

*Doubt: Side 1 – Sides do not have to be memorized. Sister James and Sister Aloysius (Allo-wish-us) In the middle of a conference...*

Sister James: But I want my students to feel they can talk to me.

Sister Aloysius: They're children. They can talk to each other. It's more important they have a fierce moral guardian. You stand at the door, Sister. You are the gatekeeper. If you are vigilant, they will not need to be.

Sister James: I'm not sure what you want me to do.

Sister Aloysius: And if things occur in your classroom which you sense require understanding, but you don't understand, come to me.

Sister James: Yes, Sister.

Sister Aloysius: That's why I'm here, that's why I'm the principal of this school. Do you stay when the specialty instructors come in?

Sister James: Yes.

Sister A: But you're here now while the art class is going on.

Sister J: I was a little concerned about William's nose.

Sister A: Right. So you have Art in class.

Sister J: She comes in. Mrs. Bell. Yes.

Sister A: And you take them down to the basement for Dance with Mrs. Shields.

Sister J: On Thursdays.

Sister A: Another waste of time.

Sister J: Oh, but everyone loves the Christmas pageant.

Sister A: I don't love it. Frankly it offends me. Last year the girl playing Our Lady was wearing lipstick. I was waiting in the wings for that little jade.

Sister J: Then there's music.

Sister A: We used to have a sister teaching that. Not enough sisters. What else?

Sister J: Physical Education and Religion.

Sister A: And for that we have Father Flynn. Two hours a week. And you stay for those?

Sister J: Mostly. Unless I have reports to fill out or....

Sister A: What do you think of Father Flynn?

Sister J: Oh, he's a brilliant man. What a speaker!

Sister A: Yes. His sermon this past Sunday was poetic.

Sister J: He's actually very good, too, at teaching basketball. I was surprised.

Sister A: What do you think that sermon was about? ....This past Sunday. What was he talking about?

Sister J: Well, Doubt. He was talking about Doubt.

Sister A: Why?

*Side 2: Sides do not have to be memorized. Sister Aloysius (Allo-wish-us) and Mrs. Muller – In the midst of a conference regarding Mrs. Muller’s child at the school, Donald.*

Mrs. Muller: If Donald can graduate from here, he has a better chance of getting into a good high school. And that would mean an opportunity at college. I believe he has the intelligence. And he wants it, too.

Sister A: I don’t see anything at this time standing in the way of his graduating with his class.

Mrs. Muller: Well, that’s all I care about. Anything else is all right with me.

Sister A: I doubt that.

Mrs. Muller: Try me.

Sister A: I’m concerned about the relationship between Father Flynn and your son.

Mrs. Muller: You don’t say. Concerned. What do you mean concerned?

Sister A: That it may not be right.

Mrs. Muller: Uh-huh. Well, there’s something wrong with everybody, isn’t that so? Got to be forgiving.

Sister A: I’m concerned, to be frank, that Father Flynn may have made advances on your son.

Mrs. M: *May* have made.

Sister A: I can’t be certain.

Mrs. Muller: No evidence?

Sister A: No.

Mrs. M: Then maybe there’s nothing to it?

Sister A: I think there is something to it.

Mrs. M: Well, I would prefer not to see it that way if you don’t mind.

Sister A: I can understand that this is hard to hear. I think Father Flynn gave Donald that altar wine.

Mrs. M: Why would he do that?

Sister A: Has Donald been acting strangely?

Mrs. M: No

Sister A: Nothing out of the ordinary?

Mrs. M: He’s been himself.

Sister A: All right.

Mrs. M: Look, Sister, I don’t want any trouble, and I feel like you’re on the march somehow.

Sister A: I’m not sure you completely understand.

Mrs. M: I think I understand the kind of thing you’re talking about. But I don’t want to get into it.

*Side 3: Sides do not have to be memorized. Father Flynn and Sister Aloysius (Allo-wish-us) ...A Confrontation.*

Sister A: What are you doing in this school?

Flynn: I am trying to do good!

Sister A: or even more to the point, what are you doing in the priesthood?

Flynn: You are single-handedly holding this school and this parish back!

Sister A: From what?

Flynn: Progressive education and a welcoming church.

Sister A: You can't distract me, Father Flynn. This isn't about my behavior. It's about yours.

Flynn: It's about your unfounded suspicions.

Sister A: That's right, I have suspicions.

Flynn: You know what I haven't understood through all this? Why do you suspect me? What have I done?

Sister A: You gave that boy wine to drink. And you let him take the blame.

Flynn: That's completely untrue! Did you talk to Mr. McGinn?

Sister A: All McGinn knows is the boy drank wine. He doesn't know how he came to drink it.

Flynn: Did his mother have something to add to that?

Sister A: No.

Flynn: So that's it. There's nothing there.

Sister A: I'm not satisfied.

Flynn: Well, if you're not satisfied, ask the boy then!

Sister A: No, he'd protect you. That's what he's been doing.

Flynn: Oh, and why would he do that?

Sister A: Because you have seduced him.

Flynn: You're insane! You've got it in your head that I've corrupted this child after giving him wine, and nothing I say will change that.

Sister A: That's right. (....)

Flynn: You have no right to act on your own! You are a member of a religious order. You have taken vows, obedience being one! You answer to us! You have no right to step outside the Church!

Sister A: I will step outside the Church if that what needs to be done, though the door should shut behind me! I will do what needs to be done, Father, if it means I'm damned to Hell! You should understand that, or you will mistake me.

*Side 4: Sides do not have to be memorized. Sister James and Father Flynn (in the garden)*

Sister James: Was your sermon directed toward anyone in particular?

