

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A winding road. Below, churning surf. Headlights split the darkness. TIRES SQUEALING, the Ferrari shaves curves.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The Nun is buckled in. The Priest is not. She leans back in her seat. He crouches at the wheel like a race driver.

NUN

I'm amazed we got away with it.

PRIEST

Oh, ye of little faith.

NUN

Funds for a new school?

PRIEST

(nods)

In Zimbabwe.

NUN

Your babble about our poor little orphans. The suckers at the crap table ate it up.

PRIEST

And staked us nicely, too.

They laugh. Then, one eye on the road, he reaches into the glove compartment. And brings out a .38 caliber automatic.

Her eyes fly open.

NUN

What are you doing?

PRIEST

Narrowing the odds.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A GUNSHOT punctuates the SQUEAL of tires. Ahead the road banks sharply. Missing the turn, the car hurtles into space, noses over and plunges into the surf.