

"Dirty Habit" 81 MINUTES
written and directed by Bryan Root.
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DIALOG LIST

(Montage/Interior hotel hallway/crime scene)

LESLIE: ...I know how it works. You all get away with murder. That's right, you hide your face you motherfucker, you can't hide forever, I will see you in Hell, motherfucker, I will see you there! Hello! You can't fucking see me? Fuck!

(Scene Change: Ext. Syriso Hotel)

(Muted yelling by man and woman in room 231, followed by screaming)

(Leslie comes out of room 231 and walks quickly to elevator, pushes button.)

LESLIE: Steady girl, steady girl.

(Scene Change: elevator)

LESLIE: Jesus, fuck, shit, oh my God.

AMELIA: We're alright. Now, that scared the crap out of me. Excuse me.

LESLIE: Shit, shit, shit, I can't fucking believe this. Hello! Hello! Is anybody there? Hello! Fuck. Helloooo!

AMELIA: Is there an alarm button?

LESLIE: I, like, already pressed it. Hellooo! Hello!

AMELIA: Help!

LESLIE: Oh, you know, we might be able to get out through that hatch up there. If we could just get on top of the roof, we can open the doors from the outside.

AMELIA: I think I'm gonna wait.

LESLIE: Hello!! Get me the fuck out of here! Get me out!

(Montage)

LESLIE: I'm sorry, but if I don't smoke some rock this second, I'm gonna jump right out of my skin. You might as well know I'm a crack head, Sister. I mean, it's pretty obvious, right? Look at me. And you may as well know I'm a prostitute too. Just like your fucking Mary Magdalene.

AMELIA: I'm gonna pray for you.

LESLIE: Save your breath, Sister. I'm an atheist.

(Pause)

LESLIE: You know, I really don't want nobody praying for me, Sister. I'm serious. (standing) God hates me anyway.

AMELIA: What?

LESLIE: You heard me.

AMELIA: God doesn't hate you.

LESLIE: Alright, alright, whatever. I just don't want nobody praying for me.

AMELIA: Why?

LESLIE: Because, Sister, I'm an atheist and I don't want God knowing what I'm doing.

AMELIA: You should not be afraid of God. God certainly does not -

LESLIE: I said, no fucking praying on the elevator!!

(Scene change: Amelia with priest)

BISHOP: Amelia, please come in.

(Scene change: elevator)

LESLIE: What about you, Sister? What made you decide to become a Sister?

AMELIA: Well, actually, when I was about 10 years old, I read this magazine article on Mother Teresa. And I wanted to be just like her. I knew I wanted to help people.

LESLIE: You wanted to help people?

AMELIA: Yeah.

LESLIE: Really?

AMELIA: Yeah. And I still do. I think that's why we're here.

LESLIE: Oh. And then what happened?

AMELIA: I, I had some crushes on some boys. I guess my faith was tested a little. Well. It was tested a lot, but I guess

that always happens. And then I went to get confirmed and I told my priest all about this idea that I had about being a nun and he said to me, I will never forget this, he said to me, "Amelia, you have been called." Just like that. And then it's like there was this light. Suddenly, I felt this light, I felt like God was all around me and I heard this really big voice. Okay, it wasn't like this guy coming through the clouds with some big beard or something. It was just, it was just really clear. And I swear to God I'm a whole new person.

LESLIE: And then you got your period, right?

AMELIA: It was more than that.

LESLIE: Yeah, it was like the first time I smoked weed, not the first time I smoked weed, but like the first time I got stoned, I got my fucking period too. I was like, Phhhhhppp! Whoa, (looking down) what the fuck! You know, like, I thought I was being punished.

AMELIA: Maybe you were.

LESLIE: Right, probably. 'Cause, you know, everything just went downhill since then. I think, I think the weed was the 'catechist.'

AMELIA: A 'catechist?'

LESLIE: That's not the right word.

AMELIA: Oh, do you mean like the catalyst?

LESLIE: Yeah, yeah. Ten-dollar word, Sister. What were we talking about?

AMELIA: Oh, I was telling you about how I became a nun.

LESLIE: Oh, right. That must have been pretty boring 'cause I was like 'ding, next contestant! Thanks for playing!'

AMELIA: Okay.

LESLIE: Hello! We're stuck on the fucking elevator! Hello! We're stuck up here! Hello!

(Scene change: stairwell)

PROSTITUTE: Yo, what's wrong with the elevator?

CONSIERGE: It's been busted for a week and a half. Where you been?

(Montage)

(Scene change: elevator)

LESLIE: I wasn't planning on getting stuck on an elevator. Fuck, I wish there was a bathroom in here.

AMELIA: Hello!

LESLIE: I have so got to get the fuck out of here.

AMELIA: I don't understand why nobody's coming because there are clearly people in this building.

LESLIE: Clearly, people in this building don't want other people to know they're here.

AMELIA: Do you know someone here?

LESLIE: No.

AMELIA: So then how did you get that thing on your neck?

LESLIE: Well, Sister, let's just say this isn't a nice place.

AMELIA: No, it isn't. And that sound isn't helping, boy.

