THE VIRGINS

An Original Pilot

by

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FADE IN:

OVER WHITE SCREEN

We hear Nickelback's "ROCKSTAR".

NICKELBACK'S "ROCKSTAR"
This life hasn't turned out quite
the way -

INT. MATTHEW'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Steam fills the upscale bathroom like a concert fog machine. We push in-

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Gorgeous, naked MATTHEW JACOBS, 33, leans his head against the cool tile. He pauses a second, gathering force before he turns off the faucet with a snap, grabs a towel.

CUT TO:

INT. VERONICA'S BEDROOM - SAME

VERONICA MURPHY, 26, beautiful, long dark hair, in lingerie, faces off with her plastic-sheathed WEDDING DRESS, hanging on the door frame like a decapitated bride.

CUT TO:

INT. OUR LADY CONVENT CHAPEL - DAY

Light streams down on Sister CLARE, 19, a stunning blonde nun in white habit, waking up on the hard chapel floor where she was praying, a nun's all-nighter.

She smiles and fondles the red bruises on her knees.

CUT TO:

INT. OUR LADY, MOTHER SUPERIOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

MOTHER SUPERIOR, 48, takes off her sleeping cap to reveal shaved hair growing back.

NICKELBACK
I'll even cut my hair and change my name-

CUT TO:
INT. MATTHEW’S BEDROOM – MORNING

Matthew stands in boxers and opens the closet door.

ON CLOSET

He takes a white starched undershirt from a neat stack.
He pulls his black pants on. Unfolds a black dress shirt.
His perfectly-shined shoes wait for him.

CUT TO:

INT. OUR LADY, MOTHER SUPERIOR’S BEDROOM – DAY

MOTHER SUPERIOR, now in white habit, ties the belt.

She catches her reflection in the glass of a portrait of the
Madonna holding Christ’s body after the Crucifixion.

Using it as a mirror, she finishes with her VEIL, tucking the
whispy nun regrowth in.

NICKELBACK
I wanna be great like Elvis,
without the tassels-

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. VERONICA’S BEDROOM – SAME

Veronica adjusts her bridal VEIL in the mirror. Her hands
shake.

Her FATHER CURSES in the next room.

NICKELBACK
Hire eight bodyguards who love to
beat up assholes.

Decision made. She reaches for her dress.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MATTHEW’S BEDROOM – SAME

Matthew looks at himself in the mirror. Impeccable.
Inscrutable. We’ll take him, even with the veiled look in his
eye.

He holds a WOMAN’S WEDDING BAND in his hand.
MATTHEW
Do you--? Do you--?

CUT TO:

INT. VERONICA’S BEDROOM - SAME

Alone, Veronica struggles with the back zipper on her wedding dress, doing a little jig. Almost up but not budging.

VERONICA
(trying different intonations)
I do. I do? I do!

The zipper pull comes off in her hand.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY AGNES’S BEDROOM

MOTHER SUPERIOR
(whispers)
Amen.

Mother Superior crosses herself as she finishes the prayer. She kneels at the body of dead MARY AGNES, 62, lying peacefully on a narrow bed. She kisses the corpse’s forehead.

Her face contorts with grief.

Mother Superior gazes out the window, trying to regain control of her emotions.

She sees Sister Clare of the All-Nighter staking tomatoes in the garden with the conviction of a career saint.

Mother Superior gently removes the wedding ring on Mary Agnes’s dead finger.

INSERT: the ring is engraved “I THEE WED.”

BISHOP LANDON (PRE-LAP)
Heavenly Father--

INT. ST. CATHERINE’S CATHEDRAL - DAY

BISHOP LANDON
-Bless this ring.

Veronica and Matthew stand at the altar, their backs to us. BISHOP LANDON, 50, officiates.
BISHOP LANDON
Do you, Veronica, accept Jesus Christ as your one true love? In poverty, chastity and obedience?

VERONICA
I do.

Matthew slips the wedding band onto Veronica’s finger.

We pan around to reveal that

MATTHEW IS A PRIEST, in collar, acting for Jesus Christ.

Veronica’s becoming a NUN, marrying Jesus.

Veronica beams, the picture of happiness.

VERONICA
(reciting)
“I am the bride of Him whom the angels serve, at whose beauty the sun and moon stand amazed."

In the emotion of the moment, Matthew and Veronica lock eyes. Matthew’s hand lingers on hers a moment too long.

She looks down, surprised. Realizing, he pulls it away.

But they both know there’s something there.

