

Superior: How's the running of this hellhole going for you? It's not easy dealing with a bunch of holier than thou, prudish, uptight nuns now is it?

Job: It has its moments.

Superior: I bet your Mother Superior is living it up in Rome whilst your slogging your guts out here.

Job: She is having a grand time thank you Mother. She has an audience with the Pope tonight over bread and wine.

Superior: Ha! I don't know how she wangled that one. It must be her Mafia connections. Did you know Sister Job that your Mother Superior and I were novices together? She was Sister Cain and I was Sister Abel. What a team we were, for a while anyway. But then I climbed Jacob's ladder of success and she ended up here as Mother Superior with...you lot. She certainly drew the short straw didn't she hey?

Job: We're a happy community of nuns here and you've done very well Mother to get where you are.

Superior: I suppose I have but it wasn't easy you know. To get to the top position I had to go through hell.

Job: What did you have to do?

Superior: Like Jesus I had to spend 40 days and 40 nights in the desert. I did it to prove my worth.

Job: Where did you go?

Superior: Nevada. I had no food, no water, no shelter and to make it worse I wore a boiler suit. I wandered around in that desert for 2 long days and nights with the blazing sun beating down upon my raw red sun burnt blistered face. My lips were parched, my tongue was heavy with dust and as dry as the cruel cracked ground beneath me. Then...well then I accidentally made my way to Vegas. I checked into the Tropicana and had a wow of a time for the next 38 nights.

Job: If you don't mind me asking Mother, did you finally prove your worth?

Superior: Of course I did. Technically, Sister Job, I was still in the desert. Anyway enough about me, let's get this show on the road shall we?

Job: Where would you like to start? I am at your service.

Superior: I perused the gardens on my way in. Hmm, St John's Wort, a nice touch. I looked around on my way up the stairs and everything seems to be spick and span. The statues of the Virgin Mary are positively glowing. I need to check your accounts and records.

Job: Certainly Mother. Everything you need is here in these two files.

*Mother Superior Superior peruses the files and says 'hmm' and 'ooh' and 'ah' etc*

Superior: I see that you are raising quite a bit of money for charity. Sister Monk with her cake stalls, Sister Jezebel with her pole dancing classes and Sister Gabe with her lawn-mowing round. What about Sister Benedict?

Job: She's retired Mother but she does watch ah...training videos.

Superior: Ah...which ones?

Job: The Flying Nun and The Exorcist.

Superior: Very good. They should keep her on the straight and narrow. Sister Job, I'd like to chat to all the Sisters today but first I need to pray. The decision of who is to win Nuns of the Year is going to be a tough one and this is my last stop. I think I might go and have some quiet meditative time in the chapel. Is there any altar wine in there?

Job: Yes Mother, in the back cupboard. It's a 2003 Barossa Shiraz.

Superior: Perfect.