LESLIE: If they don't let us off this elevator real soon, I'm gonna pee right there.

AMELIA: Oh, I couldn't do that.

LESLIE: You got a better idea?

(Climbing onto roof, Leslie puts on Sister's hat, prays)

AMELIA: What are you doing?

LESLIE: Just playing around.

AMELIA: You be careful with that.

(Short time later, Sister peeing.)

AMELIA: Oh, praise Jesus.

LESLIE: You know about not going on anything electrical, right?

(Amelia, in elevator praying.)

AMELIA: Is something burning?

LESLIE: It's alright. It's just me. I was just having a smoke. (Jumps down) Where are you? Did you get out? Sister?

AMELIA: Yeah?

LESLIE: Where? How did you get up there?

AMELIA: What do you mean?

LESLIE: How did you get back up there?

AMELIA: What?

LESLIE: Are you fucking with me?

AMELIA: What?

LESLIE: You're fucking with me aren't you?

AMELIA: No, I'm not. Is something wrong?

LESLIE: No, just a second. That's good.

(Handbag talks)

BAG: Animam Edere (Latin for "give up the ghost")

LESLIE: Oh no. Not this again.

(Scene break)

LESLIE: Here, let me lift you up and we'll get your elbows out. There, got it? (Falling) Whoa, I'm sorry, Sister.

AMELIA: I'm just gonna take -

LESLIE: Hey! Whoa! Easy, Sister.

AMELIA: I'm sorry, I just wanted my habit back.

LESLIE: Yeah, okay. Forgot I was wearing it. Oh, I was doing one of those, "Hey, have you seen my hat?"

AMELIA: I like that.

LESLIE: Come on, Sister.

AMELIA: What's your name?

LESLIE: Leslie.

AMELIA: I'm Sister Amelia.

LESLIE: Sorry. About the drugs, Sister. I got a wicked habit.

AMELIA: You know, there's places where they help people get off drugs, help them get off the street...

LESLIE: I don't live on the street.

AMELIA: Oh, no, no, no.

LESLIE: I'm not a welfare case.

AMELIA: I know, I know.

LESLIE: You know, things are really good for me right now. They're so good, they're better than they have been in a really long time. There's just no reason to rock the boat.

BAG: Leslie, Leslie.

AMELIA: Is the man who did that to you here in this hotel?

LESLIE: I have a talking bag.

AMELIA: I'm sorry, what?

LESLIE: What, what? I'm sorry, what were you asking me?

AMELIA: I was just wondering who he is.

LESLIE: Who?

AMELIA: The man who -

LESLIE: Oh yeah, he and I, we go way back. Further than I'd like to go, really, with anyone.

AMELIA: Is he your...pimp?

LESLIE: Pimp? He'd like to think so.

AMELIA: Then why did he attack you?

(Leslie zips the Bag.)

LESLIE: Well, you know, the thing is, I was trying to get rid of him because that motherfucker, he treats me like dirt and I told him that. I said, "I don't need you,

motherfucker!" You know? Excuse me, Sister, but that's what I said. And of course, as soon as I say that, he starts being all nice and agreeable. Says, "why don't we kiss and make up," rolls out a couple of twenties, gives me a few. I'm a fuckin' hopeless crack head, so I just go along with it. I mean, why shouldn't I? If he's gonna pay like everyone else, who gives a fuck, right? And everything's going along just fine until that motherfucker tries to put it in my butt. And I'm like, "whoa, whoa," you know, "whoa," but he's not hearing me go "whoa." He's all full-speed-ahead like he's gonna show me who's in charge and he's not hearing me and he fucking raped me, you know? And that's just it. No one fucks me in the butt. Oh yeah, I know, I know from looking at you, you might think that a person like me doesn't have any standards, but I got pride too. And I don't take it in the butt, nobody fucks me in the ass. And that's just it, okay? So this motherfucker was way over my line, Sister. Pardon the potty mouth Sister.

AMELIA: I think it's horrible. And I think you could go to the police about something like that.

LESLIE: Yeah. I probably could have.

AMELIA: Why didn't you?

LESLIE: Well... I kind of handled it my own way.

AMELIA: What did you do?

LESLIE: Let's just say that I don't let a guy like that get away with fucking me. Without paying a lot of fucking extra. You know, like, a LOT extra.

AMELIA: What did you do?

LESLIE: What did I do? Oh, it's always my fucking fault, isn't it? It's not what I did, it's what he did. He tried to make it out like we had some kinda deal and that I hadn't come through 'cause he didn't...you know, and then he starts saying that he wants his money back. I can't give him that fucking money back, you know what I mean? I have to keep the money. And then he's all about "give me the money back," and "you didn't give me what I wanted" when me and him, we both know that motherfucker got exactly what he wanted. Fuck! I mean, I'm bleeding back here, Sister. Have you ever been sodomized?

AMELIA: No.

