

NUN THE WISER

Written By:

David Lambertson

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FADE IN:

EXT. WESTIN HOTEL (NEW JERSEY) - NIGHT

A twenty-story modern structure twinkling with lights.

KIMBERLY JONES, (24) exits the lobby through two double-glass doors. She's clad in a tight black cocktail dress that perfectly frames her rounded cleavage and sculpted calves.

The heels of her four-inch stilettos rhythmically CLICK - CLICK - CLICK on the paved brick pathway.

She strides towards the hotel --

UBER STAND

Where THERESA RIVERA (30), patiently waits for a car.

Theresa wears a plain, gray cloth jacket and matching long skirt She has short hair, no make-up - no nonsense.

Kimberly approaches.

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

THERESA
Not long. Just a few minutes or so.

Kimberly glances at her smartphone.

KIMBERLY
Oh for fuck sake! I accidentally
hit Uber Pool. Jesus, I hate
sharing a car with other assho...

It just hits Kimberly that her pool partner might be Theresa.

KIMBERLY
You headed to New York?

THERESA
Yes. Lower Manhattan.

KIMBERLY
Ah... Well, pooling is certainly
cheaper - yes?

Theresa nods, smiles warmly.

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

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

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

A WHITE SUV pulls up to the curb.

MAX THE DRIVER (45), heavysset but muscular, donning a New York Yankees baseball lowers his window.

MAX THE DRIVER
(checking his phone)
Yo, Kimberly and Theresa?

INT. WHITE SUV - NIGHT

Theresa enters, slides across the passenger seat. Max smacks gum as watches in his rearview mirror.

THERESA
Good evening.

MAX THE DRIVER
Same to ya. Hugo hotel - right?

THERESA
Yes, thank you.

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

MAX THE DRIVER
Well, good evening.

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

KIMBERLY
Go.

Max puts the SUV in gear, pulls away.

INT. WHITE SUV - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

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 rearview mirror.

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

KIMBERLY

Perfect.

Kimberly offers the lipstick to Theresa.

KIMBERLY

Want some?

THERESA

That's very kind. No thank you.

KIMBERLY

Suit yourself.

The SUV 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 here 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

No offense.

Theresa nods.

KIMBERLY

Although it's not really 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?

MAX THE DRIVER
I got it right off.

Kimberly sneers at the back of Max's head.

KIMBERLY
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 Hotel?

THERESA

I walked there. It's just a few
blocks from the convent. It's much
easier to pool an Uber from there.

KIMBERLY

So you're really a friggin Nun?

THERESA

You make it sound like I'm an
alien.

KIMBERLY

Sorry.

THERESA

It's not a problem.

KIMBERLY

Just ain't never shared a ride with
a Nun before...

The SUV exits the tunnel into the streets of New York.

MOMENTS LATER

Theresa staring out the window taking in the city lights.
Kimberly, lips pursed - contemplating.

KIMBERLY

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

THERESA

Theresa's fine.

KIMBERLY

Okay - Theresa. Do you think I'm
going to hell? Because of the - you
know...

MAX THE DRIVER

The hooker thing.

Kimberly leans forward, raps the back of 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 frailties. We are all more alike than we are different.

KIMBERLY

I don't know about that. Look at us. I don't think we have much 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.

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.

MAX THE DRIVER

Hey!

KIMBERLY

Well, it's obviously too late for me. I kind of screwed the pooch.

MAX THE DRIVER

Among other --

KIMBERLY

If you finish that sentence I will seriously harm you.

Max shrinks down in his seat.

THERESA

It's not too late for you. That I know for certain.

Kimberly looks out the window - takes it in.

THERESA

I'm not saying that this is you,
but some people rationalize their
sins by convincing themselves it's
too late.

MAX THE DRIVER

Like a smoker saying why should I
quit - probably got cancer already
anyway.

THERESA

(at Max - surprised)
Kind of like that.

KIMBERLY

So I am a sinner?

Theresa gently places her hand on Kimberly's hand.

THERESA

As are we all.

EXT. HUGO HOTEL (MANHATTAN) - MOMENTS LATER

The White SUV pulls into the long driveway of the hotel, an
ornately decorated, five-star establishment.

There's a bit of a traffic jam waiting to get to the front.

INT. WHITE SUV - NIGHT

Theresa removes a piece of paper and a very old flip-phone
from her purse.

KIMBERLY

Really? A flip phone?

THERESA

All of our phones are donated.

KIMBERLY

From who - the Amish?

Theresa taps in a number from the piece of paper.

THERESA

(into phone)
Yes, I'm looking for a Mr. Luis
Ortiz. I believe he is a guest.

The name garners Kimberly's attention.

THERESA

Thank you.

(waiting)

Hey, Dad. It's me. I've come to surprise you for your birthday.

(listening)

Yes, right now. I'm just waiting in the taxi line. Can you meet me in the lobby?

(listening)

Great. See you then.

They finally reach the front door of the hotel.

MAX THE DRIVER

Here we are.

Theresa opens her purse, starts digging for something.

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.

MAX THE DRIVER

I do have other rides to get to.

Theresa retrieves a business card from her purse.

THERESA

That's my number and the address of the convent. If you ever find that you want to - um, change, we can provide you shelter. We have --

KIMBERLY

Shelter? I'm a hooker. Not a drug addict. Not homeless. Not --

MAX THE DRIVER

Ah, Christ - just call her if you ever want to talk. Let's go now, ladies. Vamoose. I'm losing rides.

THERESA

If you just ever want to talk.

Kimberly nods - finally takes the card, opens her purse and drops it inside removing her smartphone at the same time.

Kimberly taps a message alert icon on the screen as Theresa opens her door.

THERESA
Are you getting out?

MAX THE DRIVER
Losing business here...

KIMBERLY
Um, no - not quite yet. Enjoy.

Theresa gives a warm smile and then heads off.

KIMBERLY
I got canceled. You think you can
take me home?

A lurid smile crosses Max's face. Kimberly can see it in the rearview mirror.

KIMBERLY
My home!

Max's smile fades to a frown as he puts the SUV in gear.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A posh place with an ambiance of luxury.

Theresa sits across the table from LUIS ORTIZ (60), thin and fit, clad in a tailor-made suit. His perfectly groomed salt and pepper hair screams perfectionist.

Luis dabs the corner of his lips with a cloth napkin.

A WAITER stops by.

WAITER
Will that be all, Sir?

LUIS
Yes, thank you. It was excellent.

The Waiter places a leather check holder on the table, then removes Luis and Theresa's empty plates.

As Luis reaches for the check holder, Theresa snatches it.

THERESA
I insist. It's your birthday.

Luis smiles, takes a sip of wine. Theresa opens the check holder. Her eyes widen - sticker shock.

Luis reaches over and gently grabs the check holder.

LUIS

You donate whatever you planned to spend to the convent. In honor of my birthday.

Theresa nods in compliance - he's right. She can't afford it. Luis removes a credit card from a billfold, places it inside.

THERESA

When do you go back to Colorado?

LUIS

Friday. Just here for a few days.

THERESA

Are you happy there, Dad?

Luis takes a sip of wine - thinks.

LUIS

No. But I wouldn't be happy anywhere else either. Turns out that relocation doesn't cure grief.
(off Theresa's look)
Should have I lied?

THERESA

Of course not.

Luis leans back, swirls the last remnants of wine in his glass. He tips the glass towards Theresa.

LUIS

And you? Have you decided?

THERESA

I think I will take my final vows at the end of the month.

LUIS

Think? So there's still a chance --

THERESA

I don't want to go over this again.

LUIS

No children for you? No grandchildren for me?

THERESA

Dad...

LUIS

Do you really think that this is what Miguel would have wanted for you?

THERESA

I trust that God thinks so.
Shouldn't that be good enough?

INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Luxuriously appointed - high class.

MADAM TESS (50), once a young beauty, clad in a silk geisha-style robe sits on a plush sofa.

HECTOR (30), shaved head, heavily tattooed but wearing an expensive suit stands at attention at the front door.

One of the four bedroom doors CREAK open. HEATHER (25), drop-dead gorgeous in a silk nightie and JOHN (55) emerge.

Heather plants a gentle kiss on John's cheek, then quickly uses her finger to remove the mark made by her lipstick.

HEATHER

Thank you, baby. See you next week?

JOHN

(kissing her back)
Wouldn't miss it.

Heather stays at the bedroom door as John makes his way through the living room. Madam Tess picks up a smartphone from the coffee table as he nears.

MADAM TESS

Eight o'clock next Wednesday?

JOHN

Perfect. Thanks, Tess.

Tess taps her smartphone entering the appointment as John goes to the front door. Hector opens it for him.

John turns, gives a boyish wave back to Heather. She blows him a silent kiss - shoots him a flirty smile.

John slips out the door. Heather smile evaporates.

HEATHER

Thank God.
(at Tess)
The dude has freezing hands.

MADAM TESS
The Iceman Cometh?

HEATHER
Twice. I'm taking a hot bath.

Heather disappears just as there is a KNOCK on the door.

Hector slides open the peephole cover on the front door and peers out.

HECTOR'S POV: A gum-smacking Kimberly.

Hector opens the door. Kimberly saunters in.

MADAM TESS
You're early.

KIMBERLY
He canceled.

MADAM TESS
Well, that's the last time for --

KIMBERLY
He paid anyway. Go ahead - check.

Madam Tess picks up her smartphone. A few swipes of the screen and then a satisfied smile crosses her face.

MADAM TESS
Ah - nice.

Kimberly heads towards one of the bedrooms.

MADAM TESS
Don't forget you have Sullivan tomorrow night.

KIMBERLY
(closing bedroom door)
Got it.

EXT. SAINT ANTHONY'S CONVENT - NIGHT

A two-storied red-bricked building. Modest in appearance.

An UBER CAR pulls up to the curb. Theresa exits.

She hums to herself as she approaches the building.

The red ember glow of a cigarette illuminates the face of SISTER ANNA (70), dressed in a habit, perched on the concrete steps leading to the convent's front door.

THERESA
Good evening, Anna.

Sister Anna exhales, then coughs several times.

THERESA
You should really quit.

SISTER ANNA
(raspy voice)
It's my one vice. Leave me be.

Theresa opens the door and enters the --

INT. SAINT ANTHONY'S CONVENT - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Four NUNS, play SCRABBLE at an old oak table in the center of the room. One of them is relatively young, SISTER BETH (30).

The other three range from very old to ancient, including SISTER MARGARET, (90), and so fragile it looks as if any movement would snap a bone.

Her trembling hand hovers over her Scrabble Tile Holder.

THERESA
Good evening, sisters.

NUNS IN UNISON
Good evening.

OLD CHUBBY NUN
Come on, Margaret. Sometime before morning mass.

SISTER BETH
Give her time now.

Theresa approaches the table and looks over the shoulder of Sister Margaret.

THERESA'S POV:

One of the words on the Scrabble Board is: "THE"

On Sister Margaret's letter Tile Holder: "G, Y, O, O, L."

Theresa leans over and rearranges the tiles "O, L, O, G, Y."

Sister Margaret stares at it - doesn't get it.

THERESA
(leans over - whispers)
Put it after the.

Sister Margaret stares at the tiles - still not registering.

THERESA
The-ology.

SISTER MARGARET
Ah, yes, of course. Theology.

Sister Margaret places her letter tiles on the board.

SISTER BETH
Excellent! You win again.

OLD CHUBBY NUN
(with an eye roll)
A miracle indeed.
(at Theresa)
Mother Superior was looking for
you. She's in the office.

MOTHER SUPERIOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Modest and understated. A large wooden Latin Cross hangs on a wall behind a small desk.

At that desk, MOTHER SUPERIOR (50) clicks a computer mouse as she takes in the contents of her computer screen.

Theresa enters.

THERESA
You wanted to see me?

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Yes, please come in.

Mother Superior points towards a chair in front of her desk. Theresa takes a seat.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
I'm afraid that Mr. Wilkerson
passed away in his sleep last week.

THERESA
I'm so sorry to hear --

MOTHER SUPERIOR
He left this for us.

Mother Superior swivels her computer screen around.

ON THE SCREEN: An image of a NEW SMALL CLASS RECREATION VEHICLE (about twice the length of a traditional VAN).

THERESA

An RV...?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Mr. Wilkerson's purchased it last month. His widow has no interest in keeping it so she decided to donate it to the church.

THERESA

That's very generous of her.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

There's one condition. Mrs. Wilkerson wants it to be used in service of the church, as opposed to just being sold. Unfortunately, we have no real use for it here. Fortunately, the Servants of Mary convent does.

THERESA

Servants of Mary...?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

In Los Angeles. They think it would be perfect for their meals on wheels program. The problem is that we can't afford to ship it there.

THERESA

Would you like me to organize a fundraiser to --

MOTHER SUPERIOR

No. I'd like you to drive it there.

Theresa's eyes widen in surprise. Mother Superior stands, walks around the desk, places her hand on Theresa's shoulder.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

You've postponed your final vows three times now. You're just wading in the water. It is time to either dive in or go back to shore. I think some time away from the convent is needed to provide you an opportunity for reflection.

THERESA

But --

MOTHER SUPERIOR

And I want your decision, one way
or another, by the time you get
back from Los Angeles.

Mother Superior walks towards the door.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Oh, and I am sending Sister Anna
with you. I do not want you on the
road alone. It's not safe.

THERESA

Sister Anna...?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

I've already told her that there
will be no smoking in the vehicle.
(thinking)
Which means you may have to take
more rest stops than you want.

Mother Superior at the door. Theresa sulks in her chair.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Come now. We need to give the news
to the others.

INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - KIMBERLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kimberly, Heather and CHARITY (26), all clad in sweats and T-shirts, sprawled out on the bed.

Kimberly scrolls through photos of actresses on her I-pad, Heather and Charity mindlessly play with their smartphones.

HEATHER

You got to admit, it ain't that
bad. We get to live here rent free.
Free food. The pay's great.

KIMBERLY

I'm not doing this forever.

HEATHER

Believe me, sweetie. When it's time
for us to quit, it ain't going to
be up to us anyway.

KIMBERLY

Charity, you never gave an answer.

CHARITY

Because I don't want to play.

HEATHER

C'mon...

CHARITY

Fine. A stripper I guess.

Kimberly and Heather laugh.

KIMBERLY

That's the same thing!

HEATHER

Exactly!

CHARITY

It is not!

KIMBERLY

Tess!

A moment passes before Tess appears at the door.

MADAM TESS

What?

KIMBERLY

So we were playing a game - what are you going to do after being a hooker. Of course, I said actress.

MADAM TESS

Naturally.

KIMBERLY

Hey, I've gotten some parts.

MADAM TESS

Yes, you're a Tony nominee in waiting.

KIMBERLY

Heather said beautician.

MADAM TESS

Because she is a realist.

KIMBERLY

And Charity said a stripper.

MADAM TESS

What's your question?

