

1.

ACT 1

SCENE 1

FINGERS WHISTLES LOUDLY AND  
TUNELESSLY.

HARRY: FINGERS!

HARRY: Yes, Harry.

HARRY: Put a sock in it. You've been whistling for an hour and it's getting to me.

FINGERS: That's great! I'm not even allowed to be cheerful in my own room.

HARRY: Cell, Fingers! It's a cell - and I have to share it with you. Besides, you only know one tune and that's only got two notes in it. You sound like a cuckoo with a nut stuck in it's throat.

FINGERS: I've always wanted to do bird impressions.

IS ABOUT TO TRY ONE.

HARRY: Fingers - NO!

PAUSE

FINGERS: Harry?

HARRY: (Impatiently) Yes, what is it now, Fingers?

FINGERS: How long are you in here for?

HARRY: Oh, a long stretch this time. Ten years to be precise. Less, if I get parole.

FINGERS: Ten years? What did you do to earn that?

HARRY: Just a spot of house clearance in Romford.

FINGERS: What do you mean, 'house clearance'?

HARRY: Well, you know, the usual sort of thing: I hired a big removal van and emptied a house of its contents.

FINGERS: Is that against the law?

2.

HARRY: It is if the owners don't know about it. They came back from their summer holiday to an empty house. Only trouble was the owner was the Chief Constable. Mistake number one: I picked the wrong house.

FINGERS: How did you get caught, Harry?

HARRY: Ah, that was mistake number two. I flogged some of the big chief's hardware to a fence in a pub - only the fence turned out to be an undercover copper and he recognised some of the chief's clobber.

FINGERS: That was clever of him.

HARRY: Not really, it was all security coded. All he had to do was put it under a u.v. lamp. I reckon the last laugh was on the big chief, though.

FINGERS: Why's that then?

HARRY: Let's just say some of his items I was trying to flog were of a unusual nature: lots of superhero comics, superman, Spiderman and such like: hundreds of Star Trek videos - and even some uniforms. Seems the old man liked to dress up as Captain Picard in his spare time.

FINGERS: Jeepers, what do you think his wife thought about that?

HARRY: I should imagine she wouldn't have thought it unusual. After all, her wardrobe included a Catwoman costume and a Lieutenant Ohura uniform. Perhaps they met at a Trekkies convention.

FINGERS: I'd like to have been a fly on the wall down at the nick when that lot was brought in.

HARRY: Well, I've heard that the following Christmas the chief received no fewer than eighteen copies of 'Hitch-hikers Guide to the Galaxy'. And the biggest catch-phrase at the station that year was 'Beam me up, Scotty!'

FINGERS: What about 'is it a man, is it a bird? No, It's the Chief Constable'.

HARRY: Alright, Fingers, that's enough? What're you in here for anyway?

FINGERS: Driving offences!

3.

HARRY: Driving offences? Is that all. You must have killed someone to have got time for that.

FINGERS: No, I was driving quite normally when I was stopped.

HARRY: Don't tell me - you were driving on the pavement?

FINGERS: Nope!

HARRY: Wrong way up a one-way street?

FINGERS: Nope!

HARRY: No insurance?

FINGERS: Nope!

HARRY: No licence?

FINGERS: Come on - use your imagination.

HARRY: Under the influence of your mother-in-law?

FINGERS: I was driving a getaway car with half a million in crisp, new banknotes in the boot.

HARRY WHISTLES IN ASTONISHMENT.

FINGERS: I offered a share to the traffic cop who stopped me but he wasn't interested. I got another five years for that.

HARRY: But, if you were driving normally, how did you get rumbled?

FINGERS: The boot flew open on the M25 and the dosh was spread like confetti over all four carriageways. Caused a twenty mile tailback.

HARRY: (Guffawing) Poetic justice they call that.

FINGERS: I wouldn't know, I never read any poetry.

HARRY: Not even, 'I wandered lonely as a clown'?

FINGERS: What?

HARRY: Or 'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, you could my Ma yelling and slapping her spouse'?

FINGERS: Never heard it!

4.

HARRY: You must have read some poetry at school!

FINGERS: Didn't go to school.

HARRY: What never?

FINGERS: Well I did about three times but I soon decided it was not for me.

HARRY: But surely, your parents must have known.

FINGERS: Never had a father, Mum didn't care. She was drunk most of the time. Actually, come to think of it, she did used to call out in the mornings, like this: 'Vivian, it's time for school'.

HARRY: What, your sister didn't go to school either?

FINGERS: Didn't have a sister.

HARRY: Then who was Vivian?

FINGERS: That's me you idiot!

PAUSE

HARRY: You're never called ..... Vivian.... *(laughing)* Did they think you were a girl when you were born or something?

FINGERS: *(Standing)* Now just you look here, you pompous git. *(Grabbing Harry by the lapels and shaking him)* I've had enough of you already and we've only been in the cell together for two hours. If you don't shut your trap I'll stick your head between those bars.

HARRY: Alright....alright.... Vivian, *(Fingers steps towards him)* er, Fingers. Your secret's safe with me. Relax! I think I'll unpack my stuff. *(Jumping off the bunk)* You know, it's not easy for me, either, fielding your incessant questions!

FINGERS: What does incessant mean?

HARRY: There you go again. Every minute another question.

FINGERS: Have you been timing me?

HARRY: Look, let's have five minutes of silence, shall we. Agreed?

5.

FINGERS: Agreed!

PAUSE

FINGERS: Has it started yet?

HARRY: Of course it's started but you've spoilt it now. Let's start again.

FINGERS: O.K. but you must say 'now' when it starts.

HARRY: NOW!

ANOTHER PAUSE

FINGERS: How do I know when it's finished? I haven't got a watch.

HARRY: It can't finish if it never starts, can it!

FINGERS: Sorry, Harry. Let's try one last time and you say 'finished' when we get to the end.

HARRY: It really doesn't matter what I say, does it! If you hear me talk it must be the end.

FINGERS: Not necessarily. You're talking now and it hasn't started.

HARRY: Are you ready?

FINGERS: Yes, Harry.

HARRY: Now!

ENTER MCVITIE, A PRISON OFFICER.

MCVITIE: Finished!

FINGERS: I thought five minutes was longer than that.

MCVITIE: Every minute seems like an hour to those detained at Her Majesty's pleasure.

FINGERS: You spoilt our game.

HARRY: Fingers, it was not a game. I need some peace from time to time or I'll go mad.

MCVITIE: Not another bloody Fingers. There are fourteen already in this prison. There's Fingers O'Flaherty in East Wing, he's a lifer, then there's Fingers Watkins the jewel thief, Fingers the safe-breaker, he's ...

6.

HARRY: You could call him by his real name.

FINGERS: I warned you, Harry. I'll break your neck if you ever tell anyone my name.

MCVITIE: Then you shall be, 'The man with no name'!

FINGERS: Very funny. And who are you anyway?

MCVITIE: I am room service, haven't you worked that out for yourself. Day shift, South Wing, Her Majesty's representative, Jock McVitie, your minder.

FINGERS: I don't need no minder.

HARRY: Do you want something, McVitie, or is this just a courtesy call?

MCVITIE: Let's get one thing straight, Harry Fielding, you call me Mister McVitie.

FINGERS: And if we don't?

MCVITIE: Then you'll be cleaning out the latrines every morning for a month.

FINGERS: O.K. Mister McVitie.

MCVITIE: Actually, I've come to warn you.

FINGERS: Thanks for the warning, you can go now.

MCVITIE: Very funny. I suppose you heard about the fate of the previous occupant of this cell?

HARRY: Stop playing games, McVitie, and get to the point.

MCVITIE: Mr McVitie! The point is, he disappeared. One night he was tucked up and snoring, the next morning he was gone.

HARRY: Impossible!

MCVITIE: Some say the Mob got him, broke into the cell, cut him up into little pieces and flushed him down the toilet.

FINGERS: They did that?

MCVITIE: The Mob can do anything. No-one's safe from the black hand, even in jail.

7.

FINGERS: What's the black hand?

MCVITIE: You've never heard of 'the black hand'?

FINGERS: Is that what coal-miners get?

MCVITIE: No, it's what traitors to the Mob get. It means certain death.

FINGERS: Oh Mother! (*Fingering his neck.*)

HARRY: And just who was this prisoner - the one who 'disappeared'?

MCVITIE: RAYMONDO BONONCINI was his name.

FINGERS: Hey, I've heard of him - he's that jazz bloke.

HARRY: That's Mancini.

MCVITIE: Took with him the secret of the Star of Nepal.

FINGERS: Was he an astromoner, then?

HARRY: It's a diamond - you idiot. I remember now. Bononcini was a jewel thief. He pulled off one of the biggest diamond robberies in history. The Star of Nepal was - is - a black diamond. It was given to Queen Victoria by one of her Maharajas as a birthday gift and was kept in the British Museum - until about five years ago, when it was stolen.

MCVITIE: The diamond was never found. Rumour has it that Bononcini brought in into prison with him.

FINGERS: Hey, perhaps he ate it - and the mob cut him up to search inside him?

HARRY: Have you been watching Pinocchio?

MCVITIE: Now, I must finish locking up. And I don't expect any trouble from you two - or else....

HARRY: Or else what?

MCVITIE: Your wives will not be allowed to visit.

FINGERS: That's not a punishment - it's a blessing!

MCVITIE: Just remember my warning, both of you.

EXIT MCVITIE, SLAMMING THE DOOR.

8.

FINGERS: What was it he wanted us to remember, Harry.

HARRY: That we should make every effort to escape. Now, lets start searching for a way out.

FINGERS: But I know where the way out is - it's the same as the way in - and he's just locked it.

HARRY: Remember what he said about Bononcini. There has got to be another way out - a tunnel or something - but it must be really cleverly hidden.

FINGERS: You don't think he was cut up and flushed down the bog then?

HARRY: Of course not, you idiot. Now help me look. Don't you want to escape?

FINGERS: Well I dunno.

HARRY: What do you mean, 'I dunno'?

FINGERS: You don't know my wife, do you?

HARRY: No, of course not.

FINGERS: If you knew her you'd understand!

HARRY BEGINS TO SEARCH POSSIBLE PLACES FOR A TUNNEL. FINGERS SEARCHES SOME RIDICULOUS PLACES, SUCH AS THE CEILING.

HARRY: Now what're you doing, Fingers?

FINGERS: I'm looking for a tunnel, like you said.

HARRY: Well, you won't find it up there. I don't suppose he wanted to escape to a cell on the top floor.

FINGERS: No Boss, I'll look in here.

EXIT FINGERS TO BATHROOM.

FINGERS: Nice toilet!

HARRY: Stop admiring the porcelain - it's not an art gallery.

FINGERS: Hey, this toilet's wobbly.

HARRY: You're not supposed to be sitting on it.

9.

FINGERS: Hey, it swivels round. Look, Boss!

HARRY: Why did you call me Boss?

FINGERS: If we're going to be a team one of us has to be the gov'nor and I don't rate my chances.

HARRY: Let me sit on there.

FINGERS: I was here first.

HARRY: I'm the boss, remember!

FINGERS: Oh alright.

HARRY: I see what you mean - it rotates.

FINGERS: I never said it rotates.

HARRY: You did!

FINGERS: Didn't!

HARRY: Alright, well you said swivel. It means the same. Hey look! it slides as well - and what's this?

FINGERS: A hole, Boss.

HARRY: I can see that, you fool. Quick get me a light.

FINGERS: Sure, Boss.

ENTER FINGERS. HE CLIMBS ONTO HARRY'S BUNK AND ATTEMPTS TO UNSCREW THE LIGHT BULB. AFTER BURNING HIS HANDS HE TAKES OUT A HANDKERCHIEF AND REMOVES THE BULB. HE EXITS TO BATHROOM.

FINGERS: Here you are, Boss.

HARRY: Argh! You idiot, I didn't want a light bulb! Especially a hot one. Never mind that - let's go.

FINGERS: Go where?

HARRY: Up the passage!

FINGERS: Well, I dunno .... perhaps I'll stay here....

HARRY: Fingers! If you stay here you'll talk - unless I kill you.

FINGERS: Let's go down the tunnel.

10.

HARRY ENTERS AND DIGS AROUND IN HIS LOCKER.

FINGERS: Where are you going?