LESLIE: Yeah, I didn't think so. I did not fucking think you'd been sodomized, I'll tell you something though,

Sister. It's one thing when you're ready for it, but when you're not, it's like "whoa, whoa, good morning, good fucking afternoon, and good night!" You know what I mean? Fuck that motherfucker. And he actually had the nerve...fuck him. God, so finally, I just said to him, "okay. You wanna do this thing you want? Let me go in the bathroom and have a little smoke." So I go into the bathroom and, uh, Oh Boy, I took a nice, long, warm bath. And I took a folding razor and stuck it up my pussy. Yeah, that's right. That's just what that girl taught me, the one I was talking about, something else she taught me. So then I come out of the bathroom, right, and I come right up to him and I'm like...Hey! You wanna hear my story or what?

AMELIA: No, actually.

LESLIE: Yeah, well, you're gonna listen to my story. So I come out of the bathroom and I go right up to that motherfucker and I say, "hey, baby, you want me to take care of that for you?" So I goes up to him and I start going down on him, you know, Sister, like, SSSHHHHLLLLPphhh...And I got his balls right up here and I'm doing the whole "happy birthday, Mr. President" thing. I take the folding razor out and I grab him by the balls and I say, "you apologize right now or I'm gonna cut your fucking nuts off." And you think he apologized?

AMELIA: I should certainly hope so.

LESLIE: Well, that's just it. That was just his balls talking. I knew, I knew the minute that I let him go, he would try to kill me.

AMELIA: Well, you didn't do it, did you?

LESLIE: Yeah, I had to, Sister. I cut his nuts clean off...that motherfucker. And you know what? I took them with me too, because you know those doctors, those fucking doctors can sew that shit back on, I don't want nobody getting famous off of me. I got his balls right in here, jingle balls jingle balls. You want me to show them to you? (Sister runs to the door.) Do not freak out on me now Sister.

AMELIA: Help! We're on the elevator! I just don't want to know anymore about it okay? Can anybody hear us?

LESLIE: Well you asked me.

AMELIA: Help! I know that I asked you but now I don't want to know anymore.

LESLIE: Well now that I told you, you could go to the police, couldn't you? See that's the thing. If you and I hadn't ever got stuck on this fucking elevator together I would've never have told you anything and it would've been just fine. But since we're in here I've been confessing shit to you, I wish I never told you that. Why did I tell you that? Shit.

AMELIA: You should see a priest. A priest could really help you.

LESLIE: Oh yeah, that'd be rich, Sister. "Forgive me father, for I have sinned. Today I have cut somebody's nuts off." "Did you enjoy that, my girl? Did you enjoy being sodomized?" "No, father, I was raped." "Why don't I come in there and we can explore your sins more closely? Little girl?"

AMELIA: You know, you're very upset and no one can blame you.

LESLIE: I am not upset.

AMELIA: Okay, well, I'm not, I'm not saying that this guy didn't have it coming, I'm just saying that, well, I'm basically just saying that you have got yourself in a lot of hot water and, boy, I just think it would be the best thing to talk to somebody.

LESLIE: I am talking to somebody, Sister. And I don't want to talk to the police, and I do not want to a priest either. You know the fewer people we get involved in this, the better. Okay? I wish to hell I never told you.

AMELIA: It's okay..

LESLIE: What's okay?

AMELIA: I don't know what's okay, I just know that I don't know what I'm supposed to say.

LESLIE: Well I strictly do not give a shit what you say. Okay?! And it's not okay, alright?! (pause) You know, I'm really not a bad person, I've never hurt anybody before, Sister. It's just that he wouldn't admit that what he did was wrong and it made me so crazy.

AMELIA: I can see that. I mean I can see how...I think that it would make me very upset too.

LESLIE: Well ,I'm not upset, I'm not. I mean, I think you're the one who's upset actually.

AMELIA: Well I am, I am very upset!

LESLIE: Well, Sister, don't be. I mean, don't be upset, it's okay. You shouldn't do something if you're gonna stay upset about it, you know what my thing is? My thing is "don't get mad get even". And I got him. It's a victory, Sister. We got him, he's never gonna do anything like that again.

AMELIA: I don't know how you think you're gonna get away with this. I don't know how you think he's not gonna go to the police.

LESLIE: Really? Well he ain't gonna talk to somebody. He's not talking. So we don't have to worry about that. O.K.?

AMELIA: How do you know that he's not gonna go to the police?

LESLIE: I just fucking know, okay!!

AMELIA: How's he gonna explain it?

LESLIE: Just drop it Sister! I got it, okay! (pause) You want me to talk to a priest?

AMELIA: Somebody other than me. I'm a novice. I think a priest would be best. If you want. Help!

(scene change : exterior)
(back to elevator)

LESLIE: You think I'm going to hell, don't you?

AMELIA: I think that's between you and God, and I can't speak for Him.

LESLIE: Oh really. Did you ever wonder, Sister, if maybe we're already in Hell. Oh c'mon, like this isn't Hell, maybe this is Hell.

AMELIA: Were you raised Catholic?

LESLIE: How could you tell?

AMELIA: Well it seems you know an awful lot about it for a-

LESLIE: For a whore?

AMELIA: For a layperson.

LESLIE: A layperson, that is a really good one. You're so polite, Sister. What does that make you, a standup person? No, I know, a kneel-down person? You really don't know anything about the real world, Sister.

