NUN Too Soon

(c) 2017. This work may not be used for any purpose without the expressed written permission of the author
FADE IN:

EXT. NEWPORT NEW JERSEY/WESTIN HOTEL - NIGHT

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

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

She reaches the hotel’s

TAXI STAND

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

Kimberly walks up.

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

THERESA
Not long. Maybe ten minutes or so.

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

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

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

KIMBERLY
Are you headed to New York?

THERESA
Yes. Lower Manhattan.

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

THERESA
That would be fine.

Awkward silence as they wait. Finally, their bodies are illuminated by the headlights of an approaching TAXI CAB.
The Cab pulls up to the curb. Kimberly and Theresa enter.

**INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT**

Theresa enters, slides across the passenger seat.

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

MAX THE DRIVER
Where to?

THERESA
Lower Manhattan. The Hugo Hotel, please.

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

MAX THE DRIVER
And you too, sweetie?

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

KIMBERLY
Go.

Max puts the cab in gear, pulls away.

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

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

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

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

KIMBERLY
Perfect.

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

KIMBERLY
Want some?

THERESA
That’s very kind. But, no thank you.
KIMBERLY
Suit yourself.

The Cab makes a right turn and heads into the entrance of
THE HOLLAND TUNNEL
And drives through the “EZPASS” lane.

KIMBERLY
So what are you going to town for?

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

KIMBERLY
Nice. What’s he do?

THERESA
He’s an investment banker.

KIMBERLY
God, I hate those pricks.

MAX THE DRIVER
Preach.

KIMBERLY
(to Theresa)
No offense.

Theresa nods.

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

THERESA
Not really.

KIMBERLY
Hmm. Occupational hazard I suppose.

THERESA
I don’t understand.
Kimberly looks at Theresa like she’s stupid. She fans her hand up and down her dress.

KIMBERLY
I’m a hooker.

THERESA
Oh, my.

KIMBERLY
Really? You couldn’t tell?

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

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

Kimberly rolls her eyes.

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

A pause...

THERESA
I’m a Nun.

MAX THE DRIVER
Hah!

KIMBERLY
Jesus Christ! Oh – Sorry.

THERESA
It’s quite alright.

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

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

KIMBERLY
Vatican Two?

MAX THE DRIVER
It’s a sequel to Vatican One.
THERESA
I wouldn't put it quite that way, but it's not entirely inaccurate.

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

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

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

THERESA
You make it sound like I'm an alien.

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

THERESA
We do.

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

THERESA
Of course I do.
(beat)
I'm a Nun. Not a Saint.

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

KIMBERLY
Well, this back seat certainly has everything that a man would want.
(off Theresa's look)
You know. That whole whore-Nun thing. Half the time, men want you to be a whore, half the time --

THERESA
It's Madonna.
KIMBERLY
Huh?

THERESA
It’s the Madonna-whore complex.

KIMBERLY
The singer?

MAX THE DRIVER
Hah!

THERESA
No, the Virgin Mother.
(a beat)
The complex is the distinction men
draw between the women they desire
and the women they respect. The
implication being that those two
categories are mutually exclusive.

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

THERESA
No, it’s from Freud.
(beat)
We do have more than the bible in
our toolbox.

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

THERESA
Theresa’s fine.

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

MAX THE DRIVER
The hooker thing.

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

MAX THE DRIVER
What?

THERESA
I don’t judge.
KIMBERLY
Is that the Priest’s job?

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

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

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

MAX THE DRIVER
Don’t forget that neither of you pays income taxes.

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

EXT. HUGO HOTEL - LATER

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

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

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

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

Theresa opens her purse, starts digging for money.

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

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

Theresa retrieves CASH from her purse, hands it to Max.
THERESA
That’s twenty two. Seventeen for my half plus tip.
(to Kimberly)
So, where are you headed?

KIMBERLY
Here.

EXT. HUGO HOTEL - NIGHT
Theresa and Kimberly stand facing the entrance, looking up at the hotel. The Cab, behind them, pulls away.

THERESA
You’re sure your client’s name was Joseph Wilson?

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

Theresa turns, stares at Kimberly in disbelief.

KIMBERLY
Right - right.

A moment of silence,

KIMBERLY
Well, this is certainly awkward.

THERESA
How much was he paying?

KIMBERLY
Five hundred.

Theresa looks at Kimberly with raised eyebrows - shocked.

KIMBERLY
Yeah, I’m that good.

THERESA
Or maybe he’s that bad.

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

THERESA
Regardless, we have a problem.
KIMBERLY
Look, that’s okay. I can just catch a cab back.

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

KIMBERLY
Service is the term we use.

THERESA
Service.

A moment passes.

THERESA
Are you hungry?

KIMBERLY
Famished.

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

KIMBERLY
Hooker. I’m fine with the term.

THERESA
Service provider. So deal?

KIMBERLY
Deal.

THERESA
Only one last thing to decide.

KIMBERLY
What’s that?

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

THERESA
Which one of us should yell surprise.

FADE OUT.