

"Very well, then" The Bishop seems satisfied. "Come along then - I'll introduce you to Sister Rose Agnes. She is the Mother Superior here at St. Anthony's. Her assistant, Sister Margaret is quite a case - but Sister Rose Agnes is level-headed enough. You'll have to be on guard with her. She may spot you as a phoney. She's pretty clever - that one. Oh yes, something else. Remember what I told you about celebrating morning mass. Under no circumstances are you to attempt this. If you do, I'll be compelled to expose the whole scheme."

The Captain nods his head. "I understand. Now, let's get on with it. I feel foolish standing in this shrubbery. I do believe I've caught an itch." He squirms about trying to scratch his back.

"Yes, come on, we'll go in the front door. Now, what shall we call you?"

"How about Father Smith or Father Jones?" The Captain suggests.

"Oh, heavens, no. That would never do. What is your first name?"

"Timothy. Timothy Hollihan, Jr. I was named after my saintly father - rest his soul." The Captain answers.

"Well, then, we shall call you Father Timothy," The Bishop leads the new Father Timothy into St. Anthony's - much like a lamb being led to a slaughter.

The sisters are surprised to find the Bishop at their door and even

more surprised to learn that their convent chaplain has been called away to the Vatican so suddenly. However, they greet their new priest with warmth and sincerity. They assure him that they will do all in their power to make his stay a pleasant one.

Father Timothy is shown to the priest's quarters and after a brief social visit with the Mother Superior and the Bishop, he is left alone to plot his next movement. Surely, the F.B.I. must be positive of their information. But, on the other hand, it does seem strange that a large shipment of Heroin would end up in a convent. He smiles. However, it is a clever idea all right. No one would suspect anything like that. Wonder how they plan to get it out of here though? A laundry truck maybe? Oh well, that's what I'm here for. To locate the stuff. So, first things first. Still 'n all, the F.B.I. could be mistaken. Maybe I'm just wasting my time here.

He opens the window and takes a deep breath of fresh air. The wind is stirring up a spring shower and already drops a rain are kissing the ground. In the midst of the clanging thunder, he can hear the sisters singing their evening vespers from the chapel. He happily removes the tight white collar from his neck and lays it on the bed. "Now, for a refreshing shower. Time enough later to invent a way to search the place." He whistles loudly as he enters the bathroom. In the darkness he gropes for the light switch but instead, he finds a gun barrel staring him in the face.

"Just be quiet and you won't get hurt. Get your clothes on, Father, and come with me."

"What is this?" Father Timothy tries not to sound frightened. "My good man, don't you know better than to behave like this? Don't you know who I am? Why, I'm a priest. A man of the Lord. If you want money, I'll give you all that I have." He is trying to make an excuse to open the dresser drawer where he has hidden his service revolver. "Talk about being caught with your pants down - damn! This is really embarrassing." How would he explain this at the station? A cop getting mugged in a convent? Another question flashes in his mind. "How am I going to get to my gun?"

"Just shut up! I know who you are all right. Just do what you're told and I don't want your money. Now, move it, will ya?" The man gives him a slight push.

The Captain is astonished. "You know who I am, huh? Say, just who are you anyway? What are you up to?"

"Look, Father, I'm trying to be a nice guy, so do me a favor and do what I tell you. I don't want to hurt a priest."

"Oh, I see" answers the Captain - somewhat relieved. He thought for a moment his cover had been unmasked. "Well, all right, then. Of course, I'll do whatever you say. What is you want of me?"

"That's more like it. First - get dressed." He points to his clothes lying on the bed.

"Oh, all right - since you insist." The Captain hastily dresses and turns to face the man with the gun.

"Ahem, Father -" he points at his trousers. "Do you always wear your pants like that?"

The Captain looks down and discovers his trousers are on backwards.

"Oh, I guess I better change again." The Bishop gave him pants too large and he can just step in and out of them.