AMELIA: You know, I think that a lot of women who get into prostitution, well, they get into it before they know any better.

LESLIE: Yeah.

AMELIA: And I've also heard that a lot of women who are prostitutes were sexually abused when they were children.

LESLIE: No shit. Who died and made you an expert, Sister? I was fourteen, bet you can't guess who got my cherry.

AMELIA: I'm really sorry you have such sad memories .

HANDBAG: "I'm sorry you have such `sad memories."

AMELIA: What about your mother?

LESLIE: Did you hear that?

AMELIA: What?

LESLIE: I thought I heard a voice.

AMELIA: I didn't hear anything. Is somebody coming? Hello! Hello! We're up here in the elevator.

(Scene change: AMELIA with BISHOP)

BISHOP: Amelia, come in, please. Please sit down. (sitting) So...what's on your mind?

(Scene change: Elevator)

LESLIE: So, Sister, what would bring you to this lovely no-tell hotel?

AMELIA: I'm meeting someone.

LESLIE: Really?

AMELIA: It's not like that.

LESLIE: It's not like what?

AMELIA: It's not like, you know...

LESLIE: No, I don't, Sister. What is it not like?

AMELIA: It's not like what you do.

LESLIE: Oh, oh, you have a problem with what I do?

AMELIA: No, mm-mm. Well actually I have to say that I don't approve of what you do but we are taught to-

LESLIE: Hate the sin and not the sinner. To love all God's creatures...

AMELIA: Through prayer and good work.

LESLIE: So, who are you meeting? A man?

AMELIA: Yeah.

LESLIE: Oh yeah, I knew it was a man, Sister. This is no place for a Sister to be meeting a man.

AMELIA: I don't know why he wanted to meet me here, I don't even know what the rush was. I think, really, he didn't know what kind of a place this was and, and I think he really just had an old travel guide, probably.

LESLIE: That does sound very very suspicious to me, Sister.

AMELIA: He's just my friend.

LESLIE: Oh, you are so busted. He's your friend? I don't think so, Sister.

AMELIA: He's just my friend.

LESLIE: What did he do?

AMELIA: I can't talk about it.

LESLIE: Oh, I know, I understand. It's all very, you know, hush-hush isn't it?

AMELIA: He's a very powerful man and he has a lot to lose and we have a very special friendship.

LESLIE: I know, really I do, Sister, I know a lot about special friendships.

AMELIA: Please stop touching me.

LESLIE: Oh, what's the matter, c'mon Sister. Tell me, I mean, look at me. I spilled the beans. I told you everything, what's the deal?

AMELIA: There's no deal.

LESLIE: What did he do, Sister?

(Scene change: room 231, A and P)

BISHOP: So...what's on your mind?

AMELIA: What's on my mind?

BISHOP: Yes.

AMELIA: Well, gosh, it's nice to see you.

BISHOP: It's nice to see you too.

AMELIA: I don't really like meeting here, do we have to meet in places like this?

BISHOP: Do you have someplace else in mind?

AMELIA: Well, I was thinking that maybe we could go to the convent, or St. Ann's.

BISHOP: I don't think so.

AMELIA: Why not?

BISHOP: Well...

AMELIA: Rick...Rick, I'm really tired of hiding. I don't understand how I'm supposed to feel and I don't know what I'm supposed to do. And I feel like, I feel like Mother Catherine, she's starting to suspect something...Why are you laughing?

BISHOP: Oh, I'm sorry. Are you fucking with me?

AMELIA: No, no, I am not, no, I'm not.

BISHOP: Then what are we doing here?

(Scene change: Elevator)

AMELIA: One minute we were just sitting there talking, and the next, you know, everything was really matter-of-fact, and the next minute he was just taking my clothes off. It was like he was opening a bottle of wine or he was washing

his hands and I didn't ask for any of this. I didn't ask for one bit of it.

LESLIE: But you let him, Sister. You let him.

AMELIA: I don't know what I was supposed to do. He's a really good man, I didn't want him to be angry at me.

LESLIE: But you could move, couldn't you? Part of you wanted to move but that part of you was... yeah, I know how that feels.

AMELIA: I don't know if he was doing it because of something I had done. Or something that I'd said, because we talked a lot about a lot of different things and...well, he was acting really strange. But I just don't know if I led him on.

LESLIE: Are you attracted to him?

AMELIA: No. Not in that way, no. I never wanted this, I never consented.

LESLIE: So?

AMELIA: So I guess I need to just know how he settles this in his mind, because I really respect him.

LESLIE: Will you have sex with him?

AMELIA: No.

LESLIE: Sister, what if he does that whole washing his hands thing? The whole bottle of wine thing?

AMELIA: No, I'll just tell him "No". Would you please stop touching me?

(Leslie kisses her.)

LESLIE: Did you say that to him, Sister?

AMELIA: Did I say what?

LESLIE: Did you say stop to him?

AMELIA: I don't remember.

LESLIE: You know I'm not a lezzy, Sister, I just wanted to see what you were made of.

AMELIA: We're all weak.

