

R: GERTIE DIES

SETTING:

St. Francis Garden of
the church/

AT. RISE

FR. TOM sits on the
cement bench smoking.
He is dressed in his
official black suit, worn
shiny, with his starched
clerical collar. He looks
worn out, sits slumped
as he smokes. COLE
enters stops.

Cole
START
COLE
What're you doing here?

FR. TOM
Smoking.

COLE
(pauses)
Has that fucking cat shit here again?

FR. TOM
I don't know. Has the meeting started?

COLE
(pulls out phone, checks time)
Ten minutes.

FR. TOM
Is Margaret here?

COLE
The doughnuts are here, so yeah.

FR. TOM
What does that mean?

COLE
It means if the donuts are here, Margaret is here.

FR. TOM
Don't be an ass.

COLE
Well, it's true.

FR. TOM
Just because it's true doesn't make it ... Never mind.
Would you ask her to come see me?

COLE
Whatever ever's your problem, don't take it out on me.

FR. TOM
Just get her, Cole. Please.

COLE exits. FR. TOM
finishes his
cigarette and lights
another. MARGARET
enters.

FR. TOM
(stands)
Hi, Margaret.

MARGARET
Hi.

FR. TOM
(raising cigarette)
Does this bother you?

MARGARET
Yes.

FR. TOM
Sorry, sorry.
(looks around for the butt can which
isn't there. Stubs it out in the garden
dirt)
Remind me to pick that up before Cole sees it.
(motioning to the cement bench)
Sit a minute.

MARGARET
(sitting)
Cole said I was being called into the principal's
office.

FR. TOM
(smiling)
Bet you were never called into the principal's office.

MARGARET
One of my greatest regrets.

FR. TOM
Me, too, come to think of it.
(pauses)
How's your husband ...