

Agatha, Martin, PW, Charles

CHARLES. Oh. (*He stops, holding on to the shroud.*) And when you do find your daughter, please give us the credit. We'll need to count every miracle.

PEASANT WOMAN. All right. (*Charles begins lifting the shroud.*) Though it might have been the dung that did it.

JACK. (*Revealing himself.*) Father, don't!

CHARLES. What?

PEASANT WOMAN. Sweet Jesus, it's him!

JACK. I —

PEASANT WOMAN. (*Approaching him.*) You sneaky bastard, where've you been?

JACK. I —

PEASANT WOMAN. You roll into town, help yourself to my cupboard —

JACK. But —

PEASANT WOMAN. Pocket the money for the song and dance and — (*Beat; she finally notices him.*) Oh my God, he's a monk.

CHARLES. Good woman —

PEASANT WOMAN. Christ, she really can pick 'em. Where's my daughter?

JACK. I don't know.

PEASANT WOMAN. Liar.

CHARLES. If you come back tomorrow —

PEASANT WOMAN. You've got some nerve giving her the slip and hiding out here. For all I know, she may be lying in a ditch somewhere. (*To Charles.*) Come on, let's go. It's my penny we're wasting. (*Charles reaches for the shroud; Jack prevents him.*)

JACK. No.

PEASANT WOMAN. Hey!

JACK. You can't.

CHARLES. Brother Norbert?

JACK. She mustn't.

PEASANT WOMAN. It's one thing to dupe my daughter, it's another to pigeon her mother. Now let me see her. (*They are distracted by offstage shouting.*)

MARTIN. (*Off.*) Stop!

FELIX. (*Off.*) You're not permitted to go in —

AGATHA. (*Off.*) I'll go anywhere there's a door. (*Agatha bursts in,*

followed by Felix and Martin.)

JACK. Oh, God ...

AGATHA. There you are!

CHARLES. (*With deep dread.*) Agatha!

MARTIN. I tried to stop her —

AGATHA. And you didn't even slow me down.

CHARLES. (*To Martin.*) Where's the Pope?

AGATHA. His wagon's stuck in the mud outside the village —

PEASANT WOMAN. Pope?

AGATHA. ... they're pulling him out as we speak.

PEASANT WOMAN. (*To Charles.*) You never said a Pope was coming ...

AGATHA. (*Approaching the altar.*) Is that what you're calling a saint these days?

CHARLES. Why?

AGATHA. Curious to have a look, that's all.

MARTIN. She's not available to the public.

AGATHA. I'm not the public, I'm the Church! Now let me see her.

PEASANT WOMAN. You have to give them a penny first.

AGATHA. I DON'T DEAL IN PENNIES! (*Pause; they are a little cowed.*) Two mornings ago His Holiness tells me he's leaving Bernay to come here. "What's in Priseaux," I said, "but a second-rate monastery run by a bunch of backwoods monks?" Well, it seems they got an incorruptible, or so rumor had it. So naturally I tagged along to see what the fuss was about. (*Bitterly.*) So did three hundred pilgrims waiting to see Saint Foy.

CHARLES. Three hundred...?

AGATHA. You know how fickle peasants can be. They'd follow the Pope into Hell if he told them the heat was good for their sinuses.

PEASANT WOMAN. It is! (*Agatha turns to her.*) Mine always clear up in the summer. (*Agatha shakes her head in disbelief and turns to Charles.*)

AGATHA. So — where did you get the saint?

MARTIN. That's none of your business.

AGATHA. My business is on its way here from Bernay. (*To Charles.*) Now what about the saint?

FELIX. You can't just —

AGATHA. It couldn't be something you *dug up* , could it?
 CHARLES. What do you mean?
 AGATHA. Like St. James the Greater? Or all those heads of John the Baptist?
 MARTIN. How did you know about that?
 PEASANT WOMAN. John the Baptist?
 AGATHA. I stumbled onto your well-stocked pantry. (*The monks react audibly.*)
 PEASANT WOMAN. (*To Charles.*) You never said you had John the Baptist.
 AGATHA (*To Peasant Woman.*) Seventeen of them.
 CHARLES. (*To Martin.*) Seventeen? (*Martin nods apologetically.*)
 AGATHA. According to the ledger: Lisbon, Canterbury, Venice, Hamburg ...
 PEASANT WOMAN. How many heads did he have?
 AGATHA. The Bible says one —
 PEASANT WOMAN. That's what I thought.
 AGATHA (*To Charles.*) ... but it also says "increase and multiply."
 CHARLES. Agatha ...
 AGATHA. Isn't that what you did? Broke five loaves to feed five thousand?
 CHARLES. Listen to me ...
 AGATHA. (*Going for the jugular.*) Always making your bread go just a little farther. (*This hits Charles where it counts.*) So, now you've baked up an incorruptible ...
 CHARLES. Get out.
 AGATHA. All because I bought your saint out from under you.
 FELIX. That's not Saint Foy —
 AGATHA. Oh, please ...
 FELIX. This is Saint Foy! (*He lifts his bag.*)
 AGATHA. (*Indicating Peasant Woman.*) Sure, and she's the Virgin Mother.
 CHARLES. He's right. You don't have Saint Foy.
 AGATHA. The hell I don't. I paid your one-eyed novice for her.
 PEASANT WOMAN. That was a mistake ...
 JACK. It wasn't Saint Foy.
 PEASANT WOMAN. See, what did I tell you?
 AGATHA. Oh, you're changing your story now?

PEASANT WOMAN. This one would steal your last good tooth.
 AGATHA. SHUT UP! (*She turns to Jack.*) What are you saying? Who's on my altar? (*Jack looks to Charles, who nods for him to continue.*)

JACK. A pig farmer.

AGATHA. (*Beat.*) Pig farmer? (*She looks at Charles, who nods.*)

JACK. From your own churchyard.

AGATHA. How could it be a pig farmer? I've had miracles by the score.

CHARLES. Maybe they weren't true miracles.

AGATHA. Tell it to the woman with the oozing lump. Or the cripple whose foot grew back, or the lepers. Anyway, if you've still got Saint Foy, what's she doing in a sack?

MARTIN. We're keeping the dust off her.

AGATHA. More importantly ... (*She turns to the altar.*) who's her replacement?

PEASANT WOMAN. That's what I want to know.

CHARLES. (*Blocking Agatha.*) Wait till His Holiness comes — you'll see.

AGATHA. I just want a peek —

CHARLES. No.

AGATHA. ... never having seen an incorruptible ...

CHARLES. Not till the Pope and the pilgrims arrive.

AGATHA. Very well; you can't blame a girl for trying ... (*She pretends to turn away, then swings around, dodging Charles or possibly knocking him out of the way.*) Hah! (*She yanks the shroud off Marie.*)

JACK. No! (*Felix and Martin gasp.*)

PEASANT WOMAN. Mother of God! (*She faints into Felix's arms.*)

AGATHA. Christ on a cross — it's the haberdasher!

CHARLES. What?

AGATHA. You murdered the haberdasher!

MARTIN. No we didn't ...

CHARLES. (*To Jack.*) Haberdasher?

AGATHA. Don't tell me no, she's right there.

MARTIN. No, we — tell her, Charles, how we —

AGATHA. (*Admiring Marie.*) Brilliant. Absolutely brilliant.

MARTIN. (*Beat.*) Excuse me?

AGATHA. I have to hand it to you. The Baptist heads were clever,