KIMBERLY

Hooker and stripper. They're basically the same - right?

MADAM TESS

No.

HEATHER

How so?

MADAM TESS

A stripper doesn't have to put her mouth where her money is. Now, c'mon - you all need to get ready.

INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Madam Tess perched on the couch. Hector standing at attention by the front door.

A knock on the door. Hector slides open the peephole cover and peers out. We see --

DETECTIVE PATRICK SULLIVAN (45), thick as a line backer, patting his thick salt and pepper hair down.

Madam Tess stands as Hector opens the door. Sullivan enters.

Madam Tess greets Sullivan with a kiss on the cheek.

MADAM TESS

Good evening, Patrick. She's been excited to see you all day.

INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - KIMBERLY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Sullivan and Kimberly in a spoon position in bed neath the covers. Sullivan has his burly arm wrapped around her torso.

Kimberly stares at a clock on the nightstand: 8:58: Kimberly takes a breath - thank God, two minutes and his hour is up.

SULLIVAN

You feel good?

Kimberly caresses Sullivan's arm.

KIMBERLY

You know you always make me feel good, baby. But it's almost time.

SULLIVAN

I have a surprise for you.

A buck-naked Sullivan gets out of bed and ambles towards the door where his suit coat hangs on a hook.

He removes a small jewelry box from the suit pocket and then returns to the bed, taking a seat on Kimberly's side.

He presents the box like it was the crown jewels.

SULLIVAN
For you, my love.

Kimberly sits up in bed, uses the covers to conceal her body.

KIMBERLY
What's this...?

SULLIVAN
Open it.

Kimberly opens the box like there was a scorpion inside. Instead, it's a huge, sparkling diamond ring.

KIMBERLY
Oh fuck.

SULLIVAN
I told my wife that it's over. We can finally be together now.

KIMBERLY
Oh fuckity-fuck.

SULLIVAN
What...?

IN THE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hector stationed at the door. Madam Tess on the sofa.

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
You fucking whore!

A naked Sullivan, clothes tucked under his, barrels out of the bedroom. He takes a seat on a chair, starts to dress.

SULLIVAN
And a lying whore at that!

Madam Tess stands. Hector nears the center of the room.

MADAM TESS
What's going on?

Kimberly, wrapped in the bed cover, enters.

KIMBERLY
He's confused...

An enraged Sullivan finally gets his pants on and stands - starts struggling with his shirt.

SULLIVAN

Confused!?

(at Madam Tess)

She's led me on all this time. I fucking left my wife!

KIMBERLY

You had to know that was part of the service.

SULLIVAN

Service!?

Sullivan takes a menacing step towards Kimberly. Hector intervenes - steps between them.

HECTOR

Nope...

KIMBERLY

You wanted a girlfriend experience. You got exactly what you paid for.

SULLIVAN

(at Madam Tess)

I want her out of here. If you don't fire her, I'll have this fucking place shut down and have your ass in jail.

Sullivan sits back down, puts on his shoes.

MADAM TESS

Are you forgetting you're a client?

Sullivan takes a deep relaxing breath. Then stands, tucks his shirt in, straightens his tie.

SULLIVAN

Undercover work of course.

Tess grimaces. Sullivan walks towards her. Hector steps in. Sullivan raises his hands in a submissive posture.

SULLIVAN

Just saying good-bye.

Tess nods towards Hector. He steps aside.

Sullivan reaches Tess, leans over, kisses her on the cheek.

SULLIVAN

If she's not gone by tomorrow morning, I'm shutting this place down. I promise.

Sullivan strolls towards the door, turns back towards Tess just as he reaches it.

SULLIVAN

By tomorrow.

He exits. Tess looks towards Kimberly. Tess' face tells it all - Kimberly's gotta go.

KIMBERLY

Ah, no fucking way!

INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - KIMBERLY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Kimberly, dressed in jeans and a form-fitting T-shirt angrily crams clothes into a suitcase as Heather watches.

HEATHER

Sorry, sweetie. You really got screwed.

KIMBERLY

Ya think?

Kimberly goes to the bathroom, then quickly emerges with a filled toiletries bag - stuffs that in the suitcase.

She scans the room.

KIMBERLY

You see my phone?

HEATHER

In the kitchen, I think - charging.

Kimberly grabs her suitcase and storms towards the -

KITCHEN

And sees a SMARTPHONE charging on the counter. Kimberly grabs it and drops it in her purse.

Heather and Charity enter - hugs all around.

CHARITY

I'm going to miss you.

HEATHER

I'm sure she'll take you back.

Kimberly breaks the embrace.

KIMBERLY
I'll be fine, girls.

She gives them each a kiss on the cheek, heads off to the --

LIVING ROOM

And storms by Tess on her normal perch on the sofa.

MADAM TESS
I'm sorry, Kimberly. I had no
choice.

Kimberly doesn't turn around, just gives Tess the one-finger salute as she reaches the door guarded by Hector.

He opens it. Kimberly gives him a peck on the cheek.

KIMBERLY
Bye, sweetie.

EXT. PENTHOUSE BUILDING - MORNING

Kimberly exits the building doors, purse over her shoulder, suitcase in her hand.

A TAXI comes to a SCREECHING halt right in front of her - no doubt drawn to Kimberly like a magnet. It has to be a dude.

The DRIVER exits the Taxi. It is a dude. Young and stupid.

DRIVER
Where to?

Kimberly taps her fingers on her chin. It's just striking her now that she hadn't even thought where.

DRIVER
Miss?

Kimberly reaches in her purse, retrieves the card that Theresa had given her and hands it to the Driver.

KIMBERLY
You know where this is?

EXT. SAINT ANTHONY'S CONVENT - MORNING

Theresa drags her suitcase towards a glimmering, silver SMALL CLASS RECREATION VEHICLE parked in the driveway.

INSIDE THE VEHICLE

Sister Margaret in the captain-style driver's seat hunched over the steering wheel, pretending to drive.

In the back of the vehicle, the Nuns oohing and aahing as they take in the Van's features.

There's a small bathroom with a shower and a toilet, two Murphy single beds, a small refrigerator and stove. Basically all of the amenities of a standard RV.

SISTER BETH

This is better than our rooms.

Theresa steps on and drops her suitcase near a small closet.

HONK - HONK - Sister Margaret accidentally hits the horn.

SISTER MARGARET

Sorry.

Theresa gives her a forgiving smile.

THERESA

Has anyone seen Sister Anna?

HONK - HONK. Okay - that one was on purpose.

CHUBBY OLD NUN

Not for a while... Hey, did someone call a cab?

CURBSIDE

A taxi pulls up. The trunk pops open.

BACK AT THE RV

All of the Nuns, with the exception of Sister Margaret, stumble out of the RV. Their focus - Kimberly dragging her suitcase towards them.

CHUBBY OLD NUN

Anyone know her?

HONK - HONK - Sister Margaret again.

THERESA

Yes...

(as Kimberly nears)

Kimberly?

Kimberly gives Theresa an uncomfortable bear hug.

KIMBERLY

Yes! Thank, God. I didn't think you recognize me without my work clothes on.

Theresa looks towards the other Nuns.

THERESA

Service industry.
(breaking embrace)
What are you doing here?

KIMBERLY

Well, you said if I ever needed shelter or someone to talk to.

HONK - HONK - Sister Margaret again.

THERESA

(towards the RV)
Margaret, please.
(at Kimberly)
Yes, of course.

KIMBERLY

Turns out I need both.
(points at the convent)
This your apartment?

THERESA

No - well, yes - sort of. Doesn't matter.

HONK - HONK - Sister Margaret again. Theresa gives a - *will you please take care of it* - look at Sister Beth.

Sister Beth heads back to the RV.

THERESA

I can certainly provide you shelter and someone to talk to. It just can't be me.
(points at the RV)
I'm leaving. I have to take that to Los Angeles.

Sister Beth helps Sister Margaret out of the RV, an inch at a time, just as Mother Superior appears from the convent.

SISTER MARGARET

(re: the RV)
We should keep it!

MOTHER SUPERIOR
 I'm afraid that's not possible.
 (at Theresa)
 It seems that Sister Anna has come
 down with the flu.

KIMBERLY
 Hi.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
 Hello. You are...?

Kimberly sticks her hand out like a used car dealer. Mother Superior takes it.

KIMBERLY
 Kimberly Jones.

Mother Superior looks towards Theresa.

THERESA
 Seeking shelter and guidance.

KIMBERLY
 Well, mostly shelter. Well, no -
 guidance too I suppose.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
 Okay...
 (at Theresa)
 So Sister Anna's out. I can't let
 you take Sister Beth. I need her
 here. So decide among the others.

The Nuns instantly have a - *pick me* - look on their face.

THERESA
 I really can do this alone.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
 I will not have you take a journey
 of this length by yourself. It's
 too long and too dangerous.

KIMBERLY
 I'll go!

A moment of silence.

KIMBERLY
 I need to get to Los Angeles
 anyway. I'm an actress.

SISTER MARGARET
I was going to be an actress.

KIMBERLY
(at Mother Superior)
I'll pay for half the expenses.
Plus, I could help drive. My
Grandpa had an RV - much bigger
than this. I drove it all the time.

THERESA
I'm not sure that --

MOTHER SUPERIOR
(at Kimberly)
Half of the expenses?

INT. SMALL RV - NEW JERSEY INTERSTATE - MORNING (TRAVELING)

Theresa at the wheel. Kimberly in the passenger seat, her feet propped up on the dashboard.

KIMBERLY
Isn't this exciting?

THERESA
Yeah ...
(re: Kimberly's feet)
I would prefer if you wouldn't do
that. I'd like to keep it clean.

KIMBERLY
Oh, yeah - no problem.

Kimberly puts her feet down, leans towards the media center on the console.

KIMBERLY
You like music?

INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hector is still at his station. Tess emerges from one of the bedrooms - stretches and yawns.

HECTOR
Good nap?

MADAM TESS
No. Apparently sleep doesn't kill
guilt.

Tess walks towards the --

KITCHEN

Where Heather makes herself a cup of coffee. Tess goes to the counter where Kimberly's phone was charging. She stares at the empty space for a moment.

MADAM TESS
Did you take my phone?

HEATHER
Why would I do that?

MADAM TESS
Because it was charging right here.

HEATHER
Oh, shit...

MADAM TESS
What?

HEATHER
I think Kimberly might of thought
it was hers.

Tess takes a moment to let this sink in.

MADAM TESS
Fuuu ---

And storms into the --

LIVING ROOM

MADAM TESS
Uck!!!!

Tess starts frantically searching. First all the tables. Then underneath the sofa cushions. She gets down on her hands and knees and peers underneath the sofa - no luck.

HECTOR
Something wrong?

MADAM TESS
That bitch took my phone!

HECTOR
I'm sure it was an accident.

MADAM TESS
It has everything on it. Names,
dates, payments -- fuck!!!

INT. SMALL RV - NEW JERSEY INTERSTATE - DAY (TRAVELING)

Theresa at the wheel, totally focused on the road.

Kimberly bops in her seat like she was at a concert as she listens to: TLC's - AIN'T TOO PROUD TO BEG.

THERESA
Something else...?

KIMBERLY
Not ya thing, sista?

THERESA
No - sorry. Do you have any Elvis?

KIMBERLY
Elvis? What, are you eighty?

THERESA
My Mom loved him. It's all she listened to.

Kimberly mutes the radio, starts fumbling in her purse.

KIMBERLY
Well, I know I ain't go no Elvis.
Let me see if I have anything close.

Kimberly pulls out two smartphones from her purse. Hers - powered on, and one that is nearly identical - powered off.

KIMBERLY
Huh?

THERESA
What?

KIMBERLY
I accidentally took someone's phone. Probably Heather's.

Kimberly powers the phone on. A moment passes. Then the phone comes to life.

KIMBERLY
Well, tie me up and fuck me.

THERESA
Language - please.

KIMBERLY
I took Tess's phone.

THERESA
Who's Tess?

KIMBERLY
My Madam.
(off Theresa's confusion)
Kind of like a Mother Superior.

THERESA
Oh...

Just then the phone rings.

KIMBERLY
(feigned delight)
Yes...

MADAM TESS (V.O.)
(filtered - thru phone)
You have my phone!

KIMBERLY
Who's this please?

MADAM TESS (V.O.)
You know good damn and well who
this is. Bring it back!

KIMBERLY
I'm sorry, you must be mistaking me
for someone else.

MADAM TESS (V.O.)
Bring it back!

Kimberly powers off the phone, drops it in her purse. She then looks at the screen of her own smartphone.

KIMBERLY
Let's see if I have any country
music...

INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Tess on a cell phone, pacing like an angry cat.

MADAM TESS
Hello... hello? God damn it!

Tess slams the receiver down.

INT. NEW YORK POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE BULLPEN - DAY

Detective Sullivan at his desk. An ALERT from his smartphone. He answers.

SULLIVAN
You got Sullivan.

INTERCUT BETWEEN TESS AT PENTHOUSE AND SULLIVAN AT STATION

MADAM TESS
Captain Stone is expecting you in his office.

SULLIVAN
What the fuck are you talking about?

INT. NEW YORK POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

CAPTAIN STONE (55), at his desk. His jaw's clenched, his eyes narrowed. He looks like an angry statue - waiting.

Sullivan taps on the open door.

SULLIVAN
Just seeing if you needed anything.

CAPTAIN STONE
Close the door. Sit.

A nervous Sullivan complies.

CAPTAIN STONE
I got a call from Madam Tess.

SULLIVAN
Look, I can explain. I was --

CAPTAIN STONE
Stop talking.

SULLIVAN
Pardon?

CAPTAIN STONE
Shut - the - fuck - up.

Captain Stone takes a deep calming breath, closes his eyes.

CAPTAIN STONE
The hooker that you had tossed stole Tess's phone.

CAPTAIN STONE (CONT'D)

That phone contains all of her clients' information. Names, dates of service, preferences, payments.

SULLIVAN

Look, if you're worried that my name is in there --

CAPTAIN STONE

I don't give a fuck that you're name is in there. My name is in there. The Commissioner's name is in there. Senator Davidson's name is in there. The CEO of --

SULLIVAN

Ah... I get it.

CAPTAIN STONE

You're a regular Neil DeGrasse Tyson, aren't you?

SULLIVAN

Who?

The Captain flexes his neck, about to have aneurysm.

CAPTAIN STONE

You need to get that phone back.

INT. SMALL RV - PENNSYLVANIA INTERSTATE - DAY (TRAVELING)

Theresa driving. Soft country music plays through the RV's speakers.

Kimberly's feet are propped up on the dashboard (obviously Theresa lost that battle). She has a soda in one hand and several french fries in the other.

THERESA

So you were fired for being a good actress? I'm not sure I understand.

KIMBERLY

That's how I see it. I certainly wasn't fired for being a bad prostitute. I could tell you things that would --

THERESA

Please don't.

Kimberly plops a fry in her mouth.