HARRY: Just collecting a few things. Razor, spare socks, you know.

FINGERS: Oh yea. I need a few things myself.

FINGERS PICKS UP A TEDDY BEAR AND HIS PYJAMAS.

HARRY: Is that all you're taking? *(Exit Harry to bathroom, shaking his head in disbelief.)*

FINGERS: Can't think what else I'd need!

HARRY: There's just about enough room for me to squeeze through. Hey, it's really black down here.

FINGERS: That must be the darkness!

HARRY: Come on, Fingers, it's clear now. Come down.

FINGERS: I'm...I'm stuck, Harry.

HARRY: Then you'll have to stay there until you lose weight!

FINGERS STRAINS AND SWEATS TO GET THROUGH. SUDDENLY HE FALLS WITH A THUMP.

FINGERS: Harry, where are you? I'm through. I thought I might break something but the ground's soft.

HARRY: That's because you landed on me, you buffoon!

FINGERS: Sorry, Harry.

HARRY: Now, reach up and rotate the toilet.

FINGERS: What's that?

HARRY: Swivel it!

FINGERS: Sure, Boss.

THERE IS A GRATING SOUND.

HARRY: Now we'll have to feel our way along.

11.

FINGERS SCREAMS.

HARRY: Fingers, what on earth is it?

FINGERS: It's a spider! I hate spiders. It's attacking me, Harry.

HARRY: Pull yourself together. *(We hear a slap)*

FINGERS: What did you do that for?

HARRY: That's what they do to hysterical women in the movies. Now come on! And keep your voice down. We don't want to be heard.

ACT 1 SCENE 2

AS THEY CRAWL ALONG THE TUNNEL.

FINGERS: *(In a hoarse whisper)* Harry!

HARRY: Yes, what is it now, Fingers?

FINGERS: Is it shaped like a nipple?

HARRY: What the hell are you on about now?

FINGERS: The diamond.

HARRY: I'm not with you.

FINGERS: Well, I was wondering why it's called the Star of Nipple.

HARRY: Not Nipple - you cretin - NEPAL. It's a country.

FINGERS: Never heard of it. Is it one of those they invented since the Russians pulled out?

HARRY: No it is not. It used to be part of the British Empire. It's where the Ghurkas come from.

FINGERS: It's not the only place. My Grandad used to grow them at the bottom of the garden.

HARRY: He grew what?

FINGERS: Gurkins.

HARRY: Do you know, fingers, having a conversation with you is like watching a movie with the sound out of sync. You're always a little behind the picture.

12.

FINGERS: I've never been in a movie, have you?

HARRY: Hey, Fingers, this feels like the end of the tunnel. I reckon we've crawled about a hundred feet in an easterly direction. That should have taken us at least thirty feet past the outer wall.

FINGERS: I can't see daylight.

HARRY: Fingers, it's night time.

FINGERS: I can't see anything.

HARRY: I can feel something here. It's a ladder! Fingers, this must be the way out.

FINGERS: You go first boss - see if it's safe.

HARRY: There's a sort of trapdoor here. It's ... it's a bit tight. Here we are.

(HE PUSHES UP THE TRAPDOOR AND  
EMERGES INSIDE A LARGE TRUNK IN  
THE CONVENT LOUNGE)

HARRY: My God, we're inside another building.

FINGERS: Not another cell block, surely!

HARRY: No, it looks different. I can see easy chairs and a coffee table and a crucifix.

THE SOUND OF CHANTING FEMALE  
VOICES IS HEARD, DISTANTLY.

FINGERS: Here, what's that noise? It sounds like one of them old movies - King Arthur and the Holy Grail!

HARRY: I think it's Gregorian chant - a psalm if I'm not mistaken.

FINGERS: I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about.

HARRY: Now, there's a first!

FINGERS: Perhaps it's the prison choir.

HARRY: Nice idea, but there isn't one.

FINGERS: What about those West Indian gospel singers in C block?

13.

HARRY: There aren't any women in C Block.

FINGERS: Well, I'm not going up there - they might be devil worshippers looking for a sacrifice.

HARRY: Actually, Fingers, I believe this tunnel has delivered us to the Convent of the Sacred Heart over the road.

FINGERS: Well that's still a good reason not to go in. All those women locked in there for years without any male company. It's unnatural.

HARRY: On the contrary, Fingers, that's as good a reason to go in as I can think of. I'm going to investigate. If I don't return in half an hour, come and rescue me. No, make that three hours.

FINGERS: You go in if you want. I'm staying here. But let me know if you find her.

HARRY: Find who?

FINGERS: The holy tart!

HARRY: Holy tart? (*ponders*) Fingers - it's sacred heart - not sacred tart! Sometimes you're so full of malaprops you could explode!

FINGERS: Thanks, Boss.

ACT 1 SCENE 3

HARRY SQUEEZES THROUGH THE TRAPDOOR AND EMERGES INTO A LARGE WOODEN TRUNK. HE LIFTS THE LID RIGHT UP AND PEERS OUT.

HARRY: Fancy that, a trunk with a false bottom. (*Looks around*) Make the Lord strike me dumb if this isn't grand.

HARRY CLIMBS OUT AND REPLACES THE BOTTOM OF THE TRUNK. HE TRIES OUT ONE OF THE COMFY CHAIRS. THE CHANTING STOPS, A BELL RINGS OUT AND HE JUMPS UP AS THOUGH STUNG.

HARRY: What the hell?

VOICES ARE HEARD APPROACHING  
ALONG THE CORRIDOR. HARRY SWIFTLY  
HIDES BEHIND THE CURTAINS. ENTER  
SISTERS MICHAEL AND CHASTITY.  
MICHAEL IS MIDDLE-AGED AND VERY  
PLAIN BUT CHASTITY IS ABOUT  
TWENTY-FOUR, PRETTY AND CURVY.  
BOTH ARE DRESSED IN FULL-LENGTH  
HABITS AND WIMPLES.

SISTER CHASTITY: Why does the Mother Superior have to hit that bell so hard? It gives me a headache.

SISTER MICHAEL: Just one of her little foibles, dear. It's the only exercise she gets, you know.

SISTER CHASTITY: No wonder she's such a fat ....

SISTER MICHAEL: Really Sister Chastity! You should not talk about Mother like that.

SISTER CHASTITY: Well, perhaps she needs an aerobics workout like I do every morning. It keeps me in shape. (*Shows off her figure*)

SISTER MICHAEL: The Lord has blessed you with a slim and athletic body, Sister Chastity. The Mother Superior is rather fuller in the figure.

HARRY PEEPS OUT FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN, GLIMPSES CHASTITY AND LIKES WHAT HE SEES. HE GRINS AT THE AUDIENCE BEFORE CONCEALING HIMSELF AGAIN.

SISTER CHASTITY: Nevertheless, she should still keep herself fit.

SISTER MICHAEL: I fear she is more concerned about her spiritual fitness than mere concerns of the flesh.

SISTER CHASTITY: You can't have the one without the other. I feel spiritually refreshed when I finish my workout.

SISTER MICHAEL: It must get very warm doing aerobics in your habit.

SISTER CHASTITY: Oh, I don't wear the habit when I'm exercising.

HARRY PEEPS OUT AGAIN.

15.

SISTER Really dear?  
MICHAEL:

SISTER No, I exercise naked.  
CHASTITY:

HARRY'S FACE IS A PICTURE. HE SHRINKS BACK BEHIND THE CURTAIN, WHICH TREMBLES VIOLENTLY. THE LID STARTS TO RISE ON THE TRUNK AND HARRY PUTS OUT A FOOT FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN AND STAMPS IT DOWN, SQUASHING FINGERS'S FINGERS. HE LETS OUT A YELP OF PAIN.

SISTER What on earth was that?  
MICHAEL:

SR MICHAEL GETS UP AND LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

SISTER Just someone passing in the street. Why don't you  
CHASTITY: shut the window?

SISTER Very well, my dear. (*Shuts window*) Forgive me for  
MICHAEL: asking, but you don't seem the type to be a novice, what made you enter the convent.

SISTER It was my Mum's idea really. She says I should  
CHASTITY: try it and see if I like it.

SISTER My dear, taking holy orders is a vocation. This  
MICHAEL: is not something one enters into lightly.

SISTER I know that.  
CHASTITY:

SISTER One doesn't enter a convent in the same way as  
MICHAEL: one takes a job as a, a, a cleaner, for instance.

SISTER No, but there are some similarities.  
CHASTITY:

SISTER There are?  
MICHAEL:

SISTER Just look at me wearing overalls, with sore knees  
CHASTITY: from kneeling on the floor and scrubbing my soul till it's whiter than white....

SISTER Sister Chastity, please do not talk like that.  
MICHAEL: You will get this convent closed if you're not careful.

16.

SISTER                    Sorry if I offended you but....  
CHASTITY:

SISTER                    You do know that, even as we speak, two sisters  
MICHAEL:                   are on their way from the mother house in  
Ireland?

SISTER                    They are?  
CHASTITY:

SISTER                    Their mission is to assess whether this house  
MICHAEL:                   makes a worthwhile contribution to the order  
worldwide. If we fail the inspection - we will be  
closed down.

SISTER                    Oh my goodness!  
CHASTITY:

SISTER                    So you see, it would be better to keep your  
MICHAEL:                   opinions to yourself for the next week. And try  
to answer their questions in the way the Mother  
Superior would wish you to.

SISTER                    What, you mean I should lie?  
CHASTITY:

SISTER                    My dear, as the Holy Father says, 'one white lie  
MICHAEL:                   on earth may bring you many blessings in heaven'.

ENTER MOTHER SUPERIOR. BOTH  
SISTERS JUMP TO THEIR FEET.

MOTHER                    What's this, frittering away God's precious  
SUPERIOR:                   moments in idle gossip?

SISTER                    No, actually we were discussing..  
CHASTITY:

MOTHER                    Don't answer me back, sister Chastity. You have  
SUPERIOR:                   much to learn about humility before you will be  
allowed to take your vows.

SISTER                    Yes, Mother Superior.  
CHASTITY:

MOTHER                    And?  
SUPERIOR:

SISTER                    Sorry, Mother Superior.  
CHASTITY:

MOTHER                    Good. Now should you sisters not be preparing the  
SUPERIOR:                   guest room for our Irish guests? They may arrive  
at any time and we must not appear ill-prepared.

17.

SISTER                   We just came to get some clean sheets, Mother.  
MICHAEL:

MOTHER                   Good. And when you have finished making the beds,  
SUPERIOR:                you can put the vacuum cleaner around the room.  
                          (Exits)

SISTER                   (Sighs) I know where I'd like to put the vacuum  
CHASTITY:                cleaner.

MOTHER                   (Putting her head back round the door) And Sister  
SUPERIOR:                Chastity, remember what I said about humility.

SISTER                   (With a false coy smile) Yes, Mother Superior.  
CHASTITY:                (Aside) She's obviously forgotten everything she  
                          learned.

SISTER                   Sister, that's blasphemy.  
MICHAEL:

SISTER                   Is it? Oh good, I've learned one thing already  
CHASTITY:                then. (Exits)

SISTER                   (Collecting the sheets from beside the trunk.)  
MICHAEL:                (Aside) Sometimes I think living in a convent is  
                          like being in the fourth form at boarding school:  
                          all work, no play and a bossy house-mistress  
                          scolding us every five minutes.

SISTER                   (Putting her head around the door.) Sister,  
CHASTITY:                that's blasphemy.

SISTER                   When you get to my age, dear, blasphemy is often  
MICHAEL:                the only pleasure in life.

                          EXIT THE TWO SISTERS. HARRY  
                          ENTERS FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN,  
                          ENSURES THE COAST IS CLEAR AND  
                          LIFTS THE LID OF THE TRUNK.  
                          FINGERS CLIMBS OUT, RUBBING HIS  
                          FINGERS.

FINGERS:                What did you do that for? You hurt me!

HARRY:                   You fool, if I hadn't have shut the lid you'd  
                          have been seen by those ladies.

FINGERS:                Ladies?

HARRY:                   What did you expect in a convent - chimpanzees?

FINGERS:                No, but...but...

18.

HARRY: We are in a closed cloister.

FINGERS: (Looks at his watch) Well what time does it open?  
Then we can get out.

HARRY: It doesn't - and besides, it may be wise to hide  
out in here for a while, just till the hue and  
cry has died down.

