

# NUN TOO SOON

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FADE IN:

**EXT. NEWPORT NEW JERSEY/WESTIN HOTEL - NIGHT**

A woman in a black cocktail dress perfectly framing her rounded cleavage and sculpted calves exits the hotel.

Her auburn hair dances in the night breeze as the heels of her stilettos rhythmically CLICK - CLICK - CLICK on the paved brick pathway. This is KIMBERLY, (28).

She reaches the hotel's

**TAXI STAND**

Where Theresa (30), dressed in a plain, gray cloth jacket and long skirt waits for a cab. She has short hair, no make-up, no jewelry - no nonsense.

Kimberly walks up.

KIMBERLY  
(Brooklyn accent)  
So how long have you been waiting?

THERESA  
Not long. Maybe ten minutes or so.

Kimberly opens a small clutch purse, removes a travel size bottle of mouth wash. She takes a sip, swishes it her mouth and spits it out on the sidewalk.

Theresa grimaces as the splash of the mouthwash hits the top of the flat heel shoes.

Kimberly removes a cell phone from the purse, checks the time. She looks down the street - no cab in sight.

KIMBERLY  
Are you headed to New York?

THERESA  
Yes. Lower Manhattan.

KIMBERLY  
Awesome. Me too. Want to split the fare?

THERESA  
That would be fine.

Awkward silence as they wait. Finally, their bodies are illuminated by the headlights of an approaching TAXI CAB.

The Cab pulls up to the curb. Kimberly and Theresa enter.

**INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT**

Theresa enters, slides across the passenger seat.

MAX THE DRIVER (40), heavy set, wearing a New York Yankees baseball cap, smacks gum as he resets the cab's fare meter.

MAX THE DRIVER

Where to?

THERESA

Lower Manhattan. The Hugo Hotel,  
please.

Kimberly enters the cab. Max turns his head. His eyes immediately fall on Kimberly's cleavage.

MAX THE DRIVER

And you too, sweetie?

Kimberly sneers at Max as she pulls up the top of her cocktail dress.

KIMBERLY

Go.

Max puts the cab in gear, pulls away.

**INT/EXT. TAXI CAB (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT**

Theresa sits with perfect posture, arms folded on her lap.

Kimberly applies lipstick as she monitors her work in a compact mirror. Max ogles her through the rear view mirror.

Kimberly purses her lips, removes a stray dab of lipstick from the corner of her mouth with her pinky finger.

KIMBERLY

Perfect.

Kimberly SNAPS her compact closed, offers the lipstick to Theresa.

KIMBERLY

Want some?

THERESA

That's very kind. But, no thank  
you.

KIMBERLY  
Suit yourself.

The Cab makes a right turn and heads into the entrance of

**THE HOLLAND TUNNEL**

And drives through the "EZPASS" lane.

KIMBERLY  
So what are you going to town for?

THERESA  
It's my father's birthday. He's in town on business. I'm surprising him.

KIMBERLY  
Nice. What's he do?

THERESA  
He's an investment banker.

KIMBERLY  
God, I hate those pricks.

MAX THE DRIVER  
Preach.

KIMBERLY  
(to Theresa)  
No offense.

Theresa nods.

KIMBERLY  
Although it's not fair to single bankers out. I really hate all men. I mean, don't get me wrong. I like to fuck. I just don't like fuckers. Too many men can't see the difference between the two. You know what I mean?

THERESA  
Not really.

KIMBERLY  
Hmm. Occupational hazard I suppose.

THERESA  
I don't understand.

Kimberly looks at Theresa like she's stupid. She fans her hand up and down her dress.

KIMBERLY  
I'm a hooker.

THERESA  
Oh, my.

KIMBERLY  
Really? You couldn't tell?

THERESA  
No, I wouldn't have guessed that --

MAX THE DRIVER  
(proudly)  
I got it right off.

Kimberly rolls her eyes.

KIMBERLY  
(to Theresa )  
So, what do you do?

A pause...

THERESA  
I'm a Nun.

MAX THE DRIVER  
Hah!

KIMBERLY  
Jesus Christ! Oh - Sorry.

THERESA  
It's quite alright.

KIMBERLY  
Aren't you supposed to be wearing a uniform or something?

THERESA  
They're called habits. And no, that stopped with Vatican Two.

KIMBERLY  
Vatican Two?

MAX THE DRIVER  
It's a sequel to Vatican One.

THERESA

I wouldn't put it quite that way,  
but it's not entirely inaccurate.

KIMBERLY

Wait a minute. If you're a Nun,  
what were you doing at the Westin  
Hotel?