THERESA
So, the actress thing?

KIMBERLY
(munching)
See, there's this thing in the
business called G-F-E.

THERESA
Good faith estimate?

KIMBERLY
Ha! Good one. No. GFE stands for
girlfriend experience. You know,
some clients want us to, well -
blur the boundaries. Make it
something other than a financial
transaction. Make it a romantic
relationship. Basically, pretend to
be the dude's girlfriend during the
session. It's kind of my specialty.
Anyway, this psycho somehow
convinced himself that it was the
real thing.

THERESA
Maybe he just misunderstood.

KIMBERLY
Not a chance. It's listed right
there in the menu.

THERESA
There's a menu?

KIMBERLY
Of course. How else would you know
what they wanted? You can order
oral. Or just get straight
missionary. Some girls offer --

THERESA
Got it.

KIMBERLY
Anyway, GFE is one of the most
expensive options. So, believe me,
a dude knows what he's buying.

THERESA
Why?

Kimberly gives Theresa a - *what's so complicated here* - look.

KIMBERLY
Because he paid for it?

THERESA
No. I meant why is the girlfriend
experience more expensive?

Kimberly takes a long sip of soda.

KIMBERLY
Intimacy.

Kimberly looks out the window.

KIMBERLY
It's the last thing a girl wants to
sell.

INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Madam Tess, Heather and Charity on the sofa. Hector's
stationed by the door.

Sullivan in the middle of the room - pacing.

SULLIVAN
You're absolutely sure she didn't
mention where she was going?

CHARITY
Like I told you - no.

HEATHER
Positive.

A KNOCK - KNOCK at the front door. Hector slides open the
peephole cover and peers out.

HECTOR
Heather's appointment is here.

SULLIVAN
Not yet.
(at Tess)
Wait. Don't you have that software
that tracks your phone's location?

MADAM TESS
Yeah, but it doesn't work if the
phone is powered off. She must have
shut it down.

SULLIVAN
Fuck.

KNOCK - KNOCK.

SULLIVAN
God damn it.

Sullivan goes to the door, swings it open surprising a thirty-something, rail-thin WALL STREET NERD.

SULLIVAN
What!?

WALL STREET NERD
(startled)
I'm here for Heather.

Sullivan grabs his DETECTIVE BADGE from inside his coat pocket and flashes it in the Wall Street Nerd's face.

WALL STREET NERD
Oh, Christ...

SULLIVAN
Get the fuck out of here.

WALL STREET NERD
Yes, Sir... Yes, Sir...

The Nerd scampers down the hallway. Sullivan slams the door.

HEATHER
Hey! You just cost me five bills!

Sullivan's neck veins twitch as he glowers at Heather. She slumps back down into the sofa

INT. SMALL RV - PENNSYLVANIA INTERSTATE - DUSK (TRAVELING)

Theresa at the wheel. Soft music on the radio. Kimberly, eyes closed, slumped in the passenger seat.

A SIGN reads: RV PARK - THREE MILES.

THERESA
Hey...

No reaction from Kimberly. Theresa gives her a nudge on the shoulder. Kimberly opens her eyes - yawns.

KIMBERLY
What?

THERESA
We need to stop for the night.
You're sure you know how to set
this up?

KIMBERLY
 (stretching and yawning)
 Piece of cake.

INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Sullivan still holding court.

SULLIVAN
 She was here all day yesterday?

MADAM TESS
 Yes.

SULLIVAN
 What was her last appointment
 outside?

MADAM TESS
 Are you forgetting, I don't have my
 fucking phone!?

HECTOR
 You can check the Uber records.

Sullivan and Tess look towards Hector.

HECTOR
 All the girls use your Uber
 account. Just open up the app on
 your laptop. It'll tell you the
 details on the last trip.

MOMENTS LATER

Sullivan and Tess at a corner desk looking at a computer
 screen: UBER TRIP HISTORY.

MADAM TESS
 She went from the Westin in Jersey
 to the Hugo in Manhattan. Driver's
 name was Max. White Honda SUV,
 plate XTR7007. Hmm, that's odd.

SULLIVAN
 What?

MADAM TESS
 It was an Uber pool. She never
 takes the pool.

SULLIVAN
 (re: the computer screen)
 Text me that. I'll run the plates
 tomorrow.

Sullivan heads for the door.

SULLIVAN
 And I'm going to need to borrow
 Hector.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA RV PARK - NIGHT

The RV's parked in a designated space. The RV's heavy-duty electrical cord is connected to a mounted power box.

Kimberly connects a hose runs from a spigot to the RV's water intake valve - then wipes her hands clean.

She scans the area. Just a few other RV's parked sporadically in spaces all over the lot - not too crowded.

Kimberly closes her eyes, takes in a deep breath.

INT. SMALL RV - NIGHT

Theresa, clad in thick cotton PJs, just finishing making up the two Murphy beds. A small table with a lamp affixed is in the space between them.

Kimberly enters the RV, closing the door behind her. She notices Theresa's efforts.

KIMBERLY
 Hey - thanks.

THERESA
 Not a problem.

Theresa goes to her bed, slips beneath the covers.

THERESA
 We should really get some sleep.
 We have a lot of road to cover
 tomorrow.

Kimberly nods, removes her shoes and her denims and places them in a small closet at the foot of her bed.

She stretches, goes to her bed and slips beneath the covers.

Theresa reaches towards the lamp on the table between them.

THERESA
Good night.

KIMBERLY
Night.

CLICK. Theresa turns off the lamp. A moment passes in the dark.

KIMBERLY
I think you may have forgot something.

THERESA
What?

KIMBERLY
I didn't hear you say your prayers.

CLICK - Theresa turns the lamp back on.

THERESA
I say them to myself. Did you wish to pray with me?

CLICK - Kimberly turns off the lamp.

KIMBERLY
No.

A moment passes in the dark.

KIMBERLY
Well, this RV certainly has everything that a man would want.

THERESA
Pardon?

KIMBERLY
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
Madonna? The singer?

CLICK - Theresa turns the lamp back on.

THERESA
No, the Virgin Mother.

KIMBERLY
Why would they compare the Virgin
Mother to a whore?

Theresa stares at Kimberly - she just really wants to sleep.

THERESA
It's not a comparison. It's 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. That from
the church?

THERESA
Sigmund Freud.
(odd Kimberly's surprise)
We do have more than the Bible in
our toolbox.

CLICK - Theresa turns off the lamp. Back in the dark.

KIMBERLY
You know, I've never gone to
therapy. I wonder if I should?

No response.

KIMBERLY
What do you think?

CLICK - Theresa turns the lamp back on, sits up, gets out of
bed and heads towards the mini-refrigerator.

KIMBERLY
What...?

THERESA
If we're going to talk, we might as
well snack.

INT/EXT. SEDAN - RESIDENTIAL STREET - MORNING (PARKED)

Sullivan in the Driver seat. Hector in the passenger seat.

Sullivan points at a white Honda SUV parked thirty feet away.

SULLIVAN

Give it to me again.

HECTOR

When he comes out, I yell *Hey Max* - like we're old friends. He freezes, I approach - show him the gun. Tell him I'm a gang-banger, show him a pic of Kimberly, then tell her she's my girl. That he'd better tell me who was with her in his car - otherwise...

Hector makes a gun symbol with his hand.

HECTOR

Pop-pop.

SULLIVAN

Perfect.

HECTOR

I don't understand why you can't just ask him. You're a cop.

SULLIVAN

Because the minute I ask him anything, he's going to ask for a lawyer. The gang thing's better. Besides, you kind of look the part.

HECTOR

Racial.

They sit for a moment.

HECTOR

You know, the story ain't gonna fly if he knew Kimberly was a hooker.

SULLIVAN

Don't be stupid. How in the fuck would he know that?

EXT. WHITE HONDA SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Max at the wheel, cool as a cucumber, despite the fact that --

Hector's in the passenger seat with a gun pointed at Max as he shows him a pic of Kimberly on his smartphone.

MAX THE DRIVER

Oh, you mean the hooker.

A roll of the eyes from Hector - he knew it.

HECTOR

Who was she with?

Max rubs his forefinger against his thumb in the classic - *show me the money* - gesture. Hector raises his gun.

HECTOR

(over the top gangsta)
I ain't playing, dude!

MAX THE DRIVER

Christ, you're a bad actor.

Hector lowers his gun, his feelings a bit hurt.

HECTOR

You didn't buy it?

Max shakes his head. Hector reaches in his wallet, retrieves a hundred-dollar bill, hands it to Max.

MAX THE DRIVER

That's more like it.

INT. SMALL RV - PENNSYLVANIA INTERSTATE - DAY (TRAVELING)

Theresa at the wheel. Kimberly in the passenger seat, Tess's phone in her hand.

KIMBERLY

Wonder what kind of music Tess has?

Kimberly powers the smartphone on.

BACK AT THE CONDO - TESS SEES THE LOCATION ALERT

Tess lays face down in her bed, a notebook computer is perched next to her.

A PING from the computer. Tess springs up.

MADAM TESS

Yes!

Tess looks at the computer screen. It has a MAP OF PENNSYLVANIA with a slowly moving, PULSATING RED DOT indicating the geographic location of her phone.

MADAM TESS
 (calling out)
 Heather, I need to borrow your
 phone.

INT. SMALL RV - PENNSYLVANIA INTERSTATE - DAY (TRAVELING)

Kimberly scrolling through the music files on Tess' phone.

KIMBERLY
 Let's see... Bingo! You're in luck.
 Apparently Tess is a bit of an
 Elvis fan.

THERESA
 That would be nice. Thank you.

Just as Kimberly's about to connect the phone to the RV's media system - it RINGS. The caller ID indicates: *HEATHER*.

KIMBERLY
 (into phone)
 Hey, girl!

MADAM TESS (V.O.)
 (filtered thru phone)
 I want my fucking phone back!

KIMBERLY
 Ah, Tess ... It's you.

INT/EXT. SEDAN - DAY

Sullivan pulls the sedan up to the curb. Hector's with him.

SULLIVAN'S POV THROUGH THE WINDOW: Saint Anthony's Convent.

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
 You sure this is the place?

HECTOR (O.S.)
 I'm sure it's the only convent
 within ten miles of the hotel.

INT. SMALL RV - PENNSYLVANIA INTERSTATE - DAY (TRAVELING)

Theresa driving. Kimberly still on the phone with Tess.

KIMBERLY
It's just a phone. I'm sure you can
find a replacement.

Kimberly cups her hand over the phone.

KIMBERLY
(at Theresa)
It's not just a phone.

INTERCUT BETWEEN KIMBERLY IN THE RV AND TESS IN THE CONDO

MADAM TESS
Fine. I'll pay you two-thousand
dollars to get it back to me.

KIMBERLY
Now why would you do that?

MADAM TESS
Doesn't matter. Yes or no.

KIMBERLY
Because I'm thinking it's because
all of your confidential client
information is on it.

Silence on the other end.

MADAM TESS
Five-thousand.

KIMBERLY
Sorry. I need it. Seems that
Theresa likes Elvis.

MADAM TESS
Who the fuck is --

Kimberly ends the call and holds up the phone to Theresa.

KIMBERLY
You want young Elvis or old Elvis?

THERESA
(with a smile)
Now that's a dumb question.

KIMBERLY
Ah... young Elvis it is.

EXT. SAINT ANTHONY'S CONVENT - DAY

A flu-ridden Sister Anna's on the porch taking drags on a cigarette in between coughing and blowing her nose.

In a rocker next to her, Sister Margaret hums to herself, taking in the day. She spots Sullivan and Hector approaching.

SULLIVAN

Good morning, Sisters.

COUGH - COUGH from Sister Anna as she exhales. Then a huge sneeze in Sullivan's direction engulfing him in germs.

Sullivan grimaces as Sister Anna butts her cigarette.

Sullivan flashes his badge,

SULLIVAN

Detective Sullivan. I'm working a missing person case.

SISTER ANNA

(suspicious)

Best you talk to Mother Superior.

Sister Anna stands, enters the convent.

Sullivan removes the picture of Kimberly from his pocket.

SULLIVAN

Have you seen her?

SISTER MARGARET

Oh ... The pretty actress.

SULLIVAN

She's here?

SISTER MARGARET

No. She's with Sister Theresa.
They're driving to ...

And then the gears in Sister Margaret's brain lock for a moment. She just gently rocks back and forth.

SULLIVAN

They're driving to...?

SISTER MARGARET

Who?

SULLIVAN
Sister Theresa and the pretty
actress... ?

SISTER MARGARET
Oh - yes. Los Angeles.

INT. SMALL RV - PENNSYLVANIA INTERSTATE - DAY (TRAVELING)

Elvis' "LAWDY LAWDY MISS CLAWDY" blares through the RV
speakers.

Theresa taps the steering wheel with the rhythm of the song.
Kimberly sings along - and very adeptly at that.

THERESA
You're very good.

INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tess staring at the flashing red dot on her computer. She has
a phone to her ear.

MADAM TESS
(into phone)
The phone's still on. Right now
they're in Western Pennsylvania,
almost to Ohio.

SULLIVAN (V.O.)
(filtered through phone)
Let me know when they stop.
Hopefully, it'll be someplace with
cameras.

INT. SMALL RV - OHIO INTERSTATE - DAY (TRAVELING)

Theresa at the wheel. Kimberly nodded off in the passenger
seat. Elvis' "ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT" plays on the radio.

Theresa wipes a tear from her eye - the song gets to her.

She spots a sign on the Interstate: "NEXT EXIT, LAST GAS FOR
FORTY MILES."

EXT. OHIO - GAS STATION/MINI MART - DAY

A typical Interstate Gas Station/Mini-Mart. Right now, no
customers. Until --

INT. SMALL RV - DAY

Theresa slowly maneuvers the Small RV near a pump.

Kimberly awakens as Theresa unfastens her belt - grabs her purse.

KIMBERLY
No, it's my turn.

THERESA
Really, that isn't necessary.

KIMBERLY
I insist. You pump. I pay.
(grabbing door handle)
I'm going to grab some snacks. You want anything?

THERESA
A coke would be great.

KIMBERLY
You got it. Be right back.

EXT. GAS STATION/PUMPS - DAY

Theresa removes the pump nozzle and waits as she --

THERESA'S POV:

Watches Kimberly strut toward the Mini-mart area.

Kimberly enters the glass doors, saunters up to the counter and says something to the MALE ATTENDANT (30). He smiles.

Kimberly turns towards Theresa - gives her a THUMBS UP, then turns towards the snack area of the station.

BACK AT THE PUMP

Theresa inserts the nozzle into the RV's gas tank.

MEANWHILE BACK IN THE MINI-MART

Kimberly carries two Cokes and some snacks to the counter.

BACK AT THE PUMP

Theresa completes filling the tank. She returns the nozzle to its holder and opens the door to the RV.

THERESA'S POV: INSIDE THE RV

Kimberly's purse sitting on the passenger seat.