FINGERS: But boss, don't you think they might just notice  
that we're different.

HARRY: I'd thought of that. I think I've found just the  
thing!

HARRY EXITS BEHIND THE CURTAIN  
AGAIN WHILE FINGERS LOOKS OUT OF  
THE WINDOW.

FINGERS: Hey Harry, that building over the road looks like  
a prison.

ENTER HARRY, SHAKING HIS HEAD IN  
DISBELIEF AND CARRYING TWO NEATLY  
FOLDED HABITS AND WIMPLES.

HARRY: We're in luck. These are just our size.

FINGERS: You don't think for one minute I'm putting one of  
those on.

HARRY: If you don't they will soon notice you.

FINGERS: How do you know this is a convent, anyway?

VOICES OFF AS SR MICHAEL AND  
CHASTITY ENTER. HARRY PUSHES  
FINGERS BEHIND A CHAIR AND HIDES  
HIMSELF BEHIND THE CURTAIN, JUST  
IN TIME.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: It must be in here, we've looked everywhere else  
I can think of.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Aha, there you are you rascal!

FINGERS RAISES HIS HANDS AS IF TO  
SAY 'DON'T SHOOT'. CHASTITY  
STOOPS BEHIND ANOTHER CHAIR AND  
EMERGES WITH THE VACUUM CLEANER.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: I told you it must be in here.

FINGERS SINKS BACK IN RELIEF.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Come on then - we must get this chore finished  
before the sisters arrive from Ireland.

MICHAEL SNATCHES THE VACUUM  
CLEANER AND CHASTITY GRASPS THE  
PIPE AND FOLLOWS ALONG BEHIND.  
THEY EXIT. THE BOYS COME OUT OF  
HIDING.

FINGERS: Alright then, it is a convent but I can't wear  
that thing.

HARRY: You have to if they are to believe we're sisters.

FINGERS: But we're not even related!

HARRY: (Putting on the robe) Just get into that habit.

FINGERS: The habit of what?

HARRY: (Throwing the habit at him) Just put this on.

FINGERS: Oh very well. But I'm not staying long, mind. As  
soon as I find the way out, I'm off.

HARRY: Suit yourself. I'll have the diamond all to  
myself.

FINGERS: (Putting on the gown.) Diamond? What, do you mean  
the Star of Nipple?

HARRY: How many times do I have to tell you? It's Nepal!

FINGERS: Alright, alright, but do you think it's here - in  
a convent?

HARRY: I think it might be. Can you think of a better  
hiding place? And what's more, I think BONONCINI  
may be hiding here, disguised as a nun. That's  
why a nationwide search has failed to discover  
him.

FINGERS: It would be a perfect hiding place. No, he could  
never pass himself off as a woman - could he?  
Hey, what if they have communal showers? What a  
horrible thought.

HARRY IS JUST FIXING HIS WIMPLE.

20.

FINGERS: Hey Harry, you look like that bird off the sound of music. You know, the one who starts off as a nun.

HARRY: If I could pass myself off as a nun, then perhaps it is feasible that Bononcini could be here. Fingers, don't forget your wimple.

FINGERS: My whatple?

HARRY: Your head-dress, look!

HARRY SHOWS FINGERS HOW TO PUT ON  
THE WIMPLE.

FINGERS: Yea, and that Sister Michael - she's got a man's name. And she's got hairy legs - I saw them when I was hiding behind the chair.

HARRY: It is customary, Fingers, for sisters to take saint's names when they enter the cloister and leave behind their worldly goods.

FINGERS: What, they leave their name behind as well?

HARRY: Exactly!

FINGERS: Well, she did talk like a woman, but her voice was quite deep. Like this... 'We must get this chore finished before the sisters arrive from Ireland'.

HARRY: That's it.

FINGERS: Do you really think so, Harry? Could I do impressions?

HARRY: The sisters from Ireland!

FINGERS: I'll do one, you do the other.

HARRY: That's exactly it. We must pretend to be the sisters from Ireland. They are coming to inspect the convent.

FINGERS: Ireland, let me see..... (In a Welsh accent) 'As the Holy Father says, 'one white lie on earth may bring you many blessings in heaven'.

HARRY: Fantastic! Fingers, I think you've got it.

FINGERS: Thanks, Boss. (He adjusts his wimple and sings) 'The hills are alive with the sound of music'..... etc

21.

HARRY: Fingers, sometimes you amaze me.

FINGERS: Thank you, boss.

HARRY: You have got the Abbess spot on. Have you seen the movie?

FINGERS: No, but I know it's about a submarine trapped on the sea bed.

HARRY: I think you'll find that's the Abyss, Fingers.

ENTER MOTHER SUPERIOR WITH A LOOK OF SURPRISE ON HER FACE. HARRY AND FINGERS ARE STARTLED BUT THERE IS NO TIME TO HIDE.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Ah sisters, I thought I heard singing. I'm so sorry, no-one told me you had arrived. Will those girls never learn.

HARRY: Ah..... (clearing his throat and trying a higher pitch) (In an Irish accent) Ah well, girls will be girls.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Quite. You are very welcome sisters. I am Mother Beatrix.

HARRY: Pleased to meet you, Mother. I am Sister Harriet and this is Sister Phalanges.

MOTHER SUPERIOR SHAKES HANDS WITH EACH IN TURN.

FINGERS: (To Harry) Phalanges! What sort of a name is that?

HARRY: (Chuckling) Sister Phalanges you are such a scream. (Aside) Fingers, you've got to play along with this.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: You must be so tired after your journey.

HARRY: Yes, yes, quite tired.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: I expect you'd like to freshen up a little before dinner.

HARRY: Yes, yes, freshen up, indeed.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: But where is your luggage?

22.

HARRY: Luggage? Luggage?

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Surely you brought suitcases?

HARRY: Yes, yes, suitcases of course.

FINGERS: (In a Welsh accent, to the Mother Superior's surprise) Our luggage is following on, Mother Beatrix.

HARRY: Yes that's right, Mother. It's following on - later.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: (Calling along the hall) Chastity! Chastity!

ENTER CHASTITY

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Yes Mother?

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Chastity, show the sisters to their rooms, will you. Sisters, please join us for dinner - at seven. (Exits)

SISTER  
CHASTITY: (Curtseys) Good evening, sisters. I'm Chastity.

FINGERS: (Aside) I doubt that very much.

HARRY: Pleased to meet you, Chastity. Takes her hand and is reluctant to let go after the handshake.

FINGERS: (Aside) Actually, I think I could force myself to get used to communal showers.

HARRY: I'm Sister Harriet and this is Sister Phalanges.

CHASTITY SMILES. FINGERS GIVES  
HARRY A GLARE AND A KICK ON THE  
SHIN.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: We have prepared your rooms, sisters. If you would like to follow behind, I'm sure you're itching to see them!

HARRY: Yes, yes - quite.

HARRY AND FINGERS GLANCE AT ONE-ANOTHER. CHASTITY BEGINS TO EXIT, SERIOUSLY WAGGLING HER BUM AS SHE WALKS. FINGERS FOLLOWS, TRANSFIXED BY THE VIEW. HARRY PUSHES HIM ASIDE AND FOLLOWS CHASTITY, ADMIRING THE VIEW HIMSELF. FINGERS FOLLOWS.

FINGERS: (Off) I say, could you show us the showers on the way....

ACT 1 SCENE 4

THE ROOM IS EMPTY AND SILENT. SOMEWHERE, A BELL RINGS. ENTER HARRY, FURTIVELY, FOLLOWED BY FINGERS. HARRY SINKS INTO AN ARMCHAIR WITH A HUGE SIGH.

HARRY: Thank goodness that's over.

FINGERS: I thought the food was alright myself, better than prison grub.

FINGERS STARTS TO PICK THINGS UP AND INSPECT THEM. HE SETTLES ON A STATUETTE OF ST MATTHEW.

HARRY: It's not the food - it's trying to keep up the pretence. If I have to put on that high voice much longer it will get permanently stuck up the octave.

FINGERS: Stuck up the what?

HARRY: Never mind! Hey, what're you doing? You can't steal the convent's silver. It wouldn't be right.

FINGERS: Wouldn't be right? That's rich coming from a thief of little conscience. Anyway I was just looking for the diamond.

HARRY: Ah yes, the diamond. Here give me that.

FINGERS PASSES HARRY THE FIGURINE OF ST MATTHEW.

HARRY: Hm, as I thought - it's just silver plate. Not worth much. Seems quite heavy though, for silver plate! Here ...

HE THROWS THE STATUE TO FINGERS,  
WHO CATCHES IT DEFTLY.

FINGERS: Careful Harry, the nuns won't be too pleased if you break their statue of Jesus.

HARRY: No they won't, will they. But it's not Jesus - it's Matthew the tax collector.

FINGERS: Funny place for a tax collector. Do nuns pay taxes?

HARRY: (Impatiently) How the hell would I know?

SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE A BELL  
SOUNDS.

HARRY: Not that ruddy bell again. It was really starting to grate on me in the chapel service.

FINGERS: Why do they have to ring a bell every five minutes? It was beginning to make me lose my wits.

HARRY: Well at least you haven't got much to lose.

FINGERS: Eh?

HARRY: Nothing!

FINGERS: And why do they keep singing that song about Gloria. Has she died or something?

HARRY: Fingers, you are rapidly scaling the heights of ignorance. Have you never heard the Latin 'Gloria in excelsis deo'?

FINGERS: No but I know the other song: (sings) Deo, deo, daylight come and I wanna go home. Hey mister tallyman tally me bananas, daylight come...

HARRY: Yes, alright Fingers, alright. Let's just leave it there shall we? And Fingers, please don't ask for beer at dinner again. Nuns don't drink beer. And try not to belch. If you feel one coming on, just keep your mouth closed and cover it with your hand.

FINGERS: Well at least I didn't let out a f.....

HARRY: Alright Fingers, that's enough. Just try and be a little more gentil - or you'll give the game away.

25.

FINGERS: Gentil? I'm not sure I can do gentil, boss.

HARRY: Just try - please.

FINGERS: Then can we go home?

HARRY: You can go home anytime you like. I guarantee you'll be picked up by the long arm of the law within hours - and I'll keep the diamond all to myself.

FINGERS: But, how do you know Bononcini and the diamond are still here. I didn't see any unshaven nuns at dinner. Mind you, some of them have quite deep voices and I did see one with stubble on her chin.

HARRY: Keep your eyes to the ground and your nose peeled, Fingers.

FINGERS: What?

HARRY: Just be on your guard and watch for a nun who could be a man in disguise.

ENTER ANGUS, THE COOK, WITH A TRAY OF TEA AND BISCUITS. HE IS A REAL POSER WITH SLICKED BACK HAIR AND A THICK SCOTS ACCENT.

ANGUS: Ah sisters, I trust you enjoyed your meal.

HARRY: Ah yes, thank you - er....

ANGUS: Angus. Angus from Aberdeen.

HARRY: Of course, you're Angus the cook.

ANGUS: Chef, my dear sister, if you please.

HARRY: (Clearing his throat and settling into the higher octave) The dinner was very good, thank you.

FINGERS: Much better than prison grub!

HARRY: (Kicking Fingers on the shins) Just his...her little joke, Angus. Actually, it's her only joke. She likes to refer to our little convent back in Ireland as our prison, you see.

ANGUS SITS NEXT TO HARRY AND PUTS HIS ARM ACROSS THE BACK OF THE CHAIR. HARRY MOVES QUICKLY AWAY.

26.

ANGUS: Ah, yes, I see. Now are you ready for some fun?

HARRY: I beg your pardon!

ANGUS: Surely you know what happens after dinner?

HARRY: (Moving further away) I dread to think.

ANGUS: Well, I'll give you a clue. It requires mental dexterity, a well-developed grasp of the lexicon and a strong desire to subjugate your fellow sisters.

FINGERS: Are you sure this is a convent?

ENTER CHASTITY, CARRYING A  
SCRABBLE BOARD.

SISTER CHASTITY: Anyone for scrabble?

ANGUS: Ah, Chastity, you've brought the scrabble. I was just explaining to our guests how you pass the time in the evenings - in the absence of any other pastimes.

HARRY: Ah I see, you were talking about scrabble. What a relief.