The man with the gun stands there scratching his head as he watches the priest tumble about trying to put his pants on straight.

"Okay, I'm ready now." The Captain again faces the young man and his gun.

"For crying out loud! Your collar is on backwards now." The man jerks his head as he turns Father Timothy's collar around. "Now, get going. No, not out the door. Out the window."

The Captain looks dismayed. His raised eyebrow questions this instruction. "Out the window? Why?"

"Never mind - just do it. I'm tired of playing around - move it!" The clumsy priest opens the window and turns to his captor. "But, we're on the second floor. Are you crazy?"

"Just shut up, will ya, Father? There's a ladder out there. Start

climbing - and remember - I'll have this gun on you each step. My buddy is down there waiting for you, so don't try anything cute."

The Captain has no choice but to follow his directions. As he reaches his foot down for the top step of the ladder, he catches it on his pants cuff and his foot gets hung in his trousers. " Yipes - oh I'm falling - -."

"Oof! I got him, Johnny." Punchy shouts up to him. "Jesus, you're heavy. Get off me, will ya, Father?"

The thunder clatters. " I don't believe it!" The man with the gun stares down at the figures lying below in the bushes. "They're both candidates for the funny farm. Oh brother! And Buggy said this job would be easy. Like shit it is." Johnny swiftly climbs down the ladder and picks the two men up off the ground. "Come on, Father, we're going out the back way. Get moving. I'll follow you and remember, I don't want to use this gat - but I will if you try anything funny. Come on, Punchy, you stay behind me and watch the rear."

Punchy drags himself along behind him. His clothes are dirty and torn and his eye is swollen. "Jeez! This place is worse than Viet Nam." He complains. "Slow down, Johnny - I can't watch your rear end if you walk so fast."

The Father leads the way as they creep along and make their way to the back gate. Punchy is moaning all the way and has a hard time keeping up with them.

"Oh, no. It's locked. Someone locked it after we came in. Well, looks like we'll have to scramble the wall, Father, Sorry."

The man with the gun pushes his victim up the wall and then climbs it himself. "For Christ Sake, Punchy, make it snappy." he shouts over the wall. The rain continues to bathe the trio as the lightning gives momentary light to the darkened night.

"Oh-h-h! I can't make it." Punchy is heard to moan. " Oh, no - it's that damn dog again. Look out, Johnny, here I come."

A squeaky, snarling, barking dog can be heard through the rumbling thunder. Just as Punchy scales the wall, the furry noise attacks and rips the seat out of his pants.

"Hell, Punchy can't you ever stay out of trouble?" Johnny lifts him up off the ground and pulls him over the wall.

"ME stay out of trouble?" Punchy said. "Sure I can - if I stay out of THIS place. I tell you - I ain't never coming back here. I ain't never - never coming back. Oh, my head!" He holds his throbbing head.

The three men climb into a waiting car and are driven to the empty warehouse.

Meanwhile - back at St. Anthony's, the sisters are being called together by Mother Superior. She has good news for all of them. The sisters congregate in the auditorium. All are speculating on what could be so important to call them out at this late hour.

Sister Rose Agnes is speaking. "Today is a blessed day, sisters." Her eyes have a gleam in them and they sparkle with her overflowing enthusiasm. "As you all know, we have been praying to St. Anthony for funds to build our new hospital. The builder informed us it would take at least a million to put such a project into operation. Well, I am so pleased to announce that we have the money now. St. Anthony has given us a million dollars!"

The sisters shout and cheer.

"Quiet. Quiet, please. Let me finish." Sister Rose Agnes raises her hands for their attention.

Reluctantly, the sisters are seated and await her next words.

"Ahem - Well, yesterday we finished our nine day Novena to St. Anthony. God has answered our prayers, my sisters. Today, in our car we found the exact amount we asked for. A million dollars. It's money from heaven! We are indeed blessed this day. Let us all pray and give thanks."