THERESA (O.S.)
Huh...

Theresa turns toward the Mini-Mart.

THERESA'S POV: MINI-MART - THRU THE GLASS DOORS

Bottles of coke and snacks on the counter.

Kimberly slides down beneath the counter, now out of view.

THERESA

No...

The Attendant closes his eyes, interlocks his fingers behind his head, leans back.

Theresa scampers towards the Mini-Mart doors.

THERESA

No... no... no... no

And bursts through the doors.

INT. MINI-MART - DAY

THERESA

Stop! Don't do it! Stop!

KIMBERLY (O.S.)

Found it!

A smiling Kimberly rises up, holding an earring in her hand. She puts it back on her earlobe.

KIMBERLY

(at the Attendant)
Would have killed myself if I lost that.

(at Theresa)
Wait. Stop what?

An awkward silence.

THERESA

Nothing...

Kimberly looks at the Attendant and then back at Theresa.

KIMBERLY

(angrily)
Wait. You thought that I --

THERESA

(frantic)
I saw your purse in the car.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Then - then, you just disappeared
behind the counter. And then...

(re: Attendant)

He leaned back.

MALE ATTENDANT

I was stretching. Long day.

KIMBERLY

You really think I would give a
blow-job for a tank of gas!?

MALE ATTENDANT

Blow-job?

THERESA

Well...

(points at the counter)

There were drinks and snacks too.

KIMBERLY

Seriously!?

Kimberly angrily gathers up the sodas and snacks and heads
out the door.

EXT. MINI-MART - DAY

An angry Kimberly paces towards the RV. An embarrassed
Theresa trailing right behind.

THERESA

I told you, I'm sorry.

KIMBERLY

I can't believe you think that of
me. Sixty-two dollars of gas and
some snacks for a blow-job. I can
get five hundred a night you know!

THERESA

I don't think you should be exactly
bragging about that.

Kimberly freezes, turns and glares at Theresa - if looks
could kill.

THERESA

Again... So sorry.

Kimberly storms towards the RV.

INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sullivan and Tess on the sofa looking at the laptop screen. Hector's standing nearby.

MADAM TESS

The phone's off again, but...

(clicking mouse)

They were stopped here for several minutes.

(clicking mouse)

Joe's Chevron Station. Just forty miles outside Columbus.

SULLIVAN

Perfect. Almost every station has security cameras.

Sullivan stands.

MADAM TESS

Where are you're going?

SULLIVAN

To catch a red-eye to Columbus. I can't track a vehicle if I don't know what it looks like.

Tess nods.

SULLIVAN

When I get a hold of that bitch I'll --

HECTOR

I should go with you.

SULLIVAN

(laughing)

What, you think it takes two men to chase down a hooker and a nun?

HECTOR

Just figured to chase them down you're going to have be driving seven, twenty-four. You think you can do that nonstop?

INT. SMALL RV - INDIANA INTERSTATE - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

Theresa at the wheel. Kimberly reclined in the passenger seat, arms crossed, earbuds in both ears - still angry.

THERESA

Hey...

No response. Theresa gives Kimberly a tap on the shoulder. Kimberly removes the left earbud.

KIMBERLY

What?

THERESA

It's about time to shut down for the night. There's an RV park just outside of Indianapolis or, if you want, we could get a hotel.

KIMBERLY

Hmm.

THERESA

What ...?

KIMBERLY

(sarcasm)

Oh, I don't know. I think a blow-job would only get us a Motel Six. I mean, if you wanted a Hilton or something, I'd probably have to do the full deed.

THERESA

Hmm.

KIMBERLY

What ...?

THERESA

If you don't mind, I think I would prefer the Hilton.

Theresa gives Kimberly a smile - the tension is broken. Kimberly places the earbud back in her ear.

KIMBERLY

RV Park.

EXT. INDIANA RV PARK - NIGHT

A million twinkling stars pepper the black sky.

Outside the RV, Theresa sits in a small folding chair, holds a glass of tea in her hands as she stares at those stars.

Next to her, a small table with remnants of take-out food and an empty folding chair.

Kimberly comes bouncing out of the RV, an empty glass in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other.

KIMBERLY
(re: the wine)
You sure you don't want some.

THERESA
I'm good, thank you.

Once seated, Kimberly pours her glass full and sets the wine bottle on the table. As she sips, she gazes up at the stars.

KIMBERLY
Could almost make one a believer.

THERESA
Ah, I smell hope in the air.

KIMBERLY
So, how does someone become a Nun anyway?

THERESA
Are you thinking about it?

KIMBERLY
I'd rather drink acid. Just curious.

THERESA
It's a rather complicated process.
I don't want to bore you.

KIMBERLY
We're killing time here.

THERESA
Alright, there are eight separate steps to becoming a Nun.

KIMBERLY
Kind of like an AA program.

THERESA
That's twelve steps and it's not at all like an AA program.

KIMBERLY
Except both deal with habits.

THERESA
Do you want to know or not?

KIMBERLY

Go on.

THERESA

Step one is the inquiry phase. It's the initial period where you are given an opportunity to have in-depth conversations with a vocation minister who helps you --

KIMBERLY

You were right. It's going to bore me. I'm going to need the shorthand version.

Theresa looks towards Kimberly - what to say?

Theresa tips her ice tea glass over letting the contents hit the ground. She motions towards the wine bottle.

THERESA

Just a little.

KIMBERLY

There you go.

Kimberly of course fills her entire glass up.

THERESA

I'll only drink half.

KIMBERLY

You were saying - the nun steps.

Theresa takes a sip of wine. She closes her eyes. The look of contentment on her face shows that she once enjoyed this.

THERESA

Each step is progressive. There's an increasing intensity of commitment. The last step is called Perpetual Profession. It's where you make your final vows.

KIMBERLY

They should give you different color belts - like Karate. You know, complete step one and you're a white belt Nun. Step two, a green belt, step --

THERESA

I'll bring it up at the next conclave.

KIMBERLY

How long did it take you to complete them?

THERESA

I haven't. I'm on step seven.

KIMBERLY

Shut up.

THERESA

It's kind of why I'm on this trip. Mother Superior wanted me to take some time...

(looks at Kimberly)

To meditate. You know, to really make sure I'm ready for the final commitment.

KIMBERLY

Are you?

THERESA

Your turn.

KIMBERLY

Pardon?

THERESA

How do you become a prostitute?

KIMBERLY

Really?

(off Theresa's nod)

Okay... It's basically a very complicated two-step program.

THERESA

So now you're mocking me?

KIMBERLY

Step one, have sex with someone. Step two, accept payment for it.

THERESA

Seriously, how did you start?

KIMBERLY

Quite by accident.

THERESA

What?

INT. PLANE (READY FOR TAKE-OFF) - JFK AIRPORT - SAME TIME

Crowded with passengers. Sullivan and Hector crammed into the aisle and center seats. A FAT MAN has the window seat.

PILOT (V.O.)

We'll be departing in just a few minutes now. I'm told the weather in Columbus is a pleasant seventy-two degrees.

SULLIVAN

(to Hector)

There ain't nothing pleasant about Columbus. It's a shit-hole.

FAT MAN

Hey, I'm from Columbus.

Sullivan sneers at the Fat Man.

SULLIVAN

Case in point.

HECTOR

C'mon, leave em be.

ACHOO - Sullivan belts out a sneeze.

FAT MAN

Hey, cover your mouth, dude.

Sullivan clenches his fist.

SULLIVAN

You want a mouth covered?

Hector hands Sullivan a handkerchief.

HECTOR

He had a point.

Sullivan sneezes again - this time into the handkerchief.

SULLIVAN

Think I'm catching something.

Sullivan starts to hand back the handkerchief to Hector.

HECTOR

Keep it.

EXT. INDIANA RV PARK - SAME TIME

Back at the RV park.

THERESA

How does one accidentally become a prostitute?

KIMBERLY

After my last failed acting audition, I was ready to go home, tail between my legs. Anyway, my acting friends decided to give me a send-off party. Now, the best nightclub downtown is the one at the Madison Hotel. You been there?

THERESA

Seriously?

KIMBERLY

Yeah, right. Anyway, it's real posh - but not stuffy. So my friends arrange a party there. And, to boot, they all pooled their money to rent me a room for the night - four-hundred bucks.

THERESA

Wow.

KIMBERLY

Anyway, it gets to be real late...

FLASHBACK - MADISON HOTEL CLUB LOBBY - NIGHT

Kimberly, dressed to the nines and looking spectacular hugs a group of PEOPLE, all about her age, both genders, goodbye.

KIMBERLY

This was so sweet of you all.

Good-byes and more hugs exchanged by all.

KIMBERLY

I had a great time.

Kimberly watches as her friends drunkenly stumble out of the doors towards the taxi stand.

KIMBERLY (V.O.)

I decided I'd have one more drink by myself. Kind of a personal bon-voyage.

AT THE BAR

Kimberly nurses the last of a glass of red wine as she stares at her reflection in a mirror behind the bar.

An HANDSOME MAN (40), wearing an expensive business suit straddles up to a stool next to Kimberly.

HANDSOME MAN
(re: Kimberly's wine)
Can I get you another?

KIMBERLY
Sure, why not?

Kimberly looks at the Handsome Man's hand as he orders the drinks. She spots a wedding ring.

KIMBERLY
Your married.

HANDSOME MAN
Guilty. I didn't think it mattered.

Kimberly takes in the man. In her drunken state he looks like Prince Charming.

KIMBERLY
Not tonight it doesn't.

The BARTENDER returns with two glasses of wine.

HANDSOME MAN
So, do you have a room here?

KIMBERLY
Yes.

HANDSOME MAN
How much?

KIMBERLY
An odd question.

HANDSOME MAN
Sorry, was I supposed to not --

KIMBERLY
Four-hundred.

HANDSOME MAN
Wow, that's steep.

KIMBERLY

I've been told it's well worth it.

KIMBERLY'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Kimberly, asleep, curled up in bed. Her dress and undergarments are strewn haphazardly on the floor.

The HANDSOME MAN, fully dressed, leans over and kisses Kimberly on the cheek.

HANDSOME MAN

Thank you.

Kimberly stirs, mumbles something, but doesn't fully awaken.

THE NEXT MORNING

Kimberly stretches and yawns, rubs the sleep out of her eyes.

She uprights herself, runs her hands through her hair and freezes as she spots FOUR ONE-HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS on the nightstand.

KIMBERLY

Oh - my - God.

Kimberly rushes to the bathroom - vomits in the toilet.

BACK TO SCENE

KIMBERLY

Somehow, he thought four-hundred was the price for me.

THERESA

Oh my.

KIMBERLY

Anyway. Four-hundred was more than I ever made in a whole week. I just thought, well - it's kind of like acting. Actually, it's the epitome of acting if you think about it.

THERESA

Or not at all like it if you really think about it.

KIMBERLY

I get that now, Einstein.

THERESA

Sorry.

KIMBERLY

Looks like we are just the opposite sides of the same coin.

THERESA

How's that?

Kimberly takes a long sip of wine.

KIMBERLY

I'm trying to figure out if what I am doing is wrong. On the other hand, you're trying to figure out what you're doing is right.

Theresa takes a long sip of wine - doesn't say anything.

KIMBERLY

What...?

THERESA

Sometimes you surprise me.

INT. COLUMBUS AIRPORT - RENTAL CAR LOT - DAY

A small, little shitty economy car exits the lot.

INSIDE THE ECONOMY CAR

Hector drives. Sullivan, knees pressed against the dash, is crammed in the passenger seat.

SULLIVAN

Are you sure this is all they fucking had?

HECTOR

Yep. There's a convention in town.

SULLIVAN

Fuck me.

HECTOR

Well, at least we'll save on gas.
(off Sullivan's glare)
It's a four-cylinder.

INT. INDIANA DINER - MORNING

Country quaint. Theresa and Kimberly sit in a corner booth, eating breakfast.

Theresa has Kimberly's smartphone in her hand looking at a picture of HANK and ANNABELLE JONES (70s).

KIMBERLY
 Grandpa worked in the coal mine
 till he went on disability.
 (taps her chest)
 Got his lungs all fucked up.

Theresa slides the phone back towards Kimberly.

THERESA
 They look like lovely people.

KIMBERLY
 The best. They raised me since I
 was three.

Theresa resumes eating. Kimberly gazes out the window as she rapidly drums her fingers on the table.

THERESA
 What?

KIMBERLY
 I'd liked to stop and see them on
 the way.

THERESA
 And they live where?

KIMBERLY
 Cumberland... Kentucky.

THERESA
 So, by on the way, you meant
 really, really out of the way.

KIMBERLY
 Please...?

THERESA
 Kimberly, that's really off course.

KIMBERLY
 No, when we're done visiting...

Kimberly opens up a screen on her smartphone, then turns it around so Theresa can see. It's a map.

KIMBERLY
 All we have to do is drop down to
 the Southern route. Then take
 Interstate 40 going west. Then pick
 up --

THERESA
You already mapped it out?

KIMBERLY
(pointing at phone)
We'd go through Nashville. I know
you like Country music. But best of
all, we'd go through Memphis -
Graceland? Elvis?

THERESA
I do like him.

KIMBERLY
Plus the weather's sure to be
better than the Northern route.

THERESA
It's going to add at least a half a
day, maybe even a full. We're
already behind schedule.

KIMBERLY
Please, this is the last thing I
will ask for. I promise. Theresa...
C'mon, you know it's the Christian
thing to do.

THERESA
You're playing that card?

KIMBERLY
(little girl face)
Please ...

EXT. OHIO - GAS STATION/MINI MART - BACK ROOM - DAY

A small, closet-size room. The Male Attendant, at a small
desk, gazes at the screen of a computer monitor playing
grainy security footage.

Sullivan and Hector look over his shoulder.

MALE ATTENDANT
Did you have a time, Detective?

SULLIVAN
Around three o'clock.

The Male Attendant clicks a mouse. The footage fast-forwards.

Sullivan turns away, SNEEZES. He removes a wad of tissue from
his pocket and blows his nose - wipes sweat from his brow.

SULLIVAN
I think that Nun at the convent
gave me the fucking flu.

HECTOR
You don't get a flu shot?

SULLIVAN
Flu shots are for pussies.

HECTOR
I got one.

SULLIVAN
Exactly.

MALE ATTENDANT
There she is.

On the screen, the image of Kimberly walking from the RV at
the pump towards the Mini-Mart.

Another SNEEZE from Sullivan.

SULLIVAN
Freeze it.

The Male Attendant complies.

SULLIVAN
Can you zoom in on the RV?

The Male Attendant complies.

SULLIVAN
A Ford leisure travel van. Looks
like it's brand new.
(leaning over)
Yeah. Still got the dealer plate.

MINI MART COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

As a testy Sullivan waits, the Male Attendant places several
packs of travel tissues and a box of TYLENOL in a bag.

Hector arrives, places some sodas and snacks on the counter.