ANGUS PASSES BY CHASTITY WITH A  
SUGGESTIVE GRIN AND PATS HER  
BEHIND.

SISTER CHASTITY: Back to your kitchen, Angus. This is no place for a man.

ANGUS: As you wish, but if you need me for - anything - you only have to call.

SISTER CHASTITY: I doubt you will be needed.

SHE SITS DOWN AND OPENS THE  
SCRABBLE BOX.

ANGUS: Au revoir, ladies.

EXIT ANGUS

HARRY: (Privately to Fingers while Chastity sets up the scrabble board) Anyone would think he's the one whose been behind bars.

FINGERS: Perhaps he's Bononcini?

27.

HARRY: No! Too young and too thin.

FINGERS: What did he say his name was?

HARRY: Angus!

FINGERS: (Aside) Take the letter G out and the name would suit him better!

HARRY: His parents must have known how he would turn out when they named him - smarmy little git!

ENTER MOTHER SUPERIOR AND SISTER  
MICHAEL.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: How good of you to join us for our evening social hour, sisters.

CHASTITY BENDS OVER THE TABLE TO  
SET UP THE PLAYERS' RACKS. SHE  
HAS HER BACK TO FINGERS.

HARRY: Well, I'm afraid we must poke into every little corner of the establishment, sister - find out what makes it tick.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Of course. Well, I hope you like what you have seen so far.

FINGERS: Oh yes, very nice!

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Well let's get on with it, shall we? Now, who goes first?

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Every day you ask that and it always ends up being you.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: I am the Mother Superior.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Well perhaps it should be one of our visitors today.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Sister Harriet, would you like to go first?

HARRY: I'll let Fingers go first. I mean, Sister Phalanges.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Fingers? What a witty nick-name. Phalanges are finger bones are they not? Very clever. I did wonder at the name. I've never heard it before. Do you know where it originated.

28.

FINGERS: (Glaring at Harry) It was just the name I was given.

FINGERS PUTS DOWN HIS WORD.

FINGERS: There we are - SCREW.

CHASTITY SNIGGERS.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: That's a strange word to think of.

FINGERS: Well, I couldn't make anything else, could I. It's slang for a prison officer.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Well I never! They say you learn something new every day.

HARRY: And in Sister Phalanges case, you forget it the same day.

FINGERS: Thank you Harry - et!

HARRY: Now it's my turn.

HARRY PUTS DOWN HIS WORD.

HARRY: There we are, CELL. Your turn, Sister Chastity.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Thank you. I'm not sure I can go at all.

HARRY: Shall I help you.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Oh, yes please, Sister Harriet.

HARRY LEANS OVER CHASTITY AND  
PEERS AT HER RACK.

HARRY: How about this? (*re-arranging the letters*)

SISTER  
CHASTITY: (Sniggering) I can't put that down I'll be excommunicated.

HARRY: Alright then - what about this?

SISTER  
CHASTITY: I could get more points with the s on the end.

HARRY: Go on then.

CHASTITY PUTS HER WORD DOWN.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Sister Chastity! How dare you put down that word!  
In front of our guests as well.

FINGERS: (Looking at the board) SHAG! Oh, sister.

SISTER CHASTITY: Just a moment. I've put the s on the wrong end.  
There! It's hard when you're looking at the board  
upside down. Can I turn it round to face me?

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Certainly not! You know the board must always  
face the Mother Superior.

FINGERS: (Reading from the board again) HAGS? I prefer  
SHAG!

HARRY: Phalanges, if you don't mind.

SISTER MICHAEL: Where is SISTER COSANOSTRI?

HARRY: Sister Cosa-who-stri?

SISTER MICHAEL: Cosanostri.

SISTER CHASTITY: She was the quiet one sitting at the end of the  
table at dinner.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: She should be here. No-one is allowed to miss  
social hour, except through illness.

FINGERS: Can we play poker instead? I'm good at that.

HARRY: What you mean is you can't cheat at scrabble.

SISTER CHASTITY: I know how to play poker. We used to play it at  
boarding school. Only we didn't play for money.

HARRY: There are other forfeits you can use, Chastity.

SISTER CHASTITY: (Winking at Harry) I know, that's how we used to  
play it.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Sister Michael, kindly go and fetch Sister  
Cosanostri, will you? She'll be in the dormitory.

SISTER MICHAEL: Yes, Mother.

EXIT SISTER MICHAEL.

30.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Now, while we are waiting, may I remind you that tomorrow is Tuesday and that means we all take an afternoon swim in the pool.

HARRY: (Gulping) And is this also compulsory?

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Indeed it is. And we would be honoured if you and Sister Phalanges would join us.

HARRY: Well, I .... I ..... I .....

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Good that's settled.

HARRY: But we do not have swimming costumes with us.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: You don't need costumes. We swim as God intended us to.

FINGERS: You mean n ... n ..... n.....

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Yes, naked!

FINGERS LOOKS SHOCKED AND FAINTS  
DRAMATICALLY, ENDING UP FLAT ON  
HIS BACK ON THE FLOOR. HARRY  
STANDS OVER HIM AND SHAKES HIM  
UNTIL HE REVIVES.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Sister Harriet, does the prospect of nude swimming upset Sister Phalanges?

HARRY: No, I mean yes. I ... I .... don't see why it should.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: After all, we all look the same under our habits, do we not?

SISTER  
CHASTITY: (Sitting up straight) Well, not exactly the same.

FINGERS FAINTS AGAIN AND HARRY  
SHAKES HIM AND SITS HIM UP. ENTER  
SISTER COSANOSTRI, DRESSED AS THE  
OTHER SISTERS BUT HEAVILY MADE  
UP. HER GAIT IS VERY EFFEMINATE -  
EVEN CAMP. SISTER MICHAEL FOLLOWS  
HER IN. DURING THIS NEXT  
DIALOGUE, FINGERS DELIBERATELY  
DROPS SOME SCRABBLE LETTERS ONTO  
THE FLOOR TO ENABLE HIM TO GET  
DOWN AND INSPECT SISTER MICHAEL'S  
LEGS.

MOTHER Ah, sister, there you are.  
SUPERIOR:

SISTER Sorry I'm late, Mother. I was just powdering my  
COSANOSTRI: nose.

MOTHER Vanity is the work of the devil, sister. I have  
SUPERIOR: told you before, holy orders and cosmetics are not suitable companions. If this continues, I shall have to confiscate your make-up.

SISTER As you wish, Mother.  
COSANOSTRI:

SISTER Sister, what on earth are you doing?  
MICHAEL:

FINGERS: I ... I ... was just picking up these letters.  
They fell off the table.

MOTHER Well be quick about it. It is unseemly to crawl  
SUPERIOR: on the floor. Now, Sister Cosanostri, you may join in our game.

SISTER Thank you, Mother.  
COSANOSTRI:

MOTHER In fact, you may take my turn. I must go and  
SUPERIOR: speak with Angus in the kitchen. It is time for our hot chocolate.

SISTER Thank you.  
COSANOSTRI:

SISTER COSANOSTRI SITS IN THE  
MOTHER SUPERIOR'S CHAIR. AS SHE  
DOES SO, HER HABIT PARTS AND  
HARRY NOTICES THAT HER LEGS ARE  
RATHER HAIRY.

SISTER My goodness, the Mother Superior is creative with  
COSANOSTRI: her vocabulary.

FINGERS: Let me see! Cor blimey, it's in foreign.

SISTER Its Latin, a close relative of my native Italian,  
COSANOSTRI: Sister ... er....

FINGERS: Phalanges.

SISTER Sister Phalanges. In fact it is a medical term.  
COSANOSTRI:

32.

HARRY: (Looking over) The naughty old girl. Surely she can't know the meaning of the word or she would not have intended to use it.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: You bet she does. She lectures us about what is and isn't appropriate and all the time she concocts her own exotic ways of describing humanistic pursuits.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: (Crossly) SISTER! How dare you speak of the Mother superior like that?

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Sorry, sister.

SISTER  
COSANOSTRI: Here's my word..... (*Puts her letters down*)

FINGERS IS NOW PEERING AT SISTER  
MICHAEL'S CHIN.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: What on earth is the matter, sister? Do I have gravy on my chin?

FINGERS: Not at all. I was just looking at your profile. Very aristocratic.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Really? Do you think so?

FINGERS: Yes.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Why, thank you.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: You can't put that down!

SISTER  
COSANOSTRI: What?

SISTER  
CHASTITY: You are not allowed proper nouns. NEPAL is the name of a place.

SISTER  
COSANOSTRI: (Re-arranging the letters) No Matter, I will put down P- L- A- N PLAN.

AS COSANOSTRI STRETCHES HER HAND  
OUT TO RE-ARRANGE THE LETTERS,  
HER SLEEVE FALLS BACK TO REVEAL A  
TATTOO OF A BLACK HAND ON HER  
WRIST.

33.

FINGERS: (Jumps up and crosses downstage) (Aside) The black hand! It can't be. She has a tattoo of the black hand. And that word, NEPAL. It's strangely familiar somehow.

ENTER ANGUS WITH A TRAY OF COCOA MUGS.

ANGUS: Here we are ladies - something to help you sleep tonight. We don't want you lying in bed awake do we now!

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Thank you, Angus. Just put the tray on the table, will you.

COSANOSTRI PICKS UP THE SCRABBLE BOARD AND TIPS THE LETTERS OFF.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: What did you do that for? We haven't finished our game.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: But it's time for bed.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: We could have carried on tomorrow.

ANGUS: I'll play with you tomorrow, Chastity. We can start a new game.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: I think not, Angus.

ANGUS: Then I bid you all goodnight. Sleep well - and don't forget, if you feel gastronomically deprived during the night, you only need to rap on my knocker! (*Exits*)

SISTER  
COSANOSTRI: I'm going to take my mug upstairs with me tonight.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Me too. Goodnight sisters.

OTHERS: Goodnight.

FINGERS: (Getting up) Are you coming, Harry - ET?

HARRY: You go ahead, Phalanges and I'll join you shortly.

FINGERS: (Glancing from Harry to Chastity) Whatever! (*Exits, turning back in the doorway to wink at Harry.*)

EXIT MICHAEL AND COSANOSTRI.

HARRY: Well Chastity, this certainly is a strange place you live in.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: You haven't seen the half of it yet.

HARRY: Really? I've seen a smarmy, dandy cook called Aberdeen Angus, a Mother Superior who thinks she's God and makes up her own rules, a Sister who paints herself like an oil painting and has a tattoo on her forearm.... You seem to be the only normal woman here.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: There's nothing wrong with tattoos. Lots of women have them these days.

HARRY: (Standing) There was a time when only sailors had tattoos.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: And a time when only women wore ear-rings. Now men can wear them - and women can have tattoos.

HARRY: And not satisfied with ear-rings women seem to always be finding new places to pierce.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: (Standing) Well, we're not allowed to wear jewellery here. Mother Superior's orders. She doesn't know I've got my belly pierced though. Look!

CHASTITY LIFTS HER HABIT UP  
SHOWING HER LEGS, KNICKERS AND A  
GOLD BELLY STUD! HARRY PROMPTLY  
FAINTS AND FALLS FLAT ON HIS  
BACK, FEET FACING DOWNSTAGE.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Harriet, oh Harriet I'm so sorry. I didn't intend to shock you. (Aside) Oh dear, she must be one of those 'old school' nuns.

CHASTITY KNEELS BESIDE HARRY AND  
GENTLY SHAKES HIS SHOULDERS.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Harriet, wake up. Can you hear me?

HARRY MOANS. CHASTITY KNEELS  
ASTRIDE HIS BODY AND BENDS OVER  
HIM TO LISTEN TO HIS BREATHING.  
FINGERS ENTERS, FREEZES  
MOMENTARILY IN SHOCK THEN  
ABRUPTLY EXITS, IN REVERSE. EVERY  
SO OFTEN, SHE MUTTERS WORDS OF  
ENCOURAGEMENT IN AN EFFORT TO  
ROUSE HIM. CHASTITY NOW BEGINS  
HEART MASSAGE. AT FIRST SHE DOES  
NOT REALISE ANYTHING IS UNTOWARD,  
BUT WHEN SHE REALISES THAT HARRY  
HAS A FLAT AND RATHER MUSCULAR  
CHEST SHE BEGINS TO FEEL AROUND  
IT FOR ANY SIGNS OF FEMININITY  
AND FEELS HIS BICEPS. SHE THEN  
PEERS CLOSELY AT HIS FACE AND  
RUBS THE BACK OF HER HAND OVER  
HIS CHIN. WITH A VERY PERPLEXED  
EXPRESSION SHE CLIMBS OFF HIM AND  
CROSSES TO THE FEET END OF HIS  
BODY. SHE LIFTS THE HABIT AND  
PEERS UP.