LESLIE: No, we're not. We're not weak. I'm not weak, I'm a survivor. You're weak. You run around in that silly hat asking permission to buy pencils and doing everything you're told and saving yourself for what? So you can cave into this asshole and let him put his hands all over you like I just did? You're pathetic. And you're the only person that saw me apart from that motherfucker. I had a clean getaway until you came along, that's why I'm going to have to kill you.

AMELIA: Hellllloooo!!

LESLIE: Shut the fuck up!!

(Scene change: room 231 AMELIA and BISHOP)

BISHOP: How long has it been since your last confession?

AMELIA: Bless me, father, for I have sinned. It has been six weeks since my last confession. Even then, I didn't confess my sins, I lied.

BISHOP: Did your priest ask you directly about that which you lied?

AMELIA: Yes.

BISHOP: And you told him nothing?

AMELIA: I told him some things, but I didn't tell him everything. I left some things out.

BISHOP: Who was the priest?

AMELIA: He was Father Kingsley.

BISHOP: He won't harm you.

AMELIA: But, Rick, your Excellency. Isn't it a sin to lie in confession?

BISHOP: There's nothing that the Lord can't forgive. You're not lying now are you?

AMELIA: No.

BISHOP: Are you withholding anything in this confession?

AMELIA: No.

BISHOP: Have you had unclean thoughts?

AMELIA: No. Well, yes.

BISHOP: Have you touched yourself?

AMELIA: Yes.

BISHOP: In what manner did you touch yourself?

AMELIA: Just with my hand.

BISHOP: Go on. Just your hand?

AMELIA: Yes.

BISHOP: And was it enjoyable, did you get pleasure from it?

AMELIA: Only in a bad way. It made me feel ashamed, I am ashamed.

BISHOP: Did you come?

AMELIA: No.

BISHOP: Have you had sexual contact with anyone else?

AMELIA: Only with you.

BISHOP: And did you enjoy having sex with me?

AMELIA: No.

BISHOP: No?

AMELIA: Rick...

BISHOP: It's not Rick, okay? You really need to get that right. (standing at window) You know, Amelia, there are aspects of our faith that most people only experience in part. But since I met you that first day at St. Ann's, I've been immersed. I've been up and down. I've been in and out. And now, for the first time I see the whole thing. It's like the scales have fallen away and for the first time in my life I can see it. You're absolved.

(Scene change: Elevator)

AMELIA: Helloooo!

LESLIE: Shut the fuck up! You shut up, no one's gonna fucking hear you. You think if they were gonna hear you they would've heard you before?

AMELIA: It's O.K. I can help you.

LESLIE: How?

AMELIA: Well..

LESLIE: How could you help me?

AMELIA: I don't know, maybe you can tell me what you want me to do?

HANDBAG: I'm hungry...

LESLIE: Take your clothes off.

(Scene change: Room 231 AMELIA and BISHOP)

BISHOP: Do you love me?

AMELIA: Yes.

BISHOP: Yes?

AMELIA: Yes.

BISHOP: Oh, Amelia. You know, huge forces are working here between us. Some are for us, some are against us.

AMELIA: Rick, I-

BISHOP: Hush please just listen. For the past two days, my meditation has been full of revelations.

AMELIA: What do you mean?

BISHOP: I mean I've had a religious experience.

AMELIA: Oh yeah -

BISHOP: No, no, it's not like those other times. No, this is something completely different. It wasn't back here and it wasn't here. It was...it was real. And I realized that what I have taken as divine guidance my whole life has been nothing more than the machinations of my own mind -- my conscience. My conscience is nothing compared to this, this is something completely different. Amelia, we have been called.

AMELIA: We?

BISHOP: Yes. Yes, I asked for a sign about you, about us. And I got it. This, this voice and it wasn't like anything like me talking to you now, it was much clearer. It shook my whole body and I heard it through my bones.

AMELIA: Rick, I don't want to continue.

BISHOP: No, no, see, we have to continue. Just as we have, because I have it, I heard it. Lord strike me down if I didn't hear an angel. An angel said to me that I must be strong and resolute with you.

AMELIA: With me?

BISHOP: Yes, with you. And He told me that our love, what you and I have shared, is admissible. In fact, it pleases Him.

AMELIA: Really?

BISHOP: Yes, our place in Heaven is secure, but, we must be discreet. But I would have you know just as I know, I want you to know, that in our most private and beautiful way, we have pleased Him and that we should continue. Because God would not have created this if He didn't want it.

AMELIA: What about your vows? I think maybe it's wrong.

BISHOP: You know what? Damn it, this just isn't fucking working.

AMELIA: Please.

BISHOP: It was just a bad idea.

AMELIA: No, it's okay.

BISHOP: What, did you come here to castigate me?

AMELIA: I don't know what that means.

BISHOP: Did you come here to blackmail me?

AMELIA: No.

BISHOP: Because you can't prove anything.

AMELIA: I'm not trying to. Rick, I love you.

BISHOP: Oh, God.

AMELIA: I love you. I'm so confused about what's going on and I just need...

BISHOP: Oh, okay, alright. I hear you, I hear you saying you need. You need, you need. Here, just get the hell out of here.

AMELIA: No, Rick, please.

BISHOP: Take off the damn habit.