MALE ATTENDANT
Anything else?

Sullivan points at a display behind the Attendant.

SULLIVAN

Yeah, give me four of those little Nyquil bottles.

INT. SMALL RV - KENTUCKY INTERSTATE - DAY (TRAVELING)

Theresa at the wheel. Kimberly in the passenger seat.

THERESA

Do they know what, um - well, what you do for a living?

KIMBERLY

I've told them that I'm an actress. That I work off-Broadway.

THERESA

So you lied to them?

KIMBERLY

Technically, I do work off-Broadway.

Theresa shoots Kimberly an - *are you kidding* - look.

KIMBERLY

Broadway and forty-second street. It's where the condo is --

THERESA

So you lied to them?

KIMBERLY

You know I'm really starting to feel a judgemental vibe here.

THERESA

So you lied to them?

KIMBERLY

Of course I did. It would break their hearts to hear the truth.

THERESA

That should tell you something.

KIMBERLY

So, I need you to back me up. Tell them I'm an actress.

THERESA

So the - that should tell you something - line just flew right over your head?

KIMBERLY

No. I got it. I just thought you were being mean.

THERESA

I'm not comfortable with lying.

KIMBERLY

You lied about being a Nun.

THERESA

I did not.

KIMBERLY

You told me you were a Nun. But technically, you only have your...
(makes air quotes)
Learners permit.

THERESA

Why are you making air quotes for something I never said?

Kimberly totally ignores the question.

KIMBERLY

No different than me not technically being an actress yet. Basically, we're both living a lie, now aren't we?

THERESA

No... No. We're both not. I am a Nun. I have been for several years. I just haven't taken final vows. Conversely, you are in fact ...
(makes air quotes)
A prostitute.

KIMBERLY

That is so hurtful.

Kimberly starts to cry as she buries her head in her hands.

Theresa reaches her hand over, clasps Kimberly's forearm.

THERESA

Hey, hey. I'm sorry.

KIMBERLY

(still sobbing)
They're old and fragile. Why would you want to break their hearts?

Kimberly turns her head, gazes out the window - cries more.

THERESA
Fine - fine. I'll tell them you're
an actress.

A smile crosses Kimberly's face as she instantly turns from sad to happy.

KIMBERLY
Yes!

THERESA
Which you apparently are.

INT. MACDONALD'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Hector in a booth slurping up the last of a shake.

Sullivan, reddened nose and bloodshot eyes, obviously now suffering the worst part of the flu, sits across from him, cell phone to his ear.

SULLIVAN
(into phone)
Kentucky? Why would they be headed
south?
(listening)
You sure?

SLURP - SLURP from Hector.

SULLIVAN
(at Hector)
Give it a fucking rest. It's not a
fucking cock.

SLURP - SLURP from Hector.

HECTOR
Is that how you do it?

Sullivan flips him off, returns to his call. Hector turns his attention to the remains of his Big Mac.

SULLIVAN
Alright, I can get an address
through a background check.
(into phone)
Okay, thanks, Tess. Keep me posted
on your end.

Sullivan ends the call, pockets his phone.

HECTOR

And ...?

SULLIVAN

They turned Tess's phone back on.
They're in Kentucky.

HECTOR

Shouldn't they have been headed
West?

SULLIVAN

No shit. Tess says Kimberly's
mentioned that her grandparents
live in Kentucky. I'll have the
station run a background check to
get an address.

HECTOR

Seems like a stretch. I mean you're
just guessing they'll stop - right?

SULLIVAN

You got a better idea?

Hector shakes his head as he eats.

SULLIVAN

(re: Hector's food)
Pack that up. We gotta hit it.

INT/EXT. SMALL RV - CUMBERLAND KENTUCKY - DUSK (TRAVELING)

Theresa steers the RV at a low speed down Main Street. It's
pretty much small town, USA. One diner, one bank, one
barbershop - one everything, all housed in similar, small red-
bricked buildings.

THERESA

Goodness, how did you ever get used
to New York?

Kimberly removes a compact mirror from her purse.

KIMBERLY

New York's nothing but a million
Cumberlands crammed together.
People are people.

Kimberly eyes herself in the compact mirror as she removes
all traces of lipstick and make-up.

THERESA

What are you doing?

KIMBERLY

Grandpa doesn't like me in make-up.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DUSK

Quaint and old fashioned, a bit on the poor side.

HANK JONES (75), a grizzled old fuck, Kimberly and Theresa at a worn, oak dining room table.

Dirty dishes and silverware on the table evidence of a meal just completed.

STELLA JONES (73), a silver-haired sweetie, enters from the kitchen with a coffee cart. She pours Hank a cup first.

STELLA

So, you were saying ...

KIMBERLY

I just thought it was time to make the leap to Los Angeles. There's just so many more opportunities there. Television - commercials.

STELLA

How exciting.

(at Theresa)

Have you seen Kimberly's work?

THERESA

No!

(off everyone's reaction)

Um, I mean, I haven't really had the chance yet.

Stella pours Theresa and Kimberly a cup, then takes her seat.

STELLA

You didn't say what type of work you do, Theresa.

THERESA

I'm a Nun.

Hank starts coughing and hacking - uncontrollable. Stella gently clasps his forearm.

STELLA

He has lung cancer. You know, from the mines.

THERESA

Kimberly told me. I'm so sorry.

Hank coughs a few more times - waves his hand.

HANK
Just went down the wrong pipe.

Hank takes a sip of coffee.

HANK
A Nun?

Theresa nods.

HANK
Hmm.
(at Kimberly)
You're not exactly a churchgoer,
darling. How in the world would you
two hook up?

Kimberly starts to say something, but the words just hang there - brain's stuck.

THERESA
We shared an Uber ride together. I
was going to see my Dad and, um
Kimberly was... going to an, um -
audition.

HANK
What? Your Dad live in a theater?

THERESA
He lives by one...?

Hank starts coughing and hacking again.

HANK
Ah, fuck me.
(at Theresa)
Sorry.

THERESA
It's quite alright. I'm getting
used to it.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - KIMBERLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Still decorated in a motif from her childhood, as if she had never left. Oddly, there's a bunk bed rather than your traditional little princess bed.

THERESA (O.S.)
Really, we could have just slept in
the RV. I hate to impose.

STELLA (O.S)
 No reason for you to be sleeping
 outside. I won't have it, dear.

Stella, holding fresh linens, Kimberly and Theresa enter.

STELLA
 No more arguments now.

Theresa immediately notices the bunk beds - she's confused.

Kimberly takes the linens from Stella.

KIMBERLY
 I can handle it from here, Grandma.
 (kisses her on the cheek)
 Love you.

MOMENTS LATER

Theresa sits in a small chair in the corner watching Kimberly making the bottom bunk.

KIMBERLY
 I'll take the top bunk if you don't
 mind. I'm used to it.

THERESA
 You never mentioned you had a
 sister.

KIMBERLY
 Cause I didn't.

THERESA
 (re: the bed)
 Then why the ...

KIMBERLY
 I had a pet pig when I was a kid.

THERESA
 Pig...?

KIMBERLY
 Couldn't' sleep by herself. She
 would just squeal all night. So
 Grandpa got the bunk-bed so she
 could sleep with me. You know, in
 the bottom bunk.

Kimberly taps the top of the sheet she just put on.

KIMBERLY
You're bunk now.

THERESA
Perfect...

STILL LATER

Dark, other than a night light.

Kimberly's in the top bunk and Theresa's in the bottom bunk.

KIMBERLY
So I was three, no, wait - four
when they died. I don't remember
all that much about them.

THERESA
I'm sorry.

KIMBERLY
Don't be. I had a good childhood.
Grandma and Grandpa gave me all the
love any kid could hope for. All in
all, probably more than most kids.

THERESA
They seem like wonderful people.

KIMBERLY
My only regret is that I was an
only child. It would have been nice
to have a sister. You know, not the
Nun sister kind of sister, the
sister-sister kind of sister.
Although I kind of view you as a
sister-sister now. I know I'm not
quite saying that right. What I
mean --

THERESA
I got it.

A moment passes.

THERESA
Your sister would tell you that you
shouldn't keep things from your
Grandparents.

KIMBERLY
I can't tell them. They would be so
ashamed.

THERESA

Perhaps.

KIMBERLY

What are you driving at?

THERESA

Maybe their shame has nothing to do with it.

KIMBERLY

Say what?

THERESA

Maybe you haven't told them because you're ashamed. And if you are ashamed, then maybe you need to --

KIMBERLY

Good night.

THERESA

Okay... Good night.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - CURBSIDE - NIGHT

A small economy car pulls up against a curb.

INT. ECONOMY CAR - NIGHT

Hector at the wheel. Sullivan in the passenger seat.

SULLIVAN

(hoarse, raspy)
There it is.

SULLIVAN'S POV: The silver RV.

HECTOR (O.S.)

You sure?

BACK INSIDE THE CAR

SULLIVAN

A silver, Ford leisure van with dealer plates in a town of two-thousand people. How fucking stupid are you?

ACHOO! - A big sneeze from Sullivan.

SULLIVAN

What time you got?

HECTOR
 (checking his phone)
 Three.

COUGH - HACK - COUGH from Sullivan.

SULLIVAN
 Okay. We'll wait here till the
 morning. Catch them when they
 leave.

Hector nods. Sullivan opens the glove compartment, retrieves
 the bag with the medicine he bought at the gas station.

SULLIVAN
 Can you keep an eye out?

Hector nods. Sullivan unscrews the cap of one travel-size
 bottle - gulps the Nyquil back.

SULLIVAN
 You sure?

HECTOR
 Of course.

Sullivan unscrews the cap of another bottle - gulps that
 Nyquil back. He then leans his chair back, closes his eyes.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Stella, Hank, Kimberly and Theresa all in the room - the
 chaos of packing up and leaving.

THERESA
 (at Hank)
 Well, it was lovely meeting you.

Hank bear hugs Theresa.

HANK
 (whispering in her ear)
 Take care of my girl.

Hank breaks the embrace.

KIMBERLY
 You okay, Grandpa?

HANK
 Yeah, fine.
 (at Stella)

HANK (CONT'D)

Why don't you show Theresa your roses? Give me a minute with Kimberly.

Stella nods as she takes Theresa's hand.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MORNING

Theresa and Stella stand by three blooming red rose bushes. But Stella's attention is obviously split between the roses and what's going on in the house.

THERESA

Is there something wrong, Stella?

STELLA

(teary-eyed, distracted)
Hank's just telling her not to send any more money.

THERESA

Money...?

STELLA

She sends us three-thousand a month - for nearly two years now. For Hank's treatment program. He's not going to need it anymore.

THERESA

He's better?

Stella shakes her head.

STELLA

No... It ain't working and he's stopping.
(choking up)
He's saying goodbye.

Kimberly comes out the front door, wiping tears from her eyes - visibly shaken.

She approaches Stella, embraces her.

KIMBERLY

Love you.

She breaks the embrace, starts towards the RV.

KIMBERLY

Okay, let's hit the road.

THERESA

Kimberly.

Kimberly stops, turns.

Theresa approaches, wraps her arms around Kimberly like any sister would.

INT. ECONOMY CAR - MORNING

Sullivan in the passenger seat, snoring - out cold. Hector at the wheel.

HECTOR'S POV: Theresa embracing a sobbing Kimberly. They break the embrace and head towards the RV, then enter.

A moment passes. The red tail lights of the RV illuminate. Then a second later it pulls away.

BACK IN THE CAR

Sullivan still snoring. Hector looks at him then back out the windshield. He reclines his seat then closes his eyes.

INT. SMALL RV - TENNESSEE INTERSTATE - DAY (TRAVELING)

Theresa at the wheel. Kimberly in the passenger seat focused on the screen of her smartphone.

KIMBERLY

...It says the tour of the mansion takes about one and a half hours. Tickets are forty-one bucks per person. Jesus Christ - pricey.

THERESA

We don't have to go.

KIMBERLY

We're going... Oh fuck.

THERESA

What? And please, once again - language.

KIMBERLY

It says the last tour of the day begins at 4:00 p.m. You're going to need to speed it up a bit.

EXT. NASHVILLE TENNESSEE POLICE STATION - DAY

An angry Sullivan paces across the parking lot towards the front door of the station.

SULLIVAN
You had one fucking job!

HECTOR
I said I was sorry. I fell asleep.

INT. NASHVILLE POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

CAPTAIN BUFORD (60), a monster of a man, holds an unlit cigar in one hand as he holds a phone to his ear with the other.

Sullivan sits in a chair. Hector stands against a wall.

CAPTAIN BUFORD
(into phone)
The misses is doing fine. But she's
going expect one of those Broadway
shows when we come out there.
(listening)
Okay, buddy. Talk at ya soon.

Buford ends the call, picks up a printout from the desk.

CAPTAIN BUFORD
Good thing for you that you're
Captain Stone and I go way back.

COUGH - HACK - COUGH from Sullivan.

CAPTAIN BUFORD
That's why I get a flu shot every
year.

HECTOR
He thinks they're for pussies.

CAPTAIN BUFORD
That so?

Sullivan glares at Hector. Buford leans back in his chair as he reads the printout.

CAPTAIN BUFORD
Silver Ford Leisure Van, dealer
plates... Alrighty. I'll get an APB
out. Let ya know what we find.

EXT. GRACELAND MUSUEM - DAY

Theresa and Kimberly scamper across a parking lot towards a --

ROW OF TICKET BOOTHS

Where they're greeted by a heavysset, gum-smacking MALE CASHIER just closing the booth shutter.

KIMBERLY
(out of breath)
Two tickets for --

MALE CASHIER
Sorry. The last tour already
started. No more entries.

Kimberly notices a Latin Cross with the words "JOHN 3-16" tattooed underneath it on the Male Cashier's forearm.

KIMBERLY
(to Theresa, re: tattoo)
Do something...

Theresa approaches the booth, Kimberly steps aside.

THERESA
I'm Sister Theresa from Saint
Anthony's in New Jersey. We've
traveled such a long way to --

MALE CASHIER
I'm late for dinner.

The Male Cashier closes the booth shutter.

THERESA
That wasn't very nice.

KIMBERLY
Fuck nuts!

SECURITY FENCE AROUND GRACELAND PERIMETER - MOMENTS LATER

A dejected Kimberly and Theresa plod back towards the lot.

Off in the distance, Kimberly spots a SECURITY GUARD, looks a bit like Elvis, stationed at a locked entrance to the rear of the museum. She grabs Theresa's hand.

KIMBERLY
Come with me. And don't talk until
I tell you.

AT THE ENTRANCE

They approach the Security Guard at the locked entrance.

SECURITY GUARD
Ladies.

KIMBERLY

Oh, my God. You look just like
Elvis.

(at Theresa)

Don't you think so?

Nothing.

KIMBERLY

Talk now.

THERESA

Yes...?

KIMBERLY

(at the Security Gaurd)

Can I get a picture?