SISTER (Screams) Oh my God, she's a man!  
CHASTITY:

CHASTITY STARES OPEN-MOUTHED AT  
THE AUDIENCE AND FREEZES.

CURTAIN

ACT 2

SCENE 1

ALL IS QUIET IN THE CONVENT  
LOUNGE. FINGERS AND HARRY ARE  
RELAXING AFTER BREAKFAST.

FINGERS: That's was a great breakfast. I think I could stay a couple of weeks before I move on.

HARRY: I don't think so, Fingers. The longer we stay, the more chance there is that we'll be discovered. Who knows when the real inspectors might turn up?

FINGERS: I never thought of that.

HARRY: I think we should give ourselves 24 hours to find Bononcini and the diamond and then scat.

FINGERS: But what about the swimming this afternoon, Boss?

HARRY: I'll think of something, don't you worry.

FINGERS: And I think you should keep away from Sister Chastity. The way you two carried on yesterday was not proper.

HARRY: What? You mean sitting on our in the evening and talking?

FINGERS: And the rest. I saw you, you know.

HARRY: Saw us what, Fingers?

FINGERS: You were flat on your back on the floor and she was sitting on top of you.

HARRY: She was what?

FINGERS: Don't try to deny it. I saw it with my own eyes.

HARRY: Don't be ridiculous ..... Just a minute - I fainted! You must have seen Chastity attempting to revive me.

FINGERS: You've had all night to think of an excuse and that's the best you can do?

HARRY: It's the truth. You see, it was the shock when she lifted up her habit to show me her.....

FINGERS: Harry, this is not funny!

37.

HARRY: But then, if she thought I was a woman it would be of no consequence, would it?

FINGERS: O.k., so supposing I believe your whacky story?

HARRY: It's not a story, it's what happened.

FINGERS: How long do you think you were unconscious?

HARRY: I dunno, I was asleep, wasn't I.

FINGERS: I don't reckon she could have got that near to you without seeing your bristles and realising you were a man. In which case, our cover is already blown and we'd better get out of here.

HARRY: Not so hasty, Fingers - You don't know that for sure. Look, I'll lie on the floor and you sit on me - in exactly the same way you allege Chastity did.

FINGERS: Get off!

HARRY: We have to know the truth. (*He lies on the floor on his front*) How was I? Like this?

FINGERS: No, on your back.

HARRY: (*Rolling over*) Like this then.

FINGERS: Yea, suppose so.

HARRY: You show me where Chastity was.

FINGERS: Please, Boss?

HARRY: Do it, Fingers!

FINGERS SITS ON HARRY.

HARRY: Careful, Fingers, are you trying to kill me?

FINGERS: You asked me to.

HARRY: Now, can you see my beard.

FINGERS: No, but you've just shaved.

HARRY: Alright, but supposing she suspected something and looked under my habit - just to check?

FINGERS: No way - no, no, NO WAY!

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HARRY: Go on - just lift it quickly and tell me what you see.

FINGERS: You know bloody well what I'll see.

HARRY: But how much can you tell from a quick look?

FINGERS: Don't make me, Boss.

HARRY: I can't do it myself, can I?

FINGERS STANDS AT HARRY'S FEET  
LOOKING EVERYWHERE EXCEPT AT  
HARRY. HE KNEELS DOWN AND FEELS  
FOR THE BOTTOM OF THE HABIT,  
STILL LOOKING THE OTHER WAY. HE  
LIFTS THE HABIT THEN TURNS HIS  
HEAD FOR A VERY BRIEF LOOK. JUST  
AT THAT MOMENT LILIAN, THE  
CLEANER, POPS HER HEAD ROUND THE  
DOOR. SHE LOOKS AGHAST AND THEN  
SWIFTLY EXITS.

FINGERS: I saw it - and it was not a pretty sight.

FINGERS DROPS THE HABIT AND WALKS  
TO THE WINDOW, PUTTING HIS  
HANDKERCHIEF UP TO HIS MOUTH.  
HARRY GETS UP.

HARRY: Well that's us done for.

FINGERS: Perhaps she didn't notice.

HARRY GETS UP AND SITS ON AN  
ARMCHAIR.

HARRY: And even if she did maybe she might not tell anyone - not at first, anyway.

FINGERS: You wish!

ENTER ANGUS WITH A TRAY OF COFFEE  
AND CUPS. HE SMILES SWEETLY WHEN  
HE SEES HARRY AND FINGERS.

ANGUS: Still inspecting, are we? Well, I hope you like what you've seen so far.

HARRY: Our report is confidential, young man and for the ears of the Mother Provincial in Ireland only.

ANGUS: I know that! But you will give her a good report about my cooking, or should I say- my cuisine?

HARRY: Your cooking is of little consequence compared with the spiritual life of the house. The sisters could survive on bread and water if necessary.

ANGUS: Here, hang on a minute....

HARRY: You may leave the tray, Angus, we can manage.

ANGUS: As you wish.

ANGUS SITS NEXT TO HARRY.

HARRY: Is there something else you want, young man?

ANGUS: Well, how about a little kiss - as a reward for looking after you so well.

FINGERS HEARS THIS AND STRUGGLES NOT TO EXPLODE WITH LAUGHTER.

HARRY: I beg your pardon!

ANGUS: Come on - just a quick one. I don't expect you get an offer like this every day. (He moves closer) Or even every year.

HARRY: (Jumping up) Angus, that will be all - unless you wish us to report you to the Mother Superior.

ANGUS: No, that's alright, thanks. (*Rising*)

HARRY: And Angus...

ANGUS: Sister?

HARRY: Please bring us some sugar. There's none on the tray.

ANGUS: Certainly.

HE EXITS, GRINNING AT HARRY AS HE GOES. FINGERS EXPLODES INTO LAUGHTER.

FINGERS: (Mocking) Can I have a little kiss - for looking after you so well?

HARRY: Shut up, Fingers!

FINGERS: I do believe he fancies you, Harry.

HARRY: Look! Do you want me to break your fingers, Fingers?

ENTER THE MOTHER SUPERIOR. HARRY  
RISES AND CROSSES TO ONE SIDE.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Ah Sister Harriet, tell me, will you finish your inspection today - or will you be staying another night?

HARRY: We intend to write our report tomorrow morning, Mother, and then return directly to Dublin.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Then we shall make your last day here a memorable one.

HARRY: Our stay so far has indeed been memorable, Mother.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Excellent! Now, how about some coffee?

HARRY: That would be most welcome.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: I shall be mother. (*She starts pouring coffee with her back to the door*) Oh how silly of me - I am the mother!

ENTER ANGUS. HE SEES THE BACK VIEW OF THE MOTHER SUPERIOR, BENDING OVER THE TRAY AND BELIEVES IT TO BE HARRY.

ANGUS: Here we are sister - something to make you even sweeter! Just what the doctor ordered.

HE STEPS TOWARDS THE MOTHER SUPERIOR AND SQUEEZES HER BUTTOCK WITH A BIG GRIN ON HIS FACE. THEN, HE NOTICES HARRY STANDING TO ONE SIDE AND HIS EXPRESSION CHANGES AS THE MOTHER SUPERIOR SLOWLY TURNS AROUND AND INHALES DEEPLY, READY FOR THE STRIKE. ANGUS DROPS THE SUGAR BOWL. AS SHE SPEAKS SHE STEPS TOWARDS ANGUS AND HE BACKS AWAY TOWARDS THE DOOR. BOTH FINGERS AND HARRY NOW STRUGGLE TO RETAIN THEIR COMPOSURE.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Why you ... you ... you leacherous, depraved little man. How dare you lay a finger on temple of celibacy?

41.

ANGUS: Ah, M ... M ... Mother. I thought you were .....  
(Looking at Harry) someone else...

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Dressed in this habit. You can see I'm a bride of  
Christ.

ANGUS: Yes, sorry Mother.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Leave us, Angus! And I will decide shortly how  
you should be disciplined.

ANGUS BOWS AND LEAVES IN A HURRY.  
AS THE MOTHER SUPERIOR TURNS TO  
FACE DOWNSTAGE THERE IS A GLINT  
OF AMUSEMENT IN HER FACE.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Do excuse me, sisters while I attend to this  
matter.

HARRY: (Trying desperately not to crack up) Certainly,  
Mother.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: I assure you that incidents of this nature are  
unheard of in this house.

HARRY: We understand. I expect the poor boy needs  
counselling.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Or neutering!

SHE EXITS AND THE TWO MEN CAN NO  
LONGER CONTAIN THEIR LAUGHTER.

FINGERS: (Imitating) I shall decide shortly how you should  
be disciplined. I bet she will.

HARRY: I'm sure I saw a smile on her face - or was it a  
grimace?

FINGERS: He must have thought she was you, Boss.

HARRY: How could he? I have a much better figure than  
her.

FINGERS: Well I'm just going up to my room - via the  
kitchen corridor. I can't miss this.

EXIT FINGERS

HARRY: (In his normal voice) Fingers, you can't  
evesdrop. Fingers, come back!

AS HE EXITS HE SWITCHES TO HIS  
NUN'S VOICE...

HARRY: Sister Phalanges come back here at once! Sister  
Phalanges, do you hear me?

HE EXITS AND TANGLES WITH LILIAN  
IN THE DOORWAY.

HARRY: Oh, do excuse me. I must stop Fingers ... er  
Phalanges .... I mean Sister Phalanges.

LILIAN SHAKES HER HEAD.

LILIAN: (Aside) Lovers' tiff I suppose. Absolutely  
barking, the lot of them!

SHE IS CARRYING A BIG FEATHER  
DUSTER AND A DUSTPAN AND BRUSH.  
ALTERNATELY, SHE REACHES UP TO  
REMOVE COBWEBS IN THE CORNERS OF  
THE CEILING AND BENDS DOWN TO  
SWEEP UP CRUMBS. EVERY SO OFTEN,  
SHE FURTIVELY RIFLES THROUGH  
PAPERS OR OPENS DRAWERS AS IF SHE  
IS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING. AS SHE  
WORKS SHE SINGS.....

LILIAN  
SMUDGES: How do you solve a problem like Maria?

LILIAN STOOPS DOWN BEHIND AN  
ARMCHAIR TO SWEEP UP SOME CRUMBS.  
ENTER FINGERS AND HARRY, LAUGHING.

HARRY: That was priceless! Did you see Angus's face when  
she laid into him?

LILIAN POPS UP HER HEAD BUT THEY  
DON'T NOTICE HER SO SHE DUCKS  
DOWN AND CONTINUES TO SWEEP, OUT  
OF SIGHT OF THE TWO MEN BUT IN  
VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE. HARRY POURS  
TWO COFFEES AND THEY DRINK.

FINGERS: (Recounting the conversation in the appropriate  
voices and accents) I'm sorry, Mother, I don't  
know what possessed me! *Well I do - this is the  
work of the devil and you are his instrument.*  
That's not true. I ... I ... I was simply being  
brotherly. *Brotherly? BROTHERLY? Would you treat  
your own sister with such disrespect?* Well, no  
but ..... *Enough!*

43.

HARRY: Fingers, you excel yourself. You should go on the stage.

FINGERS: I may be able to do impressions with my voice but I can't change my body into that of a woman.

LILIAN LOOKS AT THE AUDIENCE IN UTTER BEWILDERMENT.

HARRY: You're still worried about the swimming, aren't you?

FINGERS: Of course I am, aren't you?

HARRY: I told you I would think of something.

FINGERS: If we have to step naked into that pool everyone but the most short-sighted sister in the convent will notice we have something extra downstairs.... *(He gestures towards the south pole)*

HARRY: And something missing upstairs - in my case anyway.

LILIAN AGAIN LOOKS CONFUSED.

FINGERS: Perhaps we could walk in backwards and swim on our fronts.

HARRY: Fingers, only you could suggest something so absurd.

FINGERS: Have you got a better idea?

