

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

INT - BARN - DAY

MARTHA

I've gotten the court's permission
to hypnotise her.

MOTHER MIRIAM

And my permission?

MARTHA

I'd like yours too.

MOTHER MIRIAM

We'll see about that. I haven't
decided yet.

MARTHA

The woman's health is at stake.

MOTHER MIRIAM

Her spiritual health.

MARTHA

I don't care about her spiritual
health.

MOTHER MIRIAM

I know you don't.

MARTHA

Sentence her and be done with it,
that's what you're saying and I...

MOTHER MIRIAM

I am saying Agnes is a beautifully
simple woman...

MARTHA

An unhappy woman...

MOTHER MIRIAM

She's happy with us and she could
go on being happy if she was left
alone.

MARTHA

Then why did you call the police in the
first place Mother, huh? Why didn't you
just throw the baby into the incinerator
and be done with it.

MOTHER MIRIAM

Because I am a moral person.

MARTHA

Bullshit!

MOTHER MIRIAM

Bullshit yourself!

MARTHA

Catholic Church doesn't have a corner on morality...

MOTHER MIRIAM

Who said anything about the Catholic Church...

MARTHA

You just said...

MOTHER MIRIAM

What the hell has the Catholic Church got to do with you?

MARTHA

Nothing...

MOTHER MIRIAM

What have we done to hurt you? And don't deny it, I can smell an ex-Catholic a mile away. What did we do? Burn a few heretics, sell some indulgences? That was in the days when the Church was a ruling body. We let governments do those things today. So what did we do to you eh? You wanted to neck in the back seat of a car when you were fifteen and you couldn't because it was a sin?

This time it is Martha who walks away and Mother Miriam who follows her.

MOTHER MIRIAM (CONT.) (CONT'D)

So instead of questioning that one rule...

MARTHA

(halting)

It wasn't sex. It was a lot of things, but it wasn't sex. You know when I was in the first grade my best friend was run over on the way to school, you know what the nun said? She died because she hadn't said her morning prayers.

MOTHER MIRIAM

Stupid woman... and that's all?

MARTHA

That's all? That's enough! She was a beautiful little girl.

MOTHER MIRIAM

And what has that to do with it?

MARTHA

I wasn't. I wasn't. She was the pretty one. She died, why not me? I never said my morning prayers. And I was ugly, I was scrawny, I had buck teeth and freckles all over my face, do you know what the nun called me, Sister Mary Clitus, called me Polkadot Livingston.

MOTHER MIRIAM

So you left the Church because you had freckles?

MARTHA

No, because I... yeah, yeah I left the Church cause I had freckles.