SECURITY GUARD

Sure. Why not?

Kimberly hands Theresa her phone, then snuggles up to the
Guard making sure to lean her head on his shoulder.

Theresa takes the pic, hands the phone back to Kimberly. She
looks at the pic.

KIMBERLY

Except you might even be more
handsome.

SECURITY GUARD

Thanks, but nobody's better looking
than the King.

THERESA

Hard to argue against --

KIMBERLY

No talk now.

(at Guard - flirty)

Are you an impersonator?

SECURITY GUARD

Yeah, I only do this during the
day. I got a gig at night - Memphis
bar and grill.

KIMBERLY

I knew it! I think I'm going to
have to come by and see you.

SECURITY GUARD

That would be --

KIMBERLY

Hey, let me ask you a favor though. We just missed the last tour.

(rubbing his arm)

You think maybe you could let us in? We've come all the way from New York.

SECURITY GUARD

I don't think --

KIMBERLY

I'd be in such a better mood at your show.

The Security Guard looks around, makes sure no one's watching. He points towards a side entrance as he opens the fence.

SECURITY GUARD

Go in there. Try to catch up with the last group.

KIMBERLY

(kissing Guard on cheek)
You're a sweetheart.

ON THE MUSEUM GROUNDS

Kimberly and Theresa pace towards the side entrance.

KIMBERLY

I knew I could get us in. You couldn't convince a dude with a cross tattooed on his arm. Scoreboard, baby!

THERESA

Scoreboard?

KIMBERLY

Yeah. Hookers one. Nuns zero.

INT. GRACELAND - A BIT LATER

Kimberly and Theresa at the bottom of a wide, white, majestic staircase. Other TOURISTS bump by them on the way out. But Kimberly and Theresa aren't moving. They're focused on --

A PAINTED PORTRAIT OF YOUNG ELVIS, non-dyed, natural brown hair. He looks angelic - content.

Theresa wipes a tear from her cheek as she stares at the portrait.

KIMBERLY

What... ?

THERESA

Nothing ... Just thinking about my Mom. She would have loved this.

Theresa reaches over -squeezes Kimberly's hand.

THERESA

Thank you.

KIMBERLY

(re: the portrait)

You know, he looks like he doesn't have a trouble in the world.

Theresa nods in agreement.

KIMBERLY

Then dead on a shitter just twenty-five years later. Life's a real crap-shoot, huh?

And, the moment's gone.

THERESA

Yes.

INTERCOM VOICE (V.O.)

The Museum is closing. We ask all visitors to please exit through the front doors.

KIMBERLY

Oh, I almost forgot. I got you something at the gift shop. You know, something to remember me by.

Kimberly reaches in her purse and pulls out an ELVIS RED-GUITAR SHAPED KEY RING and hands it to Theresa.

THERESA

Thank you... But I don't own a car.

KIMBERLY

You got keys to the convent?

Theresa nods - fair enough.

EXT. REST STOP OFF OF TENNESSE INTERSTATE - DAY

Sullivan leans against the economy car, phone to his ear.

SULLIVAN
 (into phone)
 You got to be shitting me.
 (listening)
 You sure you can't follow her?
 (listening)
 Fine. Thanks for nothing.

Sullivan ends the call, angrily pockets the phone.

SULLIVAN
 FUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKK!

Sullivan repeatedly slams his fist on the hood of the economy car. Hector approaches from the restroom area.

HECTOR
 Something wrong?

SULLIVAN
 Buford finally got a spot on the RV.

HECTOR
 That's good news - right?

SULLIVAN
 Crossing the Arkansas border!

INT/EXT. SMALL RV - ARKANSAS INTERSTATE - DAY (TRAVELING)

Lush greenery on both sides of the near-empty Interstate.

Theresa at the wheel. The Elvis Red Guitar Key Ring now dangling from the key in the ignition switch.

Kimberly in the passenger seat.

Theresa YAWNS, shakes her head in an attempt to regain her alertness.

KIMBERLY
 Let me drive for a while. That way you can take a nap.

THERESA
 I'm fine.

Theresa pinches her cheek until it turns red.

KIMBERLY
Jesus, what are you doing?

THERESA
It helps keep you alert.

KIMBERLY
C'mon. Let me drive. Take a nap.

THERESA
(yawning)
Promise you'll pay attention?

KIMBERLY
Cross my heart.

Theresa pulls the RV to the side of the road.

A LITTLE BIT LATER

Theresa nestled against a pillow in the passenger seat, fast asleep.

Kimberly, earbuds in her ear, moves her shoulders as she rhythmically taps the steering wheel to some upbeat song.

INSERT SPEEDOMETER: "90 MPH"

OUTSIDE ON THE INTERSTATE

The RV blows past a HIGHWAY PATROL VEHICLE hidden behind an interstate billboard.

The Patrol Car blue flashing lights go on as it pulls out onto the Interstate.

INSIDE THE RV

Kim still mindlessly bopping to the music from her earbuds.

The Patrol Car right behind her, blue lights flashing. Kimberly's oblivious to its presence. Then --

SIRENS!

Startling Theresa awake. Still groggy, she looks at the side view mirror. Clearly visible - the pursuing Patrol Car.

Kimberly notices Theresa has woken. She gives her a warm smile as if nothing is going on.

An irritated Theresa points at the rearview mirror.

Kimberly looks at it - now sees the lights. Panicked, she yanks the earbuds from her ear.

KIMBERLY

Fuck me.

Kimberly gives a wave of the hand as she pulls to the side of the road.

THERESA

How fast were you going?

KIMBERLY

How am I supposed to know?

THERESA

I think they call it a speedometer?

KIMBERLY

Don't worry. We won't get a ticket.

THERESA

Of course we will.

KIMBERLY

Believe me, we won't. Now try to look sexy.

A - *WTF* look - from Theresa as Kimberly fluffs up her hair, then unbuttons the top two buttons of her shirt.

KIMBERLY

C'mon.

THERESA

No thank you.

Kimberly snags her driver license from her purse and places it neath her shirt in her bra cup.

THERESA

Really?

The Patrolman reaches the car. Kimberly lowers the window.

KIMBERLY

(flirty smile)

Was there a problem, Officer?

PATROL OFFICER

I clocked you at ninety-five.

KIMBERLY

That seems so impossible. I'm normally such a cautious driver. But you have a strong, honest face. I'm certainly in no position to question your --

PATROL OFFICER

License and registration, please.

KIMBERLY

(like a child)

I was hoping for just a warning.

PATROL OFFICER

License and registration.

KIMBERLY

Yes, of course. Here's the license.

Kimberly reaches inside her shirt and produces the license. The Patrolman shakes his head - he's seen it all.

KIMBERLY

(at Theresa)

Registration?

Theresa opens the glove compartment, retrieves the registration and hands it to Kimberly who in turn provides it to the Patrol Officer - he examines the document.

PATROL OFFICER

Saint Anthony's in New Jersey ...?

THERESA

I'm from the convent there. We're taking this to Saint Mary's in Los Angeles for their use in their meals on wheels program.

The Patrol Officer makes the sign of the cross, as if by instinct.

PATROL OFFICER

You're Nuns?

THERESA

I'm Sister Theresa.

PATROL OFFICER

(at Kimberly)

You?

KIMBERLY
Assistant Nun.

PATROL OFFICER
(at Theresa)
That true?

THERESA
No. She's just a sinner in need of
redemption.

KIMBERLY
Hey!

THERESA
I apologize, Officer. I've been
driving the entire trip. I grew
tired from the journey and in need
of sleep. I ask the girl if she
might drive for awhile. Certainly,
a mistake on my part.

PATROL OFFICER
I can't give no Nun a ticket.

The Patrol Officer hands the driver license and registration
back to Kimberly, then makes the sign of the cross.

PATROL OFFICER
(re: Kimberly)
You keep your eye on her?

THERESA
Of course. Thank you so much.

The Patrol Officer nods, walks away. Kimberly buttons her
shirt.

THERESA
Yes!

KIMBERLY
What?

THERESA
SCOREBOARD! Nuns - one. Hookers -
one.

INT/EXT. SMALL RV - ARKANSAS INTERSTATE - DUSK (TRAVELING)

A mixture of rain and hail the size of ping-pong balls pelts
the outside of the RV: BAM - BAM - BAM - BAM.

Lightning bolts streaks across the skies followed by the BOOM of thunder.

Theresa white-knuckles the wheel, eyes squinted, trying to pick up the white lines on the road.

Kimberly, in the passenger seat, hugs herself, as if that somehow would protect her.

KIMBERLY

Jesus, how long is this going to last!?

THERESA

Perhaps you should say a prayer.

KIMBERLY

Don't you think that's your job?

THERESA

I already said one.

CRACK and BOOM - more lightning and thunder. It was a close one, startling both of the women.

KIMBERLY

Dear, God...

Theresa looks towards Kimberly - pleased.

KIMBERLY

Please stop this fucking storm.

Theresa shakes her head.

INT. RESTAURANT SOMEWHERE IN ARKANSAS - DUSK

A hole in the wall diner. Hector at a booth eating like he doesn't have a care in the world.

OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT

Sullivan, phone to his ear, under a canopy as he watches the hail pummel the parking lot.

SULLIVAN

(into phone)

I got a plan. How about we just tell Stone that I got the phone back and gave it to you?

INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Madam Tess on the sofa, phone to her ear.

MADAM TESS

That's your plan? Not a chance. We have no idea what she's going to do with the information. You got to get it back.

INTERCUT BETWEEN MADAM TESS AND SULLIVAN

SULLIVAN

Yeah, well I'm sick and tired of dragging my fucking ass across the country.

MADAM TESS

Well then don't.

SULLIVAN

You just fucking said --

MADAM TESS

Didn't you tell me that they were taking the RV to a convent in Los Angeles?

SULLIVAN

Yeah. And...?

MADAM TESS

How many convents can there be in Los Angeles?

INT. RESTAURANT SOMEWHERE IN ARKANSAS - DUSK

Sullivan storms in, approaches Hector's table. Hector is mid-bite on a piece of steak.

SULLIVAN

I got a new plan. We're leaving for Los Angeles.

HECTOR

I never get to finish a --

SULLIVAN

Now.

INT/EXT. SMALL RV - OKLAHOMA INTERSTATE - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

The storm is long gone.

Theresa at the wheel. Kimberly in the passenger seat. SOFT ROCK MUSIC plays at low volume on the radio.

They pass a Christian BILLBOARD lit by a floodlight. It reads: "WHY SETTLE FOR OK? GOD PROMISES MORE."

Both Kimberly and Theresa silently read it as they pass by.

THERESA

Clever.

KIMBERLY

How so?

THERESA

OK - Oklahoma. The billboard means why settle for Oklahoma when God promises more.

KIMBERLY

Yeah, I don't think that's what it meant. It would be kind of a slap in the face to Oklahoma.

THERESA

No. It just meant that --

KIMBERLY

Doesn't matter. My fate is sealed.

THERESA

Why would you say that?

KIMBERLY

Uh - the prostitute thing.

THERESA

All that matters is if you believe.

KIMBERLY

Say what now?

THERESA

The Gospel of Matthew, chapter twenty-one. Jesus said that prostitutes will enter the Kingdom of heaven before non-believers.

KIMBERLY

But they're probably both at the back of the line.

THERESA

There is no line. Heaven's capacity is unlimited.

THERESA

So, do you believe?

KIMBERLY

Yeah, sure - I guess. No, definitely. I do. I believe.

THERESA

Then God already knows that you can change.

KIMBERLY

Doesn't make sense. It's like getting a free pass.

THERESA

God's interest is not in your punishment. It's in your redemption.

(a beat)

It's never too late to change.

KIMBERLY

Hmm.

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

INT. JETLINER - NIGHT

Sullivan, eyes closed, hands behind his head in one seat. Hector next to him, eying his smartphone screen.

HECTOR

Looks to be about dozen or so convents there.

SULLIVAN

(yawning)

Don't worry. We got plenty of time.

AIRPLANE CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Looks like there's going to be a bit of delay in our departure. The tower is reporting some wind shear. I need you all to just settle back for a bit, and, as always, thank you for flying Delta.

SULLIVAN

Fuck you.

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY - HILTON HOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Theresa, with a small suitcase, and Kimberly, with a small duffel bag, exit the RV and start walking towards the Hotel.

INT. HILTON HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Two queen-sized beds in a modest room.

Theresa neatly places garments in a dresser drawer.

KIMBERLY (O.S.)
(from the bathroom)
Thanks for agreeing to stay in a hotel. Not sure I could have slept in the RV another night.

THERESA
You're welcome.

The FLUSH of a toilet. Theresa grimaces.

KIMBERLY (O.S.)
Going to be nice to take a real shower.

Kimberly enters from the bathroom, with a white towel wrapped around her torso.

KIMBERLY
I was going to hop in unless you wanted to go first.

Theresa's taken aback by Kimberly's lack of modesty.

THERESA
No, that's fine.

Kimberly watches as Theresa removes a CROSS from her suitcase and places it on the nightstand next to her bed.

KIMBERLY
Did you always want to be a Nun?

Theresa sits on her bed.

KIMBERLY
I mean you never wanted kids - never wanted a husband?

THERESA
I did want children.
(a beat)
I had a husband.

KIMBERLY

What..? We've been across a dozen states and this is the first time you thought to mention you were married?

Kimberly takes a seat on her bed.

KIMBERLY

Wait, I thought you said you couldn't be married if you wanted to be a Nun.

THERESA

You can if you're a widow.

Silence for a moment.

THERESA

I got married when I was twenty. His name was Miguel.
(takes a breath)
The love of my life.

Theresa looks off, not comfortable talking about this.

THERESA

I wasn't going to be a Nun. I was going to be a writer. He was going to be a Navy Seal. I didn't quite make it... Unfortunately, he did. He was killed in Afghanistan seven years ago.

KIMBERLY

Ah... Theresa. I'm so sorry. Here I've been joking around and --

THERESA

No. No pity.

Kimberly stares at Theresa a moment.

KIMBERLY

How about after a nice shower we go get a glass of wine?

THERESA

I don't think --

KIMBERLY

I promise. No pity. Just talk.

INT. HILTON BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

A nice little spot. Several MEN with cowboy hats throw back beers at the bar as they watch a muted Sports Center on TV.

A jukebox in the corner plays Country music. A couple of GALS hang around it.

Theresa and Kimberly in a booth, a glass of wine in front of them. Theresa drinks back the last of hers.

THERESA
(just a bit tipsy)
How many have I had?

KIMBERLY
Three. Maybe four.

THERESA
I think we should call it a night.
I'm not used to this.

KIMBERLY
Let me finish mine.
(takes a sip)
Now, where were we ...? Oh, yeah -
so, even though you were a widow,
you still have to do that
abstinence thing?

THERESA
Yes.

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

THERESA
Of course I do. There's no on/off
switch.
(thinks)
It's more like a dimmer.

