now, do you?

SISTER #1: I have no weapons. See! (Jiggles her clothing.) Did you hear anything?

GUARD: No. But something is making it beep.

SISTER #1: Probably has a short in it. I mean, how often do you check it anyway?!

GUARD: We check it a lot.

SISTER #1: Obviously not enough!

SISTER #2: Could it be her shoes?

GUARD: The shoes went through. (Puts them through the security point again.)
That doesn't seem to be the problem. Are you carrying any crucifixes?

SISTER #1: No.

GUARD: Rosaries?

SISTER #1: No.

GUARD: Any . . . uh . . .

SISTER #1: Knives, razor blades, plastique? No!

GUARD: Any prayer books?

SISTER #1: Prayer books don't have metal in them!

GUARD: You tell me. I'm not Catholic.

SISTER #1: It's the machine. Just look how crappy it is!

GUARD: Do you have a pacemaker, by any chance?

SISTER #1: Hardly.

GUARD: Chastity belt?

SISTER #1: Now you are getting very close to a lawsuit.

GUARD: Sorry. Theology fails me here. I just know you're not getting through merely because you're a nun. What better disguise could there be?!

SISTER #1: Where's your supervisor?

GUARD: *I'm* the supervisor. I'm working because we're short-handed today.

SISTER #1: Aha! That's the problem. Things are not supervised, not checked. Beeps go off. You make people miss their flights!

GUARD: (to other guard) Frieda? Are you coming or not?

SISTER #1: She's not touching me -- here, there, or anywhere else.

GUARD: Sister, we try to respect people's privacy, but we've all got a job to do here. So I ask you for the last time: is there anything on your clothing or on your person that might be setting off the alarm?

SISTER #1: Absolutely not.

GUARD: Think hard, Sister.

SISTER #1: What are you implying?

GUARD: I'm just trying to jog your memory. Did you have an operation maybe? The doc left a scalpel inside you or something?

SISTER #1: Indeed, that's it. I have a scalpel inside me. A huge one.

GUARD: Then we're going to have to take some Xrays.

SISTER #1: No X-rays. They're not safe.

MALE VOICE: (offstage) Hey, what's the hang-up? I've got to get to Cleveland!

GUARD: In a moment, please! We're short on staff today.

SISTER #2: *I know what it is!*

GUARD: What?

SISTER #1: (suspiciously) *What?*

SISTER #2: (coming back, to GUARD) Let me use your body checker. That thing.

GUARD: For what?

SISTER #2: You can't check out a nun. But I can.

GUARD: (after a hesitation) All right. Try it. But I'm watching.

MALE VOICE: Can I watch too?

GUARD: Shoo! Get back now!

(He hands the body checker to SISTER #2.)

(SISTER #2 starts at the lower body, running the device over SISTER #1's legs.)

SISTER #2: Nothing.

GUARD: What about her head?

SISTER #2: I'm getting to it!

(SISTER #2 runs the device over the face and back of the head of SISTER #1.)

SISTER #2: She's clean.

SISTER #1: Can we go now?

GUARD: I suppose. . . . Wait.

SISTER #1: What now? Haven't I been humiliated enough? And people are waiting!

MALE VOICE: What about her chest area?

SISTER #1: I beg your pardon! You leave my chest out of this!

GUARD: Sorry, Sister, no way.

SISTER #2: One more pass and we should be out of here.

SISTER #1: I feel violated.

GUARD: (to SISTER #2) Do it, Sister!

SISTER #2: I don't consent!

GUARD: Do it or I will!

(SISTER #2 runs the device over SISTER #1's chest before there can be any more objections.)

(We hear a beep.)

GUARD: Aha! We have found the problem area.

SISTER #1: I didn't hear anything.

SISTER #2: I'm not sure I did either.

GUARD: *What?!* I've heard of singing nuns, but ringing nuns!?

SISTER #1: Maybe you just have bad ears.

GUARD: Let's cut to the chase. What have you got under there, Sister?

