

ST.CASTRO ST.

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EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CASTRO NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY.

SUPER: **Summer 1982**

Perfectly-toned, insanely attractive men clad in 501 Levis, skin-tight t-shirts and mustaches cruise the streets of San Francisco's famous Castro District.

SISTER BETHANY (O.S.)
Mhhmmm hello there, sir.

INT. SISTERS OF THE BLESSED HEART CONVENT CHAPEL - DAY.

A small, simple chapel with five rows of pews on each side of an aisle - just enough seats for the nuns of the Sisters of the Blessed Heart convent.

SISTER BETHANY (30, book-smart, naive,) oogles the men through the legs of a St. Francis stained-glass window, drooling.

SISTER BETHANY
Oh, and how do you do, sailor?

SISTER SARAH (O.S.)
Sorry, Sis. You're not their type.

Another nun, SISTER SARAH (30, spit-fire, sensitive,) sits on the floor crossed-legged, meditating.

SISTER BETHANY
Because I'm a woman?

SISTER SARAH
And celibate.

SISTER BETHANY
Ugh, fair. God, I miss sex.

SISTER SARAH
Mind over matter, Sister Bethany.

SISTER BETHANY
First star charts, now meditating -
you're freaking Reverend Mother
out.

SISTER SARAH
Well she is a Gemini, so...

SISTER BETHANY
What's next, Sarah? A Ouija board?

Several other nuns file in for their daily Vespers. Sister Sarah jumps up from the floor. Bethany quickly wipes her lip smudge off the window. Both join the rest of the convent, stoically singing and chanting.

SISTERS OF THE BLESSED HEART CONVENT
 Deus, in adiutorium meum intende.
 Domine, ad adiuvandam me festina.
 Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui
 Sancto. Sicut erat in principio, et
 nunc et semper, et in saecula
 saeculorum. Amen. Alleluia.

Above Sister Sarah's bored expression and Sister Bethany's longing looks towards the window, the title card:

ST. CASTRO ST.

EXT. SISTERS OF THE BLESSED HEART CONVENT COURTYARD - LATER.

The nuns file out of the chapel and congregate in the spanish-style, beautifully lush courtyard.

Like high school, they separate into their cliques: the curmudgeon geriatric nuns, the homeschooled and socially awkward nuns, and the holier-than-thou wannabe saints nuns.

The outcasts, Sister Sarah and Bethany, pass out flyers.

SISTER BETHANY
 Remember everyone, GRID clinic bake
 sale tomorrow at Transfiguration!

Sister Sarah hands a flyer to a middle-aged (40 going on 90) nun, SISTER PAULA.

SISTER PAULA
 What's this?

SISTER SARAH
 Well, Sister Paula. Sister Bethany
 and I are raising money to open the
 first GRID clinic here in the
 Castro.

SISTER PAULA
 For that that gay cancer going
 around?

SISTER SARAH
 GRID, yes. Bake sale starts after
 mass at ten. Spread the word.

Sister Paula refuses to take a flyer.

SISTER PAULA
I pray nothing *else spreads* along
the way...

She poked the bear.

SISTER SARAH
I'm sorry. What did you say?

Sister Bethany rushes to deescalate.

SISTER BETHANY
What Sister Sarah's trying to say
is - GRID's not airborne, silly.
Maybe iatrogenically or
autochthonous? Oh, could be
zoonoses...

Uninterested, Sister Paula rejoins the holier-than-thou
wannabe saints nuns while Sister Sarah preaches to the room.

SISTER SARAH
Listen for the hundredth time, you
cannot catch GRID like it's the
flu, people. Trust us, we're
nurses. Sister Jane's halitosis is
more deadly, ok?

SISTER BETHANY
So, how's the meditation working
out for you?

OFF: SISTER JANE (60s, wrinkly with coke-bottle glasses)
checking her breath, embarrassed.

EXT. TRANSFIGURATION CATHOLIC CHURCH - AFTERNOON.

Church bells ring as the parishioners file out of the
historic, Neo-Gothic style Catholic Church. Sisters Sarah and
Bethany sit behind their homemade "GRID BAKE SALE" booth.

SISTER BETHANY
Bake sale! Come get some yummy
treats and for a good cause!

An ELDERLY WOMAN (80s) approaches.

SISTER BETHANY (CONT'D)
Hello ma'am. We got zucchini bread
and brand muffins and ambrosia
salad?

SISTER SARAH
What? It's hearty.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Is this for the soldiers?

SISTER SARAH
Soldiers? The war's over ma'am.

ELDERLY WOMAN
It is?

Clearly the woman is a little senile.

SISTER BETHANY
If it wasn't, Sister Sarah and I
would still be in the Army Nurses
Corp in Saigon.

The woman's still confused. Sister Sarah enunciates:

SISTER SARAH
We're raising money to open a GRID
clinic! Would you like to donate?!

ELDERLY WOMAN
Is this for the soldiers?

Sister Sarah's close to losing her patience. Time passes,
people walk by completely ignoring them.

EXT. CASTRO STREET - AFTERNOON.

Defeated, the Sisters walks towards the convent. They're
truly fish out of water on the street crowded with gay
couples and rainbows.

SISTER SARAH
How much did we make?

Bethany shakes a COFFEE TIN.

SISTER BETHANY
Ten bucks and a rosary. What do we
do with all this food?

SISTER SARAH
Give it away, I guess.

Two men (TOM and ROGER) stroll past, holding hands.

SISTER BETHANY
Excuse me, sir.

TOM
Just leave us alone.

ROGER
We get it, we're going to hell.

