

Scene 12

A hallway.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

The sisters made it clear to me that they followed you of their own volition. But they would never have ventured out at all had it not been for you.

DELORIS

I'm sorry! But they just don't want to be stuck behind these walls all the time.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

(a sudden burst of emotion)

These walls are the only protection they have!

DELORIS

But—

MOTHER SUPERIOR

They are my sisters. And I will not allow them to be put in harm's way.

DELORIS

What are you gonna do? Kick me out?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

I will speak to Officer Souther and Monsignor O'Hara. Until then, I shall restrict your activities to a single task. You're a musician. True?

DELORIS

Oh yes.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

So you're comfortable working with other musicians. True?

DELORIS

Oh yes. When it comes to working with others, I have a certain joie de vivre.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

You could sing with our choir.

DELORIS

Are they good?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

There are no words.

DELORIS

Aw that's nice. See what happens when we talk?

(As she exits)

It's a beautiful thing.

(Deloris exits as Monsignor O'Hara enters.)

MONSIGNOR O'HARA

Mother Superior.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Monsignor?

MONSIGNOR O'HARA

This Sunday after mass, we are to be visited by a Mr. Swanson and a Mr. Lardner.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

I do not know these gentlemen.

MONSIGNOR O'HARA

Perhaps you know them as the bachelors who deal in antiques. They have struck a deal with the archdiocese and will be arriving, check in hand. It pains me to tell you that this church will be no more.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

But what of the sisters?

MONSIGNOR O'HARA

They will be split up, sent to various parishes, the older ones will be sent to homes.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

But this is awful. What of my prayers?

MONSIGNOR O'HARA

Mother Superior. Look around. God has answered your prayers. You just don't like the answer.

#7a - Here Within These Walls - Reprise

MOTHER SUPERIOR

HERE YOU'RE GOD'S OWN GUEST,
CELESTIALLY PROTECTED.
ALL'S FOR THE VERY BEST...

(We hear the sound of a poorly played piano as we transition to...)

Scene 4

Mother Superior's office

Mother Superior is alone in her nightclothes. She cannot sleep.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Dearest God. I know you move in mysterious ways, but this is one for the books.
I'm frightened. Everything I've devoted my life to is falling apart.

#13 – I Haven't Got A Prayer

Please give me a sign so that I might have clarity and peace. I know my struggles
pale in comparison to those who have come before me.

SAINT ANTHONY GOT VISIONS IN THE DESERT.
SAINT JOAN GOT VOICES IN HER HEAD.
SAINT IGNATIUS GOT BEATEN,
THEN PARTIALLY EATEN,
THEN HUNG BY THE FEET UNTIL DEAD.
SAINT STEPHEN GOT STONED,
AND SAINT FRANCIS, DISOWNED—
ALL GOT TESTED, AND PASSED, AS IT WERE.
AND LIKE IT OR NOT,
JUST LOOK WHAT I GOT—
HER.


AND NOT JUST HER...


I GOT DISCO PIPED INTO THE CLOISTER.
I GOT GLITTER WHEREVER YOU GAZE.
I GOT CELIBATE NUNS
OUT THERE SHAKING THEIR BUNS,
SHRIEKING YOU AND YOUR SON'S HOLY PRAISE.


I GOT ALTAR BOYS PRANCING IN SILVER LAMÉ!
REQUIEM MASS WITH A STROBE LIGHT DISPLAY!
LORD, IF YOU'RE TESTING MY FAITH, MAY I SAY—IT'S NOT FAIR!
WITH EVERYTHING I GOT,
I HAVEN'T GOT A PRAYER.

NO,
I GOT FOG MACHINES CLOUDING THE ALTAR.


25  26 27
dis - co piped in - to the clois - ter. I got glit - ter wher - ev - er you gaze.

28  29 30
— I got cel - i - bate nuns — out there shak - ing their buns, — shriek - ing

31  32 33
you and your son's — ho - ly praise. — I got al - tar boys pran - cing in sil -

34  35 36
- ver la - mé! — Re - qui - em mass — with a strobe — light dis - play! —

37  38 39
Lord, if you're test - ing my faith, — may I say it's not fair. —

40  41 42 43 44
— With ev' - rything I got, I have - n't got a prayer. No, I got

#13 - *I Haven't Got a Prayer*

45
fog mach-ines cloud-ing the al - tar. 46 And a mir - ror ball o - ver the apse. 47

48
— I got half of a flock— 49 dressed to ut - ter - ly shock, 50 and the rest—

51
— wear-ing moon - boots or chaps. 52 I got bik - ers and ad - dicts and punks 53