HARRY: Not yet, but I'm working on it. I'm going up to my room to think about how to tackle this problem.

HARRY EXITS.

FINGERS: Tackle is the right word. How to hide it is the problem.

EXIT FINGERS. LILIAN EMERGES FROM HIDING AND CROSSES DOWNSTAGE. SHE SCRATCHES HER HEAD AND PACES UP AND DOWN WHILE SHE THINKS ABOUT WHAT SHE HAS HEARD.

LILIAN: What on earth could they mean? Can't change her body into a woman? Hiding their tackle? I really do wonder sometimes about the mental stability of these nuns.

ENTER CHASTITY, WHISTLING  
JOVIALY.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Hello, Lilian, I thought you'd finished for the day. Need any help?

LILIAN: Oh Chastity, thank goodness! The one ray of sunshine in a sea of despair.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Why, what on earth is the matter? Why are you despairing.

CHASTITY SITS AND TRIES TO TAKE  
OFF HER SHOES.

LILIAN: Those two sisters from Ireland!

SISTER  
CHASTITY: What about them?

LILIAN: They are so far out of their trees I fear to be in the same room as them.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: What on earth do you mean, Lilian?

LILIAN: They seem obsessed with the swimming. One of them even suggested they should walk backwards and swim on their fronts.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Oh yes? Does sound rather weird, doesn't it. These wretched shoes are too tight. I must get some new ones.

SHE MANAGES, WITH DIFFICULTY, TO  
TAKE OFF ONE SHOE.

LILIAN: And then there was something about having something extra downstairs and something missing upstairs?

SISTER  
CHASTITY: (Smirking) I don't doubt it.

LILIAN: And what on earth do they mean about hiding their tackle? Are they going fishing?

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Well if they are, they won't catch much in a nunnery.

45.

LILIAN: I think they've caught it already. And there's more. I came in here earlier and saw one of them lying on the floor and the other lifting up her habit.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Don't worry about it, Lilian. I have heard that they observe strange rituals in Ireland.

LILIAN: Well they don't have to do it when they're in England.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Haven't you normally gone home by now?

LILIAN: Yes, but Mother asked me to work late today and give the place an extra spruce up as the inspectors are here. If you'll excuse me, I'll just go and sweep the hall.

EXIT LILIAN

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Of course.

SHE NOTICES LILIAN HAS LEFT HER BRUSH AND PAN. SHE PICKS THESE UP AND IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW LILIAN WHEN ANGUS ENTERS AND BLOCKS HER EXIT.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Oh, hello Angus.

SHE GIVES HIM THE BRUSH AND DUSTPAN.

ANGUS: (In a smooth voice) Hello, Chastity. (*Looking around and crossing to the sofa*) All alone? Where are your sisters?

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Busy, I suppose, although what it is they actually do escapes me.

SHE SITS AND TRIES TO PULL OFF HER SHOE.

ANGUS: You're different from them, aren't you, Chastity? Not just in looks either.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Well I am about twenty years younger.

ANGUS: Are you having a problem with your shoe?

46.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Oh do give me a hand. I can't get this one off.

ANGUS: Certainly, Chastity. You just lean back.

ANGUS KNEELS IN FRONT OF HER AND  
GENTLY GRASPS HER FOOT. HE BEGINS  
TO PULL.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Angus, you're being too gentle. Just pull harder,  
won't you.

ANGUS: As you wish.

HE PULLS HARDER AND THEY HAVE A  
TUG OF WAR WITH THE STUBBORN SHOE.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Harder Angus - harder.

ENTER SISTER MICHAEL, CARRYING A  
WASHBAG AND TOWEL. SHE STANDS IN  
THE DOORWAY WITH AN EXPRESSION OF  
HORROR ON HER FACE.

ANGUS: Nearly there, Chastity. Just a few more pulls and  
we'll have it off!

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Well really, Angus, what a way to behave in a  
convent.

ANGUS JUMPS UP, EMBARRASSED.

ANGUS: Oh, sister Michael, I was just helping Chastity  
get off her.....

SISTER  
MICHAEL: I am not blind, young man. I could see exactly  
what you were doing. And I know what would happen  
if mother found out.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Sister, it was not what it seemed. Angus was  
helping me take my shoe off.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Oh yes, and that was just the start, no doubt.

ANGUS: I've just remembered I have to ..... (*picking up  
the brush and dustpan*) sweep the kitchen floor.  
Goodbye.

EXIT ANGUS.

47.

SISTER (Looks at her watch) Goodness, is that the time?  
CHASTITY: I must go and get my towel - It's nearly time for swimming.

EXIT CHASTITY.

SISTER MICHAEL SIGHS AND SHAKES  
HER HEAD AS CHASTITY EXITS.

SISTER Poor Sister Chastity. I really don't think she's  
CHASTITY: got the hang of this whole convent thing yet.  
Now, where was I? Oh yes....

SHE SITS AND SPREADS HER TOWEL ON  
THE FLOOR. TAKING A RAZOR FROM  
HER WASHBAG AND LIFTING HER HABIT  
SHE BEGINS TO SHAVE HER LEG. SHE  
WHISTLES AS SHE WORKS.

ENTER FINGERS. HE BAULKS AS HE  
SEES MICHAEL SHAVING.

FINGERS: Oh, I'm sorry sister. I didn't realise you were  
.... shaving!

HE BEGINS TO EXIT.

SISTER That's alright, Sister Phalanges, you can come  
MICHAEL: in. One can never be totally private in a  
convent. I'm sure you shave your legs once in a  
while.

FINGERS: Certainly not - I'm a m.. m.... Yes, of course I  
do have to - sometimes.

SISTER Just between you and me - I even have to shave my  
MICHAEL: chin once in a while. It does tend to sprout, you  
understand.

FINGERS: (Eyeing her with suspicion) Does it now?

FINGERS CROSSES DOWNSTAGE AND  
PONDERES ON THIS.

FINGERS: I think I am beginning to understand, Raymondo.

SISTER Who's Raymondo? Do I know him?  
MICHAEL:

FINGERS: Oh, I think you know him very well.

SISTER Give me a clue. What's he like.  
MICHAEL:

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FINGERS: Oh, about your height, your colour hair and build. I did expect you to have an Italian accent, though. You know, being one of the mob.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Now you've lost me.

FINGERS: What I really want to know is how you get away with the nude swimming. How do you hide it? Come on, you can tell me. Don't they even notice your manhood?

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Why, how dare you? This is an insult. You mock me in the most callous fashion.

FINGERS: Then you deny you are a man?

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Of course I do. I am a woman.

FINGERS: Then prove it!

HE GRABS HER HABIT AND ATTEMPTS  
TO PEEP UNDER IT BUT SHE  
STRUGGLES.

FINGERS: Come on, don't be shy, Raymondo. Just a quick peek!

ENTER HARRY.

HARRY: FINGERS!

FINGERS DROPS THE HABIT AND LOOKS  
AT HARRY.

HARRY: Fingers, what on earth do you think you're doing. Are you that desperate?

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Huh? This is an outrage. I shall report this to the Mother Superior at once.

EXIT MICHAEL.

FINGERS: You idiot. Now you've done it.

HARRY: What did you think you were doing?

FINGERS: Can't you see? She's Raymondo?

HARRY: She is not Raymondo. She is Sister Michael and you've just assaulted her.

FINGERS: But, how can you be so sure?

HARRY: Because Sister Cosanostri is the imposter - she has a tattoo on her arm of the black hand. And she has gone missing!

FINGERS: But.... but I thought ....

HARRY: Just try *not* to think Fingers and the world will be a better place.

FINGERS: Oh no, I'd better go and speak to Sister Michael.

HARRY: And say what? I'm sorry I thought you were a man, sister. It's just that you have hairy legs and a hairy chin and a deep voice and ....

FINGERS: Alright, Harry. Shut it! I'll think of something.

EXIT FINGERS JUST AS CHASTITY  
ENTERS. THEY PASS IN THE DOORWAY.  
HARRY SITS.

SISTER CHASTITY: Everyone is in a hurry this morning. Sister Michael nearly knocked me over in the corridor and now Sister Phalanges.....

HARRY: I agree. this place seems to be turning into a madhouse! Did you know that Sister Cosanostri has disappeared?

SISTER CHASTITY: Well it won't be the first time. She's always either sick in bed or cannot be found.

HARRY: But doesn't the Mother Superior question her about her absence?

SISTER CHASTITY: Now there's another good point. Mother seems to be colluding with Cosanostri.

HARRY: Really? In what way?

SISTER CHASTITY: She gets special treatment. She has her own room, unlike the rest of us who share a dormitory, she is allowed to miss evening prayer sometimes and she always misses swimming. She supposedly polishes the brass but it never looks any different to me afterwards.

HARRY: Very interesting. Chastity, you know, thinks are not as they seem around here.

SISTER CHASTITY: I know that, Harriet.

50.

HARRY: Why are you here?

SISTER What on earth do you mean?  
CHASTITY:

HARRY: You don't seem like a career nun to me.

CHASTITY PONDEERS AWHILE, LOOKING  
DIRECTLY AT HARRY.

SISTER Can you keep a secret, Harriet?  
CHASTITY:

HARRY: Of course.

SISTER I'm not the simple girl I appear. I am an  
CHASTITY: heiress.

HARRY: Strewth! I knew there's more to you than meets  
the eye.

SISTER Daddy made his fortune in the Middle East as an  
CHASTITY: oil supremo. Unfortunately, there were some  
locals who were jealous of his wealth and he was  
assasinated.

HARRY: Oh Chastity, I'm sorry.

SISTER It's alright. It all happened so long ago.  
CHASTITY:

HARRY: But I don't understand.....

SISTER My inheritance is in trust and there are certain  
CHASTITY: .... conditions which govern its release when I  
reach twenty-five. The main one being that I  
remain - how shall I put it - pure and chaste  
until then.

HARRY: Why, that's positively medieval!

SISTER Medieval it may be, but it's in Daddy's will -  
CHASTITY: and I'm not going to throw away a four million  
pound twenty-fifth birthday present for the sake  
of a night on the tiles or a short fling!

HARRY: Four million .... phew! I don't blame you. So you  
chose to enter a convent.

SISTER Indeed. I do not intend to take my vows. I shall  
CHASTITY: remain a novice until my twenty-fifth birthday -  
and then I shall leave. Of course, I'll endow a  
new chapel, a new wing or something as a parting  
gift.

HARRY: But why enter a convent?

SISTER  
CHASTITY: It was either a convent or the army. Not much to choose between them: I'd have to wear a silly uniform whichever I chose, and then there's the cold showers, a bossy sergeant major, rule books and discipline and, of course, the important thing: a single-sex environment.

HARRY: I see.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: So that's me but what about you?

HARRY: What about me?

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Come on Harriet - or is it Harry?

HARRY: Ah, then you know?

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Of course I do. I may live in a nunnery but I still remember what a man looks like.

HARRY: In a nutshell, Phalanges or Fingers and I are convicts. We escaped from the prison over the road through a tunnel.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: How clever of you. But the tunnel ended in a convent. Hey, that sounds like a real adventure.

HARRY: And that's only part of it. It wasn't our tunnel. It was dug by a certain BONONCINI, a jewel thief working for the mob.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Sounds like it would make a great screenplay.

HARRY: Bononcini made his escape about six months ago, taking with him an invaluable gemstone - a diamond known as The Star of Nepal.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Six months ago? That would be about the time that Sister Cosanostri showed up. Cosanostri - It sounds almost like Cosa Nostra! Isn't that what the Mafia call themselves?

HARRY: By George, you're right Chastity! It all seems to be making sense now.

52.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: I knew that sister was no good. I've heard her, or rather him, talking on the phone to people outside - and even though I don't speak Italian, I knew it was not spiritual matters he was discussing. And I've overheard snippets of conversation between him and the Mother Superior. They constantly refer to 'the operation'. I assumed this referred to Cosanostri's bouts of illnesses but now I'm not so sure.

HARRY: Sounds like shady wheeling and dealing to me.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: And there's more! Sometimes at night I hear the sound of machinery. It seems to be very close by - somewhere in the basement, I feel.

HARRY: I wonder if that is anything to do with Bononcini?

SISTER  
CHASTITY: But Harry, where is the tunnel? Please show me. I'd love to explore it.

HARRY: It's right here. Under this trunk.