They cross the street.

SISTER SARAH
She was just wondering if you
wanted some ambrosia!

SISTER BETHANY
No one wants the ambrosia, Sis.
You're so tense lately.

SISTER SARAH
We gotta earn their trust. Let them
know we're not here to shove the
Bible down their throats.

SISTER BETHANY
Yea, they've got enough to shove
down already.

SISTER SARAH
Really?

SISTER BETHANY
What?! I'm jealous.

SISTER SARAH
This isn't a joke.

They watch a SICKLY YOUNG MAN passing by with noticeably
purple spots covering his sunken face.

SISTER BETHANY
You're right. What do we do?

SISTER SARAH
I have an idea.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL HOSPITAL LOBBY - LATER.

A typical, sterile environment with the usual POSTERS for the
flu shot and the warnings of diabetes. There's even a POSTER
with GRID symptoms.

The Sisters approach the very animated nurse at the front
desk, HERB (20s).

SISTER SARAH

Hi. I'm Sarah and this is Bethany.

RING RING. Herb picks up the phone, giving the Sisters the "wait" finger.

HERB

San Fransisco General Hospital.
Herb speaking (pauses to listen).
Well, we do know GRID spreads
sexually (pauses to listen) Yes,
that means orally too (pauses to
listen) For ten whole minutes?!
Fascinating. Are you doing anything
tonight? Ok! See you then. Wait,
what's your name?

He hangs up the phone.

HERB (CONT'D)

You're too late, honeys.

OFF: Sisters' bemused looks.

HERB (CONT'D)

Last Rites? Mr. Kim? Ringing any
bells? Doesn't matter. Massive
stroke. Yikes.

The Sisters' do an obligatory sign of cross. Then back to business.

SISTER SARAH

Oh, we're not here for Last Rites.
But I can see why you thought that.
We're actually here to volunteer.

SISTER BETHANY

Yea. We're nurses and nuns.

HERB

Can you fly, too?!

Sister Sarah forces a laugh.

SISTER SARAH

Flying nun! Never heard that one
before. About volunteering?

Herb can sense the in-genuine tone.

HERB

Henry's in charge of volunteers.

SISTER SARAH
Can we talk to Henry?

Annoyed, Herb leaves to check. *RING RING*. Sister Bethany can't help but answer the unmanned phone.

SISTER BETHANY
San Fransisco General Hospital.
Bethany speaking.

SISTER SARAH
What are you doing?!

SISTER BETHANY
Does the pus smell?(Pauses to listen) Uh huh, and would you consider the texture to be milky?

SISTER SARAH
Hang up, Bethany.

SISTER BETHANY
Well, good news and bad news:
sounds more like Chlamydia than
GRID. Either way, I'd get it
checked out.

She hangs up, proudly.

SISTER BETHANY (CONT'D)
She's still got it.

Herb returns.

HERB
Nurse Alvarez isn't here today.

SISTER SARAH
Alvarez? Henry Alvarez?

Henry nods. Sister Sarah's uncharacteristically timorous.

SISTER SARAH (CONT'D)
Ok, thank you. We'll get out of
your hair now.

SISTER BETHANY
Wait. Where can we find this guy?

HERB
He's like the unofficial official
mayor of the Castro, so literally
anywhere.

SISTER BETHANY
Any guesses?

We hear *LOUD BEEPS* as several people rush into a room including Herb.

SISTER SARAH
We'll just come back later.

EXT. SISTERS OF THE BLESSED HEART CONVENT COURTYARD - DAY.

The nuns keep their distance from the Sisters as they walk by. A young nun rounds the corner - meet SISTER MARY MARGARET (20s, immature, petty).

SISTER MARY MARGARET
It's a miracle! Sister Sarah and Bethany on time for Vespers.

SISTER BETHANY
Oh look. It's the Devil herself, Sister Mary Margaret.

SISTER SARAH
(faintly)
The power of Christ compels you.

SISTER MARY MARGARET
What did you just say?

SISTER SARAH
The power of Christ compels you.

Sister Bethany joins in the chant.

SISTER BETHANY
(crescendo)
The power of Christ compels you. The power of Christ compels you!

SISTER SARAH (CONT'D)
(crescendo)
The power of Christ compels you. The power of Christ compels you!

SISTER MARY MARGARET
Stop it!

Sister Sarah flicks holy water onto Sister Mary Margaret.

SISTER SARAH
Ego to abslovo in nomine patris --

SISTER MARY MARGARET
Stop! Or I'll tell Reverend Mother!

SISTER SARAH
Jeez. We're just kidding.

SISTER MARY MARGARET
Don't use the Lord's name in vain,
Sister Sarah.

SISTER BETHANY
You really need to get out more.

She cracks herself up.

SISTER BETHANY (CONT'D)
Get it? Cause you don't leave the
convent...ever.

SISTER MARY MARGARET
Real funny ha.ha. Oh! I almost
forgot, Reverend Mother's looking
for you.

SISTER SARAH
(nervous)
Is she?

SISTER MARY MARGARET
Yup and she doesn't look happy.

SISTER BETHANY
Does she ever?

INT. MOTHER SUPERIOR'S OFFICE. DAY.

Reminiscent of Mrs. Trunchbull from *Matilda*, a tall, robust
nun sits behind a desk - MOTHER SUPERIOR (late 60s).

SISTER SARAH
You wanted to see us, Reverend
Mother?

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Yes, sit down.

SISTER BETHANY
Is that a new habit? It really
makes your eyes just pop.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Stop with the flattery, Sister
Bethany. I'm shutting down your
GRID ministry.