KIMBERLY
So, it's kind of like being a meat-
loving vegan.

THERESA
Pardon?

KIMBERLY

You know, some folks are vegans simply because they don't care for the taste of meat - no appetite for it in the first place. I'm not talking about those.

THERESA

Of course not.

KIMBERLY

But some vegans really love meat, but because of the cruelty to animals thing, they won't eat it even though they still really have an appetite for it. Just saying it's the same with you and sex. You decided, okay I'm going to be married to God --

THERESA

Not exactly.

KIMBERLY

And going to give up sex. But that doesn't mean you still don't want it. Like the vegan that wants meat but won't eat it. It's like that.

THERESA

How is it that you didn't end up a therapist?

KIMBERLY

I thought about it when I was in High School ... wait - you were being sarcastic.

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS approaches. She has a bottle of wine and two wine glasses on her tray.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

This is from the two gentlemen at the end of the bar.

Kimberly looks toward the end of the bar. Two wannabe cowboys, a TALL FELLA and a HEAVYSET FELLA tip their hats.

THERESA

I think we've had enough.

KIMBERLY

A little more ain't going to kill you.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Besides, free drinks always taste better.

(at the Waitress)

We'll take it.

The Waitress places the two glasses on the table and fills them from the wine bottle, places the bottle on the table.

Kimberly reaches in her purse and retrieves a twenty-dollar bill and hands it to the waitress as a tip.

KIMBERLY

Thank you.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Thank you!

The Cocktail Waitress walks away. Kimberly and Theresa both take a sip of wine.

KIMBERLY

Now comes the fun part.

THERESA

Fun part?

Kimberly keeps direct eye contact with Theresa.

KIMBERLY

Wait for it... Wait for it.

A shadow darkens the table. The two Fellas from the bar now loom over Theresa and Kimberly.

TALL FELLA

You ladies enjoy the wine?

KIMBERLY

Yes, thank you so much.

(extends her hand)

I'm Kimberly.

The Tall Fella takes her hand.

KIMBERLY

And this is my Sister Theresa.

HEAVYSET FELLA

You two sure don't look like sisters.

KIMBERLY

No. She's Sister Theresa. As in the Nun type.

HEAVYSET FELLA
Ah, you're pulling our legs.

KIMBERLY
(at Theresa)
Show them your cross.

Theresa clumsily reaches inside the top of her blouse and removes a silver cross attached to a chain around her neck. She holds it up for the Fellas to see.

Their goofy smiles turn to confused frowns.

TALL FELLA
(at Kimberly)
What about you? You a Nun too?

KIMBERLY
No - not a chance.
(off Tall Fella's leer)
I'm a hooker.

Theresa nearly spits out her wine.

KIMBERLY
The five-hundred a night kind.

HOTEL LOBBY - A BIT LATER

Kimberly helps escort a now pretty drunk Theresa towards a hotel elevator. Kimberly still looks as fresh as a daisy.

THERESA
I drank too much. I knew we should
have stopped.

The elevator door opens and they enter. Theresa grabs the rail for support. Just as the door is closing --

THERESA
I think I'm going to throw up.

The sound of VOMITING as the door closes.

KIMBERLY
Ewww.

HOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Dark, other than the light from the bathroom peering through a half-opened door.

Theresa and Kimberly in their respective beds turned towards each other, like two girls at a slumber party.

While Kimberly is still relatively alert, Theresa is nearly out, a rare night of drinking taking its final toll.

THERESA

I was in therapy for more than a year after he was killed.

KIMBERLY

You went to a shrink?

Theresa nods as she yawns.

KIMBERLY

Did it help?

THERESA

No. I still felt... empty. I can't live without Miguel.

KIMBERLY

Couldn't.

THERESA

What?

KIMBERLY

You couldn't live without Miguel. You said can't.

THERESA

Yeah...

KIMBERLY

What changed?

THERESA

The Church. I started to go to Mass. Just once or twice a week at first. Eventually...

(big yawn)

I went every day. Somewhere along the way, I found peace. I also found my calling.

(eyes finally closing)

I wish I could convince my Dad.

KIMBERLY

He doesn't want you to be a Nun?

THERESA

No. He thinks it's a mistake.

KIMBERLY

Why?

No response. Theresa is finally out.

KIMBERLY
Theresa...?

INT. SMALL RV - OKLAHOMA INTERSTATE - MORNING (TRAVELING)

Theresa, looking especially rigid, at the wheel, for the first time wearing sunglasses.

KIMBERLY
I can drive you know.

THERESA
Thanks - no. I would get woozier in the passenger seat.

KIMBERLY
Is the aspirin helping?

THERESA
Not so much.

KIMBERLY
Maybe if --

THERESA
Just a little quiet would be the best.

Theresa reaches over, pats Kimberly's hand.

THERESA
Okay?

Kimberly nods, places her earbud in her ear.

EXT. MONASTERY OF THE ANGELS CONVENT - LOS ANGELES - DAY

A Spanish-style single storied building with a worship tower.

Sullivan, dressed in a clean and crisp car mechanics uniform, carrying a clipboard and a pen, and Hector, dressed similarly knock on the large front door.

It opens revealing SISTER ROSEMARY (40).

SISTER ROSEMARY
Can I help you?

SULLIVAN
Yes. I'm Joseph from Joe's garage. We were scheduled to pick up your new Leisure van for a smog check.

SISTER ROSEMARY

Leisure van? I'm sorry, you must be mistaken. We don't have one.

SULLIVAN

You're not expecting a delivery?

SISTER ROSEMARY

No, I'm certain.

SULLIVAN

(at Hector)

Did you get the wrong address again?

(at Sister Rosemary)

My apologies must be a different convent.

(nearly whispering)

I hire the disabled. Sometimes they get confused.

Sullivan politely bows his head and then he and Hector walk away.

SULLIVAN

What's next?

HECTOR

I'm sure I'm too disabled to know.

SULLIVAN

Next!?

HECTOR

Divine Providence Convent.
Downtown.

EXT. SMALL RV - NEW MEXICO REST STOP - DAY (PARKED)

A relatively nice cedar-pine style rest-stop set in the middle of desolate, dry land.

Theresa stands next to the RV looking out towards a nearby Interstate Sign: "25 NORTH/COLORADO SPRINGS - KEEP RIGHT."

Kimberly approaches from the vending area, two bottled cokes and a bag of pretzel in her hands. She reaches Theresa.

KIMBERLY

These ought to help with your stomach.

Kimberly hands Theresa a coke. Theresa takes it not taking her eyes off the Interstate sign.

THERESA

Thanks ...

KIMBERLY

What...?

THERESA

My Dad lives in Colorado Springs.

KIMBERLY

Hmm.

THERESA

I just wish he would find someone.
He's been so lonely since Mom
passed.

KIMBERLY

I'm sure he will. He's a very
handsome man. Especially for his
age.

THERESA

Yes, he is... Wait a minute.

Theresa turns towards Kimberly.

THERESA

How do you know my father's a
handsome man?

Kimberly's jaw drops.

THERESA

Kimberly...?

KIMBERLY

Lucky guess?

THERESA

(steely-eyed, firm)
How do you know that -- ?

KIMBERLY

Okay - fine! He was a client of
mine. The night we met in the Uber,
I was on my way to meet him for --

THERESA

No! No! He wasn't expecting anyone.
When I went to his room he was just
watching TV.

KIMBERLY

He texted me in the Uber right
after you called him. Look, I'm ...

Theresa walks off towards a railing surrounding the perimeter
of the rest-stop. She angrily hurls her coke in the air.

THERESA

Jesus!

KIMBERLY

Uh - oh.

Theresa turns towards Kimberly.

THERESA

You waited six days to tell me that
my Dad was a sex pervert!?

KIMBERLY

Well, that's a bit insulting.

THERESA

He deserves it!

Theresa turns back around, grips the handrail.

KIMBERLY

I meant to me.

THERESA

Six days! I shared all kinds of
things with you! How could you not
have told me!?

KIMBERLY

I said I was sorry. And you should
know that we nev --

THERESA

I am so angry at you right now!

Kimberly shakes her head - she's had enough.

KIMBERLY

Yeah, well maybe it's not me you're
angry it. Maybe it's your Dad.

Theresa turns back around and stares down Kimberly - if looks
could kill.

THERESA

What?

KIMBERLY

Maybe you're angry at him because he doesn't want you to become a Nun.

THERESA

Careful...

KIMBERLY

Because he knows that you're not doing it because of your commitment to God.

THERESA

That's enough.

KIMBERLY

That you're becoming a Nun to because of your commitment to Miguel. Because you're running away from life.

THERESA

Enough!

KIMBERLY

You ever think of that - Sister?

THERESA

Every day for the last six years!

Theresa turns and storms back towards the RV.

THERESA

I'll take you to Los Angeles. But I don't want you up front with me.

INT. SMALL RV - COLORADO INTERSTATE - DAY (TRAVELING)

Theresa at the wheel, laser-focused on the road.

Kimberly, earbuds in her ears, sits up in her bed at the rear of the RV browsing through screens on her phone.

A freeway sign reads: "COLORADO SPRINGS: 180 MILES."

EXT. LUIS ORTIZ RESIDENCE - CURB SIDE - DUSK

The RV pulls up to the curb adjacent to a multi-million dollar home.

INT. SMALL RV (PARKED) - DUSK

Theresa puts the RV in park.

THERESA
I'll only be about a half-hour.

Kimberly, still in the back bed, earbuds still in, doesn't respond - still scrolling through her phone.

THERESA
Fine.

EXT. LUIS ORTIZ RESIDENCE - DUSK

Theresa at the front door - knocks. No response.

She turns the handle, pushes the front door open.

THERESA
Dad...?

INT. LUIS ORTIZ RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

A large home, expensively furnished. But also somewhat of a shrine to MARIA ORTIZ, Luis' deceased wife.

A large portrait of her hangs above the fireplace.

On a small antique table, a wedding portrait of her and Luis. The flame from a small religious candle flickers in a glassed-stained candle holder next to the picture.

Several framed family photos of Maria, Luis and Theresa adorn the walls.

THERESA
Dad, it's me.

EXT. LUIS ORTIZ RESIDENCE - CURBSIDE - DUSK

Kimberly, her purse strapped over her shoulder, packed duffel bag in her hand steps out of the RV.

She sets the duffel bag down and retrieves her smartphone from her purse - looks at the screen. She then glances up and down the street.

INT. LUIS ORTIZ RESIDENCE - RECREATION ROOM - DUSK

Theresa stares through sliding glass doors at the back of Luis sitting in a lawn chair on the patio.

Cigar smoke wafts in the air.

EXT. LUIS ORTIZ RESIDENCE - CURBSIDE - DUSK

An UBER CAR pulls up. Kimberly opens the rear passenger door and enters.

EXT. LUIS ORTIZ RESIDENCE - BACKYARD PATIO - DUSK

Luis still in his chair. A cigar slowly burns in an ashtray on a table next to him as he sips a cup of espresso.

Theresa nervously paces in front of him.

THERESA

And how many times did you see her?

LUIS

Four. I take that back. Three. You kind of upended the fourth.

THERESA

What were you thinking? You know it's a sin.

LUIS

My private life is not your concern.

THERESA

Of course it is. Dad, I know you're lonely. But there are healthier ways - moral ways - to handle, um, well you know.

LUIS

My urges?

THERESA

(grimacing)
I guess.

A chuckle from Luis.

THERESA

What's so funny?

Luis pats the top of a chair next to him.

LUIS

Sit.

THERESA

Promise me you're going to stop.

LUIS

Sit.

Theresa relents, takes a seat next to Luis.

LUIS

Your mother and I started dating when we were fifteen. We got married at twenty. I've never loved anyone else. You know that.

THERESA

I know.

LUIS

And I haven't been with anyone else.

THERESA

I know... Wait. But you have.

LUIS

I never slept with the girl.

THERESA

What?

LUIS

Listen, I get anxiety just thinking about talking to a woman in a romantic context. All I've known is your Mom. I just thought that if I could practice with someone.

THERESA

Practice?

LUIS

I don't want to be indelicate, but some of these, well - service providers, offer individuals who will assume the role of a date if you will.

THERESA

The Girlfriend Experience.

LUIS

How on earth do you know about that?

THERESA

Doesn't matter. Go on.

LUIS

So, all we had was dinners and conversation. She pretended to be interested in me and I pretended not to be an idiot. And it worked.

THERESA

Worked?

LUIS

I have a date tonight. Do you remember Elizabeth Denton?

THERESA

From the choir?

Luis nods.

LUIS

Indeed.

Luis checks his watch.

LUIS

Speaking of which, I need to get ready.

(standing)

Would you like to come? I'm sure she'd be happy to see you again.

THERESA

No. I have someone I need to apologize to and I'm already two days behind schedule on this trip.

Theresa moves forward and embraces Luis. He returns the gesture.

THERESA

Daddy, I know that you think I'm only joining the convent to escape heartache.

LUIS

I just thought --

THERESA

Sssh. I just want to let you know that I realize that it is a possibility.

(breaking the embrace)

Trust that I am considering everything?

LUIS
Yeah... okay.

Luis kissed Theresa on the forehead.

LUIS
Trust that I am not overrun by
prostitutes?

Theresa laughs.

THERESA
Okay.

EXT. LUIS ORTIZ RESIDENCE - CURBSIDE - DUSK

Theresa enters the RV.

THERESA
Kimberly...

And looks around. She notices the back bed is made and that
Kimberly's stuff is missing.

She turns, spots a NOTE on the driver seat. She picks it up.

INSERT NOTE: I'VE TAKEN AN UBER TO THE AIRPORT. HOPE YOU FIND
YOUR ANSWERS. LOVE, KIMBERLY.

THERESA
Ahhh....

INT. COLORADO CITY AIRPORT - NIGHT

A small city terminal. The type where you take stairs to
board your plane.

Theresa hustles in through glass doors. She turns her head on
a swivel - searching.

THERESA
Kimberly! Kimberly!

KIMBERLY (O.S.)
Over here.

Theresa turns - spots Kimberly, duffel bag in her lap.
Theresa walks over.

KIMBERLY
What are you doing here?

THERESA
Humbly apologizing.

KIMBERLY
Humbly? Cause it's going to take
humble.

Theresa nods.

EXT. DIVINE PROVIDENCE CONVENT - MORNING

A modest building is an urban area with a single white cross on the roof.

Sullivan and Hector, dressed as mechanics, are walking away from the front door towards their parked sedan.

SULLIVAN
Next?

INT. SMALL RV - UTAH INTERSTATE - MORNING (TRAVELING)

Theresa at the wheel. Kimberly in the passenger seat mindlessly gazing out the window.

She spots a freeway sign: "DEAD HORSE STATE PARK - 5 MILES."

KIMBERLY
Oh, my God! Oh. My God!

THERESA
(startled)
What!?

KIMBERLY
Dead Horse State Park. That's where they shot the last scene for Thelma and Louise.