"Amen!" The sisters answer as they all fall to their knees and bow their heads in prayer.

"Arise now, sisters, " once again Sister Rose Agnes calls for their attention. "There is more. This money is the "miracle" I spoke of to you earlier. There were loaves of bread on top of the money. Once again, the Lord reminds us that he cares for us by sending "manna" from heaven. It was His way of letting us know that He sent the money. But the devil is still at work on earth and we must be on guard against him. There are evil forces - operating as men - that could take this money away from us."

The sisters shake their fists. " No - no-!"

Sister Rose Agnes smiles meekly. " Yes, it's true, sisters. You see, the devil does not want us to build our hospital. He does not want us to help the sick. He will do anything to see us fail in this attempt. So, I'm asking all of you to keep this news a secret and we must keep the money hidden so that those evil forces I told you about can't find it. Now, will you all help me?"

The sisters shout in agreement. The pact is sealed.

"Fine. Fine." Sister Rose Agnes said. " Now each of us shall share in the responsibility of hiding the money until the time we can tell the world of our miracle. For the time being, however, it is urgent that we keep our little secret. Now, who will volunteer for the first watch? Here is the money."

An argument breaks out over who will be first.

"Enough!" Sister Rose Agnes shouts. " I'll take it tonight myself

and appoint someone each morning. No one will know who has it except myself and the sister in charge of it for the day. That should work out fine."

The sisters readily agree to this plan. They depart from the auditorium to the chapel where they shall offer up prayers of thanksgiving. The statue of St. Anthony smiles down on them as each sister lights a vigil light in front of it. Each sister thanks him for his favor and his blessing on them. "We'll build the best hospital you ever saw." Each sister makes this vow as they leave the chapel.

The morning light is slicing through the darkness as a gold limousene pulls up in front of the empty warehouse. A flicker of light can be seen from an upstairs window. "Might as well go back home - " Mr. Cappalone instructs his chauffeur. "I'll be here for awhile. I'll phone when I'm ready to leave." The chauffeur nods his head and drives off.

"Hey - hi, boss" Johnny greets him at the top of the stairs. "We did it. We got him. Come on, he's in here."

When Mr. Cappalone sees who they have kidnapped, he nearly has a heart attack. "Captain Hollihan! What in the - - how? Jesus! What's going on here?"

Johnny, PUNCHY and Fingers look at each other in bewilderment. "Captain?" Johnny asks. "What do you mean, boss?"

"Boys," Mr. Cappalone introduces them. "I'd like you to meet Captain Timothy Hollihan of our local police department. He had the honor of busting me a long time ago. It's okay, Captain, no hard feelings." He smiles at the Captain's nervousness. "Hey, man, why the black suit? What kind of con game is this? Don't tell me you got religion and quit playing pig? No - let me tell you. We're playing "What's My Line?" and we're the stooges, right?"

"Well - uh--" The Captain's face is red. "Do you mind if I take off this blasted collar? I'm itching to death. I think I picked up a bit of poison ivy or something."

"Sure" Mr. Cappalone grins broadly. "I'll bet you have. We're the poison ivy. Now you better start talking and fast." He motions for Johnny to offer some persuasion.

"Wait! Wait! I'll talk." The Captain waves his fists in the air. "I should have know you'd be in on this caper, Bugsy. Well, I've got news for you, chum. The B.B.I. is wise to your little game. They know the whole operation. You see, I'm posing as a priest to help them out. It's police procedure - you wouldn't understand."

"Oh? Is that correct?" Mr. Cappalone said. "They know everything, huh? Well, just what little game are you referring to, Captain? Can your police procedure explain that?"