APPLAUSE.

Veronica looks out at the congregation: 40 NUNS in black habits and a few scattered CIVILIANS.

There’s no turning back.

INT. OUR LADY CONVENT, BEDROOM – DAY

Mother Superior pauses before the prospect of dead Mary Agnes’s FEET. They’re gnarly.

She clips the toenails.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
(false cheer)
You’re going to your beloved, Mary Agnes. Your honeymoon’s about to start.
Despite her positive words, tears slide down Mother Superior’s face.

PRIEST’S VOICE (PRE-LAP)
You are dead to this world.

INT. CATHEDRAL ANTEROOM – DAY

NUNS sing TE DEUM.

ECU: ELECTRIC CLIPPERS shave a WOMAN’S HEAD.

CU: The BURIAL SHROUD is unfolded and prepared by four NUNS.

CUT TO: A WOMAN’S POV looking up through the black cloth covering her face. Pinpricks of light, as if the dead could see and hear.

PRIEST’S VOICE (O.S.)
And your life is hidden with Christ in God.

Suddenly, the shroud is lifted by four NUNS.

We pull back to reveal not dead Mary Agnes, but VERONICA lying prostrate on the cathedral floor. Her head shaved, tears of joy, she emerges like a newborn in habit.

BISHOP LANDON
This marks the death of Veronica’s secular life and her rebirth as a bride of Christ.

Veronica presents herself to the congregation. She’s radiant. Matthew winces.

Sister URSULA, 31, a bridesmaid in black habit, notices.

INT. OUR LADY, BEDROOM – DAY

Mother Superior puts a letter in an envelope. She stands up from her writing desk.

In one smooth motion, she drops the letter on the floor, walks over to the open window, and takes a leap.

EXT. OUR LADY CONVENT GARDEN – DAY

Sister Clare stands back to admire a perfect tomato plant she’s just staked, when
Mother Superior's BODY makes impact THWUMP! and flattens the plant a few feet from her.

OFF CLARE, squashing a ripe tomato in her fist, staining her white habit as she decides what to do next-

NICKELBACK

    Hey, hey. I wanna be a rockstar.

    CUT TO WHITE.

CREDITS

FADE IN:

EST. OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS CONVENT - DAY

[Two kinds of nuns inhabit this world: the PRAY-ERS (white habits, silent) of Our Lady of the Angels, and the DO-ERS (black habits, active outreach) of the Daughters of St. Catherine. Completely opposite philosophies. The Sharks and the Jets, but we'll call them the "Angels" and "St. Cat's".]

Our Lady of the Angels is white habits, silent, rural.

St. Cat's is urban, modern, with black habits and chatter.

_EXT. OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS CONVENT, GARDEN - DAY

Birds chirp. It's a beautiful day. Clare (white habit) contemplates

MOTHER SUPERIOR'S DEAD BODY.

Suddenly she's aware of WHISTLING, getting louder.

Clare quickly drags a LAUNDRY DRYING RACK over to the BODY.

She adjusts a white sheet over the rack. It extends all the way to the ground, hiding the body.

MAILMAN

    You're new.

Clare whips around. The MAILMAN smiles at her through the 8-ft fence door slightly ajar. Then he makes a face.

MAILMAN

    Ewww!

Clare looks down. The body is hidden, but Mother Superior's HAND sticks out. Clare looks up in a panic.
MAILMAN (CONT’D)
Tomato stains are the worst--

Clare sees he means the tomato she squashed on her habit. She smiles full force back at the Mailman. He’s dazzled. (Most men are when they see her).

MAILMAN (CONT’D)
I know.
“Let us be silent that we may hear the whispers of-”

Clare SLAMS the gate in his face.

She leans against the closed fence and wills her breathing to return to normal.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CATHEDRAL BATHROOM - DAY

Alone, Veronica locks the bathroom door behind her. Panic attack. She pulls off her veil.

Her hair is short now (still gorgeous). She looks at the CROSS around her neck. What has she done?

INT. VERONICA’S HOUSE - DAY, FLASHBACK

Young Veronica, 8, stands in a white frothy first Communion dress with little veil. Her mother, JEAN, 33, smiles with pride and puts a cross necklace on her.

JEAN
This’ll be our little secret. You look just like a little bride!

VERONICA’S FATHER (O.S.)
Jean!

Jean pulls the door closed and regains her smile as young Veronica considers her reflection.

BACK TO SCENE.

There’s a POUNDING on the bathroom door.

TO BE CONTINUED.....