AMELIA: No.

BISHOP: Okay. I don't need it. I don't wanna see you anymore.

AMELIA: Ever?

BISHOP: Ever. And don't think I didn't love you because I always loved you. Goodbye.

AMELIA: What about the angel?

BISHOP: Well, apparently, He was wrong about you.

(Amelia exits room walks to elevator)

AMELIA: Fuck you! AMELIA

(Leslie exits elevator, Amelia enters)

LESLIE: There goes the neighborhood.

(Leslie enters Room 231. Amelia exits elevator. Garbled yelling from Room 231)

AMELIA: Rick?

BISHOP: She was from my old parish. That was it. I don't know how she found me. She must have followed me here. I just was trying to help her and then she, she tried to seduce me. I, I didn't have sex with her - and that made her very angry and at that point, she, she attacked me. She attacked me.

AMELIA: Where is she? Is she still here?

BISHOP: Of course, I may have left some bruises on her neck. Well... I was trying to protect myself. That's all. I restrained her. And then she calmed down and then she went to the bathroom. And then she cut her own throat. She killed herself, she cut her own throat with a razor.

AMELIA: Rick, we have to call the police.

BISHOP: No, damn it!

AMELIA: What do you mean, no?

BISHOP: It just can't be that easy. Oh, what a horrible fucking mess. Oh Jesus, what am I gonna do?

AMELIA: Look at me. Look at me. The police can help you. You didn't do anything wrong.

BISHOP: Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid. Oh Amelia, I'm sorry, I am sorry, I am sorry, I am so sorry. Stupid fucking bitch! If it was that easy, why didn't I just call the police already?

AMELIA: But you didn't kill her.

BISHOP: I can't prove that I didn't kill her.

AMELIA: But why? If you didn't do it...

BISHOP: Even if I could prove it? She's a prostitute, I'm a bishop, what the hell are we doing here?

AMELIA: Rick, you said yourself that she followed you. You were trying to help her. If you don't call the police, you're just incriminating yourself. You have to call them. I'll call them. Are you sure she's dead?

(Amelia enters bathroom)

BISHOP: Hear me O Lord, Give ear to my cry for help my king and my God for to Thee do I pray. (Bishop enters bathroom) Oh, this is a horrible fucking mess.

(Amelia exits , Bishop enters, bathroom)

BISHOP: This is where we test our mettle. I hope you didn't tell anyone where you were going.

AMELIA: I said I was going to the K-Mart. But I really think we have to call the police. I am so tired of lying about us. And I think maybe this is God's way of telling us that we need to confess our sins and ask forgiveness.

(Bishop exits bathroom)

BISHOP: We need some cleaning supplies. Wash her body. I tried to help her, I tried to resuscitate her. Fingerprints. No, no fingerprints, no cloth fibers, no hairs, nothing. And she has to be clean and then we can dump her somewhere.

AMELIA: Rick, this is so insane. We have to call the police.

BISHOP: Now, if I get caught, I'll just tell the truth. I'll just say that I didn't think anybody would believe me, I did it for the good of the church, which is true. I'm a bishop. I have to make certain personal sacrifices. Leave your clothes out here.

AMELIA: We have to be very careful.

AMELIA and FATHER overlapping: We can't let anyone come in here.

BISHOP: Tell them you need to stay overnight if you have to, but don't let anyone see your face. And above all, don't panic. This is all going to be okay.

(Amelia enters Room 231 bath. Leslie's body in tub)

AMELIA:

(Scene change: Elevator)

LESLIE: You know, I really don't want anybody praying for me, Sister.

(Scene change: Room 231 bathroom)

AMELIA: God forgive her. She didn't know what she was doing.

(Scene change: Elevator)

LESLIE: C'mon Sister, take em off. Do it. Get out from that fucking wall and take your clothes off.

AMELIA: You're a really angry person. You just go around blaming all your troubles on everyone else. You just go around blaming all your problems on your mother, on your father, on the church, on God. But you know what? Nothing's ever gonna get any better for you unless you start taking responsibility for your own problems.

LESLIE: Yes, Sister, you're probably right. Take your fucking shirt off and the tights too. You know? I do. I do blame other people for my problems, but at least I do something about it. At least I don't go around blaming myself for shit that's not my fault.

AMELIA: I don't need to take advice from you. You know that? 'Cause I, I am married to Jesus! And I don't walk around the streets taking money from total strangers and polluting my brain with drugs.

LESLIE: The hat too.

AMELIA: Boy, are you making me angry!

LESLIE: Good! Come here!

AMELIA: What are you gonna do, huh?

(Scene change: room 231 bathroom)

AMELIA: The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death I fear no evil for thou art with me. My cup runneth over. Surely goodness and loving kindness will follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in house of the Lord forever. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I know Father Dougal very well. He's very good man. Maybe you were in love with him. Maybe he was in love with you. I don't know... My mother used to say that we are all practicing Catholics. If we practice hard enough, one day, we'll be really good Catholics. Of course, she was -

LESLIE: UUUUUUGGGGGHHHHHH! (death rattle, Amelia screams)

(Amelia washes Leslie's hair)

(Scene change: Elevator)

LESLIE: HEY! Whoa. Easy, Sister.