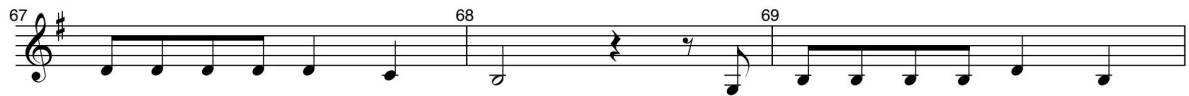
54
— in the pews,— 55 sever - al trans - ves - tites, 56 a hand-ful of Jews.—


57
Lord, can you blame me at all— 58 if I choose to des - pair?— 59

60
— I mean, how could I not? 61 I have-n't got a 62


#13 - I Haven't Got a Prayer

63  64 65 66
 prayer. I thought I'd get a glimpse of glo - ry. I

67  68 69
 thought I'd get a taste of grace. I thought I'd get to bring your

70  71 72
 king - dom clos - er to earth. I

73  74 75
 thought I'd get to make this fall - en world a fin - er, gent - ler

76  77 78
 place... A hav - en for the soul... More


79  80 81 82 83
 safe, more pure, more whole... But no! I got

#13 - I Haven't Got a Prayer



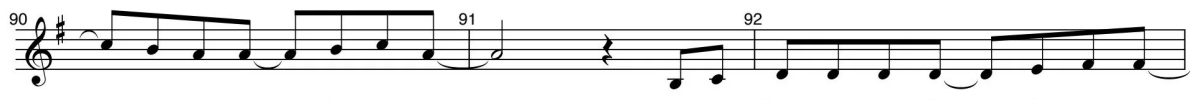
84 85 86

priests do - ing moves like Tra - vol - ta! A com - mun - ion that's some - how ris - que! -




87 88 89

— Peo - ple flail - ing their limbs, get - ting down — to the hymns while your sanc -



90 91 92

- ti ty dims — day by day. — And I don't have a clue — what to do —



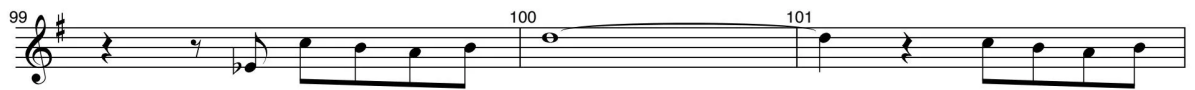
93 94 95

— ex - cept grieve. — Don't know in what — or in who — to be - lieve. —



96 97 98

Don't real - ly know — if it's true — that you're ev - en still there...



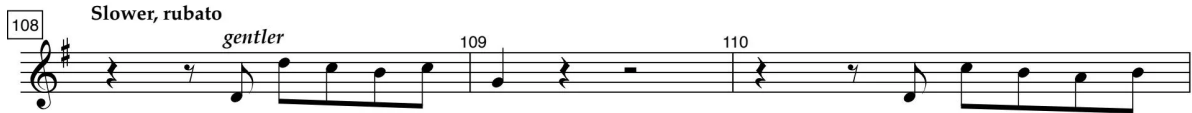
99 100 101


So tell me, are you there? — Tell me, do you

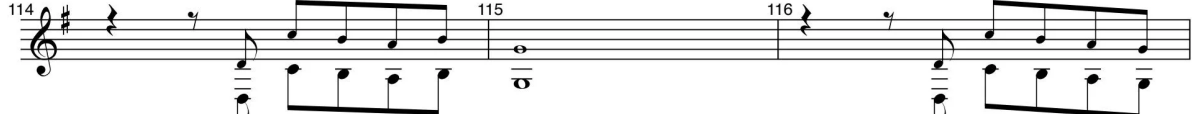
#13 - I Haven't Got a Prayer

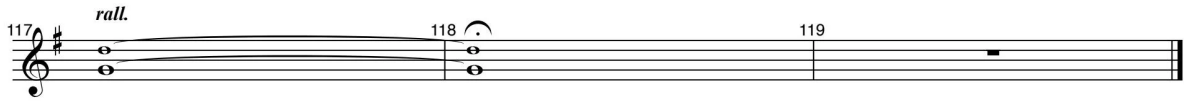
102  103 104
care? _____ Lord, if you are near, if I can get your

105  106 *rall.* 107
ear, I've had it up to here! Please make her dis - ap - pear!

108 *Slower, rubato*  109 110
gentler
Too late for that I fear. You've made your ans - wer

111 *rit.*  112 *(optional Sva)* 113 **Tempo I°**
clear. I have - n't got a prayer.

114  115 116
And ne - ver had a prayer. I have - n't got a

117 *rall.*  118 119
prayer. _____

#13 - I Haven't Got a Prayer