



# NOREEN ALLIE KEVIN

Let Nothing You Dismay

Topher Payne

**NOREEN**

~~Christmas at a convent, it's worse than working retail. Is there a fridge?~~

~~KEVIN~~

~~Yes.~~

**NOREEN**

Oh, look at that, your own teensy kitchen, how handy. Here- sticky buns made by real nuns, a fella in Archer Heights swore he saw the Blessed Mother on one once, but I think he had a drinking problem. We prayed for him. The drizzle on top's getting runny, it needs to set.

*(KEVIN holds the box. Confused.)*

I swapped Vespers for Angelus with Sister Judith Marie so I could catch my flight, a six a.m. prayer, that's how much I love you kids. Kevin, sweetie, runny drizzle. Put it in the fridge. And of course every lapsed Catholic in Chicago was there trying to absolve themselves on Christmas, and I'm not allowed to leave 'til the priest does. Why can't people start feeling guilty around Thanksgiving? Space it out a bit? Oh, Allie! I've got a medal for you from the sisters. Thomas More, patron of adopted children. Also of lawyers and politicians, try not to hold it against him. It's somewhere in here.

*(she digs in her purse)*

I don't normally travel in habit, nuns are the first people they stop at O'Hare, it is such a hassle, but sometimes I get free Starbucks. Where is everybody?

**ALLIE**

Everybody?

**NOREEN**

Yeah, the- the whole... Oh dear me. I am not. Supposed. To be up here.

**KEVIN**

Where are you supposed to be?

**NOREEN**

I... I can't say. Oh, this is a blunder. My brother's gonna kill me.

**KEVIN**

What does Dad have to do with this?

**ALLIE**

I don't understand what's happening.

**NOREEN**

And you don't need to. You must try to forget you ever saw me. I mean, don't lie, for heaven's sake, but, omit! Everybody omit! I have to go. I have to go right now. I need my buns.

~~KEVIN~~

~~Aunt Noreen~~