THERESA
And...?

KIMBERLY
That was my last audition.

THERESA
Thelma and Louise?

KIMBERLY
They were going to turn it into an off-Broadway play.

THERESA
They were going to try and turn a road-trip movie into a play?

KIMBERLY
Yeah, but they couldn't get
funding.

THERESA
I can't imagine why.

KIMBERLY
Can we stop and see it?

THERESA
We're nearly two days behind now.

Theresa glances at Kimberly's little girl, pouty face.

KIMBERLY
It would really help cement the
apology.

Theresa exhales between pursed lips.

EXT. DEAD HORSE POINT STATE PARK - DAY

Magnificent red and orange cliffs and rock formations carved
by history under a perfectly blue sky.

The RV's parked at the exact location Thelma and Louise drove
their convertible into the canyon.

INSIDE THE RV

Theresa holds Kimberly's smartphone in her hand and Kimberly
holds Madam Tess's smartphone in her.

Both of them are open to the script page for the final scene
in Thelma and Louise.

KIMBERLY
You ready?

THERESA
I don't know. I'm a horrible
actress.

KIMBERLY
Tell me, how many times in your
life do you think you'll get a
chance at doing this?

THERESA
Fine.

KIMBERLY
Okay, you'll be Louise. And I'll --

THERESA
Why can't I be Thelma?

KIMBERLY
Because you're a Nun. Louise was played by Susan Sarandon and Susan Sarandon played a Nun in Dead Man Walking. Get it?

THERESA
(with an eye roll)
Yes, it's so obvious now.

KIMBERLY
Plus you're much older than me.

THERESA
Noted.

KIMBERLY
Okay, turn the engine on.

THERESA
Because?

KIMBERLY
In the movie, the car's running. Do you want this to be realistic or not?

Theresa shakes her head, turns the engine on. Kimberly messes up her hair to make it appear wind-blown.

KIMBERLY
Okay - ready?

Theresa takes a deep breath and nods. Kimberly cups her hands to the side of the mouth like a megaphone.

Note: For this scene, Theresa delivers her lines in a wooden and stilted manner. Conversely, Kimberly will embody the role completely - you'll think she's Geena Davis.

KIMBERLY (AS POLICE)
I repeat, cut your engine off and put your hands in plain view.

KIMBERLY (AS THELMA)
Now what?

Theresa doesn't respond at first. Kimberly adamantly points to the phone.

THERESA

Oh - sorry.

Theresa stares at her phone.

THERESA (AS LOUISE)

We're not giving up, Thelma.

KIMBERLY (AS THELMA)

Okay, listen. Then let's not get caught.

THERESA (AS LOUISE)

What are you talking about?

Kimberly's eyes tear up as a desperate smile crosses her face. Theresa's stunned by Kimberly's immersion in the role.

KIMBERLY (AS THELMA)

Let's keep going.

THERESA (AS LOUISE)

What do you mean?

Kimberly nods towards the canyon.

KIMBERLY (AS THELMA)

Go.

THERESA (AS LOUISE)

You sure?

Tears now streak now Kimberly's face as she smiles.

KIMBERLY (AS THELMA)

Yeah. Hit it.

Kimberly reaches over and clasps Theresa's hand. There is genuine love and admiration in her eyes.

Kimberly, eyes misty, brings their joined hands up together, in a gesture of triumph - just like in the movie.

They stay there a moment, eyes frozen on the canyon.

KIMBERLY

You're a good friend.

Theresa looks at her phone screen - confused.

THERESA

I don't have a line here.

KIMBERLY

I know.

A ROAR from the engine as Theresa floors it.

Kimberly SCREAMS as it takes a moment for her to realize that the RV is in park. Theresa laughs - proud of her prank.

KIMBERLY

You're horrible!

THERESA

You said you wanted it to be realistic.

Kimberly removes her compact mirror from her purse, starts to pat her hair back down into place.

THERESA

You're a very good actress. I mean it. You are impressive.

KIMBERLY

Thanks...

THERESA

And a good friend.

EXT. SERVANTS OF MARY CONVENT - LOS ANGELES - DAY

A large, white and red-bricked two-story building surrounded by an adobe-style fence.

Sullivan and Hector, still dressed as mechanics, at the front door speaking to SISTER AGNES (50).

SISTER AGNES

Yes, I'm told it should arrive tomorrow.

SULLIVAN

Hmm. For some reason, our records indicate that it was already here.

SISTER AGNES

They're running a bit late. I'm so sorry for your troubles.

SULLIVAN

Not at all, sister. It would be our pleasure to come back.

CURBSIDE - OUTSIDE THE CONVENT WALL

Hector leans against a sedan. Sullivan paces on the sidewalk, phone to his ear. He ends the call, opens the driver-side door of the sedan.

SULLIVAN

Get in. Tess said that she got a ping from Utah. They're only a day away.

HECTOR

Where we going?

SULLIVAN

To get provisions. Food, water and about a case of five-hour energy drinks since I can't trust your lazy ass to stay awake.

EXT. LAKE MEAD RV PARK, NEVADA - NIGHT

Desert landscape overlooking Lake Mead. A million stars in the sky. A pleasant desert breeze in the air.

Outside the RV, Theresa and Kimberly sit in small folding chairs, each with a glass of wine in hand.

Kimberly has her phone to the ear with her other hand.

KIMBERLY

(into phone)
Thanks, Grandma.
(listening)
I will... Love you too.

Kimberly ends the call, wipes a tear from her eye.

THERESA

Everything okay?

Kimberly shakes her head.

KIMBERLY

They think maybe he only has three months. Four tops.
(a beat)
I don't do well at funerals. When the time comes you think you could...?

Theresa reaches over, squeezes Kimberly's hand.

THERESA
Yeah, of course.

Kimberly exhales - looks out over the lake.

KIMBERLY
I want to be an actress so bad. My Grandpa used to tell me that you can be anything you want to be. But that isn't true, is it?

Theresa takes this in - thinks.

THERESA
No. It's not. But I'll tell you what is true. You don't have to be anything you don't want to be... Do you understand?

Kimberly nods.

KIMBERLY
And what about you? Have you decided what you're going to do?

Theresa takes in a sip of wine, gazes at the stars.

THERESA
I have.

INT. SEDAN - CURBSIDE - NIGHT

Parked just outside the Servants of Saint Mary's Convent. It's crammed with food wrappers and empty soda bottles.

Hector sleeps in the reclined passenger seat.

Sullivan in the driver's seat, hopped up on five-hour energy drinks - watching - listening.

EXT. SERVANTS OF MARY CONVENT - LOS ANGELES - DAY

The Small RV pulls up curbside. First, Theresa exits the driver's side, stretching her arms in the air.

Then Kimberly exits - does the same. They both start towards the convent. Just as they reach the gate --

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
Hello, Kimberly.

Startled, Kimberly and Theresa turn around. Now face to face with Sullivan and Hector.

THERESA
 (fearful)
 Who are they?

KIMBERLY
 (pointing)
 That's Hector.
 (pointing)
 And that is Detective Patrick
 Sullivan.

SULLIVAN
 Give me the God damn phone,
 Kimberly and no one will get hurt.

THERESA
 Is that the man you told me about?

SULLIVAN
 What did you tell her?

Kimberly approaches Sullivan, places her hand on his cheek.

KIMBERLY
 I told her that we were meant to be
 with each other. I told her I made
 a mistake. I was going to go back
 and be with you. I realize now that
 we were meant for each other.

SULLIVAN
 Really...?

KIMBERLY
 No! See - that's acting. That's
 what you paid me to do.

THERESA
 (to herself)
 Ah...G-F-E.

SULLIVAN
 You slut!

Sullivan raises his hand to strike Kimberly. Just in time,
 Hector wraps his hand around Sullivan's forearm.

SULLIVAN
 Don't even think about it --

WHACK - WHACK two rapid punches to Sullivan's face. He hits
 the ground like a sack of potatoes. Hector turns towards
 Theresa and Kimberly.

HECTOR

Sorry you had to see that.

KIMBERLY

I bet you wanted to do that for a long time.

HECTOR

About two thousand, eight-hundred miles - give or take.

Sullivan somehow gets to his knees and then to his feet. He clenches both hands into fists. Approaches Hector from behind.

SULLIVAN

You fucking low-life beaner.

Hector spins and leg whips Sullivan in the torso. Sullivan bends over in pain. THUMP - THUMP - THUMP - rapid-fire punches to Sullivan's mid-section and face, the last punch landing squarely on his jaw.

Sullivan's eyes flutter as he falls backwards, landing spread-eagle on the ground. Down - and this time - out.

KIMBERLY

You came with him to protect me?

HECTOR

(points at Theresa)
Her.

Hector reaches neath his shirt and pulls out a gold Latin Cross attached to a chain.

HECTOR

I wasn't going to let him mess with a Nun.

Kimberly gives a little girl pout.

THERESA

Scoreboard. Nuns two, Hookers one.

HECTOR

Okay, maybe I didn't want him to mess with either of you.

Kimberly shoots a smug smile at Theresa.

HECTOR

But I am going to need you to give me Tess's phone, Kimberly.

KIMBERLY
No. I'm still mad at her.

HECTOR
Look, she was going to pay you five-thousand for it.

KIMBERLY
I don't need the money.

Theresa gives Kimberly a - *really* - look.

KIMBERLY
I have mentioned to you that I get five-hundred a pop, haven't I?

HECTOR
What if we made Tess donate it?
(looks at Theresa)
To Saint Anthony's?

MOMENTS LATER

Kimberly and Theresa watch as Hector wraps a seat belt around a very groggy Sullivan in the passenger seat of the sedan.

KIMBERLY
Now what?

THERESA
I have a red-eye back to New York tonight.

KIMBERLY
I guess I need to go find a place to stay.

SISTER AGNES (O.S.)
Sister Theresa!

Sister Agnes is at the convent door. She waves then starts towards Theresa and Kimberly.

THERESA
(re: the convent)
I'm sure they would shelter you for a few nights.

KIMBERLY
I'm sure you know by now I don't require shelter.

THERESA
Yes.. I do.

Sister Agnes arrives.

SISTER AGNES
How was your trip?

Theresa looks at Kimberly and smiles.

THERESA
Eventful.

Kimberly hands her smartphone to Sister Agnes.

KIMBERLY
Hey, do you think you could take a picture.

SISTER AGNES
Sure ... Stand over there.

Theresa and Kimberly stand with the convent in the background. They put their arm over each other's shoulder.

SISTER AGNES
Okay.... Smile.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Modest and understated.

SUPER: FIVE YEARS LATER

Theresa at a desk tapping away on a computer keyboard.

THERESA (V.O.)
(as she types)
*... And what started as a chore,
became one of the more important
journeys of my life. A journey that
made me stronger yet made me more
vulnerable.*

Theresa leans back in her chair. As she stretches she catches sight of the clock on the wall.

THERESA
Goodness.

Theresa stands and scurries out and enters --

INT. SAINT ANTHONY'S CONVENT - MAIN ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Sister Beth, Sister Anna and Mother Superior on one small sofa. Two other NUNS sit on another sofa.

They all face a flat-screen TV mounted on the wall - MUTED, playing a commercial.

THERESA
Has it started yet?

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Just about to.

Theresa takes a seat next to the two Nuns. Mother Superior points the remote at the TV.

ON THE TV:

A lighthearted theme song plays over different shots of classic Los Angeles icons: the HOLLYWOOD SIGN, CITY HALL, PACIFIC OCEAN and the like.

The words: *ON A ROLL* appear on the screen. Followed by:

- Starring: PETER HAWKINS as Tommy Toronado.
- KIMBERLY JONES as Valerie Vincent.

BACK TO SCENE

All of the Nuns clap in unison the minute Kimberly's name appears on screen.

ON THE TV:

The TV screen fades to a shot of Kimberly, playing a waitress at a diner. She picks a single dollar bill and a handwritten note on a vacated table - stares at the note.

SISTER ANNA (O.S.)
There she is.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (O.S.)
Ssssh.

KIMBERLY ON SCREEN
Ah, geez.

An actress playing an OLDER WAITRESS enters the diner.

OLDER WAITRESS
What?

Kimberly holds up the note.

KIMBERLY ON SCREEN

It says if you want a bigger tip,
less dressing.

OLDER WAITRESS

He didn't order a salad.

KIMBERLY ON SCREEN

He wasn't talking about his salad.
(points at her uniform)
He was talking about me.

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER from a laugh track.

BACK TO SCENE

The Nuns smile as they watch, most notably - Theresa.

INT. SAINT ANTHONY'S CONVENT - DORMITORY AREA - NIGHT

A very long room - almost like a corridor, with a dormitory style bed arrangement. Eight small beds in a neat row, eight small dressers on the wall opposite each bed.

Theresa sits on the last bed, a smartphone to her ear.

THERESA

(into phone)
Yes, we all saw it.

INT. LUXURY CONDO DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DUSK

KIMBERLY

And...?

INTERCUT BETWEEN THERESA AND KIMBERLY

THERESA

You were wonderful. Sister Anna
didn't even take a cigarette break.

KIMBERLY

High praise, indeed. Hey, did you
all get the phones?

Theresa looks down the long room. Several of the Nuns are fiddling around with state of the art smartphones.

THERESA

We did. You didn't need to do that.
Our old ones were just --

KIMBERLY

How are you doing on your book?

THERESA

Good, good - nearly done. Although I don't know if it is any good.

KIMBERLY

I can't wait to read it. Hey, I'm coming to New York at the end of the month for a promo. Make sure you wrap it up by then.

THERESA

I don't know about the book, but dinner would be great.

A BEEP is heard on the phone.

KIMBERLY

Crap. That's my agent. Call you back?

THERESA

Yes, sure.

KIMBERLY

Okay, love you.

THERESA

Yeah, you too.

Theresa ends the call. Sucks in her lip - thinks. She leaves the room and moments later re-enters the -

OFFICE

She takes a seat at the desk, takes a breath then resumes typing.

THERESA (V.O.)

(as she types)

A journey that made me ask more questions, yet strengthened my resolve. Made me less certain, yet made me wiser. A journey that...

Theresa leans back in her chair - thinks as she looks at the corner of her desk. Her ELVIS GUITAR KEY RING, on a small silver chain, is hung on the corner of a framed photo.

INSERT FRAMED PHOTO: Kimberly and Theresa in front of the Servants of Mary Convent - Kimberly's fingers making the devil horns above an unsuspecting Theresa's head.

Theresa smiles, returns to the keyboard.

THERESA (V.O.)
(as she types)
*A journey that provided a lifetime
friend... THE END.*

Theresa clicks the mouse and a page starts to print on a desktop printer.

Once it lands in the output tray, Theresa places the single page on top OF a stack of three-hundred other completed pages - her MANUSCRIPT. Theresa stands, heads for the door and takes one last look at her completed manuscript before clicking off the light - closing the door behind her.

FADE OUT