The Captain laughs. "Oh Ho - don't act dumb. You know what I'm talking about. That shipment you have hidden in St. Anthony's. The F.B.I. was tracing it and lost it. They believe you have it hidden at St. Anthony's for someone to pick up. They asked me to scout around and see what I could find out for them. So, I talked the Bishop into getting me in the convent on the pretense of being a priest. That way, I have a free hand to move about without causing suspicion. You may as well tell me about it, Bugsy. You know that we'll nail you sooner or later - it's just a matter of time. "C'mon - confess, Cappalone. You can tell me. What have you hidden at St. Anthony's and where is it? Never mind, I know what it is - just tell me where you have the stuff hidden. That's going to make our jobs a lot easier and it will go better for you, too, in court." The Captain scratches his arms as he speaks.

Mr. Cappalone rocks with laughter. "Oh no, this is too much. You mean to tell me that the F.B.I. sent you to look for our million bucks? They must really be hard up. That's a good one, huh, boys?"

"A - a million bucks?" The Captain's eyes are wide. "You mean there's a million dollars stashed away in that convent? Aw- c'mon, you're putting me on."

"No. No, Captain, we're not 'putting you on'." Mr. Cappalone becomes very serious. "Those daffy nuns took a million bucks that belongs

to Cappalone Enterprises. It was payment for one of our - er ventures. Really, I assure you there's nothing illegal hidden there. Just our money. And those - ladies - have it hidden. If you want to arrest someone - then arrest them. Why, hell, they stole our money. It's ours. Make them give it back."

"You're joking! You are joking, aren't you? Why, those ladies are like living saints. They wouldn't steal anything." The Captain reprimands them.

"Oh yeah?" Fingers interrupts. "Well, they may not steal anything but they sure aint giving back what's rightfully ours. So, thats just like stalling aint it?"

"Shut up, Fingers." Mr. Cappalone pushes him down on a chair.

"Look, Hollihan, let's be reasonable about this. You have two choices as I see it. Either you work with us and help us get our money back or you go for a ride with Johnny here. Now - what'll it be?"

"You're crazy. You know that, Bugsy? I just told you that the F.B.I. was wise to the operation. I don't know what your 'venture' was but I bet they do. Why, I'd be as crazy as you are to team up with you."

"Aw - don't be do damn prudish, Hollihan." Mr. Cappalone slaps him on the back. "Hell, you and I both know that you've been on the take for years. Look at this fine silk suit you're wearing and that car - Wow! A Lincoln Continental, aint it? That's class. Real class."

But, it takes money to stay alive and enjoy such class. You could stand to add \$10,000 to your bank account now, couldn't you, Captain? That should sweeten up the proposition for you. O'mon, what do you say, Hollihan?"

"Well, I still don't know - maybe. But what about the F.B.I.?" The Captain hesitates to give in to the temptation.

"What about 'em? You tell them it was all a mistake - that you found nothing. Simple as that. Then they'll drop the case. Now - what do you say?"

"Let me think about it - okay?" The Captain pulls off his shirt and scratches his stomach. The rash is spreading rapidly.

"Sure, Captain. Sure we'll let you think about it - for thirty seconds." Mr. Cappalone sits down in his swivel chair and pours himself a drink.

"Okay - okay. I'll help you. You don't leave me any choice, Buggy." The Captain blurts out. "Damn - this stuff itches." He scratches his arms and belly profusely.

"Fine. I knew you'd see it my way. Now, Captain, you got into the convent by becoming a priest - so let's ordain Johnny, too, and make him a priest. You can say he's visiting you. Okay? Now, Fingers and Punchy can get that gardener's job. That way - with four of you there, it shouldn't take long to come up with my money. The 'Big Boys' are becoming impatient and when they get impatient - I get impatient. You all understand that, dont you?"

He picks up his cigar box and passes it around the room. "I'd really hate to see all of your pretty faces messed up." He picks up a yard stick and breaks it in half. "Get the message, boys?"

The men gathered around him are grumbling amongst themselves as they prepare to leave for St. Anthony's Convent.

"So long, fellows." Mr. Cappalone dismisses them. " And I think you better lay out some careful plans because I expect action."