THERESA

I walked there - from St.  
Anthony's. It's just a few blocks.  
It's easier to grab a cab there.

KIMBERLY

Hmm. So you're really are a friggin  
Nun?

THERESA

You make it sound like I'm an  
alien.

KIMBERLY

Sorry. Just ain't never shared a  
cab with a Nun before. Or anything  
else for that matter. Hey, do you  
still have to do that abstinence  
thing or did Vatican Two...?

THERESA

We do.

KIMBERLY

And you don't miss, you know -  
being with a man?

THERESA

Of course I do.

(beat)

I'm a Nun. Not a Saint.

A smile from Theresa. She's pleased with herself.

KIMBERLY

Well, this back seat certainly has  
everything that a man would want.

(off Theresa's look)

You know. That whole whore-Nun  
thing. Half the time, men want you  
to be a whore, half the time --

THERESA

It's Madonna.

KIMBERLY

Huh?

THERESA

It's the Madonna-whore complex.

KIMBERLY

The singer?

MAX THE DRIVER

Hah!

THERESA

No, the Virgin Mother.

(a beat)

The complex is the distinction men draw between the women they desire and the women they respect. The implication being that those two categories are mutually exclusive.

KIMBERLY

Wow, that's pretty deep shit. That from the church?

THERESA

No, it's from Freud.

(beat)

We do have more than the bible in our toolbox.

KIMBERLY

So, Sister....Wait. Should I call you Theresa or Sister?

THERESA

Theresa's fine.

KIMBERLY

Am I going to hell? Because of the - you know.

MAX THE DRIVER

The hooker thing.

Kimberly leans forward, raps the back of the Max's head.

MAX THE DRIVER

What?

THERESA

I don't judge.

KIMBERLY

Is that the Priest's job?

THERESA

It's no one's job. All of us have common frailties. We are all more alike than we are different.

KIMBERLY

I don't know. Look at us. Don't think we have in common.

THERESA

Hmm. Well, we're both women. That much is obvious. We both feel hunger. We both sleep. We both...  
(clears throat)  
Provide services of some sort, um, and...

MAX THE DRIVER

Don't forget that neither of you pays income taxes.

Kimberly looks at Theresa. Theresa gives her an approving nod. Another rap to the back of Max's head.

**EXT. HUGO HOTEL - LATER**

The Cab pulls into the driveway of the HUGO HOTEL. An ornately decorated, five star establishment.

**INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT**

Max puts the Cab in park. Presses the fare meter button.

MAX THE DRIVER

Here we are.  
(pointing at meter)  
Thirty four dollars - flat. You know, plus tip.

Theresa opens her purse, starts digging for money.

THERESA

Well Kimberly. It was fascinating meeting you. I will keep you in my prayers.

KIMBERLY

Likewise. Other than the prayer part. I don't really do that.

Theresa retrieves CASH from her purse, hands it to Max.



THERESA

That's twenty two. Seventeen for my half plus tip.

(to Kimberly)

So, where are you headed?

KIMBERLY

Here.

**EXT. HUGO HOTEL - NIGHT**

Theresa and Kimberly stand facing the entrance, looking up at the hotel. The Cab, behind them, pulls away.

THERESA

You're sure your client's name was Joseph Wilson?

KIMBERLY

Yeah. And you're sure that's your Dad's name?

Theresa turns, stares at Kimberly in disbelief.

KIMBERLY

Right - right.

A moment of silence,

KIMBERLY

Well, this is certainly awkward.

THERESA

How much was he paying?

KIMBERLY

Five hundred.

Theresa looks at Kimberly with raised eyebrows - shocked.

KIMBERLY

Yeah, I'm that good.

THERESA

Or maybe he's that bad.

KIMBERLY

Don't be so hard on him. Maybe he's just got that Madonna complex thing you were talking about.

THERESA

Regardless, we have a problem.

KIMBERLY

Look, that's okay. I can just catch a cab back.

THERESA

No. You came all the way out here. He's going to pay. He's just not going to get - get - um...?

KIMBERLY

Service is the term we use.

THERESA

Service.

A moment passes.

THERESA

Are you hungry?

KIMBERLY

Famished.

THERESA

Well then, looks like my Dad is going to pay you five hundred dollars to have dinner with us. I want him to see you as a real person rather than a, um...

KIMBERLY

Hooker. I'm fine with the term.

THERESA

Service provider. So deal?

KIMBERLY

Deal.

THERESA

Only one last thing to decide.

KIMBERLY

What's that?

Theresa grabs Kimberly's hand, leads her towards the hotel entrance.

THERESA

Which one of us should yell surprise.

FADE OUT.