(scene break)

AMELIA: What's your name?

LESLIE: Leslie.

(Scene change: elevator)

LESLIE: Stand right there. Face the other way. Okay, Sister. You listen to me. Take this, gimme your hand. Hold this. Now if you so much as move a muscle, I want you to slit your own throat, okay? Got it? You know that story I was telling you about me growing up? I got this feeling like you thought I was talking about my father. I wasn't, Sister. I never knew my father. The man who turned me into the town whore was the parish priest. See, my momma sent me off to a Catholic school hoping they might turn me into some kind of saint. It didn't work out. Here, put this on, your boyfriend will be thrilled. Now give me that. Give it to me.

AMELIA: He's not my boyfriend.

LESLIE: I don't care who he is, believe me. He's gonna like you better in that.

(Leslie seated smoking crack. Amelia laying down)

HANDBAG: I don't know how she found me. She must have followed me.

LESLIE: ...f or three years...'til I got pregnant. And then they were like, when I got pregnant, they were like "you're dead to us."

AMELIA: I'm sorry, those must be really terrible memories.

HANDBAG: She doesn't believe you.

LESLIE: You don't, do you?

AMELIA: No, I didn't say that.

LESLIE: You're back to the sad memories bit. "I've tried scrubbing and I've tried bleach..." I don't know why I thought it'd be any different with you, Sister. You're just cleaning up after the boys, right? Just doing your job? You're not the first Sister I've told believe me.

AMELIA: I didn't say that.

LESLIE: I know. You didn't say this and you didn't say that, but that's just it. It's when you don't say shit that shit happens. You know what they did for me back at Our Lady of the Sticky Washcloth? Guess.

AMELIA: I don't know.

LESLIE: They took care of my little problem. It was all very hush-hush. And do you think anything happened to that priest?

AMELIA: I don't know.

LESLIE: You don't know shit, do you? You really don't know, but I'll tell you. They all cared, oh! They were all such good listeners. They all listened and listened, but you think anyone did anything to help me? Do you think they tried to help me? The fucked-up thing is that I used to like going to church before I was a whore. You know that thing about the goat? Back in the old days, they used to take a goat, they'd have this big ceremony, and everyone would go put their sins into and onto the goat and then they'd turn

it loose out in the desert to die and whatever. And all their sins were supposed to die with it.

AMELIA: Yeah, but they don't do that anymore.

LESLIE: Hell, they don't. They just don't use a goat. I was that goat. Why do you think I told you that? Just for fun? It's a scapegoat, Sister. That's what I was. I'd go around telling all the mothers and fathers and they'd give me a pat on the head and a "polly, want a fucking cracker" and send me back around again until I came to the final superior who would say the same thing every time. "Well, we're sorry, but there ain't nothing we can do about that" Well, ding! Hello? I'm tired of being fucked. I am sick of it. Give me that cross. Come on, give it to me. This time, I am fucking everybody. I am going to fuck him and I am going to fuck you. This time's different, Sister.

AMELIA: What do you mean?

LESLIE: Let me tell you.

(Scene change: hotel bathroom. Amelia finds her crucifix in Leslie's bag.)

LESLIE: Run, Amelia.

(Amelia exits bathroom to bed.)

AMELIA: Where are my clothes?

(Amelia runs to elevator)

BISHOP: What are you doing? For God's sake, Amelia, look at you. Come on. Shh. Do you want us to get caught? I can't afford to be seen with you like this. Shh.

AMELIA: I... I think somebody took my clothes. I can't find my clothes.

BISHOP: Shhh! What?

AMELIA: I don't wanna go in there. I don't wanna go in there!

(They enter Room 231)

BISHOP: I cannot be seen with you. What's wrong with you?

AMELIA: Rick, what's going on? I'm so scared.

BISHOP: Are you on drugs?

AMELIA: No. You called me, remember?

BISHOP: Yes, just like always. Business as usual, right?

(Amelia goes into bath and opens shower curtain)

BISHOP: Amelia, what is the matter with you?

AMELIA: What do you mean, what's the matter with me?

BISHOP: You're acting so strange.

AMELIA: Where is she? What did you do with her?

BISHOP: Who?

AMELIA: The girl. The girl in the tub.

BISHOP: I don't know what you're talking about.

AMELIA: The girl, the dead girl. She was in the tub and you were...

BISHOP: Where are you going?

AMELIA: I want to see the room number.

BISHOP: It's 231.

AMELIA: I want to see it!

BISHOP: See? Okay.

AMELIA: Oh my God, what is happening to me?

BISHOP: Okay, alright, let's just calm down, okay? Everything is going to be okay. Just come over here, here, just sit. It'll all be alright.

AMELIA: Am I dreaming?

BISHOP: I think so.

HANDBAG: Father Dougal is here to take care of you.

BISHOP: Father Dougal is here to take care of you.

AMELIA: I dreamt that you killed a woman.

BISHOP: Oh? Maybe you just smoked too much cocaine.

AMELIA: Rick, I'm so scared.

BISHOP: Why?