HARRY LIFTS THE LID, REMOVES THE FALSE BOTTOM AND CHASTITY GASPS.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Fantastic. Oh Harry, do let me go down. Is it safe?

HARRY: Are you sure you want to go down there?

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Just try and stop me. Help me down Harry. I'll call you when I've finished exploring. Do you want to come with me?

HARRY: No thank you. Once is enough for me.

HE LETS CHASTITY GENTLY DOWN INTO THE TUNNEL.

ENTER ANGUS. HARRY QUICKLY SHUTS THE TRUNK.

ANGUS: Aha, there you are, sister. Have you been hiding from me.

HARRY: Why on earth would I do that?

ANGUS: I think you're playing games with me. You know you fancy me really!

HARRY ALMOST CHOKES IN SHOCK.

53.

HARRY: Now, just you look here! I'm warning you....

ANGUS: That's the idea. I like a girl to be fired up. Now where did we get to earlier? Oh yes, it was something like this.....

ANGUS PUTS HIS ARMS AROUND HARRY  
AND GRABS HIS BOTTOM. HARRY  
EXPLODES IN FURY.

HARRY: (In his man's voice - to Angus's surprise) I warned you you grubby little groper. You've tried it on the wrong person this time.....

HARRY SWINGS A LEFT HOOK AND  
KNOCKS ANGUS OUT COLD. HE  
CRUMPLES OUT OF SIGHT BEHIND AN  
ARMCHAIR.

ENTER FINGERS.

FINGERS: Are you alright, Harry? I heard shouting.

HARRY: I was just putting that creep Angus in his place. What about Sister Michael? Did you find her?

FINGERS: Our luck's just run out. She got to the Mother Superior before I found her. She's probably spilling the beans right now. I'm sorry, Boss, I goofed!

HARRY: Fingers, I have been speaking with Chastity. She knows about us!

FINGERS: Then we had better run.

HARRY: No, it's o.k. Fingers. She has secrets of her own. She told me she is an heiress.

FINGERS: Then why's she living here? The airport is miles away.

HARRY: I don't follow you.

FINGERS: Heiresses work on aeroplanes, don't they? You know, serving the meals and all that.

FINGERS SITS ON THE TRUNK.

HARRY: Not an air hostess - an heiress.

FINGERS: What's that?

HARRY: Never mind.

CHASTITY CALLS FROM INSIDE THE TRUNK.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: HARRY!

FINGERS LEAPS OFF THE TRUNK AS IF IT IS RED HOT.

FINGERS: What the hell? It's a ghost! It's a ghost!

HARRY SLAPS FINGERS'S FACE.

HARRY: Pull yourself together, Fingers, it's just Chastity.

FINGERS TAKES OUT A HANDKERCHIEF TO MOP HIS BROW AND SINKS INTO AN AIRMCHAIR. THE LID RISES ON THE TRUNK.

FINGERS: I think I want to go home, Harry!

HARRY HELPS CHASTITY OUT OF THE TRUNK.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Wow, that was fun. Makes a change from the normal boring routine. Oh hello, Fingers.

FINGERS: Hello!

ENTER SISTER MICHAEL, CARRYING A SMALL SUITCASE.

FINGERS: Oh sister. I'd like to apologise for what happened earlier. I....

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Say no more about it, Phalanges. Consider it forgotten.

FINGERS: Consider what forgotten?

SISTER  
MICHAEL: That's the spirit.

FINGERS: It wasn't a spirit. It was just Sister Chastity.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Now you've lost me.

FINGERS: What's in the case?

55.

SISTER                    Oh just some of the Mother Superior's papers.  
MICHAEL:

THERE IS A MOAN FROM ANGUS, WHO  
IS STILL HIDDEN BEHIND THE  
ARMCHAIR.

FINGERS:                Harry, there is a ghost!

HARRY:                 Calm down, Fingers, I expect it was the Mother  
Superior calling.

SISTER                   I'd better go and see what she wants.  
MICHAEL:

MICHAEL PUTS THE CASE ON THE  
TABLE AND EXITS. CHASTITY IDLY  
FIDDLES WITH THE LOCK AND THE  
CASE POPS OPEN. SHE STARES WIDE-  
EYED AT STACKS OF BANKNOTES BUT  
THE OTHERS ARE NOT LOOKING. SHE  
GESTURES TO ATTRACT THEIR  
ATTENTION - IN VAIN.

FINGERS:                That wasn't the Mother superior. It came from  
this room.

HARRY:                 It was just Angus. Look!

FINGERS:                That's a stupid place for a kip.

CHASTITY HAS FINALLY GOT THEIR  
ATTENTION.

HARRY:                 Holy smoke!

FINGERS:                Oh mother! Just a few of the Mother superior's  
papers, she said.

SISTER                   Well, she didn't lie! This is paper money.  
CHASTITY:

HARRY PICKS UP A WAD OF NOTES AND  
FLICKS THROUGH THEM. HE INSPECTS  
HIS FINGERS.

HARRY:                 Just a minute. Look at this. The ink's not even  
dry.

SISTER                   The machinery that I heard. It must be printing  
CHASTITY:                press!

HARRY:                 And rather a special one at that.

56.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Then that's what the 'operation' is.

HARRY: And the Mother Superior is in on it - the two-faced old witch.

FINGERS: I don't understand!

SISTER  
CHASTITY: What's new.

HARRY: We must find Bononcini and that printing press.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: A priest's hole!

FINGERS: I beg your pardon?

SISTER  
CHASTITY: A priests hole. Parts of this building date back to Elizabethan times. Sometimes the priests had to hide to escape Queen Elizabeth's clutches.

FINGERS: The dirty old girl!

HARRY: We must get hold of some evidence.

FINGERS: Why do you need evidence?

HARRY: Don't you see, Fingers? *(Pause)* No, obviously you wouldn't! You and I are just small fry. Bononcini is a big-time criminal. If we could find him and shop him we could get a remission on our sentences.

FINGERS: But we're not in jail.

HARRY: Do you want to remain on the run for the rest of your days?

FINGERS: No I suppose not.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Harry, did you notice something strange about the tunnel?

HARRY: No, why?

SISTER  
CHASTITY: When I tried to find the way out I was disorientated by the fact that it continued a little beyond the ladder!

HARRY: Well, I suppose in our anxiety to escape we did not notice.

57.

SISTER CHASTITY: There maybe another exit that leads to the room where the press is.

HARRY: Chastity, you're a genius.

HARRY JUMPS UP, KISSES CHASTITY ON THE FOREHEAD AND CROSSES TO THE TRUNK.

FINGERS: Steady, Harry, she is a nun.

HARRY: For the moment.

HARRY DISAPPEARS DOWN THE TUNNEL, ENTREATING THE OTHERS TO FOLLOW.

HARRY: Come on you two.

CHASTITY DEFTLY SWINGS HERSELF INTO THE TUNNEL FOLLOWED BY THE CLUMSY FINGERS

HARRY: Fingers, close the trunk, in case someone comes in.

FINGERS: O.K. Boss.

AS HE CLOSES THE LID THERE IS A LOUD MOAN FROM ANGUS.

ENTER THE MOTHER SUPERIOR WITH SISTER MICHAEL AND COSANOSTRI.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Now, where on earth are the inspectors? And where is Chastity? I heard their voices coming from here. *(She crosses to the trunk and lifts the lid, listening for any sounds from the tunnel.)* Raymondo, you don't think.....

ANGUS LETS OUT A MOAN AND BEGINS TO COME ROUND.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: I beg your pardon?

BONONCINI: I said nothing.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: It's not what you said. You let out a most indignant sigh. I don't find that very polite.

BONONCINI: Don't you accuse me of things I didn't do.

ANGUS IS NOW FULLY CONSCIOUS BUT REMAINS CONCEALED.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: (Reproaches) Raymondo! The other sisters will be here soon. You must treat me with respect.

BONONCINI: Whatever you say, but I won't have to keep it up for long. As soon as the last lot of dough is bagged up I'm off to Brazil.

SISTER MICHAEL: Do you think it's safe, sister?

BONONCINI: Don't call me sister.

SISTER MICHAEL: I'm sorry!

BONONCINI: You must know damn well by now that I'm not one of your precious sisters.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: You must keep calm, Raymondo, or we'll never pull this off.

SISTER MICHAEL: Why do you call her Raymondo? I don't understand.

BONONCINI: Who the hell do you think you've been working for these last months?

SISTER MICHAEL: I ... I ... don't know. My loyalty lies with my Mother Superior. I have been working for her.

BONONCINI: Nun's don't normally print their own money though, do they?

MOTHER SUPERIOR: That's enough Raymondo.

SISTER MICHAEL: Raymondo? Then you must be .....

BONONCINI: A man? Very quick-witted aren't you, sister?

MOTHER SUPERIOR: I don't like this. Things have been very awkward since those two sister inspectors arrived. They're always snooping and prying. You don't suppose they've discovered about the tunnel - and the operation?

BONONCINI: Well I'm not sitting here and waiting to find out.

HE PULLS OUT A REVOLVER FROM UNDER HIS HABIT.

59.

BONONCINI: You wait here .....

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Where are you going?

BONONCINI: I'm going to find out where those nosey nuns have got to.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Don't hurt them!

BONONCINI: And if she squeals - kill her!

SISTER  
MICHAEL: No!

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR SLAPS MICHAEL  
HARD ACROSS THE FACE. BONONCINI  
EXITS INTO THE TUNNEL, CLOSING  
THE TRUNK BEHIND HIM.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Please, Mother, don't kill me.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: I don't intend to, you fool. Now, be silent or things will get worse for both of us.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: What are we going to do?

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: (Taking a revolver from up her sleeve) I said be silent - or I *will* have to kill you.

SISTER MICHAEL WHIMPERS AND SINKS  
INTO THE CHAIR. ANGUS STANDS UP.  
MOTHER SUPERIOR SWINGS AROUND AND  
POINTS THE REVOLVER AT HIM.

ANGUS: You do realise he'll kill both of you anyway when you are no longer useful to him.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: What do you know of this? How much have you heard?

ANGUS: Well, I was unconscious for a while, knocked out cold by your sister Harriet. She's a dark horse, she is. But I heard enough to realise the danger you are in.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: What would you know about danger? You're just a chef - and a bad one at that!

ANGUS: The reason for my culinary shortcomings is that I am not a chef by profession.

60.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Then you lied.

ANGUS: And I'm not the only one.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Who are you?

ANGUS: (Dropping the Scots accent now and speaking in a  
Cockney drawl) Rupert Featherington, Special  
Branch.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: And I'm the Queen Mother. What sort of world do  
you live in, Angus?

ANGUS GRABS HER ARM, DISARMS HER  
AND GETS HER INTO AN ARMLOCK. HE  
TAKES THE REVOLVER AND HOLDS IT  
AGAINST HER NECK.

ANGUS: This is the sort of world I live in. The world of  
terrorism and crime - and I know how to look  
after myself.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Bravo! *(She applauds)*.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Shut up, Michael!

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Sorry, Mother.

ANGUS: Sister Michael, go to the Mother Superior's  
office and telephone the police.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: But Angus. You must watch out. Sister Cosanostri  
has a gun. She's - I mean he's down the tunnel.  
You see, there's a tunnel under the trunk.....

ANGUS: It's alright, sister. I know what I'm doing. Now,  
go!

SISTER  
MICHAEL: What do I tell the police?

ANGUS: Tell them a man is holding your Mother Superior  
at gunpoint. That'll make them come quickly.

SISTER  
MICHAEL: Very well.

EXIT SISTER MICHAEL.

61.

ANGUS: Now, I'm going to have to tie you up.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Do you have to?

ANGUS: No, but I like tying women up!

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: But I'll be quite defenceless!

ANGUS: Don't worry, I have no desire to take advantage of an fat ugly old cow like you.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: But earlier....

ANGUS: That was before I found out everything I needed to know about this place. Now keep still!

HE TIES HER UP.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Ooh, tighter, tighter.

ENTER HARRY, FINGERS AND CHASTITY  
THROUGH THE DOOR. THEY HAVE FOUND  
THE OTHER EXIT FROM THE TUNNEL.

HARRY: Not so fast, you villain. Untie the Mother.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Oh, thank goodness you're here. He has a gun. He was going to kill me.

FINGERS: It's alright Mother, we're here now. You can rely on us to put things right.

ANGUS: (Waving the gun) You're making a big mistake. She's the villain.

HARRY: You seem to be the one holding the gun.

FINGERS CHARGES ANGUS, KNOCKING  
HIM OVER. ANGUS DROPS THE GUN,  
WHICH HARRY PICKS UP AND POINTS  
AT HIM.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Untie me at once. I must phone the police.

FINGERS: Yes, Mother.

FINGERS UNTIES HER AND SHE RISES.

62.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Don't take your eyes off him. He is a notorious criminal known as Raymono Bononcini. He escaped from the prison over the road and has been holding us hostage.

FINGERS: Just a minute. I thought Sister Cosa .....

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Be quiet, Fingers. What you think generally has no bearing on the situation.

SHE TAKES THE GUN FROM HARRY.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: I'll take that Harry. Now, sit down on the floor a all of you.

HARRY: But Chastity, what're you doing? You know we're innocent.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Innocent of which particular crime?

FINGERS: But Chastity....

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Quiet! And do as you're told. On the floor.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: (Slinking towards the door) I'll just go and phone ....

SISTER  
CHASTITY: You will do no such thing. On the floor. NOW!

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Sister Chastity! I'm your Mother Superior!

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Not any more, you're not. Now shut it, you old bat!

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: This is an outrage!

ANGUS: Chastity, you're making a mistake. You see, I work for Special Branch and I've been posted to this house to catch a jewel thief.

FINGERS: Shut up, Bononcini!

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Fingers, I think you're losing the plot. He's not Bononcini.

ENTER BONONCINI FROM THE TUNNEL.

BONONCINI: No, I am.

CHASTITY WHIRLS ROUND BUT IS CAUGHT ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD BY A BLOW FROM BONONCINI'S REVOLVER. HE TAKES THE GUN FROM HER HAND. CHASTITY IS UNSTEADY ON HER FEET AND IS HELPED TO A CHAIR BY HARRY.

HARRY: Oh Chastity, Chastity, what do we do now?

SISTER  
CHASTITY: I'm sorry, Harry. I should not have doubted you. You must understand, I had to be sure who was on which side.

HARRY: It's alright Chastity, I understand.

FINGERS: (Looking from one to the other) I don't.

HARRY: Fingers, why do you say things like that? You just make yourself look even more stupid.

BONONCINI: Fingers? Harry? Now I understand. I thought you were not very convincing senior clergy. You're the two bloody escaped convicts from the jail over the road. Who did you think you could fool?

HARRY: You should know. You tried it first - and you're still here after three months.

BONONCINI: I have a good reason to be still here. I have a sister in this house.

FINGERS: Now you're being daft. They're all sisters in this house.

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: And I'm his real sister.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: But you don't have an Italian accent!

BONONCINI: (Dropping the accent and speaking very poshly) Neither do I. Educated at Oxford, you see. Plenty of money in the family. Bought ourselves a pedigree.

HARRY: Washed your reputation clean with laundered money.

FINGERS: Why would anyone wash money?

BONONCINI: Now, be silent all of you - or I'll kill you.

ENTER SISTER MICHAEL.

64.

SISTER                   Mother ... I've called the po..... (She spots  
MICHAEL:                 Bononcini too late)

BONONCINI:             The police! You stupid, stupid woman. Now I'll  
have to kill you all - even you Priscilla.

SISTER                   Priscilla? What a ridiculous name.  
MICHAEL:

MOTHER SUPERIOR GLARES AT HER.

SISTER                   Is that your real name, Mother? How would he  
MICHAEL:                 know?

MOTHER                 He's my brother. Now get down here with us and be  
SUPERIOR:               silent or he'll shoot you.

SISTER                   Yes, mother.  
MICHAEL:

BONONCINI GRABS THE CASE OF MONEY  
AND STUFFS SOME BETWEEN THE  
CUSHIONS OF THE SOFA. HE LOOKS  
AROUND FOR SOME MATCHES.

BONONCINI:             It's always a shame when there is a fire in a  
beautiful old house like this. It is such a waste  
of our heritage.

SISTER                   What do you mean? There has never been a fire  
MICHAEL:                 here?

BONONCINI:             There will be shortly. And no survivors.

HE GRABS THE MATCHES.

FINGERS:                He's never going to set fire to that money.

MOTHER                 I think you'll find he will, Phalanges, and he  
SUPERIOR:               won't think twice about killing all of us - even  
his own sister.

SISTER                   You monster. I hate you!  
CHASTITY:

CHASTITY RUNS TOWARDS HIM BUT HE  
POINTS THE REVOLVER AND FIRES TO  
THE SIDE OF HER.

BONONCINI:             No hysteria. I do hope you will die quietly. I  
can't bear the sound of people screaming and  
crying as they burn.

65.

HARRY: I think he's done this before.

BONONCINI: Farewell my foolish friends. And you my beloved sister...

AS HE BENDS DOWN TO KISS THE MOTHER SUPERIOR THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND LILIAN ENTERS, FIRING A SUB-MACHINE GUN INTO THE AIR. EVERYONE DROPS TO THE FLOOR AND SHE GRABS THE STATUE OF ST MATTHEW AND CRACKS BONONCINI OVER THE HEAD WITH IT. AS HE FALLS HIS GUN GOES OFF AND EVERYONE FALLS TO THE GROUND AGAIN. THE MOTHER SUPERIOR IS FIRST UP AND MAKES FOR THE DOOR, SURPRISINGLY FAST FOR A BIG LADY. HOWEVER, ANGUS IS AS QUICK AND HE FLOORS HER WITH A RUGBY TACKLE. CHASTITY APPLAUDS IN DELIGHT, THEN GRABS THE ROPE AND TIES THE TWO NUNS' HANDS TOGETHER. THERE IS THE SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS AND FINGERS SLINKS TOWARDS THE TRUNK AND SWIFTLY DISAPPEARS DOWN THE TUNNEL, PULLING THE TRUNK LID DOWN BEHIND HIM. HARRY PICKS UP THE, NOW BROKEN, STATUE OF ST MATTHEW.

HARRY: Would you believe it?

SISTER  
CHASTITY: What is it Harry?

HARRY TAKES OUT OF THE BROKEN STATUE A HUGE SPARKLING DIAMOND.

HARRY: This must be the star of Nepal. It was hidden in the statue.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Wow, that is just awesome! It's huge.

LILIAN: Thank you, young man. I'll take that.

HARRY: Just a minute, Lilian. Give me one good reason why you should take it.

66.

LILIAN: Because I am not Lilian but Miss Maple, a private detective working on behalf of Royal Securities, the insurance company who paid out on the diamond. I have been attempting for months now to recover their property. And because I have a weapon trained on you.

LILIAN TAKES THE DIAMOND.

HARRY: Alright! That sounds like a good reason to me.

LILIAN: Now, Chastity, let's tie Cosanostri to these other two. The police are waiting downstairs.

THEY DRAG A GROGGY BONONCINI TO HIS FEET AND TIE HIM TO THE OTHERS.

HARRY: Police! Who called them?

SISTER  
MICHAEL: I did!

SISTER  
CHASTITY: You're a dark horse, Lilian. I didn't suspect for one moment who you were.

LILIAN: A good private eye blends in with the crowd, you know. If you ever want a job look me up in the phone book: Lilian Maple, Private Detective.

ANGUS: Come on then, Miss Maple, let's get these three into custody before something else happens.

HARRY: What about me.

ANGUS: You're free to go back to Ireland, sister. I'm not aware that you've committed a crime.

HARRY: Thank you - and I'm sorry about your black eye.

ANGUS: No problem. I should have seen it coming anyway.

HARRY: Hey, where's Fingers - I mean Phalanges?

MOTHER  
SUPERIOR: Gone home. Back down the tunnel.

HARRY: Oh well, perhaps that's the best place for him. He can't come to any harm there.

ANGUS AND LILIAN DRAG THE PRISONERS TO THE DOOR.

LILIAN: Goodbye Chastity, Harry, and good luck.

EXIT LILIAN, ANGUS AND THE THREE PRISONERS.

SISTER           Bye Lilian, bye Angus.  
CHASTITY:

HARRY:           And then there were two!

SISTER           Harry, wait for me here. I won't be a minute.  
CHASTITY:

EXIT CHASTITY IN A HURRY.

HARRY:           Chastity, don't go... I ..... I ..... Oh bother!

HE CROSSES TO THE DOOR.

HARRY:           Chastity, don't go, please. (Aside) Oh well, I don't suppose I'll ever see her again.

HE NOTICES THE SUITCASE.

HARRY:           Oh my, they've forgotten about the Mother Superior's papers! Perhaps I should look after them for her. No, that would be dishonest, wouldn't it.

HE SINKS INTO AN ARMCHAIR. DURING THE NEXT LINE CHARITY ENTERS IN HER OWN CLOTHES, LOOKING VERY ATTRACTIVE AND WITH HER HAIR DOWN. HARRY DOES NOT NOTICE HER.

HARRY:           What a couple of days! I suppose I should slip away now into the sunset. Could be difficult dressed like this. I can't go outside in my prison clothes either.

SISTER           I thought of that!  
CHASTITY:

HARRY:           (Overjoyed) Chastity! I hardly recognised you. You're .... you're ....

SISTER           A woman. Yes Harry, there's no need to look so surprised.  
CHASTITY:

HARRY:           I .... I .... I .... Wow!

SISTER           I just slipped into Angus's room to borrow some  
CHASTITY:       of his clothes for you. He won't mind.

CHASTITY SITS NEXT TO HARRY AND  
CUDDLES UP TO HIM.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: I've decided to go home, Harry. I expect the  
house will close now anyway.

HARRY: I've got a better idea. Come away with me - to  
Rio or Johannesburg or - anywhere you like.

SHE PUTS HER ARMS AROUND HIS NECK  
AND KISSES HIM.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: I don't think so, Harry. Remember my inheritance.

HARRY: Oh yes, that!

SISTER  
CHASTITY: But it's my birthday soon - and you can come to  
my party. Then we'll decide what to do next.

HARRY: Chastity, did anyone ever tell you you're  
gorgeous.

SISTER  
CHASTITY: Well, a few times, yes.

HARRY GRABS CHASTITY AND KISSES  
HER PASSIONATELY. JUST THEN, THE  
LID OF THE TRUNK GOES UP AND  
FINGERS PUTS HIS HEAD OUT.

FINGERS: Is it safe to come out yet?

HARRY AND CHASTITY BOTH JUMP IN  
SURPRISE.

HARRY: Fingers, your sense of timing leaves a lot to be  
desired.

FINGERS: Sorry, am I interrupting something?

HARRY: No, no, nothing at all.

FINGERS: Aren't you going to introduce me to the lady?

HARRY: Fingers, meet Chastity.

FINGERS STARES AT HER FOR A WHILE.

FINGERS: Oh yeah!

HARRY: Fingers, Chastity still has to obey the rules of  
the convent - and it's nearly time for the  
afternoon swim. Would you like to come with us?

FINGERS: Er no, I don't think so. It's not my scene. In fact, if I get back to the cell quickly I should be just in time for evening recreation. It's scrabble tonight.

FINGERS APPEARS TO NOTICE THE ABANDONED SUITCASE OF MONEY BUT SAYS NOTHING.

HARRY: Good idea, Fingers. And tell the Biscuit that the mob got to me, cut me up and flushed me down the bog.

FINGERS: Right, Harry. Cheers Harry, Chastity. (*He gives them a parting nod.*)

HE DISAPPEARS AND CLOSES THE LID OF THE TRUNK. HARRY RISES AND PULLS CHASTITY UP.

SISTER CHASTITY: Harry, how on earth does Fingers cope with scrabble?

HARRY: He makes up the rules and only three letter words are allowed. If anyone tries to put down more than three letters - he breaks their fingers!

HARRY PICKS UP THE SUITCASE AND DEBATES WHETHER OR NOT TO TAKE IT WITH HIM.

SISTER CHASTITY: Now, Harry, about that swim....

HARRY DROPS THE SUITCASE AND THEY EXIT, LAUGHING. THE LID OF THE TRUNK RISES AGAIN AND FINGERS CREEPS IN, TAKES THE SUITCASE OF MONEY, WINKS AT THE AUDIENCE AND EXITS.

THE END

CURTAIN