SISTER #1: . . . Not a thing.

MALE VOICE: (lustfully) She's *naked*?

SISTER #1: Who *is* that?

SISTER #2: You pervert! How dare you!

GUARD: So there's absolutely nothing there, you say?

SISTER #1: Some people are unduly interested in nun's underwear!

GUARD: I could care less about your underwear – unless it conceals something dangerous. Have you got something dangerous under there, Sister Rose of Lima? *If* that's your real name!

SISTER #1: It's the name I took when I married God!

GUARD: You married God?! (to SISTER #2) Run that checker again.

(SISTER #1 runs it again. There is a loud beep.)

SISTER #2: What *is* that?

GUARD: It seems that Sister Rose of Lima here might have a little secret.

SISTER #2: No, I don't. My life is an open book. I am a nun!

GUARD: Then what is that beep caused by? Huh?

SISTER #1: It's a special penance I have imposed upon myself.

SISTER #2: Really?

SISTER #1: I've never told anyone, even my confessor.

SISTER #2: How wonderful! A special penance.

GUARD: And just what is that? Pray tell!

SISTER #1: (mumbling) A piercing.

GUARD: A what?

SISTER #2: Like one of Our Lord's?

SISTER #1: Similar, yes.

GUARD: One of Our Lord's what?

SISTER #2: (louder) A piercing, like from the crown of thorns or the nails. Oh, Sister, I am most impressed!

MALE VOICE: Me too!

SISTER #1: I offer it up for the souls in Purgatory.

GUARD: What is it exactly? Is it metal?

SISTER #1: Stainless steel.

GUARD: Well, take it off and we'll let you through.

SISTER #1: I'm afraid it's imbedded.

MALE VOICE: Where? In her nipple?

SISTER #1/

SISTER # 2: Shut up!

GUARD: You can't take it off?

SISTER #1: It would be difficult.

SISTER #2: She does it to mortify the flesh.

GUARD: You sure it's not a nipple ring?

SISTER #2: Oh! You shut *your* mouth! Sister Rose of Lima would never have such a thing! (to her) Would you?

SISTER #1: A nipple ring? Me? How can you even ask!?

GUARD: Is it just one nipple or two?

SISTER #1: I don't care to say.

GUARD: Sister, you're pissing me off. That nipple ring's got to come off or come out, or Whatever. No if's, and's, or but's.

MALE VOICE: I know how to do it!

SISTER #2: You will not!

GUARD: Does it unclip?

SISTER #1: No, it's permanent. If it is to come off, I'm afraid it will have to be . . .

GUARD: Snipped off?

SISTER #1: I suppose so.

SISTER #2: She makes such sacrifices for God! (Crosses herself.)

GUARD: (shrugging) Whatever you say.

SISTER #1: (crossing herself) I do!

GUARD: It's going to take some time. (calling) Frieda! Is it just one or two?

SISTER #1: (quietly) Three.

GUARD: (loudly) Three?!

SISTER #2: Oh, my, we're going to miss our flight!

MALE VOICE: (sexily impressed) Hey! Cool! One in your navel too?

GUARD: Shut up! (to SISTER #1) You know what? A nun with three . . . whatevers.
I don't even want to know where. Your word is good enough for me. Believe me!

MALE VOICE: I think you should check all three rings – just to be sure! I'll help.

SISTER #1/

SISTER #2/

GUARD: SHUT UP!

MALE VOICE: I'm just trying to speed things up.

GUARD: Okay, Sister Rose, I want you to go into that room over and you and Frieda come back and show me the three rings. Got it?

SISTER #1: (taking the checker) Actually, make that *four* rings, asshole! (Runs the checker near her crotch, and her vagina ring triggers the beeper.)

MALE VOICE: Hey, now you're talkin'! Jesus!

(SISTER #2 and the GUARD cross themselves simultaneously.)

SISTER #1: Mary!

GUARD: And Joseph!?

BLACKOUT