Flynn: What do you think?

Sister J: Did you make up that story about the pillow?

Flynn: Yes. You make up little stories to illustrate. In the tradition of the parable.

Sister J: Aren't the things that actually happen in life more worthy of interpretation than a made up story?

Flynn: No. What actually happens in life is beyond interpretation. The truth makes for a bad sermon. It tends to be confusing and have no clear conclusion.

Sister J: I received a letter from my brother in Maryland yesterday. He's very sick.

Flynn: Maybe you should go and see him.

Sister J: I can't leave my class.

Flynn: How's Donald Muller doing?

Sister J: I don't know.

Flynn: You don't see him?

Sister J: I see him every day, but I don't know how he's doing. I don't know how to judge these things. Now.

Flynn: I stopped speaking to him for fear of it being misunderstood. Isn't that a shame? I actually avoided him the other day when I might've passed him in the hall. He doesn't understand why. I noticed you didn't come to me for confession.

Sister J: No, I went to Monsignor (Mon-seen-your) Benedict. He's very kind.

Flynn: I wasn't?

Sister J: It wasn't that. As you know. You know why.

Flynn: You're against me?

Sister J: No.

Flynn: You're not convinced?

Sister J: It's not for me to be convinced, one way or the other. It's Sister Aloysius (Allo-wish-us)

Flynn: are you just an extension of her?

Sister J: She's my superior.

Flynn: But what about you?

Sister J: I wish I knew nothing whatever about it. I wish the idea had never entered my mind.

Flynn: How did it enter your mind?

Sister J: Sister Aloysius. (Allo-wish-us)

Flynn: I feel as if my reputation has been damaged through no fault of my own. But I'm reluctant to take steps necessary to repair it for fear of doing further harm. It's frustrating. I can tell you that.

*After the auditions with sides are completed in each session, the final 15ish minutes will be used for those who wish to perform one of the monologues below, IF DESIRED. If you Do decide to perform the monologue, memorization is preferred. Please only prepare ONE monologue.*

Sister Aloysius: (speaking to Sister James): You see, I am making a point, Sister James. I know that Stephen Inzio, Noreen Horan and Brenda McNulty are one, two, and three in your class. School-wide, there are forty-eight such students in each grade period. I make it my business to know all forty-eight of their names. I do not say this to aggrandize myself, but to illustrate the importance of paying attention. You must pay attention as well. I cannot be everywhere... What good's a gift if it's left in the box? What good is a high IQ if you're staring out the window with your mouth agape? Be hard on the bright ones, Sister James. Don't be charmed by cleverness. Not theirs. And not yours. I feel I must remind you. Boys are made of gravel, soot, and tar paper. Boys are a different breed... I think you are a competent teacher, Sister James, but not our best teacher. Good teachers are never content. It is a society which requires constant educational, spiritual, and human vigilance. Innocence is a form of laziness. Innocent teachers are easily duped. When William London gets a nosebleed, be skeptical. Don't let a little blood fuddle your judgment. God gave you a brain and a heart. The heart is warm, but your wits must be cold. Liars should be frightened to lie to you. They should be uncomfortable in your presence. I doubt they are.

Father Flynn: *(to open the show, from the pulpit giving a sermon)* What do you do when you're not sure? That's the topic of my sermon today. You look for God's direction and can't find it. Last year when President Kenedy was assassinated, who among us did not experience the most profound disorientation. Despair. "What now? Which way? What do I say to my kids? What do I tell myself?" it was a time of people sitting together, bound together by a common feeling of hopelessness. But think of that! Your *bond* with your fellow beings was your *despair*. It was a public experience, shared by everyone in our society. It was awful, but we were in it together! How much worse is it then for the lone man, the lone woman, stricken by a private calamity? "No one knows I'm sick. No one knows I've lost my last real friend. No one knows I've done something wrong." Imagine the isolation. You see the world as through a window. On one side of the glass: happy, untroubled people. On the other side: you. For those so afflicted, only God knows their pain. Their secret. The secret of their alienating sorrow. And when such a person, as they must, howls to the sky, to God: "Help me!" What if no answer comes? Silence.

Mrs. Muller: *(to Sister A during their conference about her son at the school)* You're the one forcing people to say these things out loud. Things are in the air and you leave them alone if you can. That's what I know. My boy came to this school 'cause they were gonna kill him at the public school. So we were lucky enough to get him in here for his last year. Good. His father don't like him. He comes here, the kids don't like him. One man is good to him. This priest. Puts out a hand to the boy. Does the man have his reasons. Yes. Everybody has their reasons. *You* have your reasons. But do I ask the man why he's good to my son? No. I don't care why. My son needs some man to care about him and see him through to where he wants to go. And thank God, this educated man with some kindness in him wants to do just that. It's just til June. Sometimes things aren't black and white.

Sister James: *(to Sister A after disclosing that she may have seen something suspicious re Flynn)* I've been trying to become more cold in my thinking as you suggested...I feel as if I've lost my way a little, Sister Aloysius (Allo-wish-us). I had the most terrible dream last night. I want to be guided by you and responsible to the children, but I want my peace of mind. I must tell you I have been longing for the return of my peace of mind. I think I'm starting to understand you a little. But it's so unsettling to look at things and people with suspicion. It feels as if I'm less close to God. I've become more reserved in class. I feel separated from the children. But I feel. Wrong. And about this other matter, I don't have any evidence. I'm not at all certain that anything's happened....It's just the way the boy acted when he came back to class. He looked frightened and....he put his head on the desk in the most peculiar way. And one other thing, I think there was alcohol on his breath. There was alcohol on his breath.