AMELIA: Because these are her clothes.

BISHOP: And some very racy clothes they are, I might add.

AMELIA: And there was a photo. This is her bag! And there was a photo.

BISHOP: How about a nice warm bath? I think that'll pick you right up.

(intercutting, various as Amelia walks to bathroom)
(scene change to elevator)

LESLIE: This time it's different, Sister, cause this time I got you.

LESLIE: Run.

BISHOP: Where are you going?

AMELIA: I think I have to go.

BISHOP: You can't leave, you just got here. Why don't you tell me about that bad dream you had?

AMELIA: No, I don't feel very good.

BISHOP: Oh, come on. You can't leave.

AMELIA: Who are you?

BISHOP: What do you mean, who am I?

AMELIA: The girl. The girl in the elevator, she told me that you molested her when she was 14.

BISHOP: Molested? That's a strong word.

AMELIA: She said that you got her pregnant and that you didn't help her.

BISHOP: Well, she was a very, very nasty girl, wasn't she? She got all of us in a lot of trouble. Taught us how to love the sin, and not the sinner. And we all know that that is wrong, don't we? Right?

AMELIA: No.

BISHOP: What do you mean, no? What do you mean?

AMELIA: She was 14 years old, Rick.

BISHOP: Oh, for Pete's sake. What is this? Is this some kind of ploy to get money out of me?

AMELIA: No, I just wondered how you work it.

BISHOP: How I work it? Hey, I didn't come here for this. We have a deal. Now, if you think that you're gonna get more money out of me, you're wrong. This is what you get. Now take off your clothes and get into the tub. I wanna take some pictures.

AMELIA: Why?

BISHOP: Why? For my private meditation, what do you think?

AMELIA: She looked up to you. She thought you were gonna put her on the right path.

BISHOP: Oh, she was a poster child for original sin.

AMELIA: I don't know what that means.

BISHOP: She wanted it just as bad as I did.

AMELIA: She wanted to be a Sister. She wanted to go to the convent.

BISHOP: Yeah, well, you say that now, but at the time...

AMELIA: She did, it's true.

BISHOP: Yes, well, "many are called."

AMELIA: Will you stop taking pictures? I just want you to admit that what you did was wrong. It was wrong.

BISHOP: My conscience is clean, Sister. I went to confession this morning. I think you're the one who needs a little bit of absolution.

AMELIA: Stop it! Where did you get this?

(Scene change: hallway - L and P)

LESLIE: I'm gonna come right back.

BISHOP: Where are you going?

LESLIE: I don't wanna go in there.

BISHOP: Come on!

(Scene change: room 231 - Amelia and Bishop.)

AMELIA: Did you kill her?

BISHOP: I don't even know what you're talking about. You don't even know what you're talking about.

AMELIA: The girl.

BISHOP: The girl?

AMELIA: Yes.

BISHOP: In your dream?

AMELIA: No, the girl that was in the elevator. She was here and she was dead.

BISHOP: She is not dead, you stupid bitch. She's you.

AMELIA: No.

(scene change: elevator. Leslie slits Amelia's throat)

LESLIE: I'm sorry, Sister. I had to do it, you're just so fucking pathetic, you don't stand a chance.

AMELIA: No.

(Scene change: hotel bathroom)

BISHOP: She was someone from my old parish.

HANDBAG: She was from my old parish.

BISHOP: I don't know how she found me.

HANDBAG: I don't know how she found me.

BISHOP: She must have followed me.

HANDBAG: She must have followed me.

(Scene change: room 231 Amelia and Bishop [repeated])

BISHOP: I was just trying to help her. She tried to seduce me. I didn't have sex with her.

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AMELIA: Look at me. Look at me. The police can help you. You didn't do anything wrong.

BISHOP: Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid.

(cut to later scene)

AMELIA: Fuck you! Fuck you!

BISHOP: You are not going anywhere!

AMELIA: No, nooo!!

BISHOP: Hey, get in here.

AMELIA: Stop it, stop it!

BISHOP: Get in there now!

AMELIA: Help me!

LESLIE (V.O.): God, so finally, I just said to him. "O.K. you wanna do this thing you want? Just let me go into the bathroom and have a little smoke." SAY IT. Say it NOW! You say it or I will cut them off. I am not fuckin' around here."

BISHOP(V.O.): I'm sorry, I'm sorry...

LESLIE(V.O.): You think I believe? You think I believe you're fuckin' sorry?

(Scene change: hallway)

LESLIE: I will see you in hell, motherfucker, I will see you in hell.

(Scene change: elevator)

LESLIE: Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me. I once was lost, but now I'm found, was blind, but now I see.

END CREDITS:
MOTHERLODE PICTURES presents
REAGAN DALE NEIS
KIRSTY HINCHCLIFFE
and SAM ANDERSON

"DIRTY HABIT"

written and directed by BRYAN ROOT

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(Scene change: elevator/hall. Doors open. Amelia and Leslie pass)

LESLIE: There goes the neighborhood

AMELIA: Wait!

END CREDITS continue:

executive producer ANNA ROOT
producers ERICA STEELE
and REAGAN DALE NEIS